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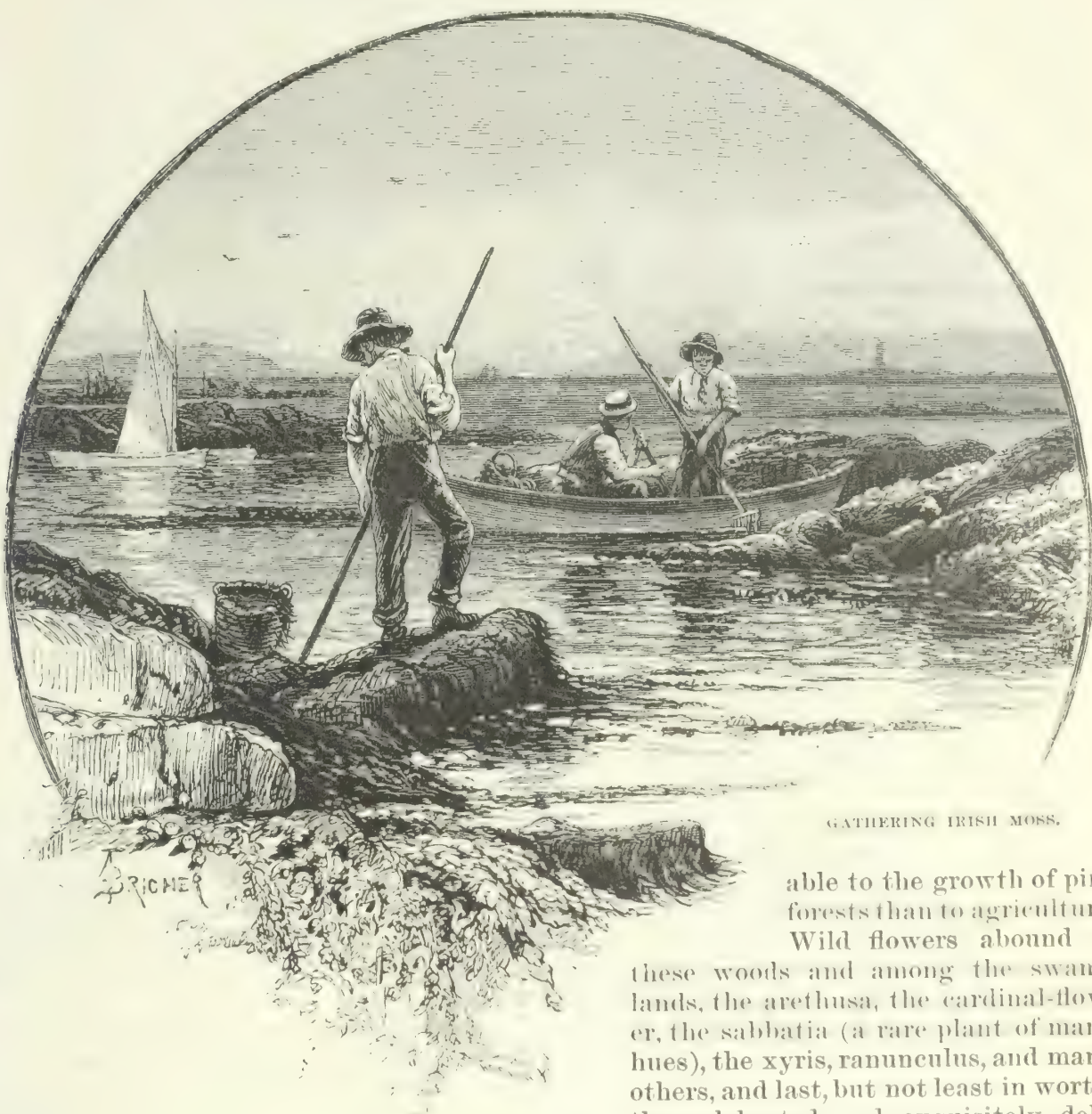


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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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GATHERING IRISH MOSS.

## ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE.

**T**HE South Shore is the name given to the coast of Plymouth County in Massachusetts, extending from Hull to Plymouth on the southerly side of Massachusetts Bay. Possessing many charming bits of coast and rural scenery, it has also historic associations which are of the most heroic character. Plymouth is the largest township in the State. The landscape is undulating; the hills, if not very lofty, are often quite striking on account of their abruptness. The soil is sandy, and therefore more favor-

able to the growth of pine forests than to agriculture. Wild flowers abound in these woods and among the swamp lands, the arethusa, the cardinal-flower, the sabbatia (a rare plant of many hues), the xyris, ranunculus, and many others, and last, but not least in worth, the celebrated and exquisitely delicate May-flower, which is not, however, as some suppose, confined to Plymouth County, for it is a flourishing denizen of the whole of New England. The township of Plymouth is fairly inlaid with lakes of all sizes, and so numerous it is fabled that there is one for every day in the year. The most interesting of these is named the Billington Sea, after one of the Pilgrims, who first discovered it from the top of a high tree. There still the eagle soars above the placid lake, or screams from his eyrie in the cliff, as when Massasoit and King Philip fashioned and shot arrows feathered from his

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pinions 250 years ago; there the wild-duck and the plover, the partridge and the quail, the fox and the raccoon, the rabbit and the squirrel, dive in the lake or burrow on its shores at their own wild will. A considerable number of deer also remain in the Plym-

of trees rising black among the breakers. The entrance to the port is between Brown's Island and Sayquish. Between these is the anchorage called the Cow-yard, where the privateer *General Arnold* dragged her anchors, in the winter of 1778, and bilged



PILGRIM HALL, COURT STREET, PLYMOUTH.

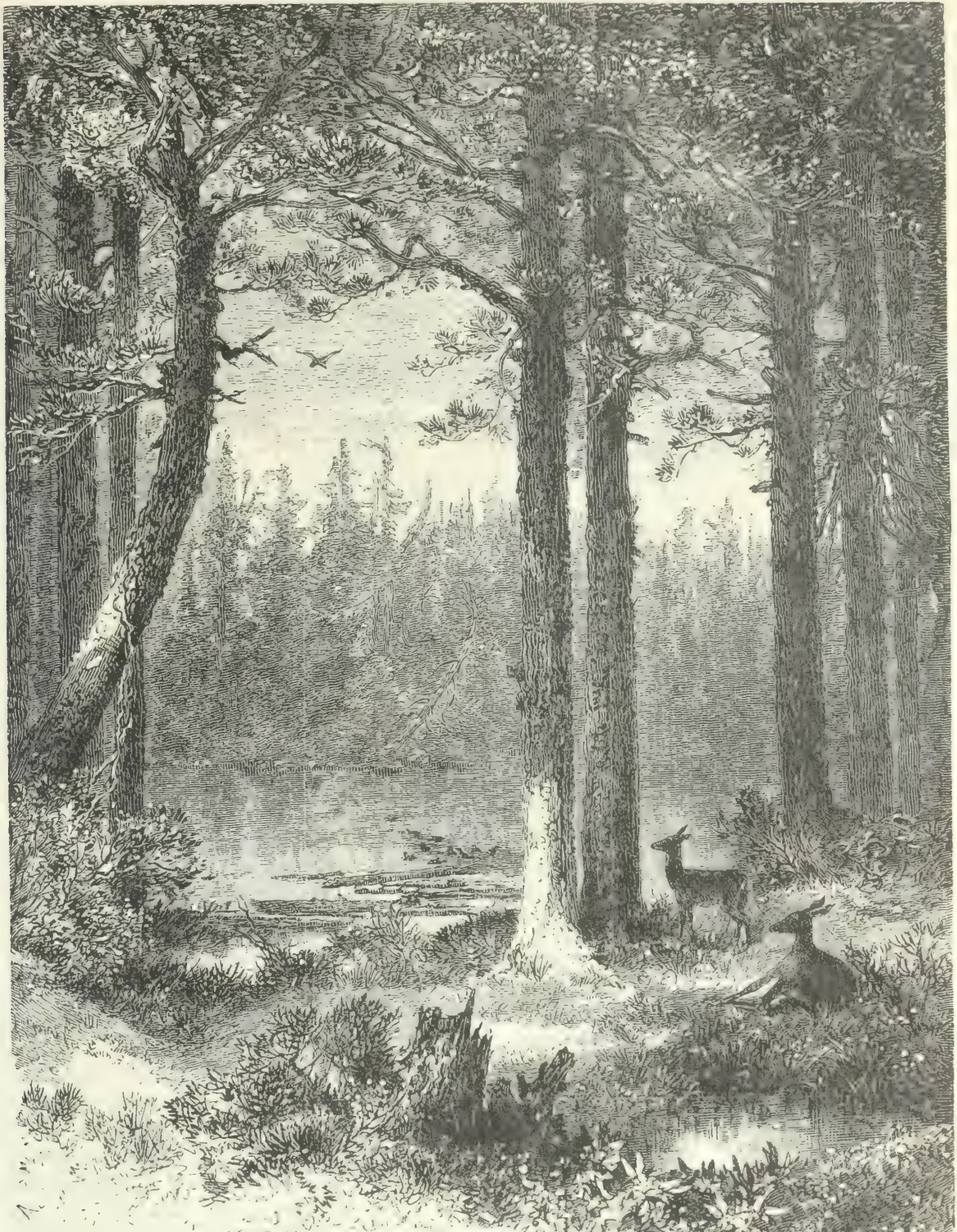
outh woods, the only spot where they are still found in Massachusetts, and probably in New England outside of Maine. The game-laws allow them to be hunted, but without dogs, during the months of October and November. The brooks abound with fine black bass, and contain some trout. In the southern part of the township, bordering on Marshpee, some sixteen families of Indians, the remnant of the tribe of that name, still survive, apparently of pure breed, and supporting themselves by farming and fishing. By the laws of the State they are no longer its wards, but have become invested with all the rights of citizenship.

The town of Plymouth, including Chiltonville, lies on the slopes of several hills reaching down the shores of a beautiful land-locked bay. It is protected from the surges of the Atlantic by a long, low, narrow spit like an artificial breakwater. Beyond the spit seaward is a shoal called Brown's Island, on which the surf roars and rolls wildly enough when a northeaster is blowing. It was visible above water when the Pilgrims landed, and there were those living but recently who had seen the stumps

on the beach in a frightfully severe gale. Seventy-two out of 106 men were frozen on her decks before succor could reach them. They were buried in two graves on Burial Hill, and Dr. Robbins, the officiating clergyman, fainted when called to perform the funeral services.

Sayquish is a headland corresponding to the Gurnet; the two form the arms of a letter T, of which the shank is represented by the Gurnet Beach, running up to Marshfield, and inclosing the three harbors of Plymouth, Kingston, and Duxbury as in a lake. On the bold cliffs of the Gurnet are two twin light-houses, which for generations have warned the storm-driven seaman against disaster. Opposite the Gurnet, due south, are the brown abrupt precipices of Manomet, 396 feet high. The town itself numbers nearly 7000 inhabitants. The people are mostly descendants of the early settlers, and are therefore more homogeneous, more of the old English stock, than almost any other community in the United States. The place is quiet and orderly, and has a slow but steady and healthy growth, and while it nowhere presents signs of wealth, is, on the other hand, free from appearances of





A PLYMOUTH WILDERNESS.

poverty and squalor, affording rather an aspect of ease combined with thrift that is very refreshing in these feverish times. The former commerce and fisheries of Plymouth are gradually passing away. Ships from the Spice Islands or the legendary East no longer unlade at her wharves as of yore, and excepting market fishing, her fishermen have deserted her for Gloucester and Provincetown. They have given place to flannel, duck, cotton, tack, and shoe factories, and rope-walks, which supplied large quantities of cordage for our fleets during the late war. The streets are shaded by noble elms and lindens, in some cases over a century old, and in summer the little town is charmingly attractive.

There is no place in the United States

that is so completely steeped in historic associations as Plymouth. The objects of interest are also concentrated within so small a space that five minutes' walk in any direction enables the visitor to reach them from the centre of the town. The very names of the streets suggestively perpetuate his-



toric events, as Massasoit, Mayflower, or Leyden street. The last, named after the town in Holland which afforded the Pilgrims an asylum, was the first street laid

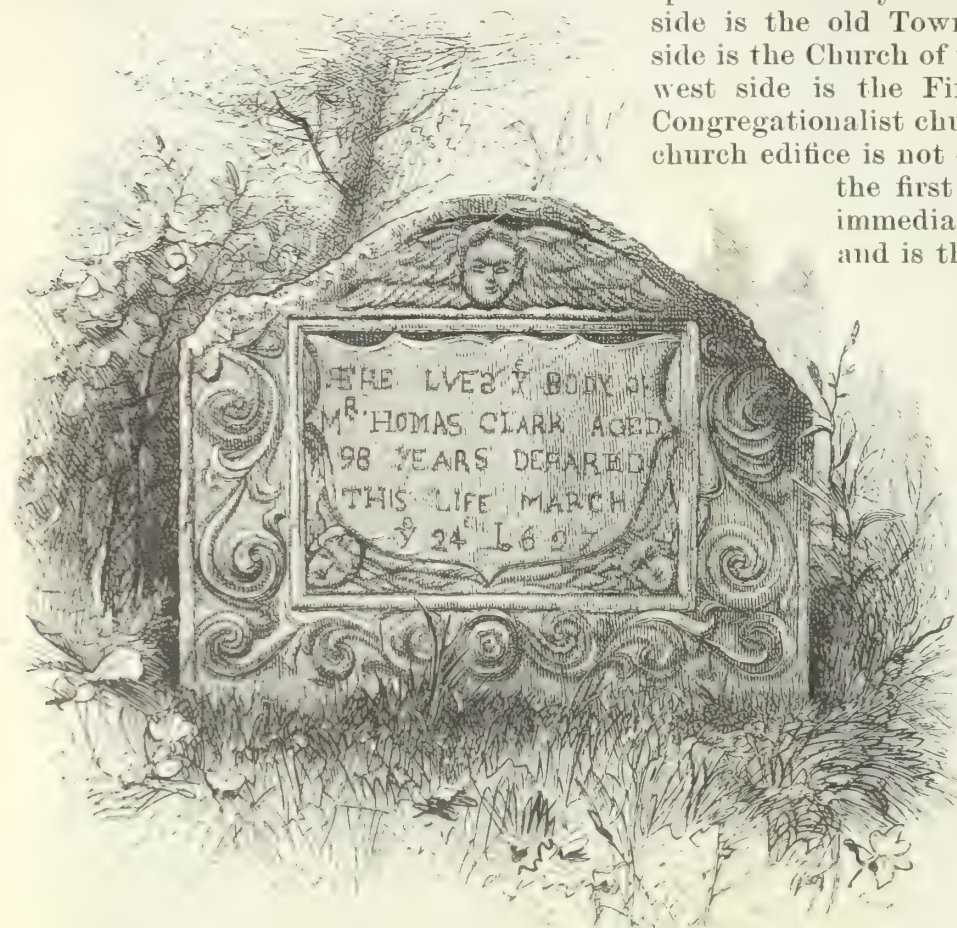
Cole's Hill were appropriately inclosed in the canopy directly over the rock.

Leyden Street terminates at the western end, in the Town Square—a small open space shaded by venerable elms. On one side is the old Town-house, on the north side is the Church of the Pilgrimage, on the west side is the First Church—the first Congregationalist church in America. The church edifice is not exactly on the site of

the first building erected, but immediately adjoining the spot, and is the third that has been

built upon the present site. Directly behind the Town Square rises the steep slope of Burial Hill. It is thickly covered with the graves of the early settlers. The first fort erected by the Pilgrims, used also as a meeting-house for a short time, stood on the brow of Burial Hill.

Burial Hill is the proper situation for the Pilgrim monument now being erected at Plymouth; but, as this could not be



GRAVE OF THOMAS CLARK, MATE OF THE "MAYFLOWER," ON BURIAL HILL.

out in New England. On the west side of Water Street is Cole's Hill, in which the Pilgrims who died in the first disastrous winter were buried, and the ground over their graves was then ploughed and sown, in order to conceal from the Indians the large number who had fallen. In laying water-pipes some years since bones were found here which were fully identified as those of the first Pilgrims. Directly in front of Cole's Hill is Forefather's Rock. Formerly on the water's edge, the building of wharves and the consequent accumulation of earth leave it now two or three rods from the water. An attempt to remove it up into the heart of the town in the last century resulted in the breaking off of a fragment, which is now in front of Pilgrim Hall, surrounded by an iron railing. But the rock itself was only raised a few feet above its original level, and remained for many years exposed to the mercy of visitors, and surrounded by unsightly shanties and fish-houses. But within a few years the subscription of \$30,000 has enabled the Pilgrim Society to purchase and move away a number of these buildings, and to smooth down and sward the slope of Cole's Hill. An elegant granite canopy has also been erected over the rock. The bones taken out of

placed there without disturbing many time-honored graves, another site, perhaps more commanding, was chosen on a hill somewhat higher, northwest of the town, but close at hand. This superb monument was designed by the late Hammett Billings, and was commenced in 1859. It is now very nearly completed, and soars to a height of ninety feet. All the inscriptions are to be gilded. The principal inscription reads as follows: "National Monument to the Forefathers, erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices, and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty." The statues represent Faith supported by Law, Education, Morality, and Freedom. The monument is to be surrounded by a park of six acres, tastefully laid out.

Pilgrim Hall, on Court Street, is one of the most attractive buildings in the country; not, let us hasten to add, on account of its architectural merits, for it is a mere simple square granite structure, to which a Greek portico of painted and sanded pine wood has been more recently added. Its interest centres in the numerous relics of the Pilgrims which are preserved there. As many of these relics have already been described and illustrated in the article en-



titled "The Good Old Times at Plymouth," in *Harper's Monthly* for January, 1877, it is sufficient simply to allude here to a few which are not mentioned in that article: the musket-barrel with which King Philip

with his initials; also the bones of the Indian sachem Iyanough, after whom Hyanis was named—a savage of whom Winslow says that he was "very personable, gentle, courteous, and fair-conditioned: indeed, not



THE PILGRIM MONUMENT, PLYMOUTH.

was killed; the original of the letter written by that redoubtable warrior to Governor Prince; a china mug and pocket-book of Thomas Clark, mate of the *Mayflower*; an embroidered sampler by Lorea Standish, daughter of Miles Standish; a deed written by John Alden, with his signature as magistrate, dated July 2, 1653, together with many other deeds and documents; also an ancient spinning-wheel, and the silver canteen of Governor Edward Winslow, marked

like a savage, save for his attire." The brass kettle given to Iyanough in barter is also on exhibition.

In the court-house is preserved the original charter granted to the Plymouth Colony. The visitor to Plymouth will also observe North Street, the second street laid out in New England, running parallel with Leyden Street, and the celebrated Town Brook, running across the town into the harbor, well stocked in ancient times, and



still to some degree, with bass and herring. Just south of the brook is Watson's Hill, where the Pilgrims first met Massasoit, and entered into a life-long offensive and defensive treaty with that hospitable sagamore.

It is made occasion of remark by some that many of the names of the first settlers have disappeared from Plymouth, but this must be accepted with caution. The fact is that Plymouth formerly included within its limits Kingston and Duxbury, which have since been separated from it, and family names which were naturally included in Plymouth township before the territorial division, were found to be excluded from it as being residents of Duxbury and Kingston when the separation took place.

Kingston is a quiet little village on the bay, formerly devoted to fishing and ship-building. The second meeting-house of New Plimouth, located in Kingston, now torn down, was interesting as indicating, stationed near the door, three objects formerly much used in New England, now



PLYMOUTH ROCK, COLE'S HILL.

abolished, but possibly not altogether to the public advantage—the horse-block, the whipping-post, and the stocks. From the pulpit the pastor thundered forth the good old-fashioned brimstone theology, and a practical application of his doctrines was then made in the rear of the building, to the edification of the pious and the confusion of the reprobate. The Jones River, running through Kingston, was named after the captain of the *Mayflower*.

Duxbury immediately adjoins Kingston, at the head of Plymouth Bay, admirably situated, beyond most towns in New England, in a lovely undulating landscape washed by

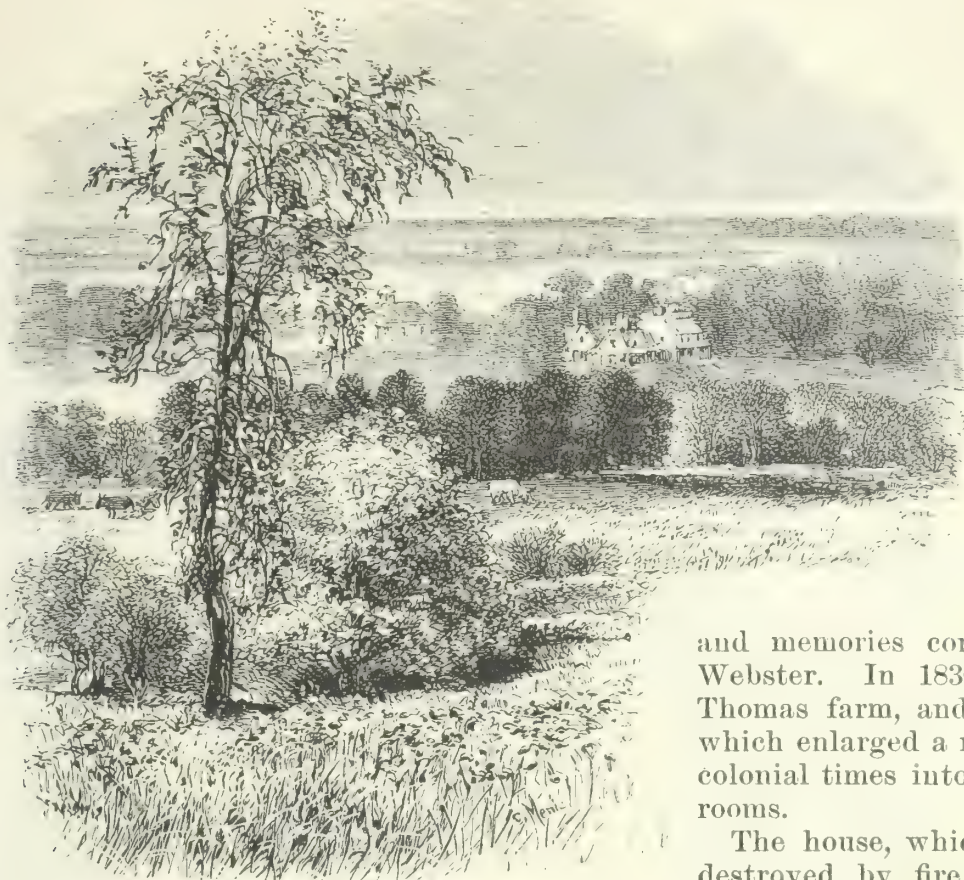
a beautiful sheet of water. Like almost every town in Massachusetts, it derives its name from a spot in old England endeared to the first settlers by many fond memories.

In more recent times Duxbury has been noted for ship-building, and its name has been carried to all parts of the world by some of the finest and fleetest vessels that ever clove the sea waves and defied the storm. In 1869 the landing of the French cable at Duxbury gave the little town a novel interest.

Marshfield immediately adjoins Duxbury on the north. It is a straggling township, divided into Marshfield, Marshfield Centre, East Marshfield, Sea View, Webster Place, Cut River, and Brant Rock, the whole scarcely aggregating two thousand souls. The township was first settled by Edward Winslow, the third Governor of Plymouth Colony, in 1632. The place was first called Green Harbor, then Wrexham by the Welsh whom Winslow brought to this country, and eventually Marshfield. The Winslow estate was called Careswell, after the old family hall in England. The first dwelling of the family has long since disappeared, but close at hand is the house built by the descendants of Edward Winslow early in 1700, still in excellent preservation, and very massively built. The chimney is some twelve feet square; the logs were drawn into the kitchen fire-place by horses. The former residence of Kenelm Winslow, now occupied by Captain Goodsell, on Marshfield Neck, is probably the oldest house in the township, and is also noteworthy as the building in which the first arrest of a Tory was made by order of General Washington after he took command at Cambridge. The famous house of Peregrine White, the first white man born in New England, no longer exists. The apple-tree he planted was blown down a few years ago, and Miss Sibyl White, the last descendant bearing his name, has also gone. General John Thomas, of colonial and Revolutionary fame, who was present at the surrender of Canada to Great Britain, afterward efficiently leading the division which fortified Dorchester Heights in a night, during the siege of Boston, and finally commanding the expedition against Quebec, and dying on the retreat, was a native of Marshfield. His birth-place was on the spot where stands now the country residence of Miss Adelaide Phillips.

Brant Rock Cove is now a favorite resort of city people in summer, on account of its beautiful beach of hard white sand and its bathing facilities. But aside from its attractions as a sea-side resort, Brant Rock is interesting as the scene of an exciting and heroic episode of the Revolution. The British cruiser *Chatham* chased the rebel privateer *Swallow* so hard that they were forced to run her ashore at this spot, and the crew





WEBSTER PLACE, MARSHFIELD.

escaped, each for himself, as best he could, to find a shelter from the heavy fire of the frigate. Then they remembered that there was a female passenger whom in their frantic haste they had left in the cabin, and a cry rose for volunteers to go to her rescue. Luther Thomas, a stripling, leaped into a small float, or dory, pulled off to the stranded vessel, and rowed the helpless woman to the land. But this was not done without extreme danger, for the shot of the frigate fell fast around them, and a bar-shot passed between their heads as he was leading her to a place of shelter. The hulk of the *Swallow* still remains there under water, but visible at long intervals at extreme low tide. It was last seen in the spring of 1875. One of the bar-shot fired that day is still preserved by the descendants of the heroic youth; it resembles a dumb-bell, and has been used for a pestle. Had not some such use been found for it, it would have been sold long ago for old iron, naïvely observed my informant, Miss Maria Thomas, one of the most original, talented, and interesting of the descendants of the Pilgrims now living on the South Shore. She is considerably over eighty, but her faculties are still well preserved. She lives with an aged brother and sister, and is known as the analyst of Marshfield, having usefully devoted a long life to the investigation of local genealogies and historic facts, done with enthusiasm combined with accuracy and fidelity. The results are partially visible in a little book entitled *Memorials of Marshfield*,

and in numerous prose and poetic communications to the papers on local traditions or personal recollections. Of the many interesting associations which add to the attractions of the lovely meadows and hills, the foaming mill streams and glistening sea sands of Marshfield, none seem more deeply rooted into the very soil of the place than the scenes

and memories connected with Daniel Webster. In 1830 he purchased the Thomas farm, and made the additions which enlarged a moderate dwelling of colonial times into a mansion of thirty rooms.

The house, which has recently been destroyed by fire, was situated on a small plain slightly depressed below the surrounding hills, except on the seaward side, and was seen below the road as one approached it. Behind the house, and still lower down, is a small lake, on which a light was kept burning every night during the last sickness of the great statesman, at his special request, as it could be seen from the bed where he was lying. The ocean—a silver rim flecked with sails speeding to all parts of the world—completes the view of the place, which is indeed lovely both from its natural situation and from what little art has added to it. The numerous sharp gables on the western or latest part of the mansion made it very picturesque when first seen, and the *tout ensemble* at a little distance suggested Abbotsford. One of the attractions of the place is the elm at the east end, which is still magnificent, although shorn of some of its limbs by a hurricane in 1870. In front of the house were two memorial elms planted to commemorate the death of Julia and Edward Webster, in 1848, the latter at San Angel, during the Mexican war. The library was the finest room in the mansion, vaulted and lighted by Gothic windows filled with stained glass. The dining-room, although rather low, was massive and cheerful. The bedrooms had each a distinctive name—the Star Chamber, the Castrum, the Red Room, the Blue Room, the Pink Room; the latter was Webster's apartment, and there he died. Over the mantel was an oil portrait of the faithful colored woman who lived in his family for many years. In the Castrum hung the arms of Major Edward and General



Fletcher Webster, the latter killed at Bull Run. The three celebrated portraits of Webster by Healy, Ames, and Harding all hung on the walls at Marshfield. It is not often that one has his portrait painted by three such artists, and so well. The one by Ames was incomplete, but highly characteristic both of Webster and Ames. It represented the Great Expounder in easy dress and slouched hat, just starting out on a morning's quest after wild-duck.

On the grounds of the Webster place, not far from where the house stood, upon a gentle eminence, is the old Burying Hill of Marshfield. There repose the ashes of the Winslows for several generations. Edward Winslow, the first Governor, was buried at sea, but Josiah Winslow, a very distinguished man in the annals of the colony, the first native-born Governor of Plymouth, was laid there. The family coat of arms is clearly engraved on the tomb. Besides his epitaph, may be still deciphered the epitaphs of eighteen bearing the name of Winslow. Twenty-two of the name of Thomas also consecrate that spot, and a number of other names more or less distinguished. On the brow of the hill is the Webster tomb. There lies Daniel Webster, with his descendants, who have followed or preceded him to the grave with a rapidity that has few examples in domestic annals. Adjoining the tomb is a green plot inclosed by an iron railing. At the northern end is a mound surmounted by a marble slab inscribed with the name and epitaph of the great departed. Below this in a double row on each side are tablets for each of his children and grandchildren who have accompanied their illustrious ancestor to the silent land.

Adjoining Marshfield, on the north, lies Scituate, divided into North and South Scituate, the Glades, Egypt, and Scituate, called the Harbor *par excellence*. The name is derived from Satuit Brook, which empties into the port. The Glades is a beautiful settlement on the extreme northern edge of the township, owned by gentlemen who have built their summer cottages there. Egypt traditionally derives its odd name from the circumstance that in a time of drought old Squire Pierce had prudently accumulated a store of grain, and neighbors whose supply became exhausted resorted to him for more. He hailed them with, "Well, boys, so you've come down to Egypt to buy corn!" Scituate Harbor is a pleasing, straggling, picturesque little hamlet, flanked by the usual guard of Unitarian and orthodox meeting-houses as a reward to keep out the devil, and defended from the encroachments of the battering surges of the sea by four lofty cliffs rising bastion-like at regular intervals, with a precipitous slope to the beach. Salt marshes invade the township between these rocky bournes, intersected by creeks and

coves, which are left covered with trailing sea-weed at low tide. This weed is the famous Irish moss. Dorries are floated to the rocks at low water and filled with the moss, which is gathered by means of four-pronged pitchforks. Before it can be fit for use it goes through a careful drying process, being bleached with sea water, and turned from time to time, until from a deep rich velvety green it fades to white. About five hundred people are wholly or partially supported by the business, which begins in May or June, and lasts through the summer, yielding in good seasons nearly fifty thousand dollars, or five thousand barrels of moss. It is sent chiefly to New York and Philadelphia, and is used for blanc-mange, sizing, and in the manufacture of lager-beer.

The port is very snug, but fit only for small vessels. A bar, impassable in bad weather, lies across the entrance. On one side is Crow Point, on the other Cedar Point—a long low spit, formerly covered with a cedar forest and terminated by a light-house, which has for some years not been lit, because it seemed to mislead vessels bound into Boston Bay. There is an interesting story connected with Cedar Point. The heroine is Miss Rebecca Bates, now a bright, genial old lady of eighty-four, whose memory continues remarkably clear. The story, taken from her own lips, can be depended upon as thoroughly reliable. Her father was Captain Simeon Bates; he was light-keeper at the time, and was the first who lit the light, in April, 1811. In the spring of the following year English cruisers were numerous in Massachusetts Bay, and on one occasion the launches of an English frigate were sent in to Scituate Harbor. They set fire to vessels at the wharves, and towed out two, at the same time threatening to destroy the town if any resistance was offered. After this event a home guard was formed, and detachments were stationed on Cedar and Crow points and in front of the village, with a brass piece. When there was no sail in sight, the guards were allowed to go off to their farms.

Nothing to occasion alarm occurred again until the following September. Rebecca, at that time eighteen years of age, and her sister Abigail, fourteen years old, and still living, were sitting toward evening sewing with their mother. Captain Bates and the rest of his large family and the guards were all away. Mrs. Bates told Rebecca it was time to put on the kettle. As Rebecca went into the kitchen she for the first time perceived an English ship of war close at hand and lowering her boats. "I knew the ship at a glance," she said. "It was the *La Hogue*. 'O Lord!' says I to my sister, 'the old *La Hogue* is off here again! What shall we do? here are their barges coming again, and they'll burn up our vessels just as they did



afore.' You see, there were two vessels at the wharf, loaded with flour, and we couldn't afford to lose that in those times, when the embargo made it so hard to live we had to bile pumpkins all day to get sweetening for

learned on the fife which the soldiers had at the light-house. They had a drum there, too; so I said to her, 'You take the drum, and I'll take the fife.' 'What good 'll that do?' says she. 'Scare them,' says I. 'All



A MUSICAL STRATAGEM, 1812.

sugar. There were the muskets of the guard. I was a good mind to take those out beyond the light-house and fire them at the barges; I might have killed one or two, but it would have done no good, for they would have turned round and fired the village. 'I'll tell you what we'll do,' said I to my sister; 'look here,' says I, 'you take the drum, I'll take the fife.' I was fond of military music, and could play four tunes on the fife. 'Yankee Doodle' was my masterpiece. I

you've got to do is to call the roll, I'll scream the fife, and we must keep out of sight; if they see us, they'll laugh us to scorn.' I showed her how to handle the sticks, and we ran down behind the cedar wood. So we put in, as the boys say, and pretty soon I looked, and I could see the men in the barges resting on their oars and listening. When I looked again I saw a flag flying from the mast-head of the ship. My sister began to make a speech, and I said, 'Don't make a noise; you make me laugh, and I can't pucker my mouth.' When I looked again I saw they had seen the flag, and they turned about so quick a man fell overboard, and they picked him up by the back of his neck and hauled him in. When they went off, I played 'Yankee Doodle.' Is not this heroine, who saved two ships laden with flour,



and perhaps other valuables, from destruction, entitled to a pension? She has five brothers and sisters still living, the eldest eighty-five, and the youngest seventy-one. Her grandfather was one hundred years and one month old at the time of his death. Miss Bates relates several other reminiscences of the war of 1812, of which one or two may not come amiss. Every incident relating to the privations or heroism of our ancestors is of value, and should be collected before those who were eye-witnesses have passed away forever.

A fisherman of Provincetown, named Case, was picked up by a cruiser, his boat was confiscated, and himself pressed into the service. Soon after a boat's crew came on shore, and when they reached his house the leader asked Mrs. Case if she had any poultry. Not understanding the word, she said no. "Why, what are those fowls in the yard?" replied the officer, pointing to some plump hens. "Hins," she answered; "but, you divilish old Englishman, you sha'n't have a single hin of mine, for you've taken away my old daddy!" They admired her spirit so much they agreed to send him back if she would sell some of the fowls. And back he was sent by the captain's permission, with his boat, and a stock of flour, beef, and brandy.

Another boat from a British cruiser had been foraging on the Cape. As they were going off, a barrel dropped, and the officer ordered a boy named Cook to pick it up. "I won't," he replied, and turning on his heel, started for home. When he told his story his family were much alarmed, especially when they saw eight redcoats following, evidently with hostile intentions. His mother begged the boy to yield, and matters indeed looked squally when the squad entered and the officer demanded, "Will you pick up that barrel?" The boy looked him in the eye without flinching, and said, emphatically, "I swear I won't." "You are a Yankee," said the officer. "Yes," answered the brave boy, "a Yankee to the backbone." Instead of molesting the stripping, the enemy were so pleased with a pluck which every true Englishman can appreciate and admire that they no farther interfered with him. His mother was so grateful that she invited them to sit down and dine off a stew that was smoking on the table. They ate it all up, and then paid her a dollar each for the meal.

Scituate was originally settled by an unusually large colony of wild-cats, wolves, and bears, which were so numerous as to be really troublesome to the white settlers. The local names and the town records of bounties offered and received bear frequent witness to the pestilent character of these denizens of the woods, and the red men of the forest were also at times a severe trial

to the Christian meekness of the Pilgrims in this vicinage. The Indians of this part of Plymouth County were the Matakeesets. They were once numerous, but had been greatly thinned by the small-pox when the town was settled by the whites. Two Indian burying-grounds exist in the township. The last of the Matakeesets was Comsitt, who honorably lost his life as a soldier of the Federal army in the Revolution.

At Scituate Harbor, near the head of Cedar Point, still stands the Barker house, on a prominent height. It was originally a block-house, and is said, on excellent authority, to be the oldest building now standing in New England, unless we except the old stone tower at Newport. The interior is in parts antique and massive, but so many additions have been made at different times that nothing in the exterior indicates the venerable character of the building. The old building withstood a siege from the Indians in King Philip's war. Between two and three miles southerly from the Barker house are remains of the old Stockbridge grist-mill—a small brown shed, to which large additions have been made in recent times. A few rods from this mill stood the Stockbridge mansion, next in age to the Barker house, but now entirely replaced by a modern house, which, however, stands exactly on the site of the first building. The situation is beautiful and striking, especially when considered with relation to its historic associations. A charming little pond of a few acres is skirted by willows and elms. A small peninsula projects on one side. On this was a garrisoned block-house, which was attacked by the Indians when they swarmed into Scituate in the year 1676. The house was palisaded on three sides, and protected by the water on the fourth. Coming down from Hingham, where they had fired several houses, the savages burned a number of dwellings in Scituate, attacked the block-house on the river-bank and were repulsed, and then united in a combined and desperate assault on the Stockbridge garrison, burning more buildings on the way thither. The attack lasted until night-fall. After several attempts to capture or fire the block-house, the arrival of re-enforcements for the garrison finally resulted in the repulse of the assailants. Scituate had already suffered severely from an attack earlier in the year.

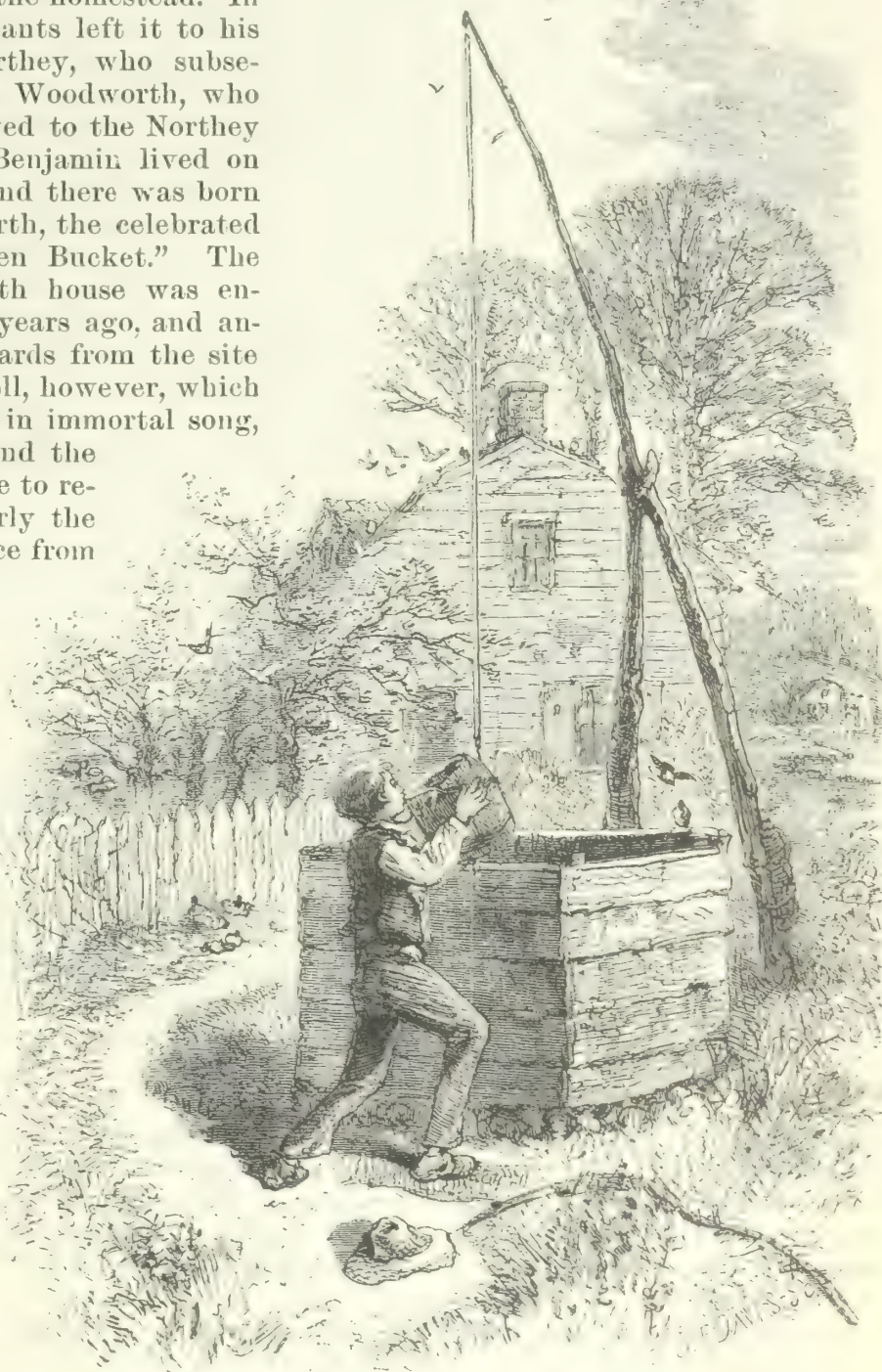
The house of Henry Ewell stood at that time not far from the Stockbridge block-house. No one was in the house at the time but his wife and her grandchild, John Northey, who was lying asleep in his cradle. Suddenly the appalling war-whoop of the Indians fell on her ear close at hand. Overpowered by the panic of the moment, she fled for the garrison house, forgetting for the instant the infant in the cradle.



The Indians passed through the house, but in the heat of pursuit left the babe unharmed. After the attack had begun, while all were occupied with fighting, she returned to the house, found her little grandchild unscathed, and succeeded in carrying him back safely to the block-house. After their defeat the savages burned Ewell's house on their retreat. Soon after it was rebuilt, and John Northey, who had so singularly escaped, lived to inherit the homestead. In time one of his descendants left it to his widow Mary Vinal Northey, who subsequently married James Woodworth, who seems to have then moved to the Northey homestead. Their son Benjamin lived on the old Northey place, and there was born his son Samuel Woodworth, the celebrated poet of "The Old Oaken Bucket." The Ewell-Northey-Woodworth house was entirely torn down a few years ago, and another was built a few yards from the site of the old one. The well, however, which the poet has celebrated in immortal song, is still there; but, beyond the associations, there is little to remind one of it. Formerly the well stood a little distance from the house, shaded by trees, and the bucket was drawn up by a picturesque well-sweep. The curb is gone, and the level on which it stood is several feet below the surface of the mound erected as a site for the new house. The building abuts on the well, from which the water is drawn by a chain pump in the adjoining kitchen, and a blue-painted lid, even with the ground, marks the spot rendered classic by the power of poetic enthusiasm. But for the lack of room, it would be interesting to speak of other localities in Scituate. But we must leave it with regret, and go on to take a ramble around Cohasset, formerly called Conohasset—a name meaning "a place of rocks," which is very appropriate, considering the character of its topography. Cohasset was first settled at Rocky Nook, on the Jerusalem Road. The numerous beautiful and inviting country-seats along that road at the present day can not be said to bear much resemblance to the rude and contracted dwellings of the first settlers.

The historical associations of Cohasset

are of less general interest than those of the adjoining towns, but in location and scenery it is excelled by no sea-coast town in Massachusetts. The coast is indented



"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

with the most charming and picturesque coves, bordered by sand beaches and rocks, and cliffs remarkable for their ruggedness and the beauty of their coloring, and perhaps by contrast, and yet in subtle harmony with these vivid hues, the ocean seems there on a clear day to be of a more vivid purple and azure than elsewhere in this Northern clime. Whitehead and Sandy Cove at once captivate the eye and the fancy of the visitor. The town is situated around a beau-





COHASSET HARBOR.

tiful level green, and straggles down to the port, a miniature land-locked harbor, completely secure, and accessible by an entrance only a few yards in width. Rocks massive as fortresses environ it, and immense red and gray granite bowlders are every where seen overtopping the pretty cottages, shaded by birches and elms. Any thing more picturesque in natural scenery could hardly be imagined. On Government Island, near the mouth of the port, are the dwellings of the keepers who tend the light-house on Minot's Ledge. Near by is the bed on which the last light-house was erected course by course, and then taken down and set up exactly in the same order on the ledge. The light-house is a prominent object, rising directly out of the water, only a mile and a half from the nearest land. The reef on which it stands is of the most dangerous character to vessels bound to Boston, and is mostly under water, except at extreme low tide, when a small part is dry for a few minutes. In 1849 a light-house was built there of iron trestle-work on iron piles. Forty feet above the sea was perched the dwelling and light. A massive cable stretched northeast was intended to strengthen the structure, but rather weakened it, by causing it to oscillate so violently that the plates were sometimes thrown from the table when the keepers were at dinner. A terrific gale in 1851 washed away a building unfitted for our waters, and the unfortunate keepers went down with it. In 1855 the plan submitted by General Alexander was accepted, and the new light-house was at once begun, but so arduous

was the labor, and so rare the intervals when work could be done on the ledge, that it was two years before the foundation bed for the tower, only twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, could be levelled, and the whole was not completed until 1859. The first forty feet are solid, and the stonework is eighty-eight feet in height. No wrecks have occurred there since it was finished.

On the northern part of the Jerusalem Road one obtains a fine view of the northern coast, including Nantasket Beach and Cape Ann. Directly opposite, a short distance from the road, is Black Rock—a ledge or islet on which stands a shanty much frequented by sportsmen. Some months ago a party of them was detained there by a succession of violent storms, which made it impossible for them either to escape or to receive succor, and they very nearly perished from hunger and exposure. Facing Black Rock, on the main-land, is a bold cliff called Green Hill, which was the scene of a very interesting incident several years ago. A ship loaded with wine and emigrants was wrecked off the point in a gale. There was such a tremendous sea that no ordinary boat could venture out, and there was no life-boat station at hand. A crowd collected on the beach, but they were helpless to aid the crew of the wreck, who seemed destined to perish. But there lived near by a man named Lincoln, who owned a noble Newfoundland dog. They were both on the beach at the time, and the interest the dog showed in the wreck suggested the idea that perhaps he could be induced to go out to



it and bring back a rope. But all effort was unsuccessful until Lincoln told every one to keep quiet. All then kept still, and after some urging from his master the dog seemed finally to comprehend what was wanted of him, and plunged into the surf. Slowly, very slowly, and with great exertion, the brave dog was able to make some progress against the mounting, foaming surges which constantly threatened to submerge him or sweep him back on the rocks. After what seemed an age of suspense, the dog at length reached the ship; the end of a line attached

ample and not too rectangular for beauty, and graced with magnificent elms. A number of interesting antique buildings still remain in the town, notably the birth-place of Major-General Lincoln of Revolutionary fame, and the old church, sometimes called "the Ship"—a quaint name, needlessly resented by some. This is really one of the most original structures now standing in America, and it has been longer in use as a church than any other in the country, unless we except possibly one or two Roman Catholic churches in Florida. It was built



WRECK AND RESCUE.

to a stick was thrown to him; he seized it in his mouth and turned for the shore, whither the waves bore him fast, and he once more landed safely on the beach. By means of this slender line a heavier rope or cable was drawn to land, which was stretched between the top of Green Hill and the ship, and a box having been attached to a traveller, or hoop strung on the cable, all on board were brought safely to land.

Westward of Nantasket lies Hingham. The first settlers came over in 1633, and were from Hingham, in England: hence the name of the town. It was more or less harried by the Indians and threatened by French, Dutch, and English in its early history, but seems, on the whole, to have escaped any such events as are of general interest to the public; but it is a charming old town, picturesquely laid out, the streets

in 1681, and has been uninterruptedly occupied by the same church organization to this day. A feud which occurred between the members at the time of the settlement of Rev. Joseph Richardson, in 1806, is one of the most notable events in the history of Hingham. It produced an impression so lasting that the old scars are scarcely obliterated in the town to this day. The pastorate of the Rev. Ebenezer Gay is probably more remarkable for its duration than any other recorded in American ecclesiology. He entered on his first and only settlement in June, 1718, and continued over the same church until his death in March, 1787—a period of sixty-eight years and nine months.

The venerable old church stands on the slope of a hill which rises directly behind, and was formerly crowned by a fort, of which the site is still traceable among the





OLD MEETING-HOUSE, CALLED "THE SHIP," HINGHAM.

graves of the cemetery which in later years has occupied that spot. Laid out with taste, and commanding a noble prospect over land and sea, it is a spot whose quietude and beauty are very pleasing at early morning when the sun is bursting above the ocean, or when its setting rays suffuse valley and town, sea and sail and sky, with a tender roseate light. There repose the ashes of Rev. Ebenezer Gay, and General Lincoln, who came from a family that is very numerous

in Hingham. All of that name in America are descended from the Lincolns of this New England town, and the ancestors of President Lincoln were, therefore, from this place. Near the elegant monument to the sons of Hingham who fell in the late war is the monument of Governor John A. Andrew, who spent his summers in Hingham, and bequeathed his ashes to her care.

In full sight from Hingham, and adjoining that town and Cohasset, is Nantasket, with its famous beach, one of the pleasantest summer resorts in Massachusetts Bay. There, too, on a tongue of high, broken land—the scene of many shipwrecks—is Hull, a somewhat bleak and uninviting hamlet, the smallest in Massachusetts. It numbers only about thirty polls, and has given rise to the saying, "As goes Hull, so goes the State," which, like most other adages, does not always prove true.



STATUE OF GOVERNOR ANDREW.



## DUTCH FAIENCE.

IN London recently, at a social gathering which included two celebrated collectors of old china, and at which all the guests were lovers of ceramics, an American lady who shall here be nameless read aloud Longfellow's beautiful poem "Kéramos" from the pages of this Magazine. The reading was followed by a conversation in the course of which one of the Englishmen present expressed his surprise at the extent of the china mania in America; he had had an idea, in fact, though he put it as euphemistically as possible, that our people lacked the art culture and the art taste to which old china appeals. A New Yorker in the company, who traces his descent back to old Amsterdam, declared that this peculiar taste had existed ever since the country was first settled; the Dutch brought it over with them; it is more wide-spread now, but it is a taste smacking of our soil. The appearance from time to time of critical works on the subject, and especially the great demand for, and surprising sale of, Mr. Prime's *Pottery and Porcelain*, indicate the interest of Americans in ceramic art. As regards the Dutch faience of Delft, at any rate, our friend was right.

Americans, especially New Yorkers, have a peculiar claim to feel the deepest interest in the Dutch work. An acquaintance of mine remembers the time when his family table was laid out daily with the veritable "old blue" brought over to America by his progenitors from Holland. "And no one knows," he says, "how extensive and how rich are the ceramic collections of the United States. Actual descendants of the Dutch faience-makers walk the streets of New York to-day, and possess specimens of their ancestors' handiwork which the public knows nothing about. Exhibitions don't bring them out. Many a poor woman who possesses a valuable cup or jar or plate which has come down to her from her great-grandmother would hesitate to let it go out of her sight on any assurance that it would be well cared for and safely returned." In old New York and New England homes are plenty of rich Delft plates, blue and polychrome, butter-boats in animal forms, and other charming relics of the days when porcelain was not known.

Who and what were the original faience-makers of Delft? When and how did they learn the marvellous art which to-day makes their old blue as well as their variegated ware rank among the most precious objects

in the choicest and most noted collections of the civilized world? There are enthusiasts on the subject of Delft faience who would prefer a blue cup and saucer, suitably mounted and hung on their parlor wall, to the best canvas of any renowned painter, ancient or modern. Ardent thirsters after



THE EXPLOSION DISH, 1667.

knowledge herein have ransacked the archives of Delft, but with only partial success; there exist scarcely any records prior to the year 1600, though since 1654 the archives are intact. A great fire in 1618 burned the town-hall, and in 1654 there was a terrible explosion of a powder-magazine, which lives in faience on a gigantic plate belonging to the Evenepoel collection at Brussels. These catastrophes left few MSS. in existence in Delft relating to the years prior to 1654. The explosion has become a special point to date from, and the dish at Brussels was made in 1667 by Harmen Groot-huysen; it is of the most exquisite blue, though its figures are rude.

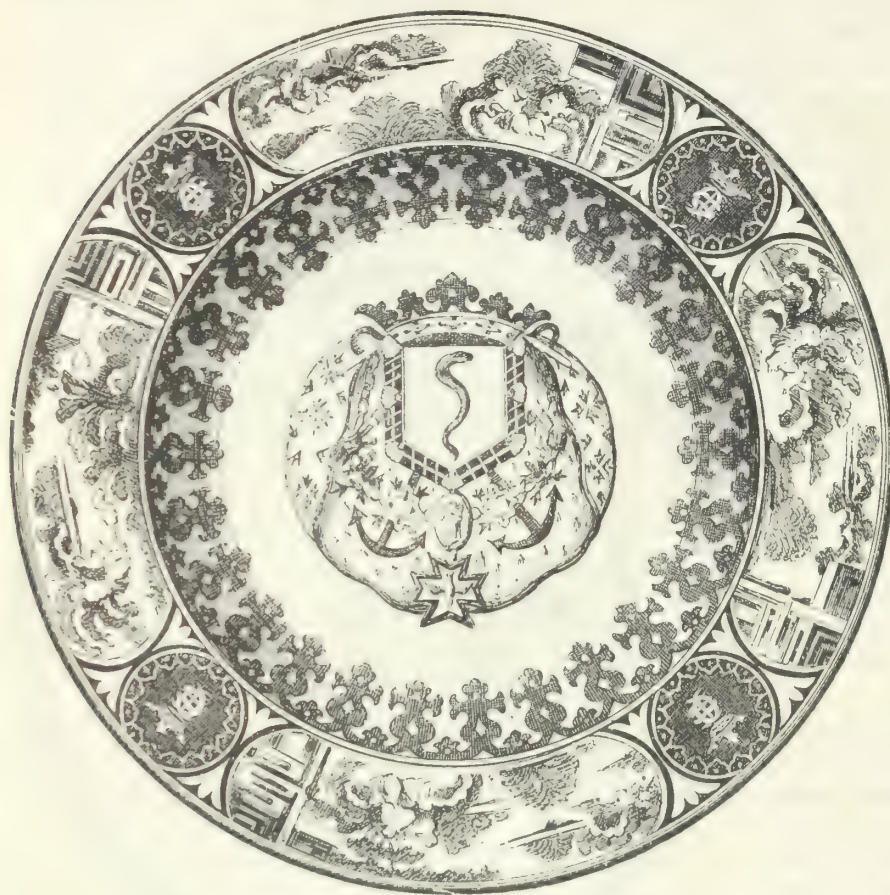
The absence of records having prevented clear and sufficient answers being made to the questions above asked, amateurs never tire of discussing the question of the antiquity of Dutch faience. A learned Dutch historian, writing in 1667, tells us that the "Delfsche porceelyn" was sought for in every country at that period, and he names, among them, "France, Spain, England, and even the Oriental Indies." It is not doubted that the superiority of the Delft-ware was conceded in the seventeenth century by the first ceramists of other nations. The royal archives of France show that whenever a French art-



ist-potter set out to obtain a "privilege" from royalty to start a factory, he always mentioned, as the model which he aspired to

little horse nearly four hundred years old. But the cold steel of criticism has cut the heart out of this theory by calling attention

to the style of the horse's harness. These "rocco" trappings were not in style in the fifteenth century, but in the eighteenth. And besides, Arabic letters were not used in Holland then; Gothic characters were general until 1600. Furthermore, the letters I H F were the signature of a factory established in 1690. The conclusion is that the figures are merely a trade number. In the Evenepoel collection at Brussels there is a small chandelier bearing the same letters, with the number 1185; and in the Sèvres Museum an oval plate, again with the same letters, with the figures 183, at which early date in the world's history our Dutch ancestors, it may be quite confidently assumed,



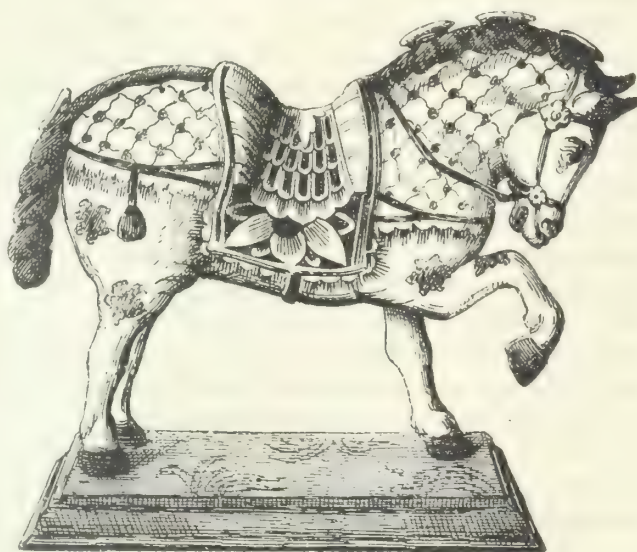
THE COLBERT PLATE IN THE SEVRES MUSEUM.

equal, the magnificent work done at Delft. The founder of the now famous Rouen factory, in petitioning the king for the usual privilege, said that it was his intention to make "violet faience, painted blue and white, in the form of those of Holland." Another petitioner asserts that he "has found the secret of fabricating fayence as handsome and as good as those of Holland." Claude Reverend, now very noted as one of the best French faience-makers of that period, desires of the king "to be protected in counterfeiting porcelain or making Dutch faience." In the hope of obtaining the royal patronage, Reverend (not then an efficient worker) caused plates of an exceeding beauty to be made in Holland, bearing the arms of the king and those of his prime minister, Colbert. These plates he presented to the king and the minister with the false representation that they were specimens of his handi-craft. They are now in the museum at Sèvres.

One enthusiastic and learned European collector dates the production of Dutch faience as far back as the fifteenth century. His opinion is based on a curious little faience horse he possesses, which is marked with the letters I H F and the figures 1480. These he supposes to be the initials of the maker and the date of production. This calculation would make the

had not yet taken Holland.

The first reference to the origin of the *plateelbakeryen* in the existing records of the ancient town of Delft is the Act of Constitution of the Guild of St. Luc—a document which bears date May 29, 1611. The pioneer of this beautiful trade seems to have been one Herman Pietersz. He married a daughter of a rich potter named Cornelisz, and for



FAIENCE HORSE, MARKED 1480.

thirty-five years both families were faience-makers in great renown.

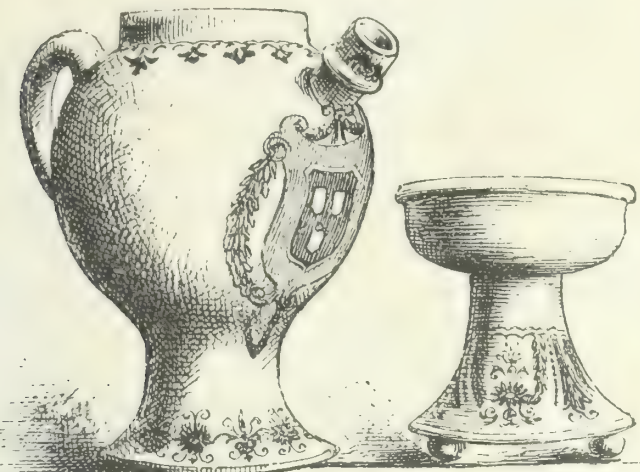
In a book published in Haarlem in 1600 one Henryck Johansz is spoken of as a pot-



*taert vercooper*, or seller of pottery; and in this book the statement is made that the Delft faience owes much of its quality to the three sorts of clay of which it is com-

dish, entirely covered with ornamentation. The sirup pot and salt-cellar of Haarles, preserved in the archives at Delft, were executed by that afterward eminent *plateelbakker* in 1795 for his proof of mastery. Six years' apprenticeship at the trade was an imperative requirement before membership could be sought, and to obtain the title of "master" required a long series of expensive and difficult formalities.

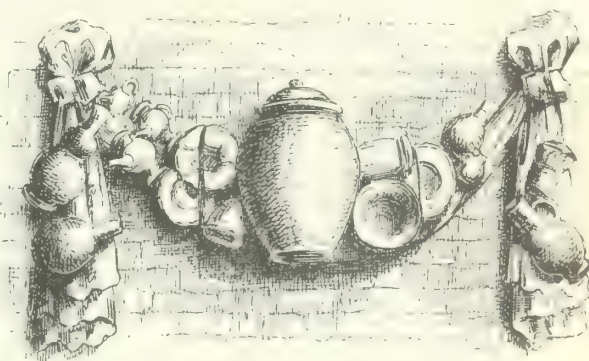
In a few years after its establishment the guild became so prosperous that in the year 1660 it asked and obtained from the city the authority to remove into more spacious quarters, and chose for its residence a building which had originally been a chapel dedicated to St. Christopher, and attached to an asylum for aged people. The front of the house was suitably decorated for its new occupants, the first addition of the guild being an attic, in a niche of which was placed the bust of Apelles. Below there were three escutcheons, the one in the middle bearing the arms of the town, that on the right those of the guild, and that on the left the bearings of Dean Dirck Meer-



SIRUP POT AND SALT-CELLAR OF HAARLES.

posed, one of which was brought from Belgium. The impression gathered from the study of these old pages is that this mixture of three clays was a new discovery, and was the prime secret of the rare beauty of this ware. It is to this period, therefore, that the first production of the Delft faience as we know it to-day would seem to be ascribable. And about this time, we observe, arose the Guild of St. Luc.

This famous guild was an association formed for the protection of the various choice trades exercised in Delft, and was recognized as an authority on all questions relating to the same. At the beginning of its existence it was under the guidance of four deans of the faculty, but later these officers were increased to six—two painters, two glass-workers, and two faience-makers. The functions of the deans consisted in overseeing the interests of the divers trades which composed the guild, in levying fines on the refractory to the rules of the order, imposing forfeits for various offenses, collecting taxes on a certain degree of prosperity. The funds so gathered were at the end of the year divided into three portions, one for the city, one for the "officer of justice," and the third for the guild itself. Each applicant for admission to membership was obliged to execute what was called a "proof," as a tangible evidence of his skill, and the examination and pronouncing of the verdict relating to these proofs were part of the duty of the deans. The turners of faience, candidates for entrance to the guild, were obliged to execute in a satisfactory manner the following pieces as proofs of their ability: "a ewer, a salad bowl such as is sold in commerce, and a salt-cellar with a hollow foot turned from a single piece of earth;" the proof for the faience painter was the decoration of half a dozen plates of the largest size, and a large fruit



THE FAIENCE-MAKERS' GARLAND.

man—a former burgomaster, rich and liberal, who acted as patron to the fraternity. Under the windows were four garlands of white stone, upon which were sculptured the emblems of the four principal trades composing the guild: the painters, the glass-makers, the faience-makers, and the booksellers. Inside the building the painters covered the walls with pictures, the glass-makers adorned the window-panes; and on the entering of the corporation into its new home, the two deans who were faience-makers paid out of their own pockets for the "ten Spanish chairs covered with Russia leather" which adorned the grand saloon. The guild not only acted as a protector of the trades included under its benevolent roof and defended by its amiable ægis, but it also undertook the management of details looking to the well-being of the community. The terrible catastrophes already mentioned had given the people of Delft a wholesome dread of fire, and to the Guild of St. Luc they were indebted for the wise reforms and useful pre-



cautions against fire which characterized every thing relating to the manufacture of the faience during a century and a half. Every minute detail relating to the baking of the ware was regulated. Terrible conflagrations during that long period of time were prevented. The construction and management of each oven were matters arranged by law. No piles of wood were allowed near an oven. From the moment of lighting the fire until twenty-four hours after it had been extinguished there must be barrels of water

gines were kept here for the special use of the faience-bakers, bought by the town and kept in order at the expense of the guild. In every manner the guild exerted itself to protect the industries under its care, and to that end instituted a code of laws and regulations, of charities and provisions, for the welfare of its brood, which might be imitated with advantage by similar bodies in our own times.

Nearly three centuries have now elapsed since the pioneer faience-maker, Herman



THE CAVALRY CHARGE: 1634.

handy. Day and night two persons must watch the fire, and to prevent these persons from falling asleep the night patrol of town watchmen must come every hour and knock at the door. It was strictly forbidden to light the fire without the formal permission of the master. All hands were forbidden to smoke. In case of fire the masters and workmen from all the other factories must instantly repair to the scene of disaster and lend a hand. Besides all this, there was deposited in each factory a key to open the municipal storehouses, where was kept the apparatus then used to fight fire. Four en-

Pietersz, left his native Haarlem and went to Delft, there to establish the *plateelbakkerij*, which is now renowned among lovers of old china. If it were possible to trace the preliminary steps which led at last to the perfected works of this master, the artist-laborers of to-day would have the key to the whole secret of the most exquisite Delftware. The lovely objects which Pietersz has left behind him as proofs of his skill embody the special characteristics which this ware exhibited throughout its entire career from first to last; for even in the rarest, the most ancient pieces now in existence,





"THE KERMESE:" BLUE PLAQUE: 1640.

the skillful connoisseur detects that peculiar brilliancy which enables him to recognize it any where and under any circumstances. Those who are learned herein point out to us that the exquisite beauty of this ware results from the mingling of many distinctive elements, with the aid of the most complicated means, producing learned mixtures, combinations based upon profound scientific experiments. "The making of faience," says Mr. Havard,\* to whose valuable work this article is chiefly indebted, "is not an industry which, like many others, appears to spring up of itself, which finds its cause of being, or at least its sustenance, in nature; every thing in it, on the contrary, is artificial, heterogeneous, and factitious in its minutest details and down to its commonest elements. Even the earth, its most important material, its indispensable base, is not the substance which came at once to Pietersz's

hand, but a learned composition, a skillful mingling of foreign clays, brought from a distance at great expense."

One of Pietersz's earliest co-laborers was



"TRIUMPH OF AMPHITRYON:" BLUE PLAQUE: SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

one Thomas Jansz, an Englishman who had been a soldier, but who laid down his arms, settled in Delft, married a relation of Pietersz, and devoted himself to making faience.

\* *Histoire de la Faïence de Delft*, par HENRI HAVARD. Paris: 1878.





JAPANESE BASKET, IN DARK BLUE.

The fiery imagination of this singular genius is seen at its most extravagant expression in an enormous work, now in the Loudon collection at the Hague, called the "Last Judgment." In this picture no less than four hundred figures are writhing and twisting in such amazing confusion that the art of the engraver is almost unequal to its reproduction. Jansz's complicated and savage style was the foundation of a school of imaginative painting which lasted nearly half a century. During that period the best masters were led into what may be called pencil intemperance.

The "Cavalry Charge" is a gigantic plate bearing the signature of the son of Herman Pietersz, and the date 1634. It is not so wild as Jansz's "Last Judgment," nevertheless the confusion is extraordinary. In the Evenepoel collection at Brussels

there is a plaque which is dated six years later than the "Cavalry Charge," or in 1640, as is seen by the sign-board of the inn on the left. It represents a fair, or *Kermesse*, and shows nearly one hundred figures in the most diverse and often grotesque attitudes. The activity of the scene is worthy of Hogarth. But this frantic and exaggerated school was succeeded by chaster and more refined ideas in regard to drawing. In the "Triumph of Amphytrion"—a painting evidently inspired by a sketch of the great artist Goltzius—there is revealed a new sense of grace and beauty.

In no branch of manufacture were the Delft ceramists more successful than in the imitation of Japanese porcelain, at that time the costliest novelty known. One Albrecht von Keiser was the individual who first con-



BLUE PLATE, BY KOOG: 1650.



ceived the idea of imitating the Japanese, and the success of the new faience was so great that it is thus mentioned by the old historian before alluded to, Gerrit Paape: "Even those who with good right boasted of having been the first to introduce the porcelain of the Oriental Indies into their



BLUE EWER, BY KOOGE.

own provinces were astonished at the beauty of the imitation, and although in possession of the most magnificent original pieces, did not hesitate, so much they esteemed them, to acquire copies." Articles of exquisite beauty are these copies, and equally welcomed on the shelves of the most fastidious collectors in our day, both in Europe and the United States. So delicate is their biscuit, so daintily are they painted in blue, or with the renowned "parsley" background, that none but the best-educated judges of porcelain can distinguish them from Japanese masterpieces. Even connoisseurs require a crack, or a chip, or sometimes nothing less than Albrecht von Keiser's signature itself, to convince them it is Delft and not Japanese they hold in their hand.

While Von Keiser was thus imitating Japan, another celebrated artist of



SIGN OF THE MOOR'S HEAD.

the time, Abraham Kooze, was urging the Delft faience in a contrary and certainly a no less brilliant direction. Instead of trying to create a pseudo-porcelain which deceived the beholder as to its origin by its lightness and brilliancy, Kooze in his productions strove to emphasize the more genuine qualities of faience. In his works the biscuit remained thick; the covering had a milky color; the enamel, by excess of pewter, gained in purity, but became more friable; and on this rich and unctuous surface he threw painting compact in its design, large in its suggestion, correct in drawing, and astonishing in its precision and power. The majestic plaques and strong portraits in blue from the hand of Abraham Kooze hold the place of honor in the collections of Messrs. Evenepoel in Brussels and London at the Hague, connoisseurs whose judgment ranks second to none. Never has ce-



BLUE PLATE, BY FRYTOM.

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ramic painting risen to a loftier elevation than it attained under Kooge, and it is doubtful if it be possible to perfect it further. The immense blue plate now in the Arosa collection was made by Kooge in 1650, and is a fine example of the master's style. This plate was made in commemoration of the birth of a little girl, Lysie Hymens, whose name is seen on the border. But it was not alone to the adornment of objects exclusively artistic in their purpose that Kooge confined his superb qualities. Even in the painting of the smallest article of daily use there is seen this same elegant and scientific decoration. The little blue ewer of the Loudon collection is a small piece which, it is believed, has never been surpassed, the color being perfect and the blues shaded with an exquisite art. Connoisseurs say that they require no signature to inform them that the two objects mentioned were made by Kooge at his renowned Delft factory, "The Moor's Head." A picture of Kooge's sign-board is preserved in the archives of Delft.

Like Abraham Kooge, Frederick van Frytom preferred the blue to variegated coloring. But Kooge was such a consummate painter that, as one of his admirers has said, with blue and white he seemed to produce all hues, all shades. The fine bearded head done in blue, which is one of the treasures of the Loudon collection, is a fine example of his powerful style. Van Frytom had a lighter touch and a simpler treatment; his pictures are more sketchy, but



COFFEE-POT, CASHMERE PATTERN, BY FICTOOR.

they are exceedingly delicate, while every detail is sufficiently finished to satisfy and charm the most exacting eye. Had the ceramic history of Delft produced but these two peerless artists, it could have claimed a place in the first rank of the industrial arts of modern Europe, but about these glorious lights revolves a legion of secondary stars, among whom are prominent the Kleftyuses, the Eenhoorns, the Oosterlaans, and the Gysbrechts—notabilities who married and intermarried solely among members of their

trade. The Eenhoorns formed a veritable dynasty in the business, son succeeding father for generations. The Kam family were also remarkable artists. They devoted their energies especially to blue, and the most illustrious of the name, Gerrit Pietersz Kam, was the originator of a very magnificent style of objects of decoration. This was enormous jars of a Japanese character, but not imitations of the Japanese, and great plates in which the Chinese idea predominated, the treatment humorous and extravagant, the coloring brilliant, the drawing admirable, every line having the incision and sharpness of the burin.



HOLLOW DISH, BY GERRIT KAM.





A CERAMIC GIANT, LOUDON COLLECTION, BLUE.



COLOSSAL JAR, CASHMERE PATTERN, BY LAMBARTUS EENHOORN.

Lambartus Eenhoorn was among the first and most renowned of the Delft faience-makers who used the variegated coloring. When the authorities of the town in his time desired to make an important present to some friendly prince or ambassador, it was always a costly object made by Lambartus that was selected. He perfected the style invented by his uncle, Willem Klefytus, and which is called the "Cashmere," a mingling of majestic draperies, brilliant flowers, and fantastic birds, painted upon jars of colossal dimensions, with a fluted surface. He had but one rival in this gorgeous style, but this one was worthy of the name. None but the eye of a master connoisseur can distinguish the work of Louis Fictoor from that of Lambartus Eenhoorn, especially as, perhaps through design, Fictoor's monogram was made to greatly resemble that of his rival. Not only in their purely decorative articles, such as jars, etc., but also in their useful utensils, such as coffee-pots and tea-pots, there is the same study of elegance, the same delicacy of execution.

With the eighteenth century the industry of the *plaatbakkers* of Delft underwent a great transformation. From that period the use of faience became general. Until then it had been strictly an object of luxury reserved for great families, the opulent and aristocratic, the patricians. The greatest demand, even among these wealthy persons, was for articles of ornament, such as great jars, large plates for hanging, pictures, etc., rather than for articles of household use. The faience was less costly than the porcelain of the Orient, but its price still kept its purchase only among the exclusive classes.

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VARIEGATED BRUSH IN FAIENCE.

Examination of the pictures of humble home life by Pieter Hooch, those of Dutch kitchens by Kalf, and those of the pot-houses by Steen, will never discover faience represented in any abundance in their vulgar scenes. Here and there an unpainted pitcher or a common mug, occasionally a blue oyster plate will be found, but nothing more. The guild itself did not count faience among its belongings. A large painting by Van der Helst shows a banquet scene at which the civic guards of Delft are regaling themselves. They are manfully eating with their fingers off the table, for the most part, and the festal board boasts at the utmost of a dozen leaden plates. This metal was universally employed for the dishes in household use, even in aristocratic homes, where faience and porcelain were not lacking for purely decorative purposes. It would seem as if faience itself admitted the merits of the useful lead, for in 1639 a *plateelbakkerij* dedicated its labors "to the metal pot." But at the end of the seventeenth century the attention of merchants and capitalists was drawn to faience, and competition arose with its usual consequences—an enlarged production and lowered prices. A visible desire was exhibited to please the taste as well as the pockets of the new customers. Magnificent and gigantic objects—ceramic giants, one might call them—gave way to merely pretty things. It must not be inferred that the tone of the work was instantly and greatly lowered. Beautiful pieces were brought forth in great abundance; but compared with what might almost be called the marvels of the preceding period, the work is thought to show a sort of decadence. Ingeniousness, not grandeur, now became the

leading characteristic. *Stoven*, or foot-warmers, hand-warmers (in the form of prayer-books), bird-cages, brushes, wig blocks, music stands, and even violins, were produced.

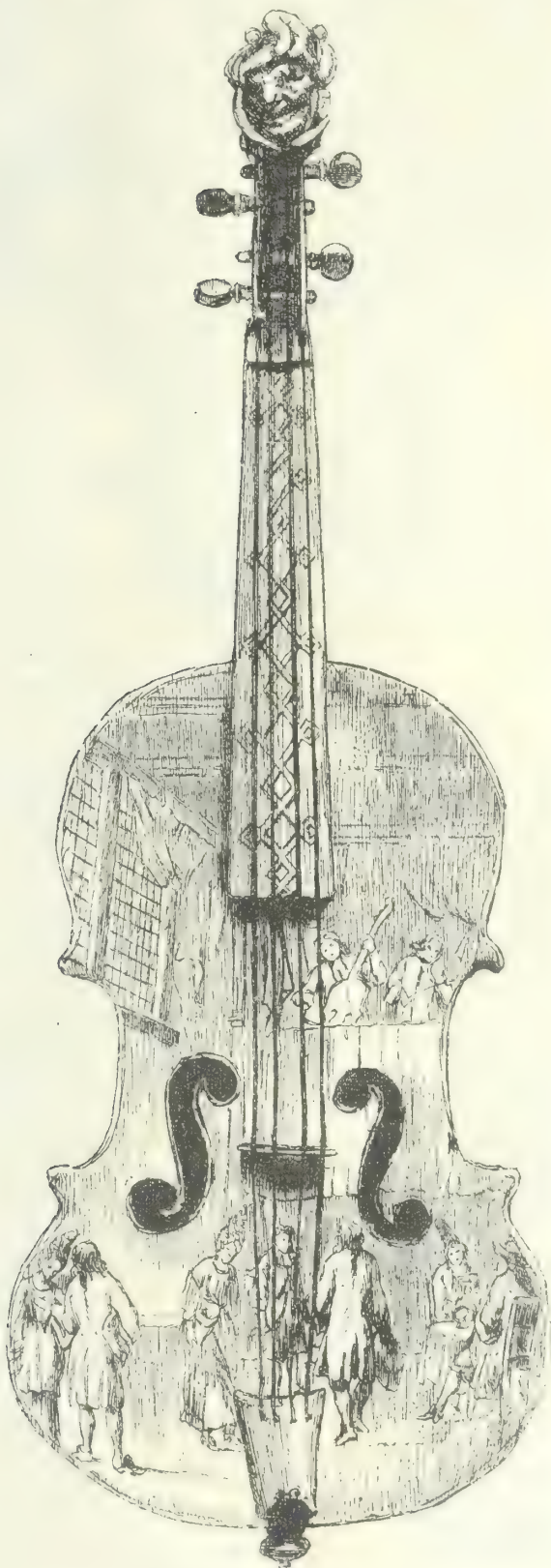
A witty little volume has been written which treats entirely of these wonderful faience fiddles, which would of itself have sufficed to render them famous. But their extreme rarity has long since secured them a place in the choicest collections. There are only four of them in Europe which are of undoubted antiquity. Two belong to the most brilliant period of the Delft manufacture, one of which is the marvellously painted one in the Rouen Museum, and the other the exquisite one in the Loudon collection, which, though less ornate, and more Dutch, so to speak, shows qualities to the full as fas-



FAIENCE VIOLIN, ROUEN MUSEUM.



cinating. The third is that in the Evenepoel collection, and the fourth that in the French National Conservatory of Music. These last plainly show the decadence, and are much less beautiful. Two are known in America, in the possession of two gentlemen in Philadelphia. One of which is decorated in blue, the other in colors with gilding. Of late years a number of other violins have come to light, but collectors have grave doubts concerning their authenticity. A well-known amateur of Brussels, a gentleman of learning and cultivated judgment, has removed one of these instruments from his collection, because it did not seem to him to possess the de-



FAIENCE VIOLIN, LOUDON COLLECTION.



BLUE MUSIC PLATE, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

sirable guarantees of authenticity. Within a very recent period another violin has put in its claims for a place among connoisseurs. It is in the possession of Mr. Berard, of Nîmes, France, and if, as the gentleman thinks, it be really an antique, it is a piece of exceptional rarity, for it is the only gilt and varicolored one known in Europe.

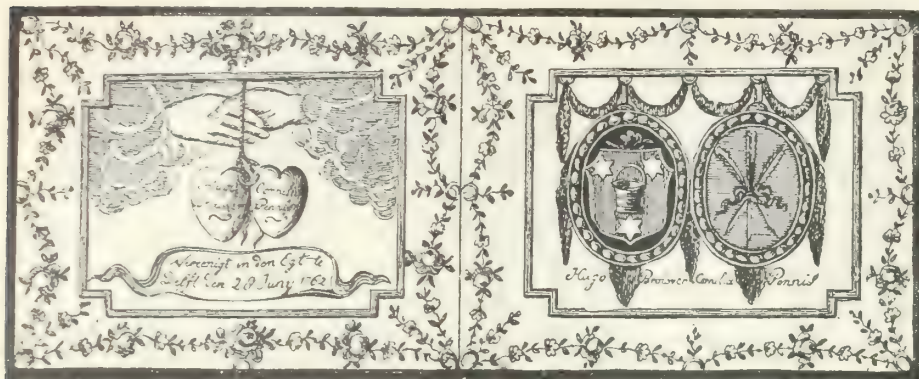


THE TRIUMPH OF VAN TROMP.

That the Hollanders had and have a passionate love of music is well known. For two centuries the popular songs of Holland figured conspicuously in the history of the country. Every peasant boy was in the habit of carrying about with him a collection of songs in a shape which he could tuck away in his pocket easily. When a group gathered they would fall to singing in chorus. A similar custom prevailed among the higher classes of the population. After dinner, when the jovial Dutchmen were in a rollicking mood, each man would pull out his song-book from his pocket, and the whole company would join in a rousing

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BROUWER'S MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

chorus. It is easy to see that here was a mine for the faience-makers to work. A dozen dessert plates displaying the couplets of various songs were a source of amusement which was never-failing in its after-dinner effect. The idea is, perhaps, one worth adopting in our day and country as a provoker of jollity among a people not unduly given to that sort of thing.

Several of these musical plates have come down to us. Most of them bear inscriptions and mottoes in Dutch, but very many—and the most objectionable—of them have verses in the French language, and were doubtless made for sale in that market. Certainly they are very much in the spirit of modern *opéra bouffe*, and would not be in demand at English or American dinner tables, nor even in France in the family circle. Others of these musical plates, instead of giving the verses at length and a mere suggestion of the tune, present the whole score, and give but the name of the song. Some have the music, not of a song, but of a minuet or gavot. Still others not only give the dancing tunes, but show us pictures of the dancers.

It strikes the searcher into the lore of Delft as a strange circumstance, that in a country where patriotism was one of the predominating virtues, and where, throughout three centuries, the Dutch flag was again and again triumphantly successful both by land and sea, there should have been made so little faience presenting

and the date of his assassination in the old brick house where he lived at Delft, are mingled with other devices. Another quaint tile



BLUE HELMET-SHAPED EWER.

presents the triumph of the good Admiral Van Tromp in an odd sort of way.

A beautiful ewer in the shape of a helmet, in the Gasnault collection in Paris, and another ewer, not less interesting though less handsome, belonging to the library of the university at Gand, are the only other existing pieces of this character deemed worthy of remark.

It is impossible in this article to do more than indicate by a hint the varying tides of prosperity which befell the Dutch faience. An almost infinite number of lovely and curi-



VIOLET-COLORED BASKET, JOURDE COLLECTION.





GOLTZIUS'S "ROAD TO THE CROSS."

ous articles poured forth from the numerous factories in this now sleepy old Dutch town of Delft. Among them were eccentric-looking bouquet-holders, shaving dishes, baskets of every conceivable shape, butter dishes, tea-pots, beer-pots, heater stands, grotesque little animals, and even marriage certificates.

Hugo Brouwer, when he married the lovely daughter of a rich ceramist of Delft, Cornelia Pennis, made a superb double plaque in gilt and variegated colors to perpetuate an event which, the records show, was celebrated with extraordinary pomp (*extraordinaris getrouwt*). Hugo has been dust for half a century, the marriage occurred more than 100 years ago, and this durable marriage certificate now exists in the Evenspoel collection.

A number of women directed factories, being received by the guild as *winkelhousers*, or faience-sellers, but not faience-makers. Many of the pieces of

faience produced under female surveillance are very beautiful, and in the highest style of art. The collection of the Countess Bielke, in Sweden, contains some very splendid pieces, which are thought to have come from the faience factories of Amerensie van Kessel and Barbara Rottewel.

In the midst of this marvellous fecundity the workers of the old school grew discontented, unhappy, and at last thoroughly disgusted. They pronounced the work of the time beneath contempt, and being direct descendants of the great ceramists—Abraham Kooge, Lambartus van Eenhoorn, and the rest—they made a strenuous effort to resuscitate the ancient and glorious work of those masters. Among the most ardent of these painters was J. Verhaagen, who professed, like the great Kooge, a disdain for vari-color, and kept to blue exclusively. Some of the objects he turned out at this time, in the hope of altering the current of popular taste, are real masterpieces. He avowed his intention of taking no subjects less elevated than copies of the great painter Goltzius, of Haarlem, the Shakspeare of color and drawing, so to speak, with the Dutch. He reproduced on pottery the designs of Goltzius, called "The Road to the Cross," with marvellous talent. One of these appears on a large round plate. He has simply shown himself as great a master as his model, for to adapt the picture to the required shape he was obliged to add figures of his own invention, and architecture also. By his masterful manner of accomplishing



VERHAAGEN'S COPY OF GOLTZIUS.

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this he has left indisputable proof of the skill of his own pencil and the greatness of his ceramic art.

Two Delft ceramists of renown were named Dextra. Both pushed the Delft faience toward the imitation of Saxony porce-



BOUQUET-HOLDER, BIELKE COLLECTION.

lain. Zachary Dextra obtained the more admirable results. It was he who made that magnificent soup bowl, which counts among the finest pieces of the Loudon collection, in the examination of which one would be convinced one had porcelain in one's hand, were it not for the opacity and thickness of the biscuit. The colors are rich and varied, the enamel brilliant, the shape excellent, but the artistic character of the painting is not high. In Dextra's day began a great change in the mode of painting the faience—a skilled labor-saving device which the Japanese had long ago slyly employed, when they held absolute supremacy of the Dutch market. They prepared their porcelain in such a way that it could be sent on to Holland, and there receive such painting as would be likely to please the Dutch taste. This method Dextra now turned to his own uses. He required his painters to sketch on the unbaked object the blue ground and the general outlines of the subject; then it was baked; and after baking, ordinary painters were easily able to finish in divers ways the figures sketched out, and even to color them according to order. A very curious plaque, owned by the Sèvres Museum, shows this work in process of execution. The blues are in, the first baking has been done, and the mythological sketch awaits the finishing hand of any artist, no matter whom. This process greatly lessened the difficulties of faience adornment, and may be said to have entirely dispensed with the work of the true ceramic painter. It was now no longer necessary for the artist to have that almost magic quickness of hand indispensable when painting on the raw. Faience

once baked and enamelled, no longer possesses a spongy surface whereon the least hesitation, the least indecision, makes a fatal blur. On the enamel one can paint what one likes, and as one likes, without taking the trouble to learn by difficult steps the exact composition of those colors which change in the baking. Naturally great complaints arose from ceramists who had devoted their lives to this difficult apprenticeship, when they found themselves suddenly without means of earning a livelihood. The price of ceramic objects became instantly lowered, and touched a figure which would be unbelievable had we not the incontestable proof offered by many of the objects themselves, whereon is indelibly inscribed the modest tariff charged the first purchaser. A lovely bottle belonging to the Fetis collection in Brussels, now worth a fabulous price, is marked "seven stivers," or about fourteen cents of our money. Counsellor Fetis is also in possession of an ancient document of the highest interest, nothing less than an order for faience from a seller of the ware in France to Zachary Dextra himself at Delft, in which a long list of articles is asked for, together with the prices to be paid. To mention but one item: the list includes "an order for 100 dozen blue coffee-cups at 8 sols the dozen." At the present writing these 1200 cups would in themselves be a fortune for their possessor.

With prices at these absurdly low figures, and the English ware flooding the market, with its incontestable advantage of being fire-proof, what wonder that the Delft industry slowly but painfully gave up the ghost? The English trade with Holland became so great that the pottery-makers of England made special models for the Dutch demand, with patriotic devices and inscrip-



SOUP TUREEN, BY ZACHARY DEXTRA.

tions in the Dutch language, while English workmen were eagerly engaged by such of the Delft factories as still survived. One English maker in particular—Turner—had an immense trade with Holland, though his productions were infinitely inferior in every



respect to those of the Delft works, as will be immediately apparent to any one who examines the Turners in the collection of Mr. Henry Howard, *attaché* of the British legation at the Hague. Little by little, one by one, all the Delft factories became extinct. As late as 1850, however, the once-renowned "Porcelain Flask" factory, the last representative of a glorious industry that had flourished brilliantly for 200 years, was still in existence, and, under the direction of Van Putten and Co., occasionally produced works which are considered almost on the level of

those of the olden days. At the present writing the oven of the once-revered "Porcelain Flask" is used for baking brick.

Familiarity breeds contempt too often in art. Hence many who visited the exhibition of the Ladies' Society of Decorative Art in New York last winter passed by, without a look, some beautiful specimens of Delft potteries, which would have paid them to examine and admire. In the rich collections at the Metropolitan Museum of Art may be seen examples of the work of many of the renowned old potters named in this article.



HALF-PAINTED PLAQUE, SEVRES MUSEUM.

## THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH COURT-HOUSE.

THE Continental army yet lingered at Valley Forge in the middle of June, 1778. Serene skies, glowing sunshine, and higher temperature had succeeded a sour, chilling rain-storm, and there were indications that the fervid heats of summer had made their advent. The grass was almost ready for the mower's scythe, the thick-standing wheat stems were bending with their increasing burdens of grain, and luxuriant maize stood almost breast-high on the rich bottom-lands of Pennsylvania.

Warm weather, abundance of food, and buoyancy of spirits had made the American soldiery forget much of their sufferings during their long winter encampment on the snowy slopes of the hills around Valley Forge. They were ready and eager for a summer campaign, which promised them independence and peace, for a powerful nation had formed an alliance with the infant republic against its unnatural oppressors. The commander-in-chief had been watching and waiting for some decisive movements of the British forces, that for many months had occupied Philadelphia, making it a garrisoned town, thoroughly fortified. He was ready to strike his tents and take the field, notwithstanding his force was supposed to

be much inferior in number to that of his enemy. Finally, on Thursday morning, the 18th day of June, a powerful bay horse was seen bearing George Roberts with great speed from the Middle Ferry, on the Schuylkill (now the foot of Chestnut Street), toward Valley Forge, on urgent business. Roberts had received positive information at the ferry that the British army had evacuated Philadelphia that morning, and were on the soil of New Jersey, with their faces turned toward New York city. This startling information he bore to Washington. It was almost noon when he reached head-quarters, his steed flecked with foam and dripping with sweat. The message was delivered orally, and very soon afterward the camp was all astir with preparations for departure on an exciting chase, which ended in a tragedy.

The British army had occupied Philadelphia almost without serious molestation from the patriots in arms, and there was no cause apparent to the public comprehension for their sudden flight from a city swarming with their political friends, and seemingly disposed to cherish the conquerors. But there were remote, unseen, and potential causes which had produced near events



whose menaces created fears of immediate danger in the minds of the well-informed not only in the British cabinet, but in military circles in Philadelphia. Let us take a brief survey of these causes in their order of sequence.

A capital plan of the British ministry for the campaign of 1777 was the seizure and the occupation by military posts of the Champlain and Hudson valleys, from St. John's, on the Sorel, to the city of New York. The object was to sever the close union between New England and the other States, paralyze the powers of each section, and so weaken the whole that the subjugation of the resisting States might become an easy task. To accomplish this end forces were prepared to move southward from the banks of the St. Lawrence, while other forces should ascend the Hudson River, and these columns,



CHARLES LEE.

meeting near Albany, perfect the execution of the scheme. Lieutenant-General Burgoyne commanded the northern invading army, and Sir William Howe the forces that were to penetrate New York from the south.

At this point a treacherous officer of high rank in the Continental army appears conspicuous in the series of events that caused the evacuation of Philadelphia. That officer was Charles Lee, the senior major-general under Washington. He had been an officer in the British army, served under Burgoyne in Portugal, and had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He had served under Braddock in the disastrous conflict on the banks of the Monongahela, and with Abercrombie in the unsuccessful attack on Ticonderoga, about twenty years before the time we are considering. Lee had dwelt for a time among the Mohawk Indians, who made him a chief, with the appropriate name of "Boiling Water"—for he was a hot and ever restless man, vain, arro-

gant, jealous, and quarrelsome. Failing to obtain higher promotion in the army, he left the royal service, came to America in 1773, engaged in politics on the side of the colonists, and when the Continental army was organized he received the commission of major-general. He resigned his commission in the British army, but required Congress to indemnify him against any loss which he might sustain as a consequence of that act. Then he began to play the part of an American patriot; and to enable him to continue to do so, Congress in the autumn of 1776 loaned him upon his own bond \$30,000. He was simply an unscrupulous and selfish adventurer, whose influence in the army was always pernicious.

Proud, censorious, and disobedient, Lee had followed Washington at a distance with a heavy force during the perilous flight of the shattered American army across New Jersey late in 1776, pursued by the victorious troops of Cornwallis. Washington repeatedly called upon Lee to push forward and give him strength to strike the pursuers, and he as often omitted to obey. He evidently desired to have disaster befall his superior, hoping thereby to promote his own ambitious scheme to become commander-in-chief. He was not only disobedient, but several days after the chase had ended at the Delaware, and Cornwallis had relinquished it, Lee, yet lingering in New Jersey, suffered himself to be captured, at some distance from his army, by a small British scout. Taken to New York, he was used harshly at first by General Howe as a British deserter, but very soon that commander and his officers treated Lee with marked consideration. And well they might; for Lee revealed to Howe the political condition of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, and presented him with a written plan for the subjugation of the colonies, which promised better results than that of the ministry. He made it appear so plainly that a land and naval expedition up the Chesapeake and Delaware bays would prove successful, that the brothers Howe abandoned the ministerial plan and largely accepted Lee's. They sailed for Chesapeake Bay with a greater part of the British army, instead of going up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne coming down from the north. Howe landed his troops on the shores of Maryland, marched into Pennsylvania, gained a victory on the banks of the Brandywine Creek, frightened Congress from Philadelphia, took possession of that city in the autumn of 1777, and held it until June, 1778. This abandonment of Burgoyne caused the loss of that general's army and its splendid appointments, and the ruin of the ministerial plan.

These events led to others more disastrous to the British crown. France, humiliated



and irritated by the results of the seven years' war in America, and the conditions imposed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, by which she was shorn of a greater portion of her magnificent domain on our continent, had eagerly watched with sleepless vigilance for an opportunity to retrieve her losses and to find a balm for her wounded pride in smiting England successfully and fatally. When the quarrel between Great Britain and her American colonies began soon afterward, the French ministry watched its progress with intense interest and satisfaction. Choiseul, the able Premier, sent the Baron de Kalb to America to feel the pulse of public opinion here, and at every stage of that quarrel France promoted it, and never failed to display her sympathy with the discontented subjects of the British crown. That sympathy was not felt for the *cause* of the colonists, but because the quarrel, if it should lead to an open rupture and final separation, would weaken the power and prestige of the traditional enemy of France for a thousand years.

So when the colonists ceased remonstrating, and took up arms against their oppressors, manifested French sympathy caused them to look confidently to France for moral and material aid in the struggle then begun. The diplomatic and commercial agents of the Continental Congress, who had been sent to France, easily made secret arrangements for supplies for the insurgents from the magazines of the kingdom. They had also secretly negotiated a treaty of alliance with the French king; and when, on the 4th of December, 1777, intelligence of the surrender of Burgoyne reached the court at Versailles, the monarch, satisfied that the Americans could help themselves, resolved to give moral and material aid to the struggling colonists openly. King Louis determined to prevent reconciliation between them and the British government, and find sweet revenge in accomplishing a dismemberment of the British Empire by the loss of a domain in America vastly more valuable than that which the English had wrested from the French. Accordingly a treaty was signed at Paris early in February, 1778, by which the independence of the revolted colonies was acknowledged by the French sovereign, and a compact was made for an alliance upon a footing of perfect equality and reciprocity between the United States and France. It was agreed that war with England should be made a common cause, and that neither of the contracting parties should make peace without the consent of the other, nor cease hostilities until the independence of the United States should be secured.

The belligerent attitude so suddenly assumed by France alarmed and embarrassed the British ministry. Lord North hasten-

ed to offer reconciliation with the Americans before it should be too late. Eleven days after the treaty was signed and its purport became known at the British court, the Premier offered two "conciliatory bills" in Parliament, one promising not to tax the Americans without their consent, and the other to authorize the king to send commissioners to America to treat for reconciliation and peace. This movement startled the French ministry. They knew that reconciliation would thwart their plans for using the Americans for the glory of France. The king immediately informed the British government that he had acknowledged the independence of the United States, and should stand by them. The tone of the communication was offensive—intentionally so; and the British ministry understood the announcement as tantamount to a declaration of war. The British minister at the French court was withdrawn, and war was formally declared soon afterward.

Peace commissioners were appointed, and arrived at Philadelphia on the king's birthday, the 4th of June. Their advent increased the joyous demonstrations on that occasion, and the British army was directed to treat them with marked respect.

The "conciliatory bills" had reached America several weeks before the arrival of the commissioners, and prepared the way for their reception. The bills had been widely circulated by Governor Tryon, who was in New York. As they were silent on the subject of independence, the patriots regarded them with indignation, and denounced them as "deceptionary bills." Washington wrote to Congress, saying, "Nothing short of independence, it appears to me, will do. A peace on any other terms would, if I may be allowed the expression, be a peace of war." The Congress was of the same mind, and resolved to have no communication with the commissioners until the hostile fleets and armies should be withdrawn, or the independence of the United States acknowledged.

Meanwhile the news of the French alliance had given joy and hope to the American people. It had been announced to the army at Valley Forge on the 3d of May, and the event was celebrated there on the 7th with demonstrations of great delight. The chaplains preached congratulatory sermons to the regiments on that day; and the welcome news was responded to by the roar of cannon, a *feu de joie* of musketry, and the voices of the whole army shouting, "Long live the King of France!" "Long live the friendly European powers!" And when Washington with his charming little wife, and some of his generals with their wives and suites, left a place of divine worship on that day, the army again shouted, "Long live General Washington!"



The French alliance and the "deceptionary bills" filled the hearts of the American patriots with confidence and indignant de-



MONMOUTH COURT-HOUSE IN 1775.

fiance; and this was the spirit that confronted the commissioners, outside of the British lines, on their arrival. They were accompanied by the eminent Professor Adam Ferguson, of Edinburgh, as secretary, who was sent by them with dispatches, under a flag, to the Congress sitting at York. That body refused to confer with the commissioners except on a basis of equality and independence, which they were not authorized to admit. Then one of their number (Johnstone), they having failed to accomplish their ends by fair means, attempted to gain them by intrigue. A relation of Dr. Ferguson, of the same name, then in the British army, had married the daughter of an American physician living near Philadelphia, who, on account of her husband's position, was much in the society of loyalists. She was a woman of eminent abilities and worth, and so judicious was her conduct that she retained the respect and confidence of the leading patriots of Pennsylvania. Johnstone lived at the house of a British officer where Mrs. Ferguson frequently visited. He often spoke in warm terms of the Americans, and she believed he was a true friend to her country. Finally he persuaded her to visit General Joseph Reed—a social and political leader in Pennsylvania—and say to him that if he could, with a good conscience, exert his influence so as to bring about a settlement of the dispute, he might command ten thousand guineas and the best post in the government. Mrs. Ferguson was abashed by the indignant scorn with which her words were received. Regarding them as offering a bribe, General Reed said, "Madam, I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am,

the King of England is not rich enough to do it." Of this scene Trumbull wrote, in his "M'Fingal":

"Behold, at Britain's utmost shifts  
Comes Johnstone, loaded with like gifts,  
To venture through the Whiggish tribe,  
To cuddle, wheedle, coax, and bribe,  
And call to aid his desp'rate mission  
His petticoated politician;  
While Venus, join'd to act the farce,  
Strolls forth embassadress of Mars.  
In vain he strives, for while he lingers,  
These mastiffs bite his offering fingers;  
Nor buys for George and realms infernal  
One spaniel but the mongrel Arnold."

Thenceforth the commissioners were despised, and after issuing an angry and threatening manifesto, returned to England in the fall.

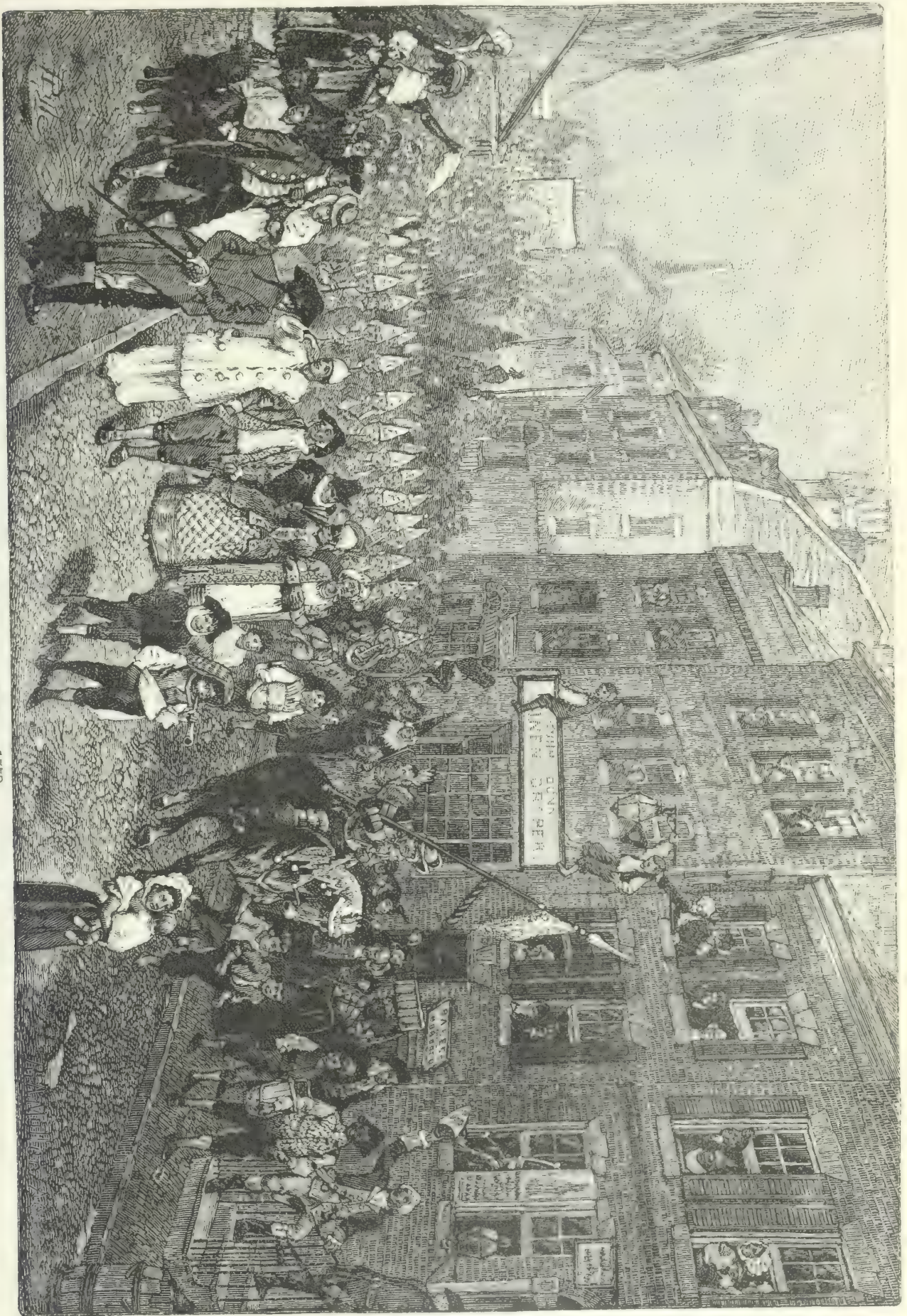
General Howe, who had been severely censured on the floor of Parliament for his blunder in going to the Chesapeake and causing dire disaster to Burgoyne's army, obtained leave to return home in the spring of 1778. Sir Henry Clinton, a more energetic officer, succeeded Howe in command. He had a difficult task before him. The British army had become terribly demoralized by its residence in and near Philadelphia for several months. The officers had indulged in luxury and ease under the mild discipline of the indolent and voluptuous Howe. Amusements and dissipation of every kind followed each other daily. Vice became so common that there was very little effort made to conceal it. Many of the officers lived in open defiance of the demands of morality. Their profligacy was so conspicuous that many of the Tory families who had welcomed the invaders had earnestly prayed for their speedy departure. The army had become so weakened, morally and physically, by indulgence and idleness, that Dr. Franklin was justified in saying, "General Howe has not taken Philadelphia; Philadelphia has taken General Howe." Leading Tories, who had fled from that city, had returned and joined in the gay movements of society there during the British occupation; and the young ladies of Tory families graced with their presence and co-operation a grand farewell entertainment given to General Howe on the 18th of May. There was a brilliant regatta on the Delaware; a sham tournament on the land; a gorgeous procession of mock "knights," preceded by the army bands through pavilions decorated by the skillful hands of the gifted Captain (afterward the unfortunate Major) André; a ball in a room garnished with almost a hundred mirrors, and lighted by hundreds of wax candles; a sumptuous supper; a wondrous display of fire-works, and a continuation of revelry until the dawn of the next day. There were "knights"—"Knights of the Burning Mountain," and "Knights of the Blended Rose"—and "ladies" in Oriental costume, imitating the half-barbarous customs of the men and



women of the Middle Ages; and in the whole performance soldiers and civilians yielded to the fascinations of the wildest folly and extravagance. At the same time hundreds

cause of the scarcity of food, which had been devoured and wasted by the invaders. And on the very day when Howe received this offering of fulsome adulation, he signed a

CARNIVAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1778.



of the neighbors of the revellers were languishing in the Philadelphia prisons because they loved liberty and independence, and the poor of the city were starving be-

warrant for the infliction of a thousand lashes on the bare back of one of his private soldiers, convicted of "abusing and insulting" Captain Hamilton—a squire of a "Knight



of the Blended Rose" engaged in the barbaric show.

Some of the older and more sensible of the British officers would not countenance this "farce at knight-errantry." An old major of artillery was asked by a young person what was the distinction between the Knights of the Burning Mountain and the Knights of the Blended Rose. "Why, child," said the veteran, "the Knights of the Burning Mountain are tomfools, and the Knights of the Blended Rose are dom fools. I know no other difference between them." He added, in a tone of deep mortification, "What will Washington think of this?"

The sounds of the grand revel had scarcely died away when orders were received from England for the British army to evacuate Philadelphia and go to New York, and the British fleet to leave the Delaware, to avoid a blockade by a powerful French squadron which was fitting out at Toulon for American waters. Already the aggressive movements of Washington's rapidly increasing army, and the startling news of the French alliance, had given the British officers in Philadelphia much uneasiness. Now the order from the ministry and preparations for its execution produced widespread consternation and distress among the adherents of the crown and their families. The city, so gay with scarlet uniforms and martial music and banners—with dashing young officers and rounds of extravagant entertainments, which had culminated in the barbaric splendors of the famous *Mischianza*—was suddenly overspread with the gloom of terrible despair. The change from bright promises of protection to a sense of absolute desertion was awful. It was the sudden gathering of a tempest in a serene sky; and when that tempest burst upon the doomed city—when the army crossed the Delaware in its premeditated flight—full three thousand of the most tenderly nurtured inhabitants of Philadelphia left their homes, their property, and their cherished associations, and fled for refuge from the righteous indignation of their Whig neighbors, whom they had oppressed in various ways. They fled, they knew not whither, to a fate they could not forecast nor conjecture.

For a month Sir Henry Clinton was active in preparing for his flight to New York. At first he intended to go thither in the ships that bore the army to the Chesapeake, but, fearing head-winds might prolong the passage, and that Washington might push forward and capture New York, he changed his plans and determined to march to Elizabethport or Paulus's Hook (Jersey City) by way of New Brunswick.

Washington was on the alert, and his troops, 15,000 strong at the middle of May, were improved in discipline by the instruc-

tions of the Baron de Steuben; and, in fine spirits, they were eager to exchange the camp for the field. Congress had ordered an oath of allegiance to be administered to the officers at Valley Forge before entering upon the campaign, and this was done on the 12th of May. General Lee, who had been exchanged, had rejoined the army and been re-instated in his rank of first major-general under Washington. When required to take the oath his conduct was surprising. Several officers had put their hands on the Bible with him. When Washington began to read the form, General Lee withdrew his hand. This movement was repeated; when Washington demanded a reason for his strange conduct, Lee replied, "As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales." This odd reply excited much laughter, and it was regarded as one of Lee's eccentricities. In the light of to-day the enigma is made plain. Lee's treason was only slumbering. It would awake (and did awake) to new action when occasion should arouse it. Conscience restrained him from taking the oath of allegiance for a moment; but he did take it.

Rumors soon reached Washington that the British army was about to evacuate Philadelphia. An order had been issued (May 14) by the British commander for the heavy baggage of the army to be prepared for embarkation at the shortest notice, and the officers to lighten their baggage for the field. This indicated an expected movement. The army at Valley Forge was also held in readiness to march at the tap of the drum. Detachments were sent out to watch and annoy the enemy. On the night of the *Mischianza* one of these, commanded by the gallant Captain Allan M'Lane, attacked the works in the northern part of the city, and the sounds of great guns made the ladies at the *fête* turn pale. The "knights" assured them that it was a part of the performance, and the revel continued.

From that time the British army had very little rest from annoyance and anxiety. Sir Henry Clinton clearly perceived the web of imminent peril that was gathering around him, and he made preparations to fly from danger before it should be too late. At the middle of June he issued the following order:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA, June 16, 1778.

"Lieutenant-General Knyphausen and Major-General Grant will cross the river to-morrow at four o'clock in the morning, with the following regiments: Yagers [Germans] mounted and dismounted, Queen's Rangers, Hessian Grenadiers, Second Battalion New Jersey Volunteers [Tories], Maryland Loyalists, Volunteers of Ireland, and the Caledonian [Scotch] Volunteers. All wagons and carts, with the wagons and bat-horses belonging to the general and staff officers, are to be embarked this afternoon at half past three, at the upper coal wharf, and to-morrow at six all the saddle-horses belonging to the general and staff officers are to be embarked at



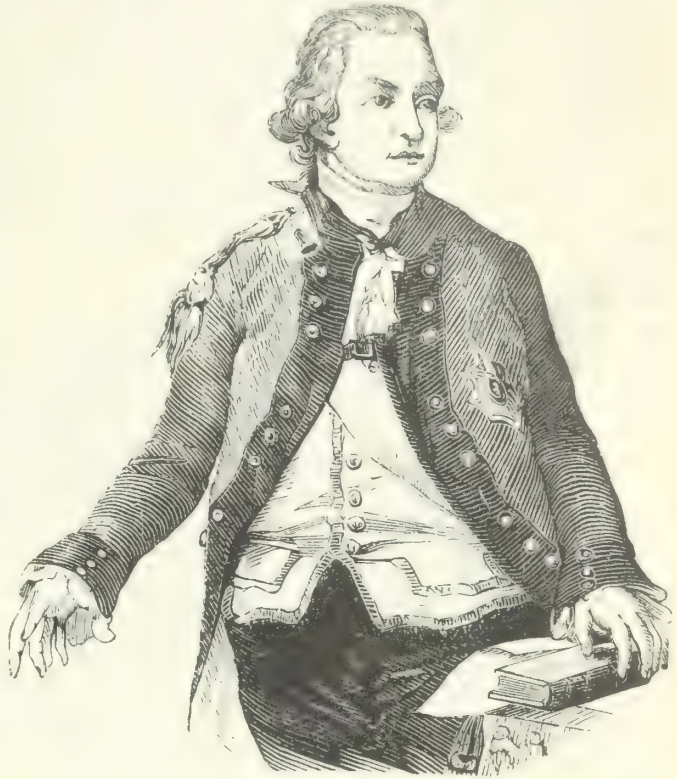
the same place, except two for the commander-in-chief and one for each of the general officers. All the sick that are absolutely unable to march are to be at Primrose's wharf to-morrow morning at five o'clock, where they will be received on board the *Active*."

This order was promptly executed, and so also was another, issued upon the 17th, for the crossing of the Delaware early the next morning by the remainder of the army. The latter movement took place just at dawn on the 18th of June. The troops landed on the Jersey shore at Gloucester Point, three miles below Philadelphia. The rear-guard, under General Knyphausen, landed at ten o'clock, and toward evening that motley host of British regulars, American Loyalists, German mercenaries, and a crowd of feminine camp-followers halted around Haddonfield, five miles southeast of Camden. The Philadelphia refugees, men, women, and children, with their portable effects, had already mostly embarked in the British vessels, which soon afterward left the Delaware and anchored in broad Raritan Bay, just in time to avoid being blockaded by a powerful French fleet under the Count d'Estaing.

I have referred to the "camp-followers." They were numerous and troublesome, but they formed a picturesque and interesting feature in the British march across New Jersey. They were mostly young women, and many of them were pretty and attractive. They were wives and sweethearts of the soldiers. The young Britons and Germans had wooed and won many Pennsylvania maidens during their long winter encampment, and these followed their husbands and lovers by scores. The parting of these women from their friends on the edge of the river presented many touching scenes; and they and others who were betrothed or otherwise attached to young soldiers, and did not follow them, caused an immense number of desertions from Clinton's army in its march across New Jersey. These sprightly camp-followers greatly embarrassed the British officers, who were compelled to make strict regulations concerning them by orders like the following, issued on the 16th of June:\*

"If any regiment has more women than is allowed, the commanding officer is desired to send them down to the ships, if he can possibly get an opportunity; if not, they are

to march with the army, but, by way of punishment, will be allowed no provisions." And this: "The women of each regiment to march at the head of it, under an escort of a non-commissioned officer and six men, who will take care that they do not go out of the road on any account." And this:



SIR HENRY CLINTON.

"The women of the army always to march on the flanks of the baggage of their respective corps; and the Provost-Marshal has received positive orders to drum out any woman who shall dare to disobey this order."

So secretly and adroitly had Sir Henry Clinton effected the evacuation of Philadelphia, with many thousand troops, that Washington was not certified of the fact until noon on the 18th of June, when George Roberts, on his foaming steed, reached the camp at Valley Forge. Washington had suspected the movement for some time, and believed that Clinton intended to cross New Jersey to New York; but General Lee, in prosecution of his treasonable plans, tried to mislead Washington as to the immediate destination of the British army. From the beginning of the contest Lee had corresponded with leading British officers. He wrote private letters to his old commander, Burgoyne, at Boston, in 1775. At Charleston, in 1776, he exchanged compliments in writing with Sir Henry Clinton, and a few days before the evacuation of Philadelphia he was in correspondence with the same officer. Only three days before that event, when Washington was perplexed with uncertainty concerning the intentions of the British, Lee wrote to the commander-in-chief, volunteering his opinion that if the enemy felt strong enough to act offensively, they would

\* This order, and several other items of interest, have been taken from a manuscript order-book found on the field of Monmouth, after the battle, by Isaac Hoffman. It belonged to Colonel Clarke, who commanded the Twenty-sixth Regiment of Foot, of the British army, Royal Fusiliers, engaged in that battle. The book is now in possession of Hon. John D. Bucklew, and was kindly procured, for the use of the writer, by Professor Samuel Lockwood, of Freehold, New Jersey.



probably descend the Delaware, land at Newcastle, and, turning to the right, march rapidly on Lancaster, to draw the Americans out of their camp and compel them to fight on disadvantageous terms; or, taking post near the mouth of the Susquehanna, and securing communication with their ships by sending them around into the Chesapeake, be able to encourage and maintain an Indian war that had just broken out on the frontier; or, if they were to act on the defensive, that they would not "shut themselves up in towns," but take possession of some broad tract of country so situated as to be most effectually protected by their command of the waters. "I have a *particular reason*," Lee said, "to think that they have cast their eyes for this purpose on the lower counties of Delaware, and some of the Maryland counties on the Eastern Shore. If they are resolved on this plan, it certainly will be very difficult to prevent them, or remove them afterward, as their shipping will give them such mighty advantages."

Washington thanked Lee for his advice, but held to his own opinion; and on the 17th of June he called a council of general officers, and asked them to consider the question, whether, in the event of the British marching across New Jersey, it would be prudent to attack them on the way, or "more eligible to march to the North River in the most direct and convenient manner, to secure the important communication between the Eastern and Southern States." Washington desired to attack, but the greater number of the officers thought it not prudent to do so with their inferior force. It was agreed to leave future action on that point to be determined by circumstances.

Washington was so well satisfied that when Clinton should leave Philadelphia he would take a land route to New York that he sent the gallant General Maxwell and his brigade of Jerseymen to impede the British on their march, in co-operation with active New Jersey militia commanded by General Philemon Dickinson. And when the oral message of Mr. Roberts, and soon afterward a written one from Captain Allan M'Lane, dated at Philadelphia, reached headquarters at Valley Forge, the whole army were put in motion, and that evening (June 18) marched for Coryell's Ferry (now Lambertville), on the Delaware. General Arnold, whose wound, received at Saratoga, kept him from active duty in the field, was sent with a detachment to hold Philadelphia.

The army crossed the Delaware in two divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Lee and Wayne, and were all on the soil of New Jersey on the 22d, and encamped at Hopewell, a few miles from Trenton, whence Colonel Daniel Morgan and 600 of

his command were sent to re-enforce Maxwell.

Meanwhile Sir Henry Clinton was moving cautiously and tardily from Haddonfield toward New Brunswick, by way of Mount Holly, Crosswicks, and Allentown. As indicative of his intended route, the parole on the morning of the evacuation was "Jersey," and the countersign "Brunswick," and these were not changed until the third day, when Clinton evidently began to doubt his ability to reach the last-named place. His baggage-wagons and bat-horses, with the army and its camp-followers, made a line nearly twelve miles in extent along a single road. Bridges and causeways had to be built over streams and marshes, which made the movement very slow. It was interpreted by the Americans as a manœuvre to draw Washington into a general action.

The commander-in-chief called another council of officers at Hopewell on the 24th, and put the question to them, "Will it be advisable to hazard a general engagement?" It was decided in the negative, but it was recommended to send detachments to harass the enemy on their march. General Lee was strenuously opposed to any interference with them; but Morgan was sent to gain the rear of the British right flank, while Maxwell was instructed to hang on their left. To these forces were added 1500 picked men under General Charles Scott, of Virginia, 1000 under General Wayne, of Pennsylvania, the New Jersey militia under General Dickinson, and a party of Pennsylvania volunteers under Cadwallader. These forces were under the supreme command of General Lafayette.

These movements, performed with great celerity, alarmed and perplexed Clinton. He expected many accessions to his Loyalist corps from the inhabitants of New Jersey, but was sorely disappointed, for the patriotism of the people of that State was now at fever heat. At Allentown he perceived that Washington was almost on his front, and, rather than risk an engagement, he abandoned his design to march to New Brunswick or South Amboy. Turning to the right, he took the road leading to Monmouth Court-house and Sandy Hook, with a determination to embark his troops for New York at the latter place.

Now more than ever Clinton found patriotism the rule and loyalty to the crown the exception in New Jersey. Monmouth County was peopled by the descendants of those who, more than a hundred years before, had defied the English authorities, whom they deemed to be their oppressors, and put forth a manifesto at Middletown which was tantamount to a declaration of independence. The county had been settled by the Dutch and English. Many of the latter were Quakers, whose peace principles would not allow



them to bear arms, but, being patriotic, they cheerfully helped the republican cause in every way their consciences would permit. That county was then largely covered with pine forests, and the sandy soil had not then been enriched by the treasures of marl beds since found in its bosom. But industry was a potent substitute. Their grain fields were just ripening for the sickle when the British invasion occurred, and the husbandmen turned out in defense of their food, their homes, and their liberties with great alacrity, under the inspiration of men like General David Furman, the terror of the Pine Robbers and Tories who infested a portion of the county. Furman's complexion was dark and swarthy, and such was the fear that his person inspired among the guilty that he was called "Devil David." When Sir Henry Clinton penetrated Monmouth County he entered a nest of hornets.

The American army had now (June 25) reached Kingston, on the Millstone River. Lee was still opposed to interfering with Clinton's march, and as he was next to Washington in command, his opinion had much weight. But six general officers were in favor of continued annoyances by detachments, and General Greene (then quartermaster-general), Wayne, and Lafayette declared in favor of a general engagement. Washington was somewhat embarrassed by these divided opinions, but relying upon his own judgment, he asked no further advice. He was in favor of a general battle, and proceeded to make arrangements for it. He detached 1000 men under General Wayne to join the advanced corps of the army, when the whole, amounting to nearly 4000 men, were placed under the general command of Lafayette, with orders to "take the first fair opportunity to attack the rear of the enemy." That force properly fell under the command of General Lee, but as he was utterly opposed to the movement, it was given to the marquis with Lee's consent. Lee afterward changed his mind, and asked to be re-instated, but this could not be done with justice toward Lafayette. To preserve harmony, Washington gave Lee the command of two brigades, with orders to join Lafayette, where his rank would entitle the for-

mer to the command of the whole. The commander-in-chief explained the dilemma to the marquis, and ordered Lee to give Lafayette notice of his approach.

For a few days the weather had been excessively hot, and the sandy roads were glowing like a furnace under the sun's rays. But clouds gathered on the evening



GILBERT MOTIER LAFAYETTE.

[AFTER A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY O. W. PEALE, IN 1778, NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.]

of the 26th, and the next day poured down rain copiously, but it did not abate the sultriness of the air. The British army had now reached Monmouth Court-house, a small village (now Freehold) on a slightly elevated plateau. The Americans were at Cranberry, and early on the morning of the 27th, Lafayette, with the advanced forces, proceeded to Englishtown, a hamlet about five miles westward of Monmouth Court-house.\* Advised of the movements of the

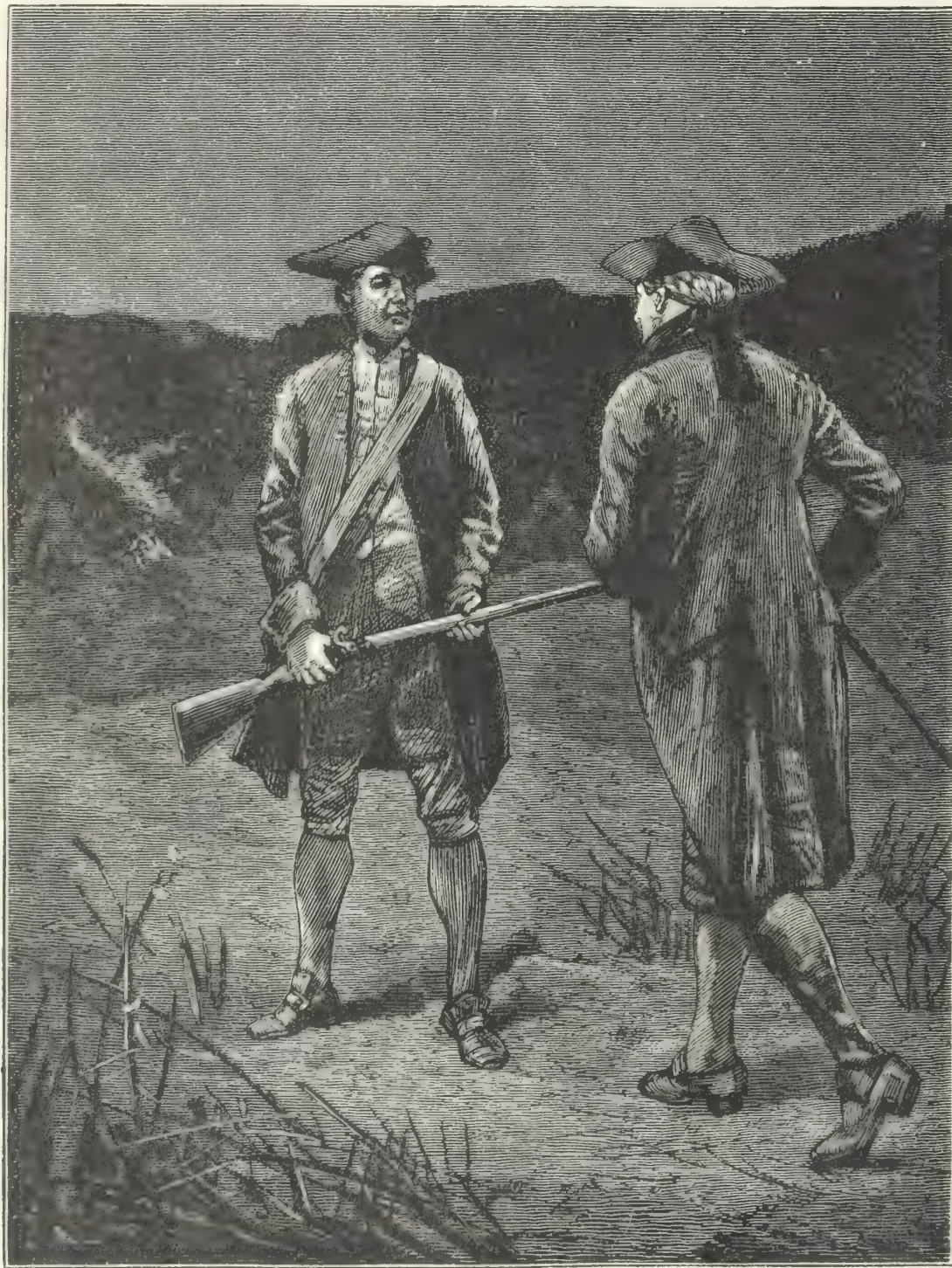
\* This building, constructed of wood, and clap-boarded with shingles, was moved across the street on its front about the year 1807, and converted into a dwelling-house. It was afterward used as a stable. It stood on the site of the present court-house, but nearer the street, on the corner of Court and Main streets, in the village of Freehold. While on a recent visit to that village the writer met Mr. J. S. Denise, an



Americans, and properly apprehending an attack upon his flanks and rear, Clinton changed the disposition of his line. He placed the baggage train in front, and his best troops, consisting of the grenadiers, light infantry, and chasseurs of the line, in the rear. The baggage (which term included the bat-horses and wheel-carriages of every department) was placed under the

grounds and heavy woods. His line extended on the right about half a mile beyond the court-house to the parting of the roads leading to Shrewsbury and Middletown, and on the left along the road from Monmouth to Allentown about three miles.

This change in the disposition of the British army compelled Washington to increase the number of his advanced corps, and Lee



DR. GRIFFITH.

charge of General Knyphausen. With his army thus arranged, Clinton encamped in a strong position near Monmouth Court-house, secured on nearly every side by marshy

old citizen, now over eighty years of age, who seemed to have a vivid recollection of the old court-house, and from his description was enabled to make the drawing (see page 32) of the historic building that was crowded with the sick and wounded after the battle. It is believed to be very nearly, if not quite, correct.

was sent with two brigades to join Lafayette at Englishtown, where he assumed command of the whole division designed for making the first attack. The whole force there gathered early on the morning of the 27th was about 5000 men.

During the day the main army advanced and encamped within three miles of Englishtown. Morgan's corps hovered on the British right, and about 700 militia, under



General Dickinson, menaced their left. Washington knew that Clinton would gain a great advantage if he could reach the heights of Middletown, ten miles distant, before accepting battle, and he took measures to attack the baronet at once. For this purpose he ordered General Lee to make the necessary disposition of his troops, and to keep them in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Washington desired him to confer with his general officers during the afternoon, to concert a plan of attack that night or at a very early hour in the morning. Lee appointed five o'clock. The officers waited upon him, but no plan was proposed. They inquired whether he had any orders to give, to which he replied, "None whatever." He said he had nothing to recommend, for the circumstances might render any previous plan futile.

He only gave them orders to be in readiness to march at short notice. In the course of the evening Lafayette called on Lee again for orders, when the general said, "I have none: it will be better to act according to circumstances."

At midnight a civilian appeared at headquarters and asked for an interview with Washington, who was earnestly engaged in making preparations to attack the enemy before daylight. The stranger was dressed in a suit of black, and when challenged by the sentinel he answered, "Dr. Griffith, chaplain and surgeon of the Virginia line, on business highly important to the commander-in-chief." The officer of the guard was called, when that functionary, waving his hand for the stranger to depart, said, hurriedly, "No, Sir, no; impossible; intensely engaged. My orders are positive; the general can't be seen on any account." The stranger replied: "Present, Sir, my humble duty to his Excellency, and tell him that Dr. Griffith waits on him with secret and important intelligence, and craves an audience of only five minutes' duration." The doctor was admitted to the presence of Washington, and in the fewest words possible he warned the chief, upon information which he had obtained, against the conduct of General Lee on the morrow. He said he was not permitted to mention the names of his informants, but assured the commander-in-chief that they were men of the highest character as citizens and patriots. He withdrew as abruptly as he had entered, and left Washington in deep thought. The events of the next day justified the warning. Dr. Griffith became rector of the parish at Alexandria, and preached in the church in which Washington worshipped. He was chosen the first bishop of the diocese of Virginia after the Revolution, but was never consecrated, and died in Philadelphia in 1789.

At about one o'clock on the morning of the 28th, Washington sent orders to Lee to have a small body of troops placed very near



FREEHOLD MEETING-HOUSE.\*

the British lines to observe their movements, to give notice if they should move off, and to skirmish with them so as to make a delay in their march until the remainder of the American army might come up. He was directed to tell Morgan and Dickinson to make a similar attack under such circumstances. At daybreak the vigilant Dickinson reported to both Washington and Lee that the enemy had commenced their march, and not long afterward he made an attack. So it was that the first skirmish in the battle of Monmouth was made by the spirited New Jersey militia. The commander-in-chief immediately ordered Lee to "move forward and attack the enemy, unless powerful reasons should prevail." He informed him that the entire army had thrown aside their packs and were advancing to his support. That discretionary clause in the order eventuated in trouble.

The 28th of June, 1778, was the Christian's Sabbath. The sun rose in unclouded splendor, and with all the fervor of the summer solstice. That day was the hottest of the

\* This edifice remains in the same form outside and inside as at the time of the battle, a hundred years ago, and very little change has been made in its surroundings since the writer made the above sketch of it in 1850. It was built in 1750, and is shingled on its sides, like the old court-house. In it Whitefield and Brainerd and the Tennents preached before the sounds of battle were heard near it; and under its middle aisle the remains of the Rev. William Tennent, who was the pastor of the congregation forty-three consecutive years, lie buried. Upon the wall, on the right of the pulpit, is a tablet erected to his memory, with a brief inscription; and on the other side are the three pegs used by Mr. Tennent, one to hang his coat upon, another his hat, and the third his wig in warm weather, when he became excited in preaching. Mr. Tennent died in March, 1777. His residence was in the parsonage, near the court-house. A view of the parsonage is given in the illustration on page 40. On the floor of one of the pews in the meeting-house was seen for fifty years after the battle the blood-stains of a man mortally wounded by a spent cannon-ball, who was carried into the building to die.



year—the sultriest ever known in that region. At dawn General Knyphausen began to march with the first division of the British army, which included the German troops or “Hessians,” and the Pennsylvania and Maryland Loyalists. Sir Henry Clinton, with the other division—the flower of the army—did not move until eight o’clock, for General Lee was so tardy in obeying the order of Washington that the enemy had ample time to prepare for battle.

Dickinson, as we have observed, first discovered the movement of Knyphausen, and gave notice of it. The main body of the Americans began to move immediately. Colonel Grayson, with his own regiment leading the brigades of Scott and Varnum, had passed the Freehold meeting-house, nearly three miles from Monmouth Court-house, before he received orders from Lee to push forward and attack the enemy. The aid who brought the order advised Grayson to halt, for he had heard on the way that the main body of the British army were moving to attack the Americans. General Dickinson had received the same information, which he communicated to Lee, when the latter pushed forward with his staff across a narrow causeway near the parsonage, and joined Dickinson upon the height close by. While he was endeavoring to unravel the conflicting intelligence, Lafayette arrived at the head of the advanced troops.

Lee’s whole command, exclusive of Morgan’s sharp-shooters and the New Jersey militia, now numbered about 4000 men.



THE TENNENT PARSONAGE IN 1850.

The broken country was heavily wooded up to the verge of the elevated plain of Monmouth. Lee, satisfied that no important force of the enemy was on either flank, pressed forward under cover of the forest, and formed a portion of his line for action near some open fields. Then, with Wayne and others, he reconnoitred the enemy.

They saw what they supposed to be a covering party of the British about 2000 strong. Wayne was detached with 700 men and two field-pieces to attack their rear. Meanwhile Lee, with a stronger force, endeavored, by a



ANTHONY WAYNE.

short road leading to the left, to gain the front of the party, while small detachments, concealed in the woods, annoyed their flanks.

It was now nine o’clock in the morning. Just as Wayne was preparing to make the attack, a party of American light-horsemen, advancing, were directed to make a feigned assault upon some British dragoons seen upon an eminence, and, by retreating, draw them into a position to be received by Wayne. The manœuvre was partially successful. The dragoons followed until fired upon by a party under Colonel Butler, ambushed on the edge of a wood, when they wheeled and fled toward the main army.

Wayne ordered Colonel Oswald, who was in command of his field-pieces, to cross a morass, plant them on an eminence, and open fire on the retreating dragoons, while he should press forward and attack them with the bayonet. Wayne was prosecuting the manœuvre with vigor, at a point about three-fourths of a mile eastward of the court-





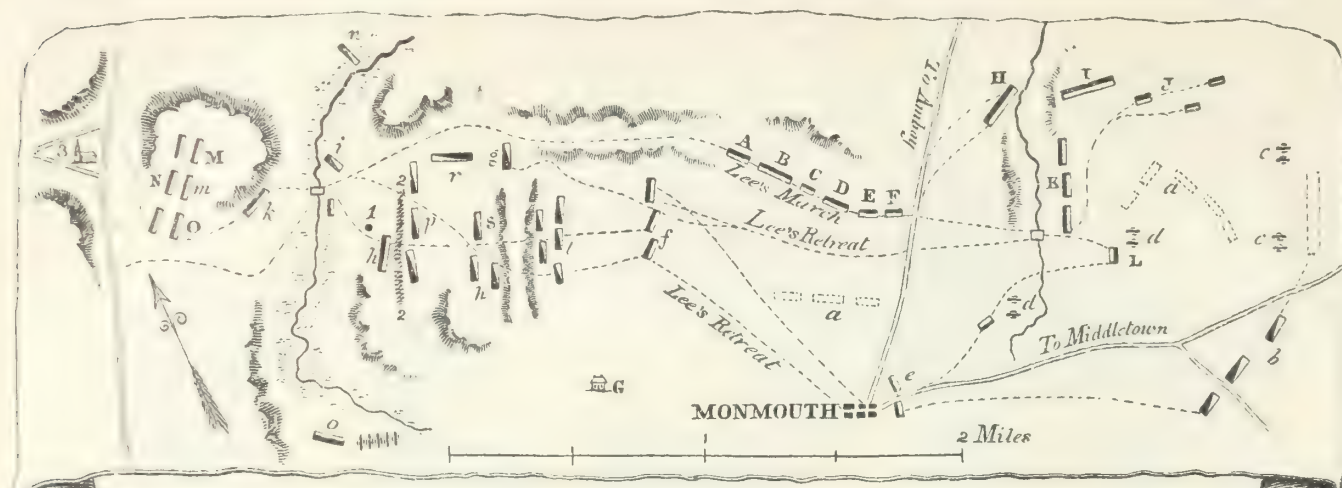
WASHINGTON REBUKING GENERAL LEE AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

house, with a prospect of full success, when he received an order from Lee to make only a feigned attack, and not to press on too precipitately, as it might frustrate his plan for cutting off the covering party. The impulsive Wayne was exasperated, for he felt that the palm of victory had been plucked from his hand; but, like a true soldier, he obeyed, hoping Lee would regain what his order had lost. He was disappointed, for only a few of the troops under Lee issued from the wood in detachments, a mile below the court-house, and within cannon range of the royal forces.

At that moment Sir Henry Clinton was informed that the Americans were marching

on both his flanks to capture his baggage train, stretched along the road toward Middletown for three miles. To avert the threatened danger, he changed the front of his army, and prepared to attack Wayne with so much vigor that the armies on the British flanks would be compelled to fly to the succor of that officer. A large body of royal troops approached Lee's right, when Lafayette, perceiving that a good opportunity was offered to gain the rear of the enemy, rode quickly up to Lee and asked his permission to attempt the manœuvre. Lee replied: "Sir, you do not know British soldiers; we can not stand against them; we shall certainly be driven back at first, and





PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.\*

we must be cautious." The marquis replied: "That may be, general; but British soldiers have been beaten, and they may be beaten again; I am disposed to make the trial." Lee so far yielded as to order Lafayette to wheel his column and attack the enemy's left. At the same time he weakened Wayne's detachment on the left by ordering the regiments of Wesson, Stewart, and Livingston to support the right. Then he rode to Oswald's battery to reconnoitre, when he saw a large portion of the British army marching back on the Middletown road toward the court-house. Apparently disconcerted, he ordered his right to fall back. The brigades of Scott and Maxwell on the left were already moving forward toward the right of the royal forces, who were pushing steadily on in solid phalanx toward the position occupied by Lee, with the apparent design of gaining Wayne's rear and attacking the American right at the same time.

General Scott now left the wood, crossed the morass, and was forming for action

\* EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN.—*a a*, position occupied by the British army the night before the battle; *b*, British detachment moving toward Monmouth; *c c*, British batteries; *d d*, Colonel Oswald's American batteries; *e*, American troops formed near the court-house; *f*, first position taken by General Lee in his retreat; *g*, attack of a party of the British in the woods; *h h*, positions taken by General Lee; *i*, a British detachment; *k*, last position of the retreating troops on the west side of the marsh; *m*, army formed by General Washington after he met Lee retreating; *n*, British detachment; *o*, American battery; *p*, place of the principal action near the parsonage; *r*, first position of the British after the action; *s*, second position; *t*, place where the British passed the night after the battle; 1, the spot where Washington met Lee retreating; 2, a hedge-row; 3, the Freehold meeting-house, yet standing; A, Maxwell's brigade; B, Wayne's; C, Varnum's; D, Scott's; E and F, Dickinson's and Grayson's regiments; G, Carr's house; H, I, and J, the brigades of Maxwell and Scott, with the regiments of Grayson and Dickinson, marching to the attack; K and L, Greene and Varnum; M, Lord Stirling; N, Lafayette; and O, Greene, with Washington. Lee's march toward Monmouth Court-house, the present village of Freehold, was north of the old road to Englishtown. The present road from Freehold to the meeting-house varies from the old one in some places, and is very nearly on a line with Lee's retreat.

on the plain, and Maxwell was preparing to do the same, when Lee ordered the former to re-enter the wood and await further orders.

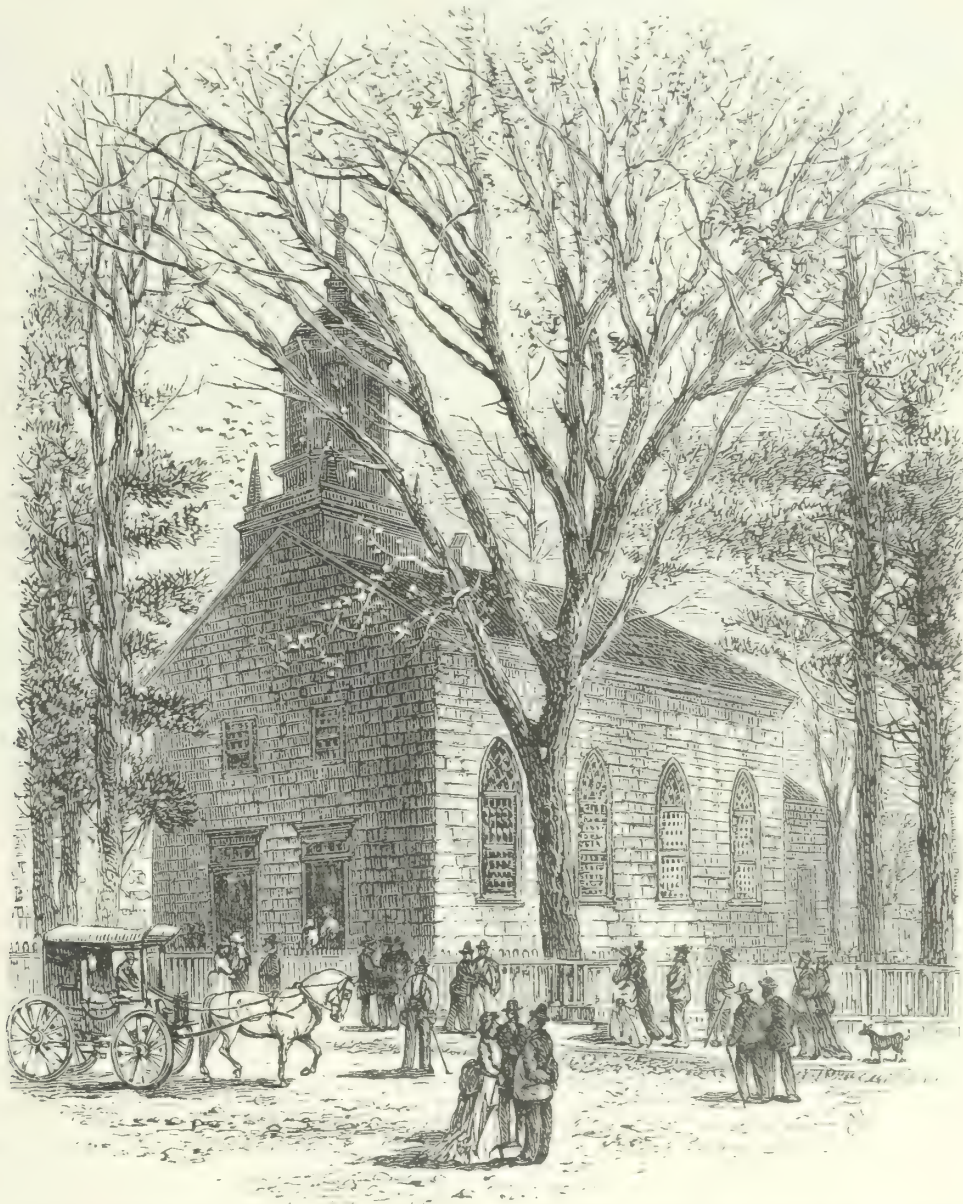
When Scott perceived the retrograde movement on the right, mistaking the spirit of Lee's orders, he recrossed the morass and retreated toward Freehold meeting-house, followed by Maxwell. When Lee was informed of this movement he ordered Lafayette to fall back to Monmouth Court-house. The marquis did so with reluctance, and was mortified to find that a general retreat had begun on the right under the immediate command of Lee, and he was obliged to follow. The British pursued as far as the court-house and halted, while the Americans pressed on across the morass near the house of Mr. Carr, to the heights of Freehold, and halted. The heat was intense, and in many places the soldiers sank ankle-deep in the burning sand. The royal troops soon followed; and Lee, instead of making a bold stand in his advantageous position on the eminence, renewed his retreat toward Freehold meeting-house. This produced a panic among the American troops, and they fled in great confusion in the wooded and broken country, many of them perishing as they pressed over the narrow causeway across the broad morass. Others, struck down by the heat, were trampled to death in the sand. At first both parties kept up a random cannonade; soon nothing was heard but a few musket-shots and the loud shouts of the pursuers.

Lafayette, who knew Lee's ambition to supersede Washington in command of his army, had watched his movements all the morning with anxiety, for he was satisfied that Lee was either cowardly or treacherous. Just after Lee gave him permission to attack the enemy, an aid of Washington arrived for information, when the marquis sent word to the commander-in-chief that his presence was of the utmost importance at the front to conduct the movements there. At the same time Lee sent a message to Washington assuring him that all was well,



and that success was certain. Then the commander-in-chief ordered the right wing of the army that was advancing under General Greene to press forward to the Freehold meeting-house to prevent the turning of that flank of his army, while he prepared to follow with the left wing directly in Lee's rear to support him. The troops, in light

the advance corps falling back upon the main army without notice, thereby endangering the whole. Giving hasty orders to the commander of the fugitives to halt on an eminence, he pushed forward with his staff across the causeway to the rear of the flying column, where he met Lee at the head of the second division of the retreating



ST. PETER'S, FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY, USED AS A HOSPITAL AFTER THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

marching order, went forward in good spirits, notwithstanding the depressing heat of the weather.

While the commander-in-chief was making this disposition of his troops, near the meeting-house a solitary horseman in citizen's garb was seen approaching on a fleet steed. It was Dr. Thomas Henderson, of Freehold, a beloved physician and active patriot, who brought the startling tidings of the shameful retreat. Washington could not believe the report, for he had heard only a few cannon peals in the direction of the court-house; but he gave spurs to his horse and dashed forward. When about half-way between the meeting-house and the morass he met the head of the first retreating column. He was greatly alarmed on finding

forces. The feelings of the commander-in-chief were fearfully aroused by the conduct of that officer, and as he rode up to Lee he exclaimed, in bitter anger and tones of withering rebuke, "Sir, I desire to know what is the reason and whence came this disorder and confusion."

Stung, not so much by the *words* as by the *manner* of Washington, Lee retorted harshly, and a few angry words passed between them. Washington's usual restraint upon his passion was removed for a moment, and he applied words to Lee which I do not care to repeat. But there was no time to dispute, for the enemy were within fifteen minutes' march of them. Wheeling his horse, Washington rallied a portion of the troops, and ordered Oswald to plant his cannon on





SERGEANT MOLLY.

an eminence near. By a well-directed fire from this battery the pursuers were checked. The presence of Washington inspired the troops with such confidence and courage that, within ten minutes after he appeared, the retreat was suspended, and order was brought out of confusion. Stewart and Ramsay formed their regiments under cover of a wood, and with Oswald kept the enemy at bay. Washington rode fearlessly in the face of the storm of missiles hurled by the British grenadiers and artillerists; and when his army was arranged in battle order before the foe, he rode back to Lee, and pointing to the rallied troops, said, "Will you, Sir, command in that place?" "I will," eagerly exclaimed Lee, for his treachery had utterly failed. "Then," said Washington, "I expect you to check the enemy immediately." "Your command shall be obeyed," said Lee; "and I will not be the first to leave the field." He fulfilled his promise.

With wondrous expedition Washington now put the confused ranks of his main army in battle order. Lord Stirling commanded the left wing, posted on an eminence on the western side of the morass, while General Greene took an advantageous position on the left of Stirling. A warm cannonade had commenced

between the American and British artillery on the right of Stewart and Ramsay, while the royal light-horse charged furiously upon the right of Lee's division. The enemy pressed so closely, with an overwhelming force, that the Americans were compelled to give way at that point. Then the British attacked Ramsay's regiment and Varnum's brigade, which lined a hedge-row near the causeway over the morass, and there the battle raged furiously for a while, American cannon placed in the rear of the fence doing great execution.

It was during this cannonade that a shot from the British artillery instantly killed an American gunner while working his piece. His wife Mary, a young Irishwoman, twenty-two years of age, and a sturdy camp-follower, had been fetching water to him constantly from a spring near by. When he fell, there appeared no one competent to fill his place, and the piece was ordered to be



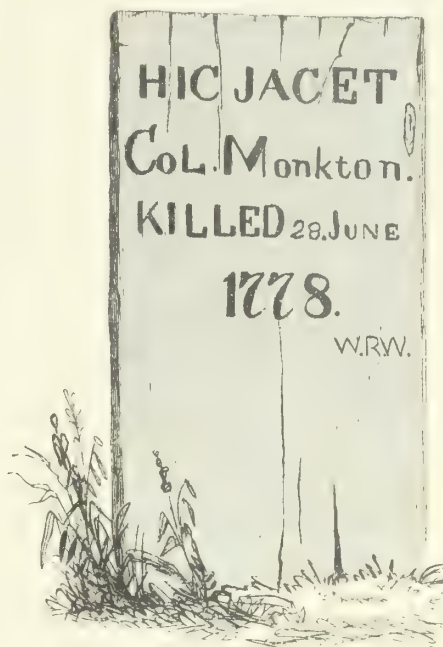
removed. Mary heard the order. Dropping her bucket, and seizing the rammer, she vowed that she would fill her husband's place at the gun, and avenge his death. She did so with skill and courage. The next morning, all covered with blood and dirt, she was presented by General Greene to Washington, who was so pleased with her bravery that he gave her the commission of a sergeant, and had her name placed on the pay list for life. The fame of "Sergeant Molly" spread throughout the army; and when the French soldiers came, her story so interested them that when she passed along in front of their ranks, they would almost fill her chapeau with silver coin.

When the furious charge of the British cavalry and infantry was made, Lee ordered Varnum and Livingston to retreat across the morass, covered by Ogden's corps. Lee was the last to leave the field, and brought off Ogden's men in good order. Instantly forming them in line, he rode to Washington, and said, "Sir, here are my troops; how is it your pleasure that I shall dispose of them?" They had borne the brunt of battle and retreat all the morning, and Lee was directed to form them in order back of Englishtown, while Washington prepared to engage the enemy himself with the fresh troops of the second division.

The battle soon became general. The left wing of the American army was commanded by Lord Stirling, the right by General Greene, and the centre by Washington. Wayne, with an advanced corps, took post on an eminence in an orchard a few rods south of the parsonage. A park of artillery was placed in battery on Comb's Hill, beyond a marsh on his right, and commanded a height on which the British were stationed. Finding themselves opposed in front, the enemy attempted to turn the American left flank, but were repulsed. They also moved toward the American right, where they were enfiladed by a severe cannonade from a battery commanded by General Knox, and planted on high ground, where General Greene was posted. Thus assailed, the enemy fell back.

In the mean time General Wayne kept up a brisk fire on the British centre, and repeatedly repulsed the royal grenadiers, who had crossed the hedge-row several times to assail him. Colonel Monckton, their commander (a brave officer of fine personal appearance), perceived the necessity of dislodging Wayne, and undertook the perilous and difficult task. Haranguing his troops, and forming them in solid column, he pressed to a charge. Wayne's men, partially sheltered by a barn near the parsonage, reserved their fire till the enemy were so near that their officers might be picked out. Steadily the British advanced, with fixed bayonets, when Monckton, waving his sword over his head, shouted, "To the charge, my brave troops!"

They rushed forward at a double-quick, when, at a signal given by Wayne, the Americans poured a terrible volley of bullets upon the foe. Almost every British officer fell. Among them was their gallant colonel. Over his dead body there was a fierce struggle for its possession, until the Americans secured it, and it was borne to the rear. The next day it was interred by



GRAVE OF COLONEL MONCKTON.

the patriots, with military honors, in the burial-ground of the Freehold meeting-house, close by the gable of the building. Many years ago the remains were honored by a Scotch school-master named Wilson, who set up, at the head of the grave, a plain board, painted white, inscribed in black with the following words: "HIC JACET COL. MONCKTON. KILLED 28 JUNE, 1778." This monument is still there.

Fiercely the contest continued to rage at the centre of the British line and at other points, until Wayne repulsed the grenadiers. Then the entire line gave way, and fell back to the heights occupied by General Lee in the morning. It was a strong position, flanked by thick woods and morasses, with only a narrow way of approach in front.

The sun was now low in the western sky, yet Washington resolved to attack the almost exhausted foe in his new position immediately; but before he was ready to do so darkness came on, and the wearied patriots were permitted to slumber on their arms until the dawn. The chief was confident that when his troops should rise refreshed in the morning, he could easily achieve a victory. With that consoling faith he and his suite slept soundly beneath a wide-spreading oak, surrounded by many of the slain patriots.

The morning light brought disappointment. At midnight Sir Henry had put his wearied host in motion, after brief rest, and



under cover of darkness had stolen away; and when the troops of General Poor, that lay nearest the British camp, discovered that camp deserted, the fugitives had been gone full three hours. So silently had they departed in the soft sand that not an American sentinel had perceived or suspected the movement. Considering the heaviness of travel in the sandy roads, the intense heat of the weather, the weariness of his troops, and the distance which the enemy had gained, Washington did not pursue, and Sir Henry escaped. He reached Sandy Hook on the 30th of June, and on the same day he embarked his army for New York in the ships that had come around from the Delaware.

Morgan and his riflemen were kept for hours, awaiting orders, at Richmond Mills, three miles from Monmouth Court-house. He was exceedingly impatient to join in the conflict. Had he fallen upon Clinton's rear with his fresh troops, the fate of that officer might have been similar to that of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Why he was not allowed to participate in the battle is unaccountable.

It is difficult to determine what was the relative strength of the two armies at the time of the battle. That of the Americans did not exceed, probably, 14,000 men, while the British were not more than 10,000 strong. The loss of the Americans in the battle was 228, and that of the British about 250. Sixty of the latter fell dead from the effects of the heat, and so also did many of the Americans. Full a thousand had disappeared from the British army in its march across New Jersey, who joined the Americans or returned to Philadelphia. It is said that 600 young men who had formed tender attachments during the winter encampment deserted and returned to Philadelphia. A large number, especially of the Germans, were hidden in cellars and other places of concealment when the army evacuated the city. These remained, and became the progenitors of many German families in Pennsylvania.

The British buried some of their dead, and a portion of their wounded were borne away in the hurried flight. The court-house and two churches at or near Freehold were crowded with the sick and wounded of both armies the next day. One of the churches—St. Peter's (Episcopal)—is yet standing in the village, very little changed in appearance externally and internally. It was struck by cannon-balls several times during the battle. When, about the year 1840, workmen were engaged in repairing it, a ball rolled out from the roof and fell to the ground.

Two hundred American soldiers were detached to bury the dead of both armies on the 29th. On the same day Washington issued a stirring general order, congratulating his army upon the victory they had

won, and thanking his officers and men. He praised the New Jersey militia in particular. "General Dickinson and the militia of his State," he said, "are also thanked for their noble spirit in opposing the enemy on the march from Philadelphia, and for the aid given by harassing and impeding their march, so as to allow the Continental troops to come up with them."

On the following day Washington marched his army toward New Brunswick, and thence to the Hudson River, which they crossed at the King's Ferry (Stony Point), and encamped at White Plains, in Westchester County.

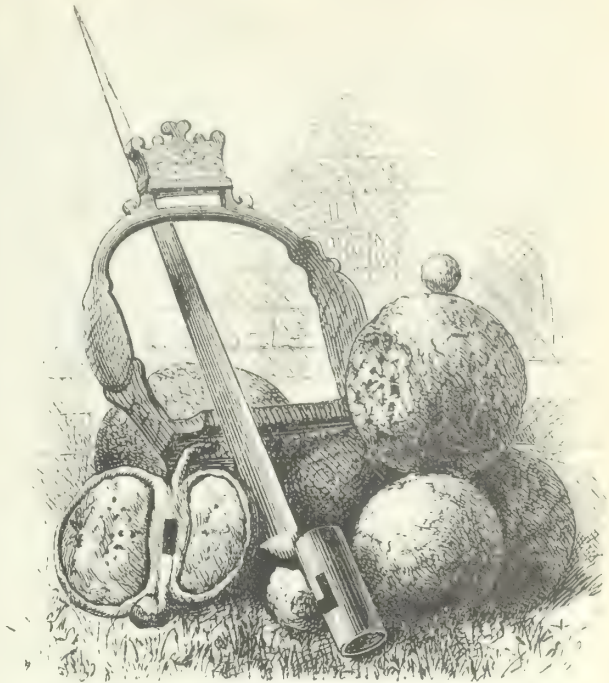
The conduct of Lee on the battle-field would have been overlooked by Washington, had that treacherous officer been actuated by a worthy spirit. On the contrary, he wrote insulting letters to the commander-in-chief, demanding an apology for the words spoken on the field. He also demanded a court of inquiry, and was gratified. Washington immediately caused his arrest, on charges of disobedience, misbehavior, and disrespect; and he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to suspension from command in the army for one year. The disgraced officer never resumed his station, and died on the 2d of October, 1782. His last words were: "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!" In his will (characteristic of the man), written a few days before his death, he bequeathed his soul to the Almighty, and his body to the earth, saying, "I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or church-yard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for since I have resided in this country I have kept so much bad company, while living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead." He was buried in Christ Church yard, Philadelphia, with military honors.

General Lee appears conspicuous as an evil spirit in the battle at Monmouth, and in the causes which brought it about. His treacherous plan given to Howe caused the ruin of Burgoyne's army. That ruin hastened the French alliance, and the latter inspired the British cabinet and the royal army in America with so much fear of some fatal disaster to the latter that the evacuation of Philadelphia, which resulted in the battle of Monmouth, became a necessity. Their apprehensions were well founded, for, only a few days after the British vessels left the Delaware, a squadron of powerful French ships, under the command of the Count d'Estaing, reached the coast. The voyage had been unusually long, in time, or the whole British fleet might have been captured, and the army thereby doomed to defeat and ruin.

The conflict at Monmouth was really a drawn battle, yet it was a substantial vic-



tory for the Americans, and the reverse for their enemies. It supplemented the events at Saratoga, a few months before, in turning the fortunes of war in favor of the struggling colonists. It secured the advantages of the victory over Burgoyne, and thenceforth the operations of the British army were performed with much caution and circumspection. The fulfillment of the prophecy of ultimate triumph for the republicans made at Saratoga was assured at Monmouth. Upon no other field of battle during the old war for independence were the valor and patriotism of the Americans more conspicuous; and there the contrast in the spirit of the two armies was equally apparent. The mercenary Germans, the dejected Britons, and the alarmed Loyalists had no stomach for battle, and it is said the first-named absolutely refused to fight. Had Lee been obedient and faithful in the morning, the whole British army might have been prisoners of war before the close of that memorable Sabbath-day in June, 1778.



RELICS FROM THE MONMOUTH BATTLE-FIELD, NOW IN POSSESSION OF PROFESSOR SAMUEL LOCKWOOD, OF FREEHOLD.

### TELEMACHUS *VERSUS* MENTOR.

Don't mind me, I beg you, old fellow, I'll do very well here alone;  
You must not be kept from your "German" because I've dropped in like a stone;  
Leave all ceremony behind you, leave all thought of aught but yourself,  
And leave, if you like, the Madeira, and a dozen cigars on the shelf.

As for me, you will say to our hostess— Well, I scarcely need give you a cue.  
Chant my praise! All will list to Apollo, though Mercury pipe to a few;  
Say just what you please, my dear boy; there's more eloquence lies in youth's rash  
Outspoken heart-impulse than ever growled under this grizzling mustache.

Go, don the dress-coat of our tyrant—youth's panoplied armor for fight—  
And tie the white neckcloth that rumples, like pleasure, and lasts but a night,  
And pray the Nine Gods to avert you what time the Three Sisters shall frown,  
And you'll lose your high-comedy figure, and sit more at ease in your gown.

He's off! There's his foot on the staircase. By Jove, what a bound! Really now  
Did *I* ever leap like this springald, with Love's chaplet green on my brow?  
Was *I* such an ass? No, I fancy. Indeed, I remember quite plain:  
A gravity mixed with my transports, a cheerfulness softened my pain.

He's gone! There's the slam of his cab door, there's the clatter of hoofs and the wheels,  
And while he the light toe is tripping, in this arm-chair I'll tilt up my heels.  
He's gone, and for what? For a tremor from a waist like a teetotum spun;  
For a rose-bud that's crumpled by many before it is gathered by one.

Is there naught in the halo of youth but the glow of a passionate race—  
Midst the cheers and applause of a crowd—to the goal of a beautiful face?  
A race that is not to the swift, a prize that no merits enforce,  
But is won by some *fainéant* youth who shall simply walk over the course?

Poor boy! shall I shock his conceit? When he talks of her cheek's loveliness,  
Shall I say 'twas the air of the room, and was due to carbonic excess?  
That when waltzing she drooped on his breast, and the veins of her eyelids grew dim,  
'Twas oxygen's absence she felt, but never the presence of him?

Shall I tell him First Love is a fraud, a weakling that's strangled in birth,  
Recalled with perfunctory tears, but lost in unsanctified mirth?  
Or shall I go bid him believe in all womankind's charm, and forget  
In the light ringing laugh of the world the rattlesnake's gay castanet?





"SWEET ETHEL! INCOMPARABLE MAID!"

Shall I tear out a leaf from my heart, from that book that forever is shut  
On the past? Shall I speak of my first love—Augusta—my Lalage? But  
I forget. Was it really Augusta? No. 'Twas Lucy! No. Mary! No. Di!  
Never mind, they were all first, and faithless, and yet—I've forgotten just why

No, no. Let him dream on and ever. Alas! he will waken too soon;  
And it doesn't look well for October to always be preaching at June.  
Poor boy! All his fond foolish trophies pinned yonder—a bow, from *her* hair,  
A few *billets-doux*, invitations, and—what's this? My name! I declare.

Humph! "You'll come, for I've got you a prize—with beauty and money no end;  
You know her, I think; 'twas *on dit* she once was engaged to your friend;  
But she says that's all over." Ah, is it? Sweet Ethel! Incomparable maid!  
Or—what if the thing were a trick?—this letter so freely displayed—



My opportune presence! No! nonsense! Will nobody answer the bell?  
 Call a cab! Half past ten! Not too late yet. Oh, Ethel! Why don't you go? Well?  
 "Master said you would wait—" Hang your master! "Have I ever a message to send?"  
 Yes, tell him I've gone to the German to dance with the friend of his friend.



"HE SAW HIS LORDSHIP STANDING AT THE WINDOW, LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DRINKWATER HOUSE."

### THE DRINKWATER HOUSE.

THE Drinkwater House was the *bête noire* of my childhood, for in my frequent visits to a favorite aunt I was obliged to pass it, since it stood, gloomy and deserted, near the high-road that led to my second home—a pretty cottage in the suburbs of Oldtown; and never did I, with averted head and loudly beating heart, run by the

broken gate that I did not fancy I heard footsteps pattering swiftly after me, or saw mysterious lights dancing in the sashless windows, from which the troubled face of pretty Sibyl Drinkwater was so often seen looking out between the shadows of the gaunt trees, fearful lest her supernatural lover might appear and disappear as strangely as he had done in those terror-haunted days so long ago.



But I am anticipating my story, which is so familiar to me I almost fancy my readers to be acquainted with it, for I can not remember when I did not hear strange tales of the Drinkwater House. Crooned in the dreamy twilight by my old nurse, recited again and again in the feeble, quavering voice of my great-grandmother, or laughed over in half-serious derision by my young uncles and aunts, these quaint stories gave a romantic coloring to my early childhood.

Many light hearts then flooded with the sunshine of youth have since gone into shadows and forgetfulness, while the strange superstitions of those distant days are still remembered, and the Drinkwater House still stands on the bank of the river. The red setting sun, flaming through the open windows as though great fires burned within, flashes out here and there, touching the black trees with flecks of gold, and lingers lovingly over the ragged vines that still cling to the porch, where the door stands always open with a mournful mockery of its ancient hospitality.

The house stands back a little from the road, and over the gate, between the two sentinel-like poplars, creaks a dilapidated sign, on which a faint trace of a horse and a rider in a scarlet coat can still be discerned. A century ago, when Oldtown was a place of some importance, the Drinkwater House was the principal inn, and the showy sign displayed a crude portrait of General Drinkwater, an ancestor of the host—kind-hearted, hale old Silas, whom every body loved and respected. He was a widower with but one child, the pretty Sibyl, whose strange story was the foundation for the only romance the grave old town had ever given birth to.

She was a fair blue-eyed girl, with a tall slim figure, and wonderful yellow hair, worn low over her brow, and knotted in a thick cluster of curls at the nape of her white neck. I am not describing her from tradition, but from an old painting in the possession of one of the Drinkwater family. As a child, I studied it with curious awe; now I admire it fervently, for rarely have I looked upon a sweeter face. Something of her strange destiny appears to lurk in the tender shadow of her long lashes and in the dimpled corners of her mouth, while the slender fingers, holding the scarf of China silk around her shapely shoulders, seem to cling to the drapery with an appealing clasp. Her friend and constant companion was her cousin, Chloe Drinkwater, the daughter of Silas's elder brother, who was lost at sea shortly after the birth of the child, whose mother did not live to smile on her. When the news came that the ship had gone down in the English Channel with all on board, Silas took the little orphan and placed her in the cradle with his own babe, then a few

weeks old, and his excellent wife cared for both with equal affection until her death, which took place when the girls were about fifteen. Had it not been for the striking contrast in appearance, they certainly would have been taken for twin sisters, so closely were they united in affection, and so equally was the love and care of old Silas divided between them. But while Sibyl was fair, delicate, and gentle, Chloe was dark, strong, and bold, with passionate black eyes and dashing manners, more like a fearless boy than a modest, well-conducted maiden.

During those old colonial times there had often been gay doings at the Drinkwater House, for Oldtown was a sort of halting-place between the Northern and Eastern provinces of Great Britain. Once Earl Lindsay, the Governor of New Jersey, with his staff of gay young officers, had remained there overnight. Over the gate there had been an evergreen arch, with the word "Welcome" woven in flowers on one side, and on the reverse, "Long live King George," the English flag had fluttered above the porch, and flaunted its glowing colors from the topmost boughs of the sentinel poplars; in the evening there had been a grand ball in the north room, and Sibyl and Chloe, dressed in sprigged India muslin, had danced with the great earl and his handsome red-coated officers. And later, when times became more serious, and the trouble had fairly begun, refugees flying to the loyal provinces, royalists, and escaped British prisoners often sought shelter at the Drinkwater House, and never failed to find it; for Silas treated friend and foe alike, as far as the hospitality of his house was concerned. It was then a matter of daily occurrence for distinguished strangers to dash at full gallop into the town, followed by servants or officers, halt at the Drinkwater House for the night, and ride away again at early dawn, with many lingering looks behind; for even these transient glimpses of the tender grace of Sibyl and the brilliant charms of Chloe had left no light impression on the gallant hearts of many a Britisher whom the troublesome times would not allow to linger in the sunshine of love.

One summer night—so the story is told—about the year 1782, an elegant travelling carriage, attended by outriders, and drawn by four spirited horses mounted by postilions, dashed up to the door of the "Three Stars," then the only inn in Oldtown, for the Drinkwater House had been closed some years. Amid a gaping crowd of servants and towns-people, two liveried lackeys descended from the rumble, and held open the coach door while an elegant-looking man of about thirty-five years of age, attired in the British court dress of the time, stepped down and entered the inn, bowing slightly to the obsequious landlord, who was overcome with



surprise at the unexpected arrival of so distinguished a visitor.

Hardly had the door of the best parlor closed upon the stranger, when the host turned for information to the servants who were unstrapping their master's luggage. "Pray tell me," said he, rubbing his hands affably, "to whom have I the honor of offering my humble hospitality?"

"To no less a person than the Governor of New Brunswick," returned one of the lackeys, pertly; "and see that you stir yourself, and prepare the best supper you possibly can, and make ready the best bed, for my master will tarry overnight."

"That I'll be proud to do, and all that my humble house contains is at your disposal, if it will contribute to his comfort. Will his lordship be served in his private parlor?"

"Certainly; and we will wait upon him. So bestir yourself and provide whatever you have that will tempt his appetite, for he is faint and weary with a long day's journey."

Two hours later, when the Governor had supped and rested, the landlord was surprised to receive a summons into the presence of his distinguished guest. As he timidly entered the best parlor, he saw his lordship standing at the window, looking thoughtfully in the direction of the Drinkwater House, whose gables were visible above the tree-tops half a mile away.

As the door closed, the Governor turned from the casement, and pointing to a chair, said, kindly, "Sit down, my friend, for I would have some conversation with you, and I would not weary an old man with standing in my presence. Tell me, I pray you, why is the Drinkwater House closed to travellers?"

"Ah! your lordship, it is a strange and lengthy story; but perhaps you have heard something of it, seeing it hath spread over the country?"

"Nay, my good man, I have heard nothing of it, having just returned from England, where I have been since the battle of Trenton, some five years ago. I once passed through this town in the suite of General Lindsay, and we had a right merry night at the Drinkwater House, which was a pleasant and comfortable place, and, if I remember rightly, the worthy host had two pretty daughters. Where are they now, and why does the old inn look so desolate and deserted?"

"Your lordship, as I said, it is a long story, and to understand it I must relate it from the beginning of the trouble at the Drinkwater House. If you will kindly listen to me, I will tell it you, and no doubt you will find it interesting, for a stranger tale you never heard. Besides, I have repeated it so often to travellers that I know it by heart, and can recite it as one reads a story from a book."

"Very well, my worthy friend, begin," replied the Governor, seating himself in the shadow of the chimney, and fixing his fine eyes earnestly on the old man's face, "and I will listen to you with pleasure, for I have not forgotten the merry hours I once passed at the old inn."

The landlord drew a chair near his guest, and, sitting down, he folded his hands restfully, as if preparing for a pleasant task, while he told the strange story of the Drinkwater House in the following manner:

One warm, bright day some five years ago, Sibyl Drinkwater sat near the open door of the porch intent on reading a letter, when her cousin Chloe came from the garden, her chintz skirt tucked up under her white apron, a kerchief knotted over her hair, and a basket of berries she had been gathering on her arm. Coming up the walk, with her eyes fixed on her finger-tips stained with the juice of the fruit, she did not see Sibyl until she came close upon her; then laughing softly, and putting down her basket, she slyly drew the absorbing letter from the clasp of her cousin, leaving red finger-marks, like spots of blood, on the margin of the page. Sibyl started up, hot and flushed, and demanded her letter in an eager, excited voice, while tears of vexation started to her eyes; but Chloe, in mischievous mood, held it above her head, until the wandering breeze caught it from her light grasp, and carried it far beyond her reach. Fluttering and turning, it rose higher and higher, and floated off beyond the distant tree-tops toward the river, where it was lost to sight.

Sibyl watched it with wide eyes and parted lips as long as she could see it, and when it was really gone, she sat down, and, covering her face, burst into tears. Chloe, alarmed at the result of her mischief, tried to soothe her cousin's grief, caressing her while she entreated her to tell what there was in the loss of a letter to cause such sorrow.

"It contained no fortune, I'm sure," she said, pettishly, when her cousin refused to be comforted.

"Indeed it did," replied Sibyl, between her sobs. "It was from Will Humphrey."

A sudden pallor passed over Chloe's dark cheek. "From Will Humphrey! And what fortune has he offered thee that thou grievest so to lose?" She spoke calmly, but her lips were white and trembling.

"The fortune of his love," returned Sibyl, with some spirit.

"Indeed! Well, it hath not flown away with the letter;" and Chloe stooped to lift her basket, so that her cousin could not see her face.

"No, his love hath not flown, but the sweet news of it, writ with his own hand,



hath. His ship is in Gibraltar, and soon will be in England; then he comes home, so he says, to claim me for his wife; but when I know not, for that part I had not read, seeing thou wert so ill-mannered as to snatch it from under my eyes just as I had reached the words that told me the time of his return. Oh, Chloe, the mischief thy thoughtlessness hath done! I would give worlds, if I had them, to see that letter again, and now it is floating about in the winds of heaven, God only knoweth where, and his sweet fond words at the end I shall never see."

"How didst thou know they were sweet and fond at the end if thou didst not see them?" asked Chloe, with a hard, malicious laugh.

"I think so, judging the end by the beginning," replied Sibyl, demurely dropping her eyes and sighing half in content at the pleasant remembrance of them.

"Well, well, it is gone, in spite of your tears and my regret for my folly; but thou mayest be comforted that it is only the written expression of his love that hath flown away, instead of the love itself." And Chloe turned and entered the house, singing in a loud clear voice as she went, a snatch from one of Percy's ballads:

"Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never."

But when she was out of sight and hearing of her cousin, she threw herself on the settle in the dark entry, and wringing her hands, groaned:

"So it is Sibyl he loves and would marry, and I thought it was me. Oh, Captain Will, you are handsome and brave, and I worship you! but you have dared to trifle with me, and so I will see you dead yellow clay, and my sweet cousin dust and ashes, before you shall wed her. I will part you, or my name is not Chloe Drinkwater." Then she rose and went slowly up the stairs, a demon of jealousy in her heart, and her bold black eyes flashing ominously.

After she had gone, Sibyl sat alone for some time under the vines, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her thoughts following the letter in longing to know the meaning of the unread words, when a shadow crept slowly to her feet, and, looking up, she saw standing before her, with uncovered head, a tall dark man, his black hair falling over his shoulders instead of being powdered and tied neatly behind, a thick mustache and pointed beard of the same inky hue as his hair, dark restless eyes, deep set under bushy brows, and tight-fitting black clothes, unrelieved by one gleam of white.

As Sibyl's eyes fell on him, she started and drew back, half in fear. Where had he come from so suddenly? She had not heard

the gate open, neither had she heard steps on the gravel-walk, and she had seen nothing until his black shadow fell upon her.

Seeing her timid movement, the stranger bowed and smiled, displaying a courtly ease of manner, as well as a set of strong white teeth, which shone disagreeably through his black mustache, saying, in a deep, musical voice, "Pardon, gentle mistress, for disturbing your sweet reverie; but where can I find the host? I am a poor traveller, weary with my burden, and I would fain put it aside and rest a little under this hospitable roof."

Then Sibyl noticed for the first time that he carried a black iron-bound box strapped to his shoulders. Rising with quiet dignity, she turned toward the door, calling, "Simon! Simon Slim! here is a weary traveller who needs your care."

"Gentle mistress, will you not look at the contents of my box before you enter?" asked the stranger, beginning to unstrap the load from his shoulders, while his deep eyes were fixed upon her earnestly.

Sibyl did not wish to remain, but some fascination that she could not resist held her rooted to the spot. "If you will give yourself the trouble, I may look at them," she replied, "though I can scarce promise to buy."

At that moment Simon Slim, whose cognomen was no misnomer, appeared at the door. He was a tall, narrow, drab youth, with straw-colored hair, weak blue eyes, thin features, and sharp voice, and acted as hostler, bar-tender, and general factotum to good old Silas, who made little distinction between master and servant.

Sibyl stood nervously watching the stranger unfastening the many and complicated clasps of his box, while Simon drew near, open-mouthed, expecting to see some of the usual cheap finery displayed by the itinerant merchants who often visited them; but instead of the common contents of a peddler's pack, saw a neat black velvet tray filled with bright steel instruments of strange and delicate workmanship.

"Is this all you have to show me?" asked Sibyl, in a vexed tone. "Surely there is nothing here to please a lady's taste."

"Pardon, sweet mistress," returned the stranger, with another disagreeable smile; "but they are very useful, and very perfect in workmanship, and they are the instruments of a worthy craft."

Sibyl turned away, slightly shivering.

"Stay a moment, I pray you. Here are some knives and scissors dainty enough to please the most fastidious lady."

"Thanks; I have no need of them, and I will not trouble you longer to display your wares."

The dark-browed stranger looked after the girl as she passed out of the sunlight into the shadow of the porch, and Chloe,



who was watching him from an upper window, saw him make a mysterious sign with his hand, which she afterward declared was an evil spell thrown over her cousin.

When Sibyl reached her room, Chloe rushed to meet her, all traces of her recent agitation cleared away, and her bold black eyes as full of audacity as ever.

"Tell me now," she cried, gayly, "who is the dark stranger that hath so pleased thee with his parley?"

"Ah! thou art in jest; thou knowest I was not over well pleased," returned Sibyl, indifferently.

"Yet, my gentle cousin, thou didst linger, and I saw him devouring thee with his bold eyes, and throwing a spell after thee when thy back was turned upon him."

"Who? that dark, ill-favored man to whom I listened a moment for courtesy? Surely, Chloe, thy jests do me but little honor."

"Dark, it is true; but who can tell whether ill-favored or not, with all that black hair about his head? It seems to me that his form is comely and his manners courteous, in spite of his uncanny appearance."

"And he hath a sweet voice," returned Sibyl, musingly; "a sweeter I never heard."

"Ah," laughed Chloe, "he hath bewitched thee. How strange and uneasy thy air, and thine eyes have a far-off look."

"He came so mysteriously. I neither saw nor heard him till his shadow fell over me."

"Hath he a shadow? Ah! well, then, he is not a spirit. Still, methinks there is something evil about him. Now, cousin, I'll wager my new paduasoy gown that he is a dealer in the black-art, a conjurer like to the one Deacon Bain told us of that hath so tormented the good people of Boston."

"And the contents of his box, didst thou see them, Chloe? they are truly strange."

"Strange, are they? No, I saw them not. Simon Slim hid them from my sight while he pressed close to the box in his eagerness. Doubtless they are the instruments of his magic art, and he must be the very one himself who hath so disturbed the country."

"Ah! think you so?" cried Sibyl, with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes. "I wonder if my father will allow him to tarry here?"

"Yes, certainly; Uncle Silas would not refuse to shelter the Evil One himself, if only he left his horns and hoofs at home."

"How now, magpies? What are you chattering about?" cried old Silas, who appeared on the threshold at that moment. "Who are you comparing to the Evil One?"

"The black-browed stranger who hath just arrived," replied Chloe, saucily.

"Must he tarry here?" asked Sibyl, going to her father and stroking his face with her soft hand. "I like him not; must he tarry here?"

"Tarry here? by my faith, yes; and why not? Has Silas Drinkwater ever closed his door upon a tired stranger? then why upon this one? What means this dislike? The stranger is of gentle breeding, and beareth himself right well."

"But his evil looks, his odd dress, and that black iron-bound chest filled with such mysterious instruments!" returned Sibyl, excusingly, for she did not like to oppose her father.

"Tush, child! you do but show your ignorance. The man is only a peddler of surgical instruments; and Heaven knows we have need of them in these times, when there is more marring than making, and more pain than comfort. Enough of nonsense. Come both of you to supper; treat this stranger well, and let there be no looks of aversion toward him."

Chloe shrugged her shoulders, while she pinned a bright knot of ribbon in the white kerchief folded over her bosom, and Sibyl sighed again and again as she smoothed her soft golden hair.

"Thou art pale and sad, cousin," said Chloe, putting her arm lovingly about Sibyl as they descended the stairs to meet the stranger at the supper table.

"And thou art as bright and gay as one bent on conquest."

"Am I?" returned Chloe, with a hard laugh. "Well, I would rather win the admiration of Satan himself than not be admired at all."

"Hush, cousin!" said Sibyl, in gentle reproof; "you speak recklessly, but your intentions are better than your words, as I who love you so well can truly declare."

"Be not too sure," returned Chloe, with a bitter laugh, as they entered the room where the stranger was already seated at the table.

The meal passed in uncomfortable silence, for the sombre guest seemed little disposed to converse, and Chloe, who watched him closely, declared afterward that he sent plate after plate away untasted, and instead of eating his food as a hungry traveller should do, he feasted his eyes on Sibyl's troubled face with an uncomfortable persistency. No doubt envy and indignation against the stranger for neglecting her own brilliant charms had something to do with Chloe's ungracious remarks, for not once to her knowledge did his deep strange eyes rest on her flushed haughty face.

After the meal was over, and they had seated themselves around the fire—for the evenings were chilly—the strange guest came and silently took his place in the corner by the broad chimney, where, from the shadow, he could watch Sibyl, set like a bright jewel in the golden glow of the firelight.

The poor girl was uneasy, flushing and



paling under his persistent observation; impelled by some strange power to return his gaze, again and again she raised her eyes to his, only to drop them instantly under his searching look; and all the time Chloe, instead of being near her, sat apart, in close conversation with Simon Slim, who followed her like her shadow, his devotion and admiration being the subject of many a jest. Now, although apparently engaged with Simon, Chloe's eyes never for a moment left the group around the fire, as she studied closely both the stranger and her cousin with a peculiar meaning in her gaze, while from time to time her clear laugh and a suppressed titter from Simon showed that their talk was of a merry nature.

At length Silas, who noticed that the stranger seemed lost in a silent reverie, thought it incumbent upon him, as the host, to make some effort to arouse and entertain him; but his well-meant advances were useless, for his direct questions and polite remarks only elicited a few monosyllables from his gloomy guest, and the good old landlord was much relieved when the usual evening visitors began to arrive. Deacon Bain, Doctor Killam, and Burchard the school-master entered, and, with an inquiring glance at the silent figure in the corner, took their accustomed places around the fire, and the conversation became general, turning, by some strange coincidence, upon the subject of necromancy. Immediately the dark face of the stranger lighted up, his eyes sparkled, and his white teeth showed from time to time as though he smiled scornfully.

"Now tell me, deacon, when you were in Boston, did you see aught of this conjurer and his black-art?" asked Silas, after listening to the deacon's account of the wonderful things he had heard of during his recent absence.

"I see aught of it? Surely not," returned the deacon, in a whining tone. "It is the work of the devil, and I, a servant of the Lord, have nothing to do with it."

"I tell you it is no work of the devil," said the stranger, suddenly coming out of the shadow into the full light of the fire. "It is only by a sleight of hand that all these mysterious tricks are done."

All started at the deep clear voice, and Deacon Bain quietly slipped around to the other side of the table, putting all the distance he could between the new-comer and himself.

"How know you this, friend?" asked Silas. "Have you witnessed it yourself?"

"Witnessed it? Yes, a thousand times, in every country on the globe, and am no mean performer myself, which I will prove to you, with your leave; and I own not the devil for my master, neither do I know aught of his black-art."

"No, no, Silas," cried the deacon. "I

pray thee not to allow it; it will bring a curse upon thee and thine."

"Yes, it will bring a curse upon thee and thine," echoed Burchard.

"Tut, tut! nonsense!" said the doctor, gently pushing the deacon away to make room for the stranger. "Come to the table and give us a proof of thy skill. Silas Drinkwater never refuses aught that pleases his guests."

"Oh, uncle, pray allow him to show us these strange things!" cried Chloe, eagerly, coming forward. "I should like much to see them."

Silas glanced at his daughter, who drew back timidly, and remained silent; then, nodding good-naturedly to his visitors, he said, "I've no objection if the girls are not afraid; I'm not the one to spoil sport, as you all know. Deacon, you can get near the door, so that when the devil comes down the chimney you may leave quickly, if you wish. Now, friend, let us see some of thy craft."

The stranger looked a moment thoughtfully over the eager, half-frightened group, then turning to his black box that stood on a table near, he bent over it, unfastened its many locks, and seemed to search for something among its contents. While he was thus occupied, the curiosity of the deacon got the better of his prudence, and stepping softly behind the new-comer, he peered over his shoulder, anxious to get a glimpse into the mysterious-looking box; but in vain, for just at that moment the owner closed the lid, and turning, faced the old man without the least surprise. Then they all noticed that he was empty-handed, having taken nothing from the box. Going to the table, he examined all his pockets carefully. At last, turning to Silas, he said, quietly, "After all, I fear I may not be able to amuse you as I thought to do, for I have no cards about me."

"Cards!" cried the deacon—"cards! the devil's own book."

"Unless," continued the stranger in his low deep voice—"unless this worthy gentleman whom you call deacon will kindly lend me those he hath in his pocket."

"I!—in my pocket! Cards in my pocket!" fairly screamed the deacon. "Why, I would as soon carry live coals about with me."

Silas and the doctor laughed heartily, Burchard groaned, Simon tittered, and Sibyl and Chloe shook with mirth at the idea of the saintly old deacon carrying cards about in his pocket.

"Nevertheless, you have a pack here;" and the strange guest tapped the skirt of the deacon's long black coat.

"It is a vile falsehood," shouted the old man, quite beside himself with anger, at the same time thrusting his hand into the depths of his pocket, to prove his assertion;



but he drew it out instantly, clutching an object which he flung from him violently. Sure enough, it was a pack of cards that lay scattered like bright-colored leaves over the sanded floor.

"It is the work of the devil," cried the horrified deacon, and without waiting to see or hear more of the mysterious art, he rushed out of the room as though the foul fiend were pursuing him, leaving the group around the stranger dumb with astonishment.

It is needless to describe the numerous feats that the conjurer performed with the aid of cards, rings, eggs, and many other simple things which were truly practiced through a supernatural agency. After performing some time to his surprised and half-frightened audience, the stranger said, looking earnestly at Sibyl, who stood near, her wide eyes full of terror, "I am often able to grant a secret wish, or to find property that has disappeared. If either of you here has lost any thing you would like to recover, perhaps I can return it to you, if you will tell me what it is."

"The letter," whispered Chloe to Sibyl; "ask him for the letter."

"I dare not," returned Sibyl, trembling. "And, besides, what use? Long before this it is lost in the river, where it must have fallen."

"Little fool! wouldst thou not like to have it if thou canst for the asking?"

"Ay, that I would, indeed."

"Then try. He does miracles, and may give it thee back."

"I lost a letter this morning, Sir, and I would like right well to see it again," said Sibyl, in a half-audible voice.

"A letter? Well, you shall have it," returned the stranger, going near her and making a few rapid passes over her. "It is in the folds of your kerchief."

Sibyl put her hand to her bosom, and, as pale as death, drew forth a folded paper, which she opened, and, seeing before her startled eyes Will Humphrey's writing, she turned to Chloe, crying, "Yes, it is his letter!"

"The very identical one that flew away this morning," said Chloe, pressing forward and looking at it closely. "Yes, the very one. It hath the marks of the fruit stains that I left on it when I snatched it from thee."

"And how hath it come here in my dress?" asked Sibyl, looking wildly at the stranger.

"Oh, I like him not, for only the devil could do such things. He will work us some harm, I fear," whispered Chloe.

"Stranger, we have had enough of this," said Silas, sternly, after the girls had recounted the loss of the letter. "I thank thee for the skill shown us with thy cards,

rings, and other innocent things; but this bringing back the lost and bestowing it so strangely on the owner pleases me not, and I fear thy craft is not honest. I fear—" But Silas was talking to Burchard, who stood behind him, for the stranger had suddenly disappeared, black box and all.

The confusion of voices, the mystery and excitement, the wonder and joy of Sibyl at recovering her letter, all unnerved her to such a degree that she felt the need of fresh air and silence; so she slipped away from the bewildered group in the north room, and went for a moment into the garden, where the moon shone brightly and all was fresh and calm. Sitting on her favorite bench with Will Humphrey's recovered letter in her hand, she fell to thinking of the strange events of the day, when suddenly she saw a shadow creep close to her feet, and there stood the dark stranger before her.

With a cry of terror, she was about to rush away, when he laid a gently detaining hand on her shoulder, compelling her to remain.

"Listen to me a moment, sweet mistress," he said, in a voice that sounded like soft music; and Sibyl, unable to resist, sat white and trembling, waiting to hear what he would say. In the moonlight he seemed transfigured into a noble, gracious person, and his eyes that she so feared were very tender as they rested upon her. "Listen a moment, gentle lady, and fear me not, for I would not harm one thread of gold on your dear head. I love you—I worship you."

"Love me! Oh, say not so!" interrupted Sibyl, "for it can not be possible, seeing you have known me but for a few hours."

"Say not that I have only known you for a few hours. Nay, I have adored you long in silence and secrecy."

"Ah, your words bewilder me! How can it be, when we have met only to-day, and I know you not even now? You are naught but a dark mystery to me. I pray you, Sir, speak no more in this wise, but allow me to enter."

"Not until you have heard me," returned the stranger, firmly. "I can not explain all that appears dark to you, but it is enough to say that I have known and loved you long. You tell me that I am a mystery. Well, then, my ways are like myself; nevertheless, I worship you, and if you will be mine, I will place you on a height that all shall envy. Behold, all these gems shall flash upon your brow and deck your beauty right well!" And with a passionate movement he flung the box from his shoulders, and opened it with hurried fingers. And Sibyl, following his movements with her eyes, saw to her dismay, instead of the strange instruments, a mass of flashing gems resting on the velvet lining. Rubies bathed



in wine-like color, emeralds as green as heaven's meadows, opals flashing in mystic light, diamonds with fire in their hearts and rainbow hues on the surface—one blaze of living color burning in the pale rays of the moon. "These are all thine, if thou wilt give thy love to me," he cried, lifting them in his hands, and holding them before her dazzled eyes, "and wealth and honor besides. Thou art too bright a jewel for so rough a setting; let me take thee away to fairer lands, to softer climes, and thy life shall be one sunny day. Come, my sweet lady—come to the heart that adores thee."

He was at her feet, his dark face was close to hers, his eyes flooded her heart with their tender light, his voice drenched all her soul in its liquid melody, and Sibyl listened to him spell-bound. Again and again she tried to break away from him, closing her eyes to the witchery of his, her ear to the insidious charm of his voice; but in vain, he had enthralled her beyond all resistance. "I am in the power of the Evil One," she thought. "This surely is an enchantment of Satan. Oh, Will, why art thou not here to save me?" And at the thought of her absent lover, and his letter still clasped in her hand, her strength seemed to return, and with desperate energy she started to her feet, crying, "I will hear no more. I love you not. I fear and hate you. How dare you speak such words to me who love another, the one whose letter you returned to me? If you saw aught of its contents, you well know I can love only the one who wrote those sweet words; therefore, I pray you, do not hurt my ears with longer speech."

Then, overcome by her excitement and terror, she sat down again and burst into passionate weeping. She waited to hear some reply to her speech, some word of scorn and anger, but instead there was silence, intense silence, until a voice, unlike the sweet tones she had just heard, seemed to say to her from the air above: "I leave thee now, but I will never forget thee. When thou art crushed and bruised, I will return and heal thy wounded life with my love and tenderness. Farewell, farewell." She looked around, bewildered; she was alone; the moonlight brooded over the trees, the leaves rustled as though a wind had just swept over them, a cricket chirped near her, but she was alone: her dark lover had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. With trembling limbs and loudly beating heart, she fled toward the house, never looking behind her until she gained the friendly shelter of the north room, where Silas and his friends still discussed the strange events of the evening. As she entered, she heard her father say,

"By my faith, I believe him to be as much rogue as devil, for he hath gone without paying for his fare."

"But he ate nothing," cried Chloe; "I watched him, and he ate nothing."

"In Heaven's name what is this?" exclaimed Silas, drawing something from his pocket. "A purse with gold in it, as I live!"

"Yes, a purse," they all cried, excitedly, gathering around him; "and it hath the devil's money in it, and he hath put it in thy pocket."

"The knave hath a strange and generous way of paying his debts; but I'll have none of his ill-gotten wealth. Here, Simon, take it and throw it as far as thou canst into the middle of the river, and let us forget him and his tricks also."

"That may not be so easy," said Burchard, ruefully, "for I fear he hath bewitched us all."

"God grant that it be not Sibyl," said Chloe, "for he did regard her so strangely that I fear he hath cast the evil-eye upon her; and see how white and strange she looks standing yonder by the door."

"Enough! enough!" cried Silas, impatiently. "Away, all of you, to your homes and your beds, for the hour is late, and I would sleep instead of gossip."

With uneasy looks and mysterious whispers, one by one the guests went out, and the Drinkwater House was left for the night to silence and repose.

The strange events that I have just told you of were but the beginning of mystery at the Drinkwater House, for from that night it was a terror-haunted place, avoided by all save those whose curiosity was strong enough to overcome their fears. But I will let the scene I am about to describe explain what had taken place during the year. On the anniversary of the night when the dark stranger had so mysteriously disappeared from the north room, another and a larger group was gathered in the same place, discussing earnestly and excitedly the same dark subject that had interested and alarmed them a year before.

In one corner near the fire sat Sibyl, her lovely hair neglected, her plain dark dress unrelieved by muslin kerchief, ribbon, or flower, her face haggard and pale, her eyes wild and restless, and a constant nervous watchfulness visible in every attitude and movement. Opposite her sat old Silas, his head bent on his hands with an air of the deepest dejection. A year before his hair had been dark and glossy, his cheeks round and healthy in color, his eyes clear, his step light, and his voice the cheeriest ever heard; now his straggling locks were rough and gray, his face as haggard as Sibyl's, his eyes dim with weeping and sleeplessness, his step slow and feeble, and his voice tremulous with ill-concealed grief.

Apart, in a window, stood Chloe, as brilliant, as bold, and beautiful as ever, talking earnestly to a tall, handsome man. He was



Captain Will Humphrey, who had just returned from that long voyage, the completion of which was to have united him to who had met there a year before, with the addition of Squire Humphrey, Will's father, Parson Goodspeed, and several other promi-



"THESE ARE ALL THINE, IF THOU WILT GIVE THY LOVE TO ME."

Sibyl forever. Though deeply engaged in conversation with his companion, he glanced from time to time at the group around the table, which consisted of the same people  
 nent towns-people, and from them he looked uneasily at the poor afflicted girl he had loved so tenderly, now an object of fear and pity to all.

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"I trust in God that this night the spell will be broken, and the evil spirit that hath tormented her so long will be exorcised," said Chloe, looking at her cousin compassionately.

"If there is any virtue in religion, why have not the good people of the town tried its influence before? It seemeth strange that they have left the poor girl to pine and die in the toils of Satan all this time," exclaimed the young man, impatiently.

"Nay, Will, you are mistaken. Deacon Bain hath prayed over and over when the Evil One hath manifested himself, and the knocking and noise have been so great as to drown his voice. Why, I remember me well the time we first heard it: it was the night after the dark stranger visited us; and all the people were here discussing his black-art, and Sibyl sat just where she does now, when it begun under her very chair, gently at first—rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub—then increasing in sound until it seemed as though all the fiends in the wicked place were dancing a hornpipe with their cloven feet."

"And she, poor girl, how did it affect her?"

"Oh, at first she was wild with terror, and ran crying from place to place; but it followed her every where, and she would not remain one moment alone. Now she hath become accustomed to it, and seemeth indifferent."

"Did any one present try to discover whether it was caused by earthly agency or not?"

"Certainly, yes. Simon Slim and my uncle did search the place throughout, from cellar to garret, and naught could they find."

"And it follows her every where?"

"Yes, in most places. It comes at night and knocks near her bed, causing us to pass the dark hours in sleeplessness. Sometimes it is gentle, and sometimes loud and angry. Why, it even hath followed her to the house of God; and one Sabbath, when she walked up the aisle, it followed her, loudly pattering, until the congregation, alarmed, did rise and entreat her to leave the place."

"Poor unfortunate! And what did she do?"

"She fled home like one demented, and hath never left the house since."

"Ah, how my heart aches for her!" said Will, wiping away a tear. "So young and fair, to be cursed by such a fate! And no one can do aught to remove this cruel spell. When my father first sent me news of it, I thought it would kill me, for thou knowest, Chloe, I loved her right well."

"Yes, Will, that thou didst; and all her talk was of thee until that dark stranger came. Since she hath been possessed by the Evil One, she hath thought no more of thy love. I remember right well how she joyed over thy letter that reached her the very day he cast the spell over her;

and from that time she hath ever brooded and thought of the mysterious visitor instead of thee."

"Why did this curse come upon so sweet and innocent a being?" and Will Humphrey wiped away his tears as he went to Sibyl's side, and leaning over her, said, softly, "My sweet friend, how art thou to-night?"

The poor girl started wildly, looked at him a moment with a vague expression on her troubled face, and then turned away without speaking.

"Look at me, child; dost thou know me?"

"Yes"—with another anxious look; "thou art Will Humphrey, but thou canst have nothing to say to me now, for I am accursed of God, and every one fears and shuns me."

"Dost think that the demon would go with thee if thou shouldst leave this place?"

"Yes; it will not let me rest. It will follow me to my grave, I fear."

"My child, hast thou prayed fervently to God to remove this curse?" asked Parson Goodspeed, drawing near.

"Yes, I have been to God for help both night and day, and the demon doth knock more loudly even while I kneel."

"Poor unfortunate! But do not despair; we have come here to-night to entreat God to help thee. Now endeavor with all thy soul to join us in our supplications. And you, Silas, have faith, and pray with us for your daughter's recovery."

"I have prayed for a year, but God has not heard me," returned the old man, raising his head for a moment, and then dropping it dejectedly. "The disgrace and trouble is killing me, and soon it will matter not, only for her."

"Cheer up, Silas," cried the doctor, laying his hand kindly on his old friend's shoulder. "This mystery will all be cleared away soon, and thou wilt see Sibyl healthy and happy again. This curse can't rest on her always."

"Let us try what special prayer will do, and the reading of God's word," said Parson Goodspeed, going to the table. "Wilt thou place the lamps, and I will read the story of Christ casting out the devils."

"Call Simon Slim to bring more light;" and Silas looked at Chloe wearily, as though he had no faith in any effort that could be made.

"Simon is absent, uncle; he hath gone into the town on business; I will place them," said Chloe, cheerfully.

Squire Humphrey looked at Will, who still lingered at Sibyl's side, and beckoned him to a place on the other side of the table, fearful lest the poor girl might weave some dark spell around her former lover. Then they all gathered reverently near the parson, who began to read in a loud clear voice the touching story of earthly suffering so many hundred years ago; but scarce-



ly had his voice broken the solemn silence when a succession of loud distinct raps startled every one, and the sound came from the spot where Sibyl sat, even under her very chair. The trembling girl started up and ran to her father, as though he could protect her; but it followed her across the floor, growing louder and louder as the parson raised his voice so that the words he read might be heard above the fearful din. However loud the parson read it mattered not, for the sacred narrative had no power over the unholy spirit. Finally, when the noise had risen to the strength of thunder, all present fell on their knees, and with united voice and streaming eyes entreated God to remove the evil demon from their afflicted sister. But the more they prayed, the louder grew the knocking, thumping, pounding, crashing, until it seemed as though the old inn would fall over their heads. At this point a desperate resolve seemed to take possession of the parson. Rising from his knees, he seized the Bible in his hand, and rushing to the spot where the din was loudest in the oaken ceiling near Sibyl, who leaned against the wall half fainting, he made the sign of the cross, and in the name of the Trinity adjured the evil spirit to come forth. Before the words had well passed his lips there was a terrific crash, and the heavy oaken boards flew in splinters right and left, while the horror-stricken crowd fell back pell-mell one over the other. At that moment a loud scream from Sibyl attracted the attention of all, and diverted their alarm into a new channel; for poor old Silas had fallen writhing to the floor, where he lay in dreadful convulsions, while his half-frantic daughter vainly tried to hold his head in her trembling arms.

"The devil hath strangled him," cried Burchard, running to the door as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Stand aside all of you," said the doctor, lifting him with the aid of Will Humphrey. "He is in a fit, and he is dying."

They bore the poor old man out under the stars, and laid him on the seat in the garden, where in a few moments he breathed his last in Sibyl's arms.

"Poor father!" she moaned, bending over him and kissing his still face. "Thank God, thou art at rest, and nothing in this hard world can harm thee now!"

During all this dreadful scene Sibyl was quite calm; but Chloe gave way to the wildest grief, wringing her hands, weeping, and reproaching herself for her uncle's death, though no one could see how she was in the least to blame for the ill fortune that had fallen upon them. Since the moment of her father's death Sibyl hath never again heard the spirit that followed her so persistently before, though whether it again hath dis-

turbed the silence of the Drinkwater House no one knoweth, for the inn was closed that night, and hath remained so ever since. The good doctor buried old Silas from his house, and gave the girls shelter there until Chloe married Will Humphrey, some six months later, and travelled with him across the seas. Then Sibyl went to live alone in a little cottage near the river, that belonged to her father, who was well off in this world's goods, and there she hath hidden herself with her flowers and birds, as innocent and lovely as they. But still the people fear her, and look askance at the little house buried in its roses, and hurry by if the gentle mistress is visible tending her flowers or reading in her porch. Since that dreadful night Simon Slim hath never been seen in the flesh, though some say he appears and walks nightly through the deserted rooms of the Drinkwater House, his long yellow hair hanging over his shoulders, and his face bowed in his hands as though in mighty grief.

When the landlord had finished his strange story there was silence for a few moments in the dimly lighted room, then the guest said in a low voice, as though deeply moved, "Truly it is a remarkable history, and it hath interested me much. Where didst thou say the maiden lived?"

"Yonder by the river, near the group of tall elms; a narrow lane leadeth to the small house, and the porch is covered with roses."

"Thanks, my good friend, for the story thou hast so well related; thou hast truly the gift of pleasant language, and thou hast made the time pass quickly; but now I will dismiss thee, for I am weary with my day's journey, and would fain sleep."

The landlord went out delighted with the praise of his distinguished visitor, for he prided himself greatly on the fine phrases he used to set off the wonderful story of the Drinkwater House.

The morning after the arrival of the Governor of New Brunswick at the "Three Stars," Sibyl Drinkwater, ignorant of what had taken place in the town, stood in the little garden surrounding her cottage, busily engaged in fastening the climbing roses to the trellis over the porch. Peace and quiet had brought back the flush of health to her cheeks, and the golden tints were again visible in her beautiful hair that fell in thick curls over her muslin kerchief and chintz gown. Only for the shadow in her eyes, and the sad curves of her sweet mouth, she looked the same Sibyl that had gladdened the heart of old Silas, and made sunshine in the Drinkwater House. Turning her pretty face upward, and reaching her white arms high to fasten her vines, she looked a picture of loveliness to the stranger who entered her gate, and whom she did



not see until he stood before her bowing almost to the ground.

Startled at the sudden appearance of such an elegant visitor, she dropped her rose branch in confusion, and making a low courtesy, waited with downcast eyes for the handsome intruder to speak.

"Pardon me, sweet lady, if I have disturbed you in your pleasant task."

Sibyl started. That voice—surely she had heard it before, for it seemed like some well-remembered strain of music falling again on her ear, yet the face of the stranger did not seem in the least familiar. Deeply affected, though she knew not why, she did not return his courteous greeting, but stood silently gazing on him.

"I see plainly that thou hast forgotten me," said the visitor, pushing back the thick brown curls from his temples. "Look well at me, and try to recall my features."

"Ah, Sir," thou art but trifling with me, for I know full well that I have never seen thy face, yet thy voice strikes some chord in my heart long since silent."

"Canst thou look back eight years? It is true that thou wert then but a slip of a girl, though lovelier than the fairest rose here. Dost thou remember when Earl Lindsay tarried at thy father's house?"

"Yes, that I do right well," replied Sibyl, with a deep sigh.

"Then I trust thou hast not forgotten the young officer who danced with thee and gave thee a flower, bidding thee to keep it until he returned?"

"Nay, I have not forgotten him," returned Sibyl, with a vivid blush. "And I have the flower still."

"Then, sweet Sibyl, canst thou not see that I am the same?"

"Thine eyes and thy voice are like his, but thy face seemeth not the face of the youth I danced with on that night."

"Ah! gentle mistress, I am the very same, though eight years hath so changed my face; but while my image hath faded from thy remembrance, the sweet impression of thee that I took away with me hath grown stronger and brighter each day, and I have hungered to look upon thee again until I could no longer control my desire. Being near thee on my way to the next province, I have tarried here to lay my love at thy feet."

"Ah, Sir!" cried Sibyl, the tears starting to her eyes, "thou art a great lord, as thy dress and bearing plainly show, and I am but a poor unhappy girl, who have been deeply afflicted; therefore I pray thee not to use light words to me, but leave me in the retirement I have chosen, and go thy way unmindful of me."

"Thou knowest not what thou art saying, sweet child; come with me and listen to all I have to tell thee." With courtly grace he

took her trembling hand, and, leading her to the shelter of the porch, seated himself beside her, and said, gently, "I know of all thou hast suffered. I have heard thy strange story from the landlord of the 'Three Stars,' and I can never forgive myself for causing thy trouble, though God knows I thought not of such a result at the time."

"Thou! how didst thou cause my trouble?" cried Sibyl, astonished.

"Hast thou forgotten the visit of the dark stranger five years ago, and all that followed?"

"Nay, your lordship, I remember it all too well, for it blighted my life and killed my poor father. But surely thou hadst nothing to do with that;" and Sibyl started back, trembling with sudden fear.

"I pray thee, gentle mistress, not to shrink from me; there is naught in me to inspire alarm, even though I and the dark stranger are the same."

"Pardon me, thou dost not speak truly, though thou art of goodly bearing," said Sibyl, sternly; "and thy jests on such a subject ill become thee."

"Sweetest Sibyl, be not angry, for, by my most holy faith, I do not jest. I was the dark stranger who unknowingly worked thee such ill, and if thou wilt listen patiently, I will make it all as clear as day to thee. At the battle of Trenton I was taken prisoner and held in confinement for several months; at last I contrived to escape, and in the disguise of a peddler I was striving to reach Halifax to sail from there to England. My box contained precious family jewels hidden under a tray of surgical instruments, which I professed to deal in. My desire to see thee was so great that I could not leave the country without accomplishing it, so I came to thee thinking thy heart might recognize me even under my disguise; but, alas! I found that while thine image was impressed indelibly upon my very soul, thou hadst forgotten me and loved another; so I went away without making myself known to thee."

"Thy words seem truthful," said Sibyl, looking at him with a bewildered air, "and thy voice at the first word struck my ear familiarly; but how canst thou be the dark stranger, seeing thou art so fair and comely?"

"My sweet Sibyl, it was but my hideous disguise, my discolored skin, and false black locks that made me appear so ill-favored to thee. Believe me, I am the very same, and my heart still beats for thee with all the love I felt when thou didst so cruelly repulse me that night I left thee in the garden."

"But thou didst come and go so mysteriously."

"I came and went as others do; it was thine own overwrought imagination that deceived thee."



"And thy black-art, by what aid didst thou practice it?"

"It was no black-art. It was, as I said at the time, but simple sleight of hand, a knowledge of which I acquired in India, and used sometimes for the amusement of those around me."

"And the letter—how didst thou return that so mysteriously?"

"It fluttered to my feet as I walked quietly along the river road just before I came into thy presence. Thy name was upon it, so it was easy to know to whom it belonged. I placed it in thy kerchief in the same manner that I put the cards in the deacon's pocket, and left my purse with your worthy father in return for his hospitality. They all were but pleasant tricks, and I fancied they would please thee right well."

"All that thou sayest seems reasonable and true, and thou liftest a load from my heart," returned Sibyl, after a moment of deep thought. "Thou hast explained thy doings clearly, but what of the terrible spell that rested upon me after thy departure?"

"Poor innocent child!" cried the Governor, flushing angrily. "Had I been there, thou shouldst not have been the victim of such a cruel plot. Canst thou not see that it was but a conspiracy of thy cousin to rob thee of thy lover?"

"Nay, nay; say not so; I can not believe it of Chloe. She loved me too well to torment me so."

"Nevertheless it was she, with the aid of Simon Slim and thy superstitious friends; for now I remember me of a conversation I overheard between thy cousin and her accomplice, which seemed but jest, and left no impression on my mind at the time, but since I have heard of all that followed I understand the meaning of their words."

"It can not be possible that Chloe could so wrong me," cried Sibyl, bursting into tears.

"Dry thy beautiful eyes, sweet mistress, and let the guilty alone shed tears for their sins. And think no more of the cruel past, for I am come to redeem my promise, to heal thy wounded heart, and to give thee happiness and honor. Wilt thou be my wife, and share my prosperity with me?"

"Ah! I know not what to say," returned Sibyl, still weeping. "Thy goodness and generosity are greater than I deserve, and my unworthiness stands between us. Is it not better to go thy way and forget me? I am too humble to share thy proud lot."

"Nay, my sweet love, that thou art not, and I will never leave thee nor forget thee. I am alone in the world, and my heart and fortune are my own to give to thee, and thou must not scorn the offering."

Tradition does not say what further argument the Governor of New Brunswick used to win the hand of Sibyl Drinkwater; it only adds that the landlord of the "Three Stars" and the towns-people were much astonished when his lordship, having tarried three days, on the fourth, with Sibyl by his side, dressed in a paduasoy gown and Navarino hat with nodding white plumes, drove away in his grand carriage, and was never again seen in Oldtown.

After the prancing horses and dashing outriders were no longer visible, some of the good people shook their heads ominously, and hinted that after all it might be the Evil One in the guise of a fine lord who had spirited the girl away; but when from time to time news was brought of the fine doings of the Governor's lady, they became convinced that she had found a worthy and noble husband.







J. Q. A. WARD.

## AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

"WHICH is your best work, Mr. Ward?" I asked the well-known sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, one afternoon a short time ago, when bidding him good-by in his studio. We had been talking for several hours about the methods, the means, and the triumphs of sculpture—although this is rather a serious way of putting it—and I was interested to know which one of his statues gave him the most satisfaction. Will he say, thought I, the "Commodore Perry," or the "General Reynolds," or the "General Putnam," or the "Good Samaritan Group," or the "Seventh Regiment Monument," or the "Shakspeare," or the incomparable "Indian Hunter?" Had he mentioned either of the two last named, I probably should not have disagreed with him in the matter. They have a quality, a keeping, a largeness, which he has not elsewhere surpassed. But he selected no one of the number. He merely laughed, and said, quickly,

"My best work? Oh—the one I am going to do next."

Most artists, like most mothers, I fancy, have a favorite child, though whether the favorite is always the best is another question. An artist is apt to consider that work to be his best upon which he has expended the most labor, whereas, in fact, that which has been done with the greatest ease is often really the finest. However this may

be, it is certain that an artist usually is more pleased with some of his productions than with others of them. One of the first landscape painters in this country once told me that the sight of a little canvas of his in an obscure art-dealer's shop, which he was passing one day, made his "heart jump." He stopped and contemplated the picture with the deepest and warmest emotions. "Very good," he pronounced his work; but nobody else seemed to have done so. Mr. Ward, nevertheless, is an exceptional case, that is to say, exceptional as far as my observation goes. He assured me that he is in the habit of shunning his works in the Central Park, and it is in this place that his most successful statues confessedly are. "I am always afraid to ride or to drive near one of my statues," he said; "I don't believe I have stopped in front of one of them since it was put up, though, perhaps, if I saw any body throwing stones at it, I might defend it." I am inclined to think that he would. I suppose that, in similar circumstances, I should do so myself.

Mr. Ward is one of the least talkative of men when the conversation touches the subject of his own ways and means in modelling a figure. At such times he is distressingly reserved and diffident. But as autobiographical observations are always the most interesting that an artist can make, I naturally, like many other persons, am anxious to elicit them when opportunity offers.



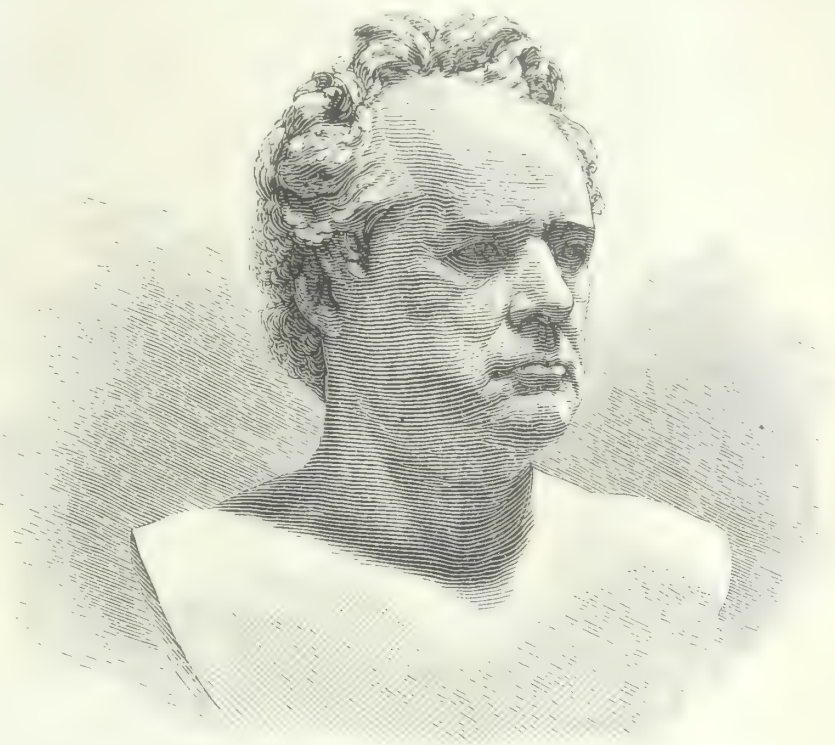
To the young Boswells who may read this narrative I propose, therefore, to give a very generous piece of advice, namely, when you want to make an artist talk profitably and entertainingly about himself, ask him how he would help you were you a pupil of his. This course of procedure will invariably remove the spigot from the most timid of painters or sculptors.

"Mr. Ward," I inquired, "if I were a student of yours, what would be the most important thing for me to learn first? Is there any real help that a master can give his pupil, or is it better for a beginner to take counsel only of experience, teaching himself as he goes along?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the sculptor, "a young artist can be saved a good deal of unnecessary and disheartening trouble by a few hints at the outset from a teacher. For example, in setting up the statue that he intends to model, considerable difficulty and delay are usually encountered which might have been removed by some simple suggestions. I have found this method a good one: Take an iron rod long enough to reach to the neck of the figure, and fasten it securely in a perpendicular position. The upper end must be directly under the pit of the throat, else the body will not stand well. Put some cross-pieces near the pelvis to support the clay, and see that the clay is thick enough. If not thick enough, it will have a tendency to roll down. For the bent leg and arm use pieces of lead pipe, which will bend easily, and can be adjusted at the proper angle after being covered with the clay. Iron pipe would be liable to oxidize, and, besides, would be more or less brittle and unmanageable. All over the skeleton thus made put little iron crosses, still further to support the clay. The nearer the clay is to the skeleton and crosses, the stiffer it must be. This will make the figure more compact, and enable you to use softer clay in modelling the exterior. Then build up the body, putting on the large masses of clay at the waist, the head, foot, leg, and so on; the order is not important. It is important only to keep all the parts of the figure at about the same stage of completion, so that you can judge intelligently of their relation to one another. It wouldn't do, for instance, to finish the head

before beginning to model the bust, for when the bust was done, the head might require a good deal of changing. No matter how the figure is to be draped, always model it in the nude first, so as to feel the masses and the movement of the figure.

"In sculpture no man can ignore the



BUST OF WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

grandeur and the beauty of the antique. Adhere to nature, by all means, but assist your intelligence and correct your taste by the study of the best Greek works. If one is faithful and conscientious, he will find that every good Greek work is verified in nature. After years of observation I have found things in nature that I once doubted, and the joy of the discovery was intense. It is scarcely worth while to study intermediate schools of art; go directly to the Greeks: they are the masters. Michael Angelo, Thorwaldsen, Canova, Flaxman—why should you stop to talk with them when you can listen to Phidias and Praxiteles? Michael Angelo, indeed, was a mighty intellectual force, who emancipated art from some of its harder and more timid conditions; but he was not true enough to nature, and he was not the founder of a school. Flaxman displayed in his drawings a sweet, lovely, pure, beautiful spirit, but his statues as modellings are not much. Why not study at once such works as the pediments of the Parthenon, the 'Venus of Milo,' and the 'Fighting Gladiators?' Begin by drawing from good casts of those sculptures. They will educate your sense of form, and you can copy them much more easily than you could a living model, because their pose is still. But don't pore over casts too long. Sometimes an artist becomes so dependent upon them that, as Fuseli said of himself,



'nature puts him out.' He can't model from life at all. And yet," he added, after a pause, "I want to see every statue that has ever been made. I like to observe how an artist has treated a subject; above all, how he has wrestled with the difficulties of modern sculpture."

by the skill of the tailor." One of the chief infelicities of sculpture in our day, continues Sir Joshua, is "the ill effect of figures clothed in modern dress;" hence we extend our approbation of the sculpture of the ancients even to the fashion of their dress; "we make no difficulty of dressing statues



STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE.

The "difficulties" to which the speaker referred related, of course, to the perplexing subject of modern clothes. Naturally I recalled the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that, were a Phidias to be compelled to model a figure in the modern dress, he would please no more than an ordinary sculptor. In such a case "the naked form is entirely hid, while the drapery is already disposed

of modern heroes or senators in the fashion of the Roman armor or peaceful robe; we go so far as hardly to bear a statue in any other drapery. Besides the prejudice we have in favor of ancient dresses, there may be, likewise, other reasons for the effect which they produce, among which we may justly rank the simplicity of them, consisting of little more than one single piece of drapery, with-





MODELLING A HORSE'S HEAD.

out those whimsical, capricious forms by which all other dresses are embarrassed." It is almost needless to say that in Mr. Ward's eyes these conclusions are simply "bosh." He insists that a sculptor "must not take a modern hero or statesman to practice on if he wants to use classic drapery. Let him choose another subject. He will display no lack of love for the ideal or the classic, but only a proper regard for that which is fit, if he represents the truth of fact."

"Suppose, for instance," he exclaimed, "I

were modelling a statue of Agriculture. I should select for my subject a typical farmer's girl, in her ordinary costume—a girl who is reaping, mowing, or gleaning—choosing, of course, that costume which is most pleasing to the eye and best adapted to sculpture, and should represent her at some point of repose, showing that she had been cutting grain, or had been doing some other suggestive thing. When the work was finished, it would be as artistic and as likely to be immortal as if it had been a symbolic figure clothed in classic drapery."



Mr. Ward says that he would advise every young artist to go to Paris, if possible. "Paris has the best draughtsmen in the world; its system of teaching is the best, training the eye to the movement of figures and to accuracy of representation. It has, too, the best colorists in the world." Nevertheless, he discerns the faults of French art. "A Frenchman," as he well puts it, "doesn't care what he does, but how he does it. A great many of his subjects need washing." Mr. Ward mentioned the large picture representing Rizpah defending the crucified bodies of her sons from the vultures, which was displayed at the Centennial Exhibition. It was brutal to him. Brutal, too, were "those terrible old, emaciated, horrible Christs. Art means the selection and the perpetuation of the noble and beautiful and free—else we might as well have photography. In portraiture especially the best movements, forms, and expressions should be taken. The true significance of art lies in its improving upon nature. We don't want Holbein, but we do want Titian."

With all his admiration for the classic in art, Mr. Ward thinks that a protracted residence in Rome is very injurious to an artist. A visit to that city is most desirable and delightful, but to live in it is to become enervated. "There is a cursed atmosphere about that place," he exclaimed, in his characteristically vigorous manner, "which somehow kills every artist who goes there. The magnetism of the antique statues is so strong that it draws a sculptor's manhood out of him. From the days of Thorwaldsen the works produced there are weak and namby-pamby when compared with those glorious models. A modern man has modern themes to deal with; and if art is a living thing, a serious, earnest thing fresh from a man's soul, he must live in that of which he treats. Besides, we shall never have good art at home until our best artists reside here. God knows how much we sculptors suffer from not living in an art atmosphere—from the absence of proper assistance, of fine examples, of sculptors to talk with and commune with, and of the thousand other elements that produce such an atmosphere. But an American sculptor will serve himself and his age best by working at home. I do not blame artists who live abroad; they have a right to do so. But those of us who remain behind must needs suffer and struggle the more."

Mr. Ward is now modelling a series of statues for the Hartford State-house. They are intended to symbolize Agriculture, Law, Commerce, Science, Music, and Equity. His method of work is first of all to draw a sketch on paper—sometimes two, three, or even four sketches—for the purpose of experimenting with composition, pose, and ex-

pression. Next he makes a small model in clay—often two or three models; for a large equestrian figure, half a dozen of them—again for the sake of experimenting. The object is to determine the manner of treatment, to get the most comprehensive position, pose, and expression. Meanwhile he is referring constantly to nature. Who is it that once said that the difference between a bad and a good artist is this: the bad artist *seems* to copy nature a great deal, while the good artist *does* copy nature a great deal? "Whoever," says Leonardo da Vinci, "flatters himself that he can retain in his memory all the effects of nature is deceived, for our memory is not so capacious; therefore consult nature for every thing." Did not the great Turner die in the humble Chelsea lodgings, taken simply and solely in order that he might have a better opportunity for studying the glorious Thames sunsets? Mr. Ward goes direct and often to nature; he forgets himself in his study of the external world; and this is the reason why his art is more unconscious than that, perhaps, of any other American sculptor, resembling the best traits of the best modern French sculpture, and absolutely free from that wooden, deadening conventionalism which characterizes so large a part of modern English sculpture. "There seems to be," confesses a recent British critic, "a curious sort of morbid self-consciousness which possesses an Englishman on the stage, and which has its counterpart in our literature and our art. Our art especially never becomes sufficiently possessed with itself; it has to be condemned because, unlike Phryne, it never dares wholly to unveil." American art, in too many instances, stands convicted of the same offense. But here is a sculptor who has, one might say, a truly pagan affection for the beautiful, merely because it is beautiful; who seeks nature because he loves her; who selects from a broad field what best will suit his purpose; and who possesses withal that dramatic instinct and training by which outward things are made to enter into himself, to become transformed by the mixture with them of his own personality, and to be reproduced fresh, living, and sparkling.

Accordingly we see in a work like Mr. Ward's "Indian Hunter," or his "Shakspeare," that, as has been said of Rembrandt's pictures, every touch made is a touch that tells, and no touch that tells is apt to be rendered ineffective by the presence of what does not tell. There is in them a softness of modelling, a seductive truth of expression, a tenderness and breadth of style, a firmness and crispness of execution, which bring us into the presence of the larger and fuller life of nature as do few other pieces of American sculpture, so that when gazing upon them we feel like saying, with Sir Phil-



ip Sidney: "The world is a brazen world, the poets alone deliver a golden; nature never set forth the earth in so rich a tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever may make the earth more lovely." The artist is a poet,

in ourselves. A true work of art will meet the wants and therefore stir the feelings of the ordinary human heart. It is sure to win recognition."

"How long are you generally in making a life-size statue?" I asked.

"I usually have more than one work un-



FEMALE FIGURE, SYMBOLIZING AGRICULTURE.

if he is any thing; and Ward's sculptures, marred though they sometimes are by mistakes in anatomy and in pose, are nevertheless very real poems.

For the *vox populi*—which certainly utters the praises of some of these poems—Mr. Ward has a profound respect. "I often think," he once said, "of that criticism of Goethe's on Shakspeare's dramas, that while they amuse the pit, they interest every body. All good work does this more or less. The masses of the people, if they don't get the whole of what an artist has expressed, certainly get a part of it. I have never yet seen a really good art work go a-begging in New York. We artists sometimes whine about the lack of appreciation, but in nine cases out of ten the cause of our sorrow lies

der way, but there are stages in every work when you can not be flying back and forth, but must concentrate your energies. The time necessary for completion is, of course, a variable quantity, but nearly every figure I model spoils a year."

"When is the moment of your greatest enjoyment while modelling a statue?"

"When I first begin to realize my idea—when I first feel that I am successful in reproducing what I intended to reproduce. One has generally a sense of dissatisfaction when his work is completed and ready to leave his hands. The cause of this dissatisfaction lies, I suppose, in the growth and development of his perception as he proceeds with his undertaking. The longer he labors, the more he sees to be done; he is not



always sure that he has adopted the best means for expressing himself; he has visions of twenty different ways of doing the same thing; perhaps he gets glimpses of a way better than that which he has chosen. Sometimes it is positively painful to contemplate a finished work."

Where lies the charm of Mr. Ward's statues? It is scarcely enough to say that most of them are anatomically correct, are well posed, have true proportions, exhibit their subjects in a healthful normal state of development, are gracefully and fitly draped—are, in a word, obedient to the general laws of the sculptor's art. Nor would it be all the truth to relate how full they are of vitality, how his marble women especially have blood in their veins and distinctly marked planes in their limbs—as they should have if they really are women and not round-armed boys—and how when nude they never look nude, being veiled with artistic sentiment. The highest in art is always the inexpressible; the most exquisite and subtle is the most fleeting at the touch of words. Of the sculptor himself, however, as he ap-

pears in his works, it is easy to speak. In the first place, he is possessed by an intellectual seriousness which never allows him to waste his strength upon commonplace, paltry, or merely pretty subjects, or to make use of tricks and artifices, conventional or individual; in the next place, his æsthetic instincts are keen, and he does not fail to please, to attract, to reach; furthermore, he is receptive of ideas from every intelligent source. "I am always glad," he says, "to get help from any body; a conceited fellow, you know, shuts out the light, and can't make progress in his art because nobody dares say any thing to him." Again, he has an impassioned and unbounded love for the free—the prairie, the Indian, the free social life of cities, the free republic of letters and of citizens. Still further, he is learned in his art, not often at a loss for the mechanical means necessary to the interpretation of human thought and emotion; and finally, he has listened, as Herakleitos would say, to the voice of the sibyl, who teaches what mere learning can never teach, "uttering things simple, and unperfumed and unadorned."

### HELIGOLAND, THE ENCHANTED ISLE.\*

WHEN you feel weary of life, and are longing for something out of the common routine, if you can not accompany Mr. Hale or Jules Verne to the moon, then, I pray you, go to Heligoland, for it is the very oddest thing within the earth's orbit. It is somewhat larger than the *Great Eastern*, and lies at anchor 54° 10' 46" north latitude, and 26° 0' 12" longitude east from Ferro.

Literal folk call it an island, and tell you of its area, population, etc., and enlarge upon its historical, political, and ethnographical features, never once discovering to you the magic of Grotto Cliff, and the Düne.

Matter-of-fact people do not flourish here. Heligoland has little to do with dry statistics. The true way to find its dimensions is to sail around it, which you can do in two hours, and walk across it in half an hour; or make application of Voltaire's measurement of Geneva—"Quand je secoue ma perruque, je poudre toute la république."

One never thinks of it as being "a mile

long and a third of a mile wide;" it is enough to know that it embraces an illimitable view of sea and sky. What more would you have?

Your belief in Tritons and Nereids, however, must be unshaken, or I can imagine the place becoming a trifle monotonous. Let your faith in them once waver, the spell is broken, and you will become like old Dryasdust, who said, two days after his arrival, that the novelty was past for him, and he should go back to the main-land, where horses and cows grew, and where one could walk without fear of falling off into the sea.

To thoroughly enjoy Heligoland one should start from Hamburg and sail down the Elbe, as this approach to the island is one of its charms.

*Eh bien!* ready? Then wave your handkerchief as the boat pushes off from the pier. "Muggins" will recognize it, if no one else does, and your heart will be lighter for exchanging adieux.

\* "During the fifteenth century the free city of Hamburg exercised a protectorate over Heligoland.

"This is one of the cases now cited to show that it was formerly a German possession, and ought to revert again to the parent state. But the validity of the claim is entirely destroyed by the circumstance that the Hamburgers' title to Heligoland was due to its revenue having been mortgaged to them by the King of Denmark. As soon as the debt was paid, entire power over the island was re-asserted by the king, and acknowledged by Hamburg. Toward the end of that century the merchants of Bremen erected establishments for curing fish and selling their goods. This was doubtless done by the authority of the ruler. It is known that in 1490 William of Schleswig had a

custom-house on the island. This indicates that it was becoming a place of some importance for the purposes of trade.

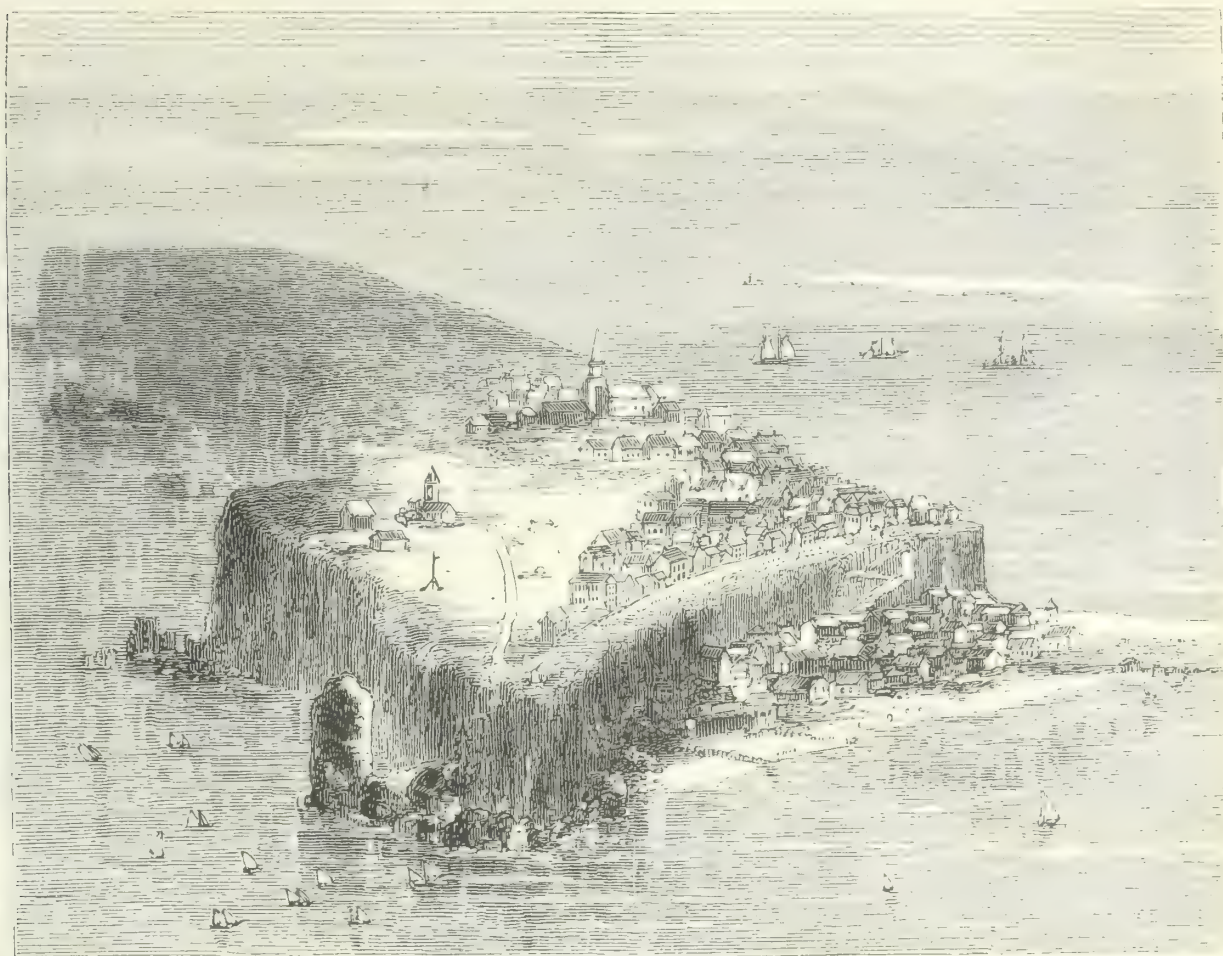
"In 1544 the separation of Schleswig and Holstein took place, and a dispute arose as to which should possess Heligoland. Although the Schleswigers continued to exercise authority in the island, the question of ownership remained unsettled. This matter received a forcible solution in 1714, when the Danes took possession of it. Its connection with Denmark till then had been merely nominal, being due to the fact of the Danish king having been also the Grand Duke of Schleswig. One of the penalties paid by Denmark for siding with France was to be compelled, in 1807, to surrender not only her fleet, but also the island of



Give a backward glance at Hamburg's fair haven, with its forest of masts, brilliant as our autumnal woods in its gay-colored pennons and flags of all nations, our own dear "Stars and Stripes" conspicuous and

Klopstock and his two wives—enough to know *en passant*.

Glückstadt, a dismantled fortification, has some little historic interest—more to Holstein, perhaps, than to a chance traveller.



HELIGOLAND.

beautiful above them all. Hurry past St. Pauli, with its dock-yards, dirty factories, innumerable ale-houses and drunken sailors, its countless coal-ships and granaries, to the fresh green banks beyond, where the merchant princes of Hamburg have their country-seats.

Sunny slopes terraced to the top and crowned with massive towers, modern châteaux, and mayhap artificial ruins form for miles most picturesque effects; while the river is alive with all small craft, barges, row-boats, and diminutive screw-steamers plying up and down between its shores all day long.

Soon you pass Altona, a town of some importance, enjoying a free port and a most charming situation.

Ottensen makes a quiet resting-place for

Heligoland, to England. It was then fortified and garrisoned, and converted into a very useful and commanding war station. When the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1814 the formal cession of this island was completed. For half a century it has continued to be a British possession, without a single serious protest being uttered by the inhabitants against the rule of the stranger.

"More than once dissatisfaction has been expressed with regard to the conduct of a particular Governor, or the nature of a particular ordinance. The successful

No harm, however, in dropping a tear of sympathy over the disappointment of old Tully, who besieged it in vain in sixteen hundred and something—we are nearing the mysterious isle where dates are of no account.

The hills are now fast disappearing, but the picturesque is still kept in view. Numerous fishing villages, with their red-tiled cottages, attract the eye; the castle of Ritzebüttel looms in the distance; and Cuxhaven, once Dirk Hatteraick's head-quarters, you remember, is in sight.

This is the great "outer world" to Heligoland. Here the steamer pays its parting compliments to *terra firma*, and after passing two light-ships and the pilot-boat, you are out in the open sea.

Suspicious glances are now cast among

efforts of the present Governor to abolish wrecking have given offense to the conservative party, which treats a wreck as Heaven-sent booty—as a direct gift from the North Sea. Another grievance is of still more recent date. This is the prohibition of public gaming tables. The island authorities being in want of money some years ago, and objecting to imposing taxes, of which they would have to pay their quota, entered into a contract whereby they were to receive a certain annual payment in return for permission to open a gaming room."—*London Journal*.



the passengers, seats near the ship's side are in demand, and brimming healths are drunk; but Proteus is not so easily propitiated, and the upper deck is soon cleared of those luckless victims who take no interest in dolphins and green water. But one



MUSIC PAVILION.

who has crossed the "reeling Atlantic" can safely brave the unfriendly influence and remain on deck.

The sea passage is short—a few hours only—and the water changes from green to blue; the sickly throng emerges from below at the welcome cry of "Land!" every one is on deck in time to see the first flash of the signal gun. At the third salute the steamer drops her anchor, and is suddenly encircled by little boats—little in contrast only, for they are the life-boats of the North Sea, and are manned by very giants. Each boat bears its flag, for dear to the heart of the Heligolander are his colors.

"Grün ist das Land,  
Roth ist die Wand,  
Und weiss der Strand:  
Das sind die Farben von Helgoland."

This is the pretty way in which he expresses the natural beauty of his home, and it really seems to comprehend all there is of it. A wall of rock, accessible only on one side, red as the tiles of the houses, the high green pasture lands, and its sandy beach of shining white—indeed, the effect is very striking.

But how long it takes you to get ashore! Ha, your very impatience proves you a stranger to these parts: none but a novice takes the first boat. Yet, first or last, the terrors of Lästerallee are inevitable—so *marchons!* through this "alley of tribulation." It is beyond description terrific to be thus "gorgonized from head to foot with a stony [German] stare." Hundreds of your fellow-mortals—can you believe it?—here assem-

ble, ranging themselves on either side the long narrow Landungsbrücke, deliberately to stare at the fresh arrivals, and make personal remarks as they pass.

"Sind Sie auch da, Herr Schmidt?"

"Wie geht's, mein Fräulein, ein Bischen seekrank, nicht wahr?" etc.

Their savage thirst remains unslaked till every passenger is landed. What would persuade *you* to do such a thing? *Nous verrons!* next boat day your chief object in life will be to secure the best place in this line.

At the end of the bridge is the music pavilion, whence proceed strains suggestive of Victoria Regina and the loyalty of her subjects—the only indication of your being on British territory, for this is essentially a German bath.

Stepping from the bridge, your foot touches apparently a hidden spring, for countless sea-urchins (?) start up, as if by magic, completely surrounding you, and stripping you of all your possessions—overcoat, shawl strap, bag, and even meer-schaum if you are not quick-witted—and disappear therewith in a trice.

You need feel no anxiety on the score of your larger luggage—that will be delivered in the course of time; but this personal property of which you have been so unceremoniously deprived is recovered only at expense of your money or your life.

This matter settled, you pass on without further molestation, by cafés and lodging-houses without number.

Glance at the shop windows that line the way, wherein are displayed rich treasures from the deep—stuffed sea-birds, cloaks and muff's made from the seal and lustrous grebe; hosts of things curious and tempting



LÄSTERALLEE.

to the landsman's eye. Here is Krüss's Hotel, or "Hôtel Garni," as it is now called. I would advise your stopping, not that I expect you to do so: wisdom comes only



by experience; nobody wants it second-hand.

Fashion has her throne on the Oberland, and her train, of course, you follow. But peep in at the Conversationshaus in passing, where three hundred plates are laid at dinner; and a very good *table d'hôte* it is, too—quite cosmopolitan. They give you any thing, from a Frisian smothered in onions, to salmon from Eel River, Virginia.

Apropos to your own appetite, dinner awaits you at "Stadt London" at the top of the Treppe; so hasten on. Up one hundred and ninety steps lies your way. Long before you reach the top you wish yourself a disembodied spirit, and wonder what Baedeker could have meant by calling it "an easy flight"—of fancy, perhaps, or of a sea-gull, he was thinking.

The view, however, from the Falm, the principal street of the upper village, well repays you for any degree of fatigue, overlooking as it does the Unterland, sea, and downs. The glow of the atmosphere never "fades into the light of common day" up there.

After dinner you must descend the Treppe, for the tide (of fashion) turns toward the Pavilion on the strand, where music sounds, and coffee and beer are drunk; or a promenade is made on the Gesundheitsallee or Bindfadenallee, the main streets of the Unterland, which run parallel to the cliffs from southwest to northeast.

You already begin to experience new sensations; a strange elasticity and exhilaration pervade your whole being; it is as easy now in body as in the imagination to mount the hundred and ninety steps.

Before the setting of the sun, which every body goes to see, you must walk from the south point, near which is the Governor's residence, through Kartoffelallee, past the light-house, which throws its friendly ray thirty miles across the water, to the north point, where seats are placed, and all is in readiness for the grand spectacle.

"Parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new color as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone, and all is gray."

But "one step from the sublime to the" beer-garden where you take supper. You have your choice, Janssen's or Meyer's, both excellent cafés, and equally dear.

For evening's diversion, billiards and bowling in the Oberland *versus* dancing and concerts in the Unterland.

Boating, however, is the favorite pastime, especially if there be a phosphoric sea, when it seems as if the starry host had fallen. On the crest of every wave is a golden crown; you can grasp it, but you can not



THE TREPPE.

hold it. Your boatman plunges his oar to its farthest depth; it promises to return a pure *golden ore*; but King Midas's hand lies within the watery element only, and denies a gift beyond its surface. This mysterious illumination of Neptune's realms is much more interesting than even the more striking spectacle produced by our pyrotechnist extraordinary, Herr Apotheke. Yet do not disparage the efforts of man, particularly when they really tend to magnify the wonders of nature, as in this instance of the lighting of the grottoes, which takes place



THE NUN AND MONK.

several times during the season. It is an affair of much preparation and great expense. Over a hundred boats make the circuit of the island, the music and light-boats leading the way amid rockets, Roman candles, Bengal-lights, and "God save the Queen!" (A little petition for one's self, in-



dependent of her Majesty, might not be out of place in view of falling rocket sticks.)

The hotels and lodging-houses, brilliantly lighted, form a blazing line along the shore; spectral figures flitting about the crags cast grotesque shadows; jagged peaks and points of projecting rocks, tinged with one livid flame of dark red glare, present a background fantastic beyond description. The surf-beaten rocks gleam as if in exultation of their cruel power, and at the turn of the

the jealous water-gods throw all their weeds and refuse stuff along the shore; but in this dumping heap lie hid most rare and beautiful things—shells, bits of milky amber, and exquisite sea-weeds.

The latter, however, are found in greater variety later in the year, when the winter storms tear them pitilessly from their ocean bed, sometimes tossing them higher than the light-house. These cruel storms are often fatal to birds, which, allured by the light, soar too high, poor things, and are dashed against the tower. Hundreds perish in this way every winter.

Heligoland can not be "done" in a hurry. A daily bath, for instance, is peremptory, and that with its accessories involves hours. It is the first event of the day after coffee, and is the most delicious thing on the rôle. Indeed, no delight on earth is comparable to this North Sea bath. Fancy a white sandy beach, waves "mountain high," surf indescribable—I will not attempt it; it is ideal.

By-the-bye, Heligoland is superlatively moral. I doubt there being in Christendom such peaceful consciences as these North Sea islanders possess.

They are entitled to them by virtue of their name, Heligoland signifying "holy land." But one insurmountable obstacle stands in the way of their ever reaching the highest standard of spiritual excellence, and that is their idolatry of the Groschen. The root of all evil is not indigenous to Heligoland, and for these simple people to undertake its cultivation is incongruous in the extreme. Why do they try to make pure hearts, potatoes, and "filthy lucre" grow in the self-same soil?

One gets monstrously imposed upon here. The system of "taxation" is an unconscionable but irremediable vexation, the only palliative being a plunge in the sea. When you come up you are hungry enough to "eat a dog," and even if it cost half your patrimony would utter no complaint. This appetite is a "queer fish." It reminds one of the Ettrick Shepherd's, which, he hoped, "in case of his losing, no poor man might find."

The inconvenience of this high price of living is unmitigated, since the cravings of nature enforce a strict adherence to the



PEASANTS OF HELIGOLAND.

north point you are introduced *sans cérémonie* to the regions of Pandemonium.

All the grottoes are aglow; the cliffs emit sulphurous fumes; jets of flame start from every crevice; "double-headers" set the echoes flying; gigantic Catherine-wheels revolve, revealing in frowning aspect the Nun and Monk—two solitary columns two hundred feet in height.

A little beyond is the "Pulpit," never more strikingly illustrated; "der Pastor und seine Frau" stand petrified before it. Rounding the south point, the world seems upside down, or wrong side out, or coming to an end. Cannon fire, ten-foot letters "V. R." burn in red and green and violet on the high sea-wall, the anchored ships are in a fit of fire-works, and the evening reaches its climax in one tremendous Fourth-of-July explosion.

But the midnight waves wash every trace of human work away; no sign betrays that mortal foot has ever trod Calypso's grotto since the faithless Ulysses turned his discourteous back upon it. At earliest dawn





THE TRIP TO THE DUNE.

German custom of eating five meals a day. You begin with coffee, bread and butter, and eggs at seven o'clock in the morning. At eleven, after the bath, comes "second breakfast," which is as substantial as many dinners, consisting of hot and cold meats, all kinds of fish, salads, etc., etc., with wine or beer. At one o'clock *table d'hôte*, lasting two hours; and at four cake and *café au lait*—the *lait* might be dispensed with, since it is all supplied by the sheep and goats of the Oberland, or by the *tin cans* of the Swiss Alps, and one of fastidious taste might object to the flavor. Nine, ten, or eleven o'clock, supper *à la carte* and *à la Delmonico* is provided at all the restaurants.

After doing justice to this repast we go to a long, dreamless sleep, unbroken till the morning light falls straight across our faces, and we hear the clatter of wooden sabots on the flags beneath our window.

If it be "Hochwasser" early, we hasten to dress and drink our coffee, for it is desirable to reach the Düne (the bathing-place—a small sandy island) before the turning of the tide. Sometimes one gets "caught" over there, as happened to us once.

No boats could make a landing for hours, the sea ran so high. Indeed, it was feared at one time that we should have to spend the night on the Düne, which would have caused considerable unpleasantness, as the sole accommodations for sleeping are in the loft of the Pavilion.

Late in the afternoon, however, the pilot unfurled the

flag. We could see a commotion among the sailors on the island, and, in obedience to our signal, boats were soon started to the rescue. It was a magnificent sight to watch those strong, brave men contending with the storm, *conquering* that heavy sea. Never shall I forget it so long as I live, nor cease to admire the heroic courage and presence of mind and skillful management of those stalwart boatmen.

It was amid the greatest excitement that we were embarked. The boats could not approach the bridge—they would have dashed it or themselves to pieces—so we were borne on the shoulders of the men through the angry waves and surf to the tossing boats, which by hooks and grappling-irons and ropes were secured somehow to something. In what marvellous manner our embarkation was accomplished—how we could have been tumbled into those boats, which at one moment seemed completely engulfed, and the next were high, high above the heads even of the people on the bridge—will ever remain a profound mystery to me. That was very exceptional weather, howev-



PAVILION AT THE DUNE.

BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
LIB.



er, for so early in the season. Generally the passage from the island to the Düne is made in fifteen or twenty minutes' rowing, often in five or seven when the wind is favorable and the sail up. Ah, sailing across!—that is the very poetry of life, the loveliest, dreamiest phase of this charming existence, when the waves are still and blue as the far-off sky, and no one utters a word, the silvery gull and the graceful sea-swallow circle overhead, and the exquisite quiet is broken only by the gently flapping sail.

Life is made up of moods; so down on the strand we watch the little "Sans Souci" as they scramble over the rocks, counting their fortune a star-fish or a "Glückstein," and chattering in their droll dialect, which is a mixture of Plattdeutsch and English with a touch of the old Frisian. Again we lie dreaming under a sail, or on the warm sand we listen to the secrets of the sea, which are there revealed to mortals by the waves as they foam and play and break upon the shore of this enchanting and enchanted isle.

## MACLEOD OF DARE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### REBELLION.

AND where was she now—that strange creature who had bewildered and blinded his eyes and so sorely stricken his heart? It was, perhaps, not the least part of his trouble that all his passionate yearning to see her, and all his thinking about her and the scenes in which he had met her, seemed unable to conjure up any satisfactory vision of her. The longing of his heart went out from him to meet—a phantom. She appeared before him in a hundred shapes, now one, now the other; but all possessed with a terrible fascination from which it was in vain for him to try to flee.

Which was she, then—the pale and sensitive and thoughtful-eyed girl who listened with such intense interest to the gloomy tales of the Northern seas; who was so fine, and perfect, and delicate; who walked so gracefully and smiled so sweetly; the timid and gentle companion and friend?

Or the wild coquette, with her arch, shy ways, and her serious laughing, and her befooling of the poor stupid lover? He could hear her laugh now; he could see her feed her canary from her own lips. Where was the old mother whom that mad-cap girl teased and petted and delighted?

Or was not this she—the calm and gracious woman who received as a matter of right the multitude of attentions that all men—and women too—were glad to pay her? The air fine about her; the south winds fanning her cheek; the day long, and balmy, and clear. The white-sailed boats glide slowly through the water; there is a sound of music and of gentle talk; a butterfly comes fluttering over the blue summer seas. And then there is a murmuring refrain in the lapping of the waves: *Rose Leaf—Rose Leaf—what faint wind will carry you away to the south?*

Or this audacious Duchess of Devonshire, with the flashing black eyes, and a saucy smile on her lips? She knows that every one regards her; but what of that? Away

she goes through the brilliant throng with that young Highland officer, with glowing light and gay costumes and joyous music all around her. What do you think of her, you poor clown, standing all alone and melancholy, with your cap and bells? Has she pierced your heart too with a flash of the saucy black eyes?

But there is still another vision; and perhaps this solitary dreamer, who has no eyes for the great slopes of Ben-an-Sloich that stretch into the clouds, and no ears for the soft calling of the sea-birds as they wheel over his head, tries hardest to fix this one in his memory. Here she is the neat and watchful house-mistress, with all things bright and shining around her; and she appears, too, as the meek daughter and the kind and caressing sister. Is it not hard that she should be torn from this quiet little haven of domestic duties and family affection to be bound hand and foot in the chains of art, and flung into the arena to amuse that great ghoul-faced thing, the public? The white slave does not complain. While as yet she may she presides over the cheerful table; and the beautiful small hands are helpful, and that light morning costume is a wonder of simplicity and grace. And then the garden—and the soft summer air, and the pretty ways of the two sisters: why should not this simple, homely, beautiful life last forever, if only the summer and the roses would last forever?

But suppose now that we turn aside from these fanciful pictures of Macleod's and take a more commonplace one of which he could have no notion whatever? It is night—a wet and dismal night—and a four-wheeled cab is jolting along through the dark and almost deserted thoroughfares of Manchester. Miss Gertrude White is in the cab, and the truth is that she is in a thorough bad temper. Whether it was the unseemly scuffle that took place in the gallery during the performance, or whether it is that the streets of Manchester, in the midst of rain and after midnight, are not inspiring, or



whether it is merely that she has got a headache, it is certain that Miss White is in an ill humor, and that she has not spoken a word to her maid, her only companion, since together they left the theatre. At length the cab stops opposite a hotel, which is apparently closed for the night. They get out; cross the muddy pavements under the glare of a gas lamp; after some delay get into the hotel; pass through a dimly lit and empty corridor; and then Miss White bids her maid good-night and opens the door of a small parlor.

Here there is a more cheerful scene. There is a fire in the room; and there is supper laid on the table; while Mr. Septimus White, with his feet on the fender and his back turned to the lamp, is seated in an easy-chair and holding up a book to the light so that the pages almost touch his gold-rimmed spectacles. Miss White sits down on the sofa on the dark side of the room. She has made no response to his greeting of "Well, Gerty?"

At length Mr. White becomes aware that his daughter is sitting there with her things on, and he turns from his book to her.

"Well, Gerty," he repeats, "aren't you going to have some supper?"

"No, thank you," she says.

"Come, come," he remonstrates, "that won't do. You must have some supper. Shall Jane get you a cup of tea?"

"I don't suppose there is any one up below; besides, I don't want it," says Miss White, rather wearily.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she answers; and then she looks at the mantel-piece. "No letter from Carry?"

"No."

"Well, I hope you won't make her an actress, papa," observes Miss White, with no relevance, but with considerable sharpness in her tone.

In fact, this remark was so unexpected and uncalled-for that Mr. White suddenly put his book down on his knee, and turned his gold spectacles full on his daughter's face.

"I will beg you to remember, Gerty," he remarked, with some dignity, "that I did not make you an actress, if that is what you imply. If it had not been entirely your wish, I should never have encouraged you; and I think it shows great ingratitude, not only to me but to the public also, that when you have succeeded in obtaining a position such as any woman in the country might envy, you treat your good fortune with indifference, and show nothing but discontent. I can not tell what has come over you of late. You ought certainly to be the last to say any thing against a profession that has gained for you such a large share of public favor—"

"Public favor!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "Who is the favorite of the public in this very town? Why, the girl who plays in that farce—who smokes a cigarette, and walks round the stage like a man, and dances a breakdown. Why wasn't I taught to dance breakdowns?"

Her father was deeply vexed; for this was not the first time she had dropped small rebellious hints. And if this feeling grew, she might come to question his most cherished theories.

"I should think you were jealous of that girl," said he, petulantly, "if it were not too ridiculous. You ought to remember that she is an established favorite here. She has amused these people year after year; they look on her as an old friend; they are grateful to her. The means she uses to make people laugh may not meet with your approval; but she knows her own business, doubtless; and she succeeds in her own way."

"Ah, well," said Miss White, as she put aside her bonnet, "I hope you won't bring up Carry to this sort of life."

"To what sort of life?" her father exclaimed, angrily. "Haven't you every thing that can make life pleasant? I don't know what more you want. You have not a single care. You are petted and caressed wherever you go. And you ought to have the delight of knowing that the further you advance in your art the further rewards are in store for you. The way is clear before you. You have youth and strength; and the public is only too anxious to applaud whatever you undertake. And yet you complain of your manner of life."

"It isn't the life of a human being at all," she said, boldly—but perhaps it was only her headache, or her weariness, or her ill humor, that drove her to this rebellion; "it is the cutting one's self off from every thing that makes life worth having. It is a continual degradation—the exhibition of feelings that ought to be a woman's most sacred and secret possession. And what will the end of it be? Already I begin to think I don't know what I am. I have to sympathize with so many characters—I have to be so many different people—that I don't quite know what my own character is, or if I have any at all—"

Her father was staring at her in amazement. What had led her into these fantastic notions? While she was professing that her ambition to become a great and famous actress was the one ruling thought and object of her life, was she really envying the poor domestic drudge whom she saw coming to the theatre to enjoy herself with her fool of a husband, having withdrawn for an hour or two from her housekeeping books and her squalling children? At all events, Miss White left him in no doubt as to her senti-



ments at that precise moment. She talked rapidly, and with a good deal of bitter feeling; but it was quite obvious, from the clearness of her line of contention, that she had been thinking over the matter. And while it was all a prayer that her sister Carry might be left to live a natural life, and that she should not be compelled to exhibit, for gain or applause, emotions which a woman would naturally lock up in her own heart, it was also a bitter protest against her own lot. What was she to become, she asked? A dram-drinker of fictitious sentiment? A Ten-minutes' Emotionalist? It was this last phrase that flashed in a new light on her father's bewildered mind. He remembered it instantly. So that was the source of inoperation?

"Oh, I see now," he said, with angry scorn. "You have learned your lesson well. A 'Ten-minutes' Emotionalist.' I remember. I was wondering who had put such stuff into your head."

She colored deeply; but said nothing.

"And so you are taking your notion, as to what sort of life you would lead, from a Highland savage—a boor whose only occupations are eating and drinking and killing wild animals. A fine guide, truly! He has had so much experience of æsthetic matters! Or is it *metapheesics* is his hobby? And what, pray, is his notion as to what life should be? That the noblest object of a man's ambition should be to kill a stag? It was a mistake for Dante to let his work eat into his heart; he should have devoted himself to shooting rabbits. And Raphael—don't you think he would have improved his digestion by giving up pandering to the public taste for pretty things, and taking to hunting wild boars? That is the theory, isn't it? Is that the *metapheesics* you have learned?"

"You may talk about it," she said, rather humbly—for she knew very well she could not stand against her father in argument, especially on a subject that he rather prided himself on having mastered, "but you are not a woman, and you don't know what a woman feels about such things."

"And since when have you made the discovery? What has happened to convince you so suddenly that your professional life is a degradation?"

"Oh," she said, carelessly, "I was scarcely thinking of myself. Of course I know what lies before me. It was about Carry I spoke to you."

"Carry shall decide for herself, as you did; and when she has done so, I hope she won't come and blame me the first time she gets some ridiculous idea into her head."

"Now, papa, that isn't fair," the eldest sister said, in a gentler voice. "You know I never blamed you. I only showed you that even a popular actress sometimes re-

members that she is a woman. And if she is a woman, you must let her have a grumble occasionally."

This conciliatory tone smoothed the matter down at once; and Mr. White turned to his book with another recommendation to his daughter to take some supper and get to bed.

"I will go now," she said, rather wearily, as she rose. "Good-night, papa—What is that?"

She was looking at a parcel that lay on a chair.

"It came for you, to-night. There was seven and sixpence to pay for extra carriage—it seems to have been forwarded from place to place."

"As if I had not enough luggage to carry about with me!" she said.

But she proceeded to open the parcel all the same, which seemed to be very carefully swathed in repeated covers of canvas. And presently she uttered a slight exclamation. She took up one dark object after another, passing her hand over them, and back again, and finally pressing them to her cheek.

"Just look at these, papa—did you ever in all your life see any thing so beautiful?"

She came to a letter, too; which she hastily tore open and read. It was a brief note, in terms of great respect, written by Sir Keith Macleod, and begging Miss White's acceptance of a small parcel of otter-skins, which he hoped might be made into some article of attire. Moreover, he had asked his cousin's advice on the matter; and she thought there were enough; but if Miss White on further inquiry found she would rather have one or two more, he had no doubt that within the next month or so he could obtain these also. It was a very respectful note.

But there was no shyness or timidity about the manner of Miss White when she spread those skins out along the sofa, and again and again took them up to praise their extraordinary glossiness and softness.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "it is a present fit for a prince to make."

"I dare say you will find them useful."

"And whatever is made of them," said she, with decision, "that I shall keep for myself—it won't be one of my stage properties."

Her spirits rose wonderfully. She kept on chatting to her father about these lovely skins, and the jacket she would have of them. She asked why he was so dull that evening. She protested that she would not take any supper unless he had some too; whereupon he had a bisquit and a glass of claret, which at all events compelled him to lay aside his book. And then, when she had finished her supper, she suddenly said,

"Now, Pappy dear, I am going to tell you



a great secret. I am going to change the song in the second act."

"Nonsense!" said he; but he was rather glad to see her come back to the interest of her work.

"I am," she said, seriously. "Would you like to hear it?"

"You will wake the house up."

"And if the public expect an actress to please them," she said, saucily, "they must take the consequences of her practicing."

She went to the piano, and opened it. There was a fine courage in her manner as she struck the chords and sang the opening lines of the gay song:

"Threescore o' nobles rode up the King's ha',  
But bonnie Glenogie's the flower of them a',  
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e"

—but here her voice dropped, and it was almost in a whisper that she let the maiden of the song utter the secret wish of her heart—

"Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me."

"Of course," she said, turning round to her father, and speaking in a business-like way, though there was a spice of proud mischief in her eyes, "there is a stumbling-block, or where would the story be? Glenogie is poor; the mother will not let her daughter have any thing to do with him; the girl takes to her bed with the definite intention of dying."

She turned to the piano again.

"There is, Glenogie, a letter for thee,  
Oh, there is, Glenogie, a letter for thee.  
The first line he looked at, a light laugh laughed he:  
But ere he read through it, tears blinded his e'e."

"How do you like the air, papa?"

Mr. White did not seem over well pleased. He was quite aware that his daughter was a very clever young woman; and he did not know what insane idea might have got into her head of throwing an allegory at him.

"The air," said he, coldly, "is well enough. But I hope you don't expect an English audience to understand that doggerel Scotch."

"Glenogie understood it, anyway," said she, blithely, "and naturally he rode off at once to see his dying sweetheart."

"Pale and wan was she, when Glenogie gaed ben,  
But rosy-red grew she when Glenogie sat down.  
She turned away her head, but the smile was in  
her e'e,

*'Oh, binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee.'*"

She shut the piano.

"Isn't it charmingly simple and tender, papa?" she said, with the same mischief in her eyes.

"I think it is foolish of you to think of exchanging that piece of doggerel—"

"For what?" said she, standing in the middle of the room. "For this?"

And therewith she sang these lines—giving an admirable burlesque imitation of

herself, and her own gestures, and her own singing in the part she was then performing:

"The morning bells are swinging, ringing,  
Hail to the day!  
The birds are winging, singing  
To the golden day—  
To the joyous day—  
The morning bells are swinging, ringing,  
And what do they say?  
O bring my love to my love!  
O bring my love to-day!  
O bring my love to my love!  
To be my love away!"

It certainly was cruel to treat poor Mrs. Ross's home-made lyric so; but Miss White was burlesquing herself as well as the song she had to sing. And as her father did not know to what lengths this iconoclastic fit might lead her, he abruptly bade her good-night and went to bed, no doubt hoping that next morning would find the demon exorcised from his daughter.

As for her, she had one more loving look over the skins, and then she carefully read through the note that accompanied them. There was a smile on her face—perhaps of pleasure, perhaps of amusement at the simplicity of the lines. However, she turned aside, and got hold of a small writing-desk, which she placed on the table.

"Oh, here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee,"

she hummed to herself, with a rather proud look on her face, as she seated herself and opened the desk.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### "FHIR A BHATA!"

YOUNG Ogilvie had obtained some brief extension of his leave, but even that was drawing to a close; and Macleod saw with a secret dread that the hour of his departure was fast approaching. And yet he had not victimized the young man. After that first burst of confidence he had been sparing in his references to the trouble that had beset him. Of what avail, besides, could Mr. Ogilvie's counsels be? Once or twice he had ventured to approach the subject with some commonplace assurances that there were always difficulties in the way of two people getting married, and that they had to be overcome with patience and courage. The difficulties that Macleod knew of as between himself and that impossible goal were deeper than any mere obtaining of the consent of friends or the arrangement of a way of living. From the moment that the terrible truth was forced on him he had never regarded his case but as quite hopeless; and yet that in no way moderated his consuming desire to see her—to hear her speak—even to have corre-



spondence with her. It was something that he could send her a parcel of otter-skins.

But all the same Mr. Ogilvie was in some measure a friend of hers. He knew her—he had spoken to her—no doubt when he returned to the South he would see her one day or another, and he would surely speak of the visit he had paid to Castle Dare. Macleod set about making that visit as pleasant as might be; and the weather aided him. The fair heavens shone over the windy blue seas; and the green island of Ulva lay basking in the sunlight; and as the old *Umpire*, with her heavy bows parting the rushing waves, carried them out to the west, they could see the black skarts standing on the rocks of Gometra, and clouds of puffins wheeling round the dark and lonely pillars of Staffa; while away in the north, as they got clear of Treshanish Point, the mountains of Rum and of Skye appeared a pale and spectral blue, like ghostly shadows at the horizon. And there was no end to the sports and pastimes that occupied day after day. On their very first expedition up the lonely corries of Ben-an-Sloich young Ogilvie brought down a royal hart—though his hand trembled for ten minutes after he pulled the trigger. They shot wild-duck in Loch Scridain, and seals in Loch-na-Keal, and rock-pigeons along the face of the honey-combed cliffs of Gribun. And what was this new form of sport? They were one day being pulled in the gig up a shallow loch in the hope of finding a brood or two of young mergansers, when Macleod, who was seated up at the bow, suddenly called to the man to stop. He beckoned to Ogilvie, who went forward and saw, quietly moving over the sea-weed, a hideously ugly fish with the flat head and sinister eyes of a snake. Macleod picked up the boat-hook, steadied himself in the boat, and then drove the iron spike down.

"I have him," he said. "That is the snake of the sea—I hate him as I hate a serpent."

He hoisted out of the water the dead dog-fish, which was about four feet long, and then shook it back.

"Here, Ogilvie," said he, "take the boat-hook. There are plenty about here. Make yourself St. Patrick exterminating snakes."

Ogilvie tried the dogfish spearing with more or less success; but it was the means of procuring for him a bitter disappointment. As they went quietly over the sea-weed—the keel of the boat hissing through it and occasionally grating on the sand—they perceived that the water was getting a bit deeper, and it was almost impossible to strike the boat-hook straight. At this moment, Ogilvie, happening to cast a glance along the rocks close by them, started and seized Macleod's arm. What the frightened eyes of the younger man seemed to see was

a great white and gray object lying on the rocks and staring at him with huge black eyes. At first it almost appeared to him to be a man with a grizzled and hairy face; then he tried to think of some white beast with big black eyes; then he knew. For the next second there was an unwieldy roll down the rocks, and then a heavy splash in the water; and the huge gray seal had disappeared. And there he stood helpless, with the boat-hook in his hand.

"It is my usual luck," said he, in despair. "If I had had my rifle in my hand, we should never have got within a hundred yards of the beast. But I got an awful fright. I never before saw a live seal just in front of one's nose like that."

"You would have missed him," said Macleod, coolly.

"At a dozen yards?"

"Yes. When you come on one so near as that, you are too startled to take aim. You would have blazed away and missed."

"I don't think so," said Ogilvie, with some modest persistence. "When I shot that stag, I was steady enough, though I felt my heart thumping away like fun."

"There you had plenty of time to take your aim—and a rock to rest your rifle on." And then he added: "You would have broken Hamish's heart, Ogilvie, if you had missed that stag. He was quite determined you should have one on your first day out; and I never saw him take such elaborate precautions before. I suppose it was terribly tedious to you; but you may depend on it it was necessary. There isn't one of the younger men can match Hamish, though he was bred a sailor."

"Well," Mr. Ogilvie admitted, "I began to think we were having a great deal of trouble for nothing; especially when it seemed as though the wind were blowing half a dozen ways in the one valley."

"Why, man," Macleod said, "Hamish knows every one of those eddies just as if they were all down on a chart. And he is very determined, too, you shall have another stag before you go, Ogilvie; for it is not much amusement we have been giving you since you came to us."

"That is why I feel so particularly jolly at the notion of having to go back," said Mr. Ogilvie, with very much the air of a school-boy at the end of his holiday. "The day after to-morrow, too."

"To-morrow, then, we will try to get a stag for you; and the day after you can spend what time you can at the pools in Glen Muick."

These two last days were right royal days for the guest at Castle Dare. On the deer-stalking expedition Macleod simply refused to take his rifle with him, and spent all his time in whispered consultations with Hamish, and with eager watching of every bird



whose solitary flight along the mountain-side might startle the wary hinds. After a long day of patient and stealthy creeping, and walking through bogs and streams, and slow toiling up rocky slopes, the party returned home in the evening; and when it was found that a splendid stag—with brow, bay, and tray, and crockets complete—was strapped on to the pony, and when the word was passed that Sandy the red-haired and John from the yacht were to take back the pony to a certain well-known cairn where another monarch of the hills lay slain, there was a great rejoicing through Castle Dare, and Lady Macleod herself must needs come out to shake hands with her guest and to congratulate him on his good fortune.

"It is little we have been able to do to entertain you," said the old silver-haired lady, "but I am glad you have got a stag or two."

"I knew what Highland hospitality was before I came to Castle Dare," said the boy, modestly. "But you have been kinder to me even than any thing I knew before."

"And you will leave the heads with Hamish," said she, "and we will send them to Glasgow to be mounted for you, and then we will send them South to you."

"Indeed no," said he (though he was thinking to himself that it was no wonder the Macleods of Dare were poor); "I will not put you to any such trouble. I will make my own arrangements with Hamish."

"Then you will tell him not to forget Aldershot."

"I think, Lady Macleod," said the young lieutenant, "that my mess-companions will be sorry to hear that I have left Dare. I should think they ought to have drunk your health many times ere now."

Next day, moreover, he was equally successful by the side of the deep brown pools in Glen Muick. He was a pretty fair fisherman, though he had had but small experience with such a mighty engine of a rod as Hamish put into his hands. When, however, he showed Hamish the fine assortment of salmon flies he had brought with him, the old man only shook his head. Thereafter, whenever Hamish went with him, nothing was said about flies until they neared the side of the brawling stream that came pouring down between the gray rocks and the patches of moist brown moor. Hamish would sit down on a stone, and take out a tin box and open it. Then he would take a quick look round—at the aspect of the clouds, the direction of the wind, and so forth; and then, with a nimbleness that any one looking at his rough hands and broad thumbs would have considered impossible, would busk up a weapon of capture that soon showed itself to be deadly enough. And on this last day of Ogilvie's

stay at Castle Dare he was unusually lucky—though of course there were one or two heart-rending mishaps. As they walked home in the evening—the lowering day had cleared away into a warm sunset, and they could see Colonsay, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap, lying dark and purple on a golden sea—Ogilvie said:

"Look here, Macleod, if you would like me to take one of these salmon for Miss White, I could take it as part of my luggage, and have it delivered at once."

"That would be no use," said he, rather gloomily. "She is not in London. She is at Liverpool or Manchester by this time. I have already sent her a present."

Ogilvie did not think fit to ask what; though he had guessed.

"It was a parcel of otter-skins," Macleod said. "You see, you might present that to any lady—it is merely a curiosity of the district—it is no more than if an acquaintance were to give me a chip of quartz he had brought from the Rocky Mountains with a few grains of copper or silver in it."

"It is a present any lady would be glad to have," observed Mr. Ogilvie, with a smile. "Has she got them yet?"

"I do not know," Macleod answered. "Perhaps there is not time for an answer. Perhaps she has forgotten who I am, and is affronted at a stranger sending her a present."

"Forgotten who you are!" Ogilvie exclaimed; and then he looked round to see that Hamish and Sandy the red-haired were at a convenient distance. "Do you know this, Macleod? A man never yet was in love with a woman without the woman being instantly aware of it."

Macleod glanced at him quickly; then turned away his head again, apparently watching the gulls wheeling high over the sea—black spots against the glow of the sunset.

"That is foolishness," said he. "I had a great care to be quite a stranger to her all the time I was in London. I myself scarcely knew—how could she know? Sometimes I thought I was rude to her, so that I should deceive myself into believing she was only a stranger."

Then he remembered one fact, and his downright honesty made him speak again.

"One night, it is true," said he—"it was the last night of my being in London—I asked a flower from her. She gave it to me. She was laughing at the time. That was all."

The sunset had gone away, and the clear Northern twilight was fading too, when young Ogilvie, having bade good-by to Lady Macleod and her niece Janet, got into the broad-beamed boat of the fishermen, accompanied by his friend. There was something of a breeze, and they hoisted a lug-



sail so that they should run out to meet the steamer. Donald the piper lad was not with them: Macleod wanted to speak to his friend Ogilvie as he was leaving.

And yet he did not say any thing of importance. He seemed to be chiefly interested in finding out whether Ogilvie could not get a few days' leave about Christmas, that he might come up and try the winter shooting. He was giving minute particulars about the use of arsenic paste when the box of skins to be dispatched by Hamish reached London. And he was discussing what sort of mounting should be put on a strange old bottle that Janet Macleod had presented to the departing guest. There was no word of that which lay nearest his heart.

And so the black waves rolled by them; and the light at the horizon began to fade; and the stars were coming out one by one; while the two sailors forward (for Macleod was steering) were singing to themselves:

*"Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)  
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)  
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)  
Chead soire slann leid ge thobh a theid u;"*

that is to say,

"O Boatman,  
And Boatman,  
And Boatman,  
A hundred farewells to you wherever you may go!"

And then the lug-sail was hauled down; and they lay on the lapping water; and they could hear all around them the soft callings of the guillemots and razor-bills, and other divers whose home is the heaving wave. And then the great steamer came up and slowed; and the boat was hauled alongside, and young Ogilvie sprang up the slippery steps.

"Good-by, Macleod!"

"Good-by, Ogilvie! Come up at Christmas!"

The great bulk of the steamer soon floated away, and the lug-sail was run up again, and the boat made slowly back for Castle Dare. "Fhir a bhata!" the men sung; but Macleod scarcely heard them. His last tie with the South had been broken.

But not quite. It was about ten o'clock that night that word came to Castle Dare that Dugald the Post had met with an accident that morning while starting from Bunessan; and that his place had been taken by a young lad who had but now arrived with the bag. Macleod hastily looked over the bundle of newspapers, etc., they brought him, and his eager eye fell on an envelope, the writing on which made his heart jump.

"Give the lad a half crown," said he.

And then he went to his own room. He had the letter in his hand; and he knew the handwriting; but there was no wind of the night that could bring him the mystic message she had sent with it:

*"Oh, here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee!"*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONFIDENCES.

FOR a second or two he held the letter in his hand, regarding the outside of it; and it was with more deliberation than haste that he opened it. Perhaps it was with some little tremor of fear—lest the first words that should meet his eye might be cruelly cold and distant. What right had he to expect any thing else? Many a time, in thinking carefully over the past, he had recalled the words—the very tone—in which he had addressed her, and had been dismayed to think of their reserve, which had on one or two occasions almost amounted to austerity. He could expect little beyond a formal acknowledgment of the receiving of his letter, and the present that had accompanied it.

Imagine, then, his surprise when he took out from the envelope a number of sheets closely written over in her beautiful, small, neat hand. Hastily his eye ran over the first few lines; and then surprise gave way to a singular feeling of gratitude and joy. Was it indeed she who was writing to him thus? When he had been thinking of her as some one far away and unapproachable—who could have no thought of him or of the too brief time in which he had been near to her—had she indeed been treasuring up some recollection that she now seemed disposed to value?

"You will guess that I am woman enough," she wrote, "to be greatly pleased and flattered by your sending me such a beautiful present; but you must believe me when I say that its chief value to me was its showing me that I had another friend in the world who was not disposed to forget me the next day after bidding me good-by. Perhaps you will say that I am cynical; but actresses are accustomed to find the friendships they make—outside the sphere of their own profession—of a singularly temporary character. We are praised and flattered to-day, and forgotten to-morrow. I don't complain. It is only natural. People go away to their own families and home occupations: why should they remember a person who has amused them for an hour?"

Miss Gertrude White could, when she chose, write a clever and interesting letter—interesting from its very simplicity and frankness; and as Macleod read on and on, he ceased to feel any wonder that this young lady should be placing before him such ample revelations of her experiences and opinions. Indeed, it was more than suggested in this confidential chat that Sir Keith Macleod himself had been the first cause of her having carefully studied her own position and the influence likely to be exerted on her by her present mode of life.

"One meets with the harsher realities of an actress's life," she said, "in the provinces.



It is all very fine in London, when all the friends you happen to have are in town, and where there is constant amusement, and pleasant parties, and nice people to meet; and then you have the comforts of your own home around you, and quiet and happy Sun-

about all day hunting after curiosities, and one has not a soul to speak to. Then the audiences: I have witnessed one or two scenes lately that would unnerve any one; and of course I have to stand helpless and silent on the stage until the tumult is stilled



CASTLE DARE.

days. But a provincial tour!—the constant travelling, and rehearsals with strange people, and damp lodgings, and miserable hotels, and wet Sundays in smoky towns! Papa is very good and kind, you know; but he is interested in his books, and he goes

and the original offenders expelled. Some sailors the other evening amused themselves by clambering down from the top gallery to the pit, hanging on to the gas brackets and the pillars; and one of them managed to reach the orchestra, jump from the drum on



to the stage, and then offered me a glass of whiskey from a big black bottle he had in his hand. When I told papa he laughed, and said I should be proud of my triumph over the man's imagination. But when the people roared with laughter at my discomfiture, I felt as though I would rather be earning my bread by selling water-cresses in the street or by stitching in a garret."

Of course the cry of the poor injured soul found a ready echo in his heart. It was monstrous that she should be subjected to such indignities. And then that cruel old pagan of a father—was he not ashamed of himself to see the results of his own cold-blooded theories? Was this the glory of art? Was this the reward of the sacrifice of a life? That a sensitive girl should be publicly insulted by a tipsy maniac, and jeered at by a brutal crowd? Macleod laid down the letter for a minute or two, and the look on his face was not lovely to see.

"You may think it strange that I should write thus to you," she said; "but if I say that it was yourself who first set me thinking about such things? And since I have been thinking about them I have had no human being near me to whom I could speak. You know papa's opinions. Even if my dearest friend, Mrs. Ross, were here, what would she say? She has known me only in London. She thinks it a fine thing to be a popular actress. She sees people ready to pet me in a way—so long as society is pleased to have a little curiosity about me. But she does not see the other side of the picture. She does not even ask how long all this will last. She never thinks of the cares and troubles and downright hard work. If ever you heard me sing, you will know that I have very little of a voice, and that not worth much; but trifling as it is, you would scarcely believe the care and cultivation I have to spend on it, merely for business purposes. Mrs. Ross no doubt sees that it is pleasant enough for a young actress, who is fortunate enough to have won some public favor, to go sailing in a yacht on the Thames, on a summer day, with nice companions around her. She does not see her on a wet day in Newcastle, practicing scales for an hour at a stretch, though her throat is half choked with the fog, in a dismal parlor with a piano out of tune, and with the prospect of having to go out through the wet to a rehearsal in a damp and draughty theatre, with escaped gas added to the fog. That is very nice, isn't it?"

It almost seemed to him—so intense and eager was his involuntary sympathy—as though he himself were breathing fog and gas and the foul odors of an empty theatre. He went to the window and threw it open, and sat down there. The stars were no longer quivering white on the black surface of the water, for the moon had risen now in

the south, and there was a soft glow all shining over the smooth Atlantic. Sharp and white was the light on the stone walls of Castle Dare, and on the gravelled path, and the rocks and the trees around; but far away it was a milder radiance that lay over the sea, and touched here and there the shores of Inch Kenneth and Ulva and Colonsay. It was a fair and peaceful night, with no sound of human unrest to break the sleep of the world. Sleep, solemn and profound, dwelt over the lonely islands—over Staffa, with her resounding caves, and Fladda, with her desolate rocks, and Iona, with her fairy-white sands, and the distant Dutchman, and Coll, and Tiree, all haunted by the wild seabirds' cry; and a sleep as deep dwelt over the silent hills, far up under the cold light of the skies. Surely if any poor suffering heart was vexed by the contentions of crowded cities, here, if any where in the world, might rest and peace and loving solace be found. He sat dreaming there; he had half forgotten the letter.

He roused himself from his reverie, and returned to the light.

"And yet I would not complain of mere discomfort," she continued, "if that were all. People who have to work for their living must not be too particular. What pains me most of all is the effect that this sort of work is having on myself. You would not believe—and I am almost ashamed to confess—how I am worried by small and mean jealousies and anxieties, and how I am tortured by the expression of opinions which, all the same, I hold in contempt. I reason with myself to no purpose. It ought to be no concern of mine if some girl in a burlesque makes the house roar by the manner in which she walks up and down the stage, smoking a cigar; and yet I feel angry at the audience for applauding such stuff, and I wince when I see her praised in the papers. Oh! these papers! I have been making minute inquiries of late; and I find that the usual way in these towns is to let the young literary aspirant who has just joined the office, or the clever compositor who has been promoted to the sub-editor's room, try his hand first of all at reviewing books, and then turn him on to dramatic and musical criticism! Occasionally a reporter, who has been round the police courts to get notes of the night charges, will drop into the theatre on his way to the office, and 'do a par,' as they call it. Will you believe it possible that the things written of me by these persons—with their pretentious airs of criticism, and their gross ignorance cropping up at every point—have the power to vex and annoy me most terribly? I laugh at the time, but the phrase rankles in my memory all the same. One learned young man said of me the other day: 'It is really distressing to mark the want of unity in her



artistic characterizations when one regards the natural advantages that nature has heaped upon her with no sparing hand.' The natural advantages that nature has heaped upon me! 'And perhaps, also,' he went on to say, 'Miss White would do well to pay some little more attention before venturing on pronouncing the classic names of Greece. Iphigenia herself would not have answered to her name if she had heard it pronounced with the accent on the fourth syllable.'"

Macleod brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"If I had that fellow," said he, aloud—"if I had that fellow, I should like to spin for a shark off Dubh Artach light-house." And here a most unholy vision rose before him of a new sort of sport—a sailing launch going about six knots an hour, a goodly rope at the stern with a huge hook through the gill of the luckless critic, a swivel to make him spin, and then a few smart trips up and down by the side of the lonely Dubh Artach rocks, where Mr. Ewing and his companions occasionally find a few sharks coming up to the surface to stare at them.

"Is it not too ridiculous that such things should vex me—that I should be so absolutely at the mercy of the opinion of people whose judgment I know to be absolutely valueless? I find the same thing all around me. I find a middle-aged man, who knows his work thoroughly, and has seen all the best actors of the past quarter of a century, will go about quite proudly with a scrap of approval from some newspaper, written by a young man who has never travelled beyond the suburbs of his native town, and has seen no acting beyond that of the local company. But there is another sort of critic—the veteran, the man who has worked hard on the paper and worn himself out, and who is turned off from politics, and pensioned by being allowed to display his imbecility in less important matters. Oh dear! what lessons he reads you! The solemnity of them! Don't you know that at the end of the second act the business of Mrs. So-and-So (some actress who died when George IV. was king) was this, that, or the other?—and how dare you, you impertinent minx, fly in the face of well-known stage traditions? I have been introduced lately to a specimen of both classes. I think the young man—he had beautiful long fair hair and a Byronic collar, and was a little nervous—fell in love with me, for he wrote a furious panegyric of me, and sent it next morning with a bouquet, and begged for my photograph. The elderly gentleman, on the other hand, gave me a great deal of good advice; but I subdued even him, for before he went away he spoke in a broken voice, and there were tears in his eyes, which papa said were owing to a variety of causes. It is ludicrous enough, no doubt, but

it is also a little bit humiliating. I try to laugh the thing away, whether the opinion expressed about me is solemnly stupid or merely impertinent, but the vexation of it remains, and the chief vexation to me is that I should have so little command of myself, so little respect for myself, as to suffer myself to be vexed. But how can one help it? Public opinion is the very breath and life of a theatre and of every one connected with it; and you come to attach importance to the most foolish expression of opinion in the most obscure print.

"And so, my dear friend, I have had my grumble out—and made my confession too, for I should not like to let every one know how foolish I am about those petty vexations—and you will see that I have not forgotten what you said to me, and that further reflection and experience have only confirmed it. But I must warn you. Now that I have victimized you to this fearful extent, and liberated my mind, I feel much more comfortable. As I write there is a blue color coming into the windows that tells me the new day is coming. Would it surprise you if the new day brought a complete new set of feelings? I have begun to doubt whether I have got any opinions—whether, having to be so many different people in the course of a week, I have any clear notion as to what I myself am. One thing is certain, that I have been greatly vexed and worried of late by a succession of the merest trifles; and when I got your kind letter and present this evening, I suddenly thought, Now for a complete confession and protest. I know you will forgive me for having victimized you, and that as soon as you have thrown this rambling epistle into the fire you will try to forget all the nonsense it contains, and will believe that I hope always to remain your friend,

"GERTRUDE WHITE."

His quick and warm sympathy refused to believe the half of this letter. It was only because she knew what was owing to the honor and self-respect of a true woman that she spoke in this tone of bitter and scornful depreciation of herself. It was clear that she was longing for the dignity and independence of a more natural way of life. And this revelation—that she was not, after all, banished forever into that cold region of art in which her father would fain keep her—somewhat bewildered him at first. The victim might be reclaimed from the altar and restored to the sphere of simple human affections, natural duties, and joy? And if he—?

Suddenly, and with a shock of delight that made his heart throb, he tried to picture this beautiful fair creature sitting over there in that very chair by the side of the fire, her head bent down over her sewing, the warm light of the lamp touching the



tender curve of her cheek. And when she lifted her head to speak to him—and when her large and lambent eyes met his—surely Fionaghal, the fair poetess from strange lands, never spoke in softer tones than this other beautiful stranger, who was now his wife and his heart's companion. And now he would bid her lay aside her work, and he would get a white shawl for her, and like a ghost she would steal out with him into the moonlight air. And is there enough wind on this summer night to take them out from the sombre shore to the open plain of the sea? Look now, as the land recedes, at the high walls of Castle Dare, over the black cliffs, and against the stars. Far away they see the grave-yard of Inch Kenneth, the stones pale in the moonlight. And what song will she sing now, that Ulva and Colonsay may awake and fancy that some mermaid is singing to bewail her lost lover? The night is sad—and the song is sad—and then, somehow, he finds himself alone in this waste of water—and all the shores of the islands are silent and devoid of life—and there is only the echo of the sad singing in his ears—

He jumps to his feet, for there is a knocking at the door. The gentle Cousin Janet enters, and hastily he thrusts that letter into his pocket, while his face blushes hotly.

"Where have you been, Keith?" she says, in her quiet, kindly way. "Auntie would like to say good-night to you now."

"I will come directly," said he.

"And now that Norman Ogilvie is away, Keith," said she, "you will take more rest about the shooting; for you have not been looking like yourself at all lately; and you know, Keith, when you are not well and happy, it is no one at all about Dare that is happy either. And that is why you will take care of yourself."

He glanced at her rather uneasily; but he said, in a light and careless way,

"Oh, I have been well enough, Janet, except that I was not sleeping well one or two nights. And if you look after me like that, you will make me think I am a baby, and you will send me some warm flannels when I go up on the hills."

"It is too proud of your hardihood you are, Keith," said his cousin, with a smile. "But there never was a man of your family who would take any advice."

"I would take any advice from you, Janet," said he; and therewith he followed her to bid good-night to the silver-haired mother.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A RESOLVE.

HE slept but little that night, and early the next morning he was up and out and away by himself—paying but little heed to

the rushing blue seas, and the white gulls, and the sunshine touching the far sands on the shores of Iona. He was in a fever of unrest. He knew not what to make of that letter; it might mean any thing or nothing. Alternations of wild hopes and cold despair succeeded each other. Surely it was unusual for a girl so to reveal her innermost confidences to any one whom she considered a stranger? To him alone had she told this story of her private troubles. Was it not in effect asking for a sympathy which she could not hope for from any other? Was it not establishing a certain secret between them? Her own father did not know. Her sister was too young to be told. Friends like Mrs. Ross could not understand why this young and beautiful actress, the favorite of the public, could be dissatisfied with her lot. It was to him alone she had appealed.

And then again he read the letter. The very frankness of it made him fear. There was none of the shyness of a girl writing to one who might be her lover. She might have written thus to one of her school companions. He eagerly searched it for some phrase of tenderer meaning; but no—there was a careless abandonment about it, as if she had been talking without thinking of the person she addressed. She had even joked about a young man falling in love with her. It was a matter of perfect indifference to her. It was ludicrous as the shape of the lad's collar was ludicrous, but of no more importance. And thus she receded from his imagination again, and became a thing apart—the white slave bound in those cruel chains that seemed to all but herself and him the badges of triumph.

*Herself and him*—the conjunction set his heart throbbing quickly. He eagerly thought himself how this secret understanding could be strengthened if only he might see her and speak to her. He could tell by her eyes what she meant, whatever her words might be. *If only he could see her again*: all his wild hopes, and fears, and doubts—all his vague fancies and imaginings—began to narrow themselves down to this one point; and this immediate desire became all-consuming. He grew sick at heart when he looked round and considered how vain was the wish.

The gladness had gone from the face of Keith Macleod. Not many months before, any one would have imagined that the life of this handsome young fellow, whose strength and courage and high spirits seemed to render him insensible to any obstacle, had every thing in it that the mind of man could desire. He had a hundred interests and activities; he had youth and health and a comely presence; he was on good terms with every body around him—for he had a smile and a cheerful word for each one he



met, gentle or simple. All this gay, glad life seemed to have fled. The watchful Hamish was the first to notice that his master began to take less and less interest in the shooting and boating and fishing; and at times the old man was surprised and disturbed by an exhibition of querulous impatience that had certainly never before been one of Macleod's failings. Then his cousin Janet saw that he was silent and absorbed; and his mother inquired once or twice why he did not ask one or other of his neighbors to come over to Dare to have a day's shooting with him.

"I think you are finding the place lonely, Keith, now that Norman Ogilvie is gone," said she.

"Ah, mother," he said, with a laugh, "it is not Norman Ogilvie, it is London, that has poisoned my mind. I should never have gone to the South. I am hungering for the flesh-pots of Egypt already; and I am afraid some day I will have to come and ask you to let me go away again."

He spoke jestingly, and yet he was regarding his mother.

"I know it is not pleasant for a young man to be kept fretting at home," said she. "But it is not long now I will ask you to do that, Keith."

Of course this brief speech only drove him into more vigorous demonstration that he was not fretting at all; and for a time he seemed more engrossed than ever in all the occupations he had but recently abandoned. But whether he was on the hill-side, or down in the glen, or out among the islands, or whether he was trying to satisfy the hunger of his heart with books long after every one in Castle Dare had gone to bed, he could not escape from this gnawing and torturing anxiety. It was no beautiful and gentle sentiment that possessed him—a pretty thing to dream about during a summer's morning—but, on the contrary, a burning fever of unrest, that left him peace nor day nor night. "Sudden love is followed by sudden hate," says the Gaelic proverb; but there had been no suddenness at all about this passion that had stealthily got hold of him; and he had ceased even to hope that it might abate or depart altogether. He had to "dree his weird." And when he read in books about the joy and delight that accompany the awakening of love—how the world suddenly becomes fair, and the very skies are bluer than their wont—he wondered whether he was different from other human beings. The joy and delight of love? He knew only a sick hunger of the heart and a continual and brooding despair.

One morning he was going along the cliffs, his only companion being the old black retriever, when suddenly he saw, far away below him, the figure of a lady. For

a second his heart stood still at the sight of this stranger; for he knew it was neither the mother nor Janet; and she was coming along a bit of greensward from which, by dint of much climbing, she might have reached Castle Dare. But as he watched her he caught sight of some other figures, further below on the rocks. And then he perceived—as he saw her return with a handful of bell-heather—that this party had come from Iona, or Bunessan, or some such place, to explore one of the great caves on this coast, while this lady had wandered away from them in search of some wild flowers. By-and-by he saw the small boat, with its sprit-sail white in the sun, go away toward the south, and the lonely coast was left as lonely as before.

But ever after that he grew to wonder what Gertrude White, if ever she could be persuaded to visit his home, would think of this thing and of that thing—what flowers she would gather—whether she would listen to Hamish's stories of the fairies—whether she would be interested in her small countryman, Johnny Wickes, who was now in kilts, with his face and legs as brown as a berry—whether the favorable heavens would send her sunlight and blue skies, and the moonlight nights reveal to her the solemn glory of the sea and the lonely islands. Would she take his hand to steady herself in passing over the slippery rocks? What would she say if suddenly she saw above her—by the opening of a cloud—a stag standing high on a crag near the summit of Ben-an-Sloich? And what would the mother and Janet say to that singing of hers, if they were to hear her put all the tenderness of the low, sweet voice into "Wae's me for Prince Charlie?"

There was one secret nook that more than any other he associated with her presence; and thither he would go when this heart-sickness seemed too grievous to be borne. It was down in a glen beyond the fir wood; and here the ordinary desolation of this bleak coast ceased, for there were plenty of young larches on the sides of the glen, with a tall silver-birch or two; while down in the hollow there were clumps of alders by the side of the brawling stream. And this dell that he sought was hidden away from sight, with the sun but partially breaking through the alders and rowans, and bespeckling the great gray boulders by the side of the burn, many of which were covered by the softest of olive-green moss. Here, too, the brook, that had been broken just above by intercepting stones, swept clearly and limpidly over a bed of smooth rock; and in the golden-brown water the trout lay, and scarcely moved until some motion of his hand made them shoot up stream with a lightning speed. And then the wild flowers around—the purple ling and red bell-



heather growing on the silver-gray rocks; a foxglove or two towering high above the golden-green breckans; the red star of a crane's-bill among the velvet moss. Even if she were overawed by the solitariness of the Atlantic and the gloom of the tall cliffs and their yawning caves, surely here would be a haven of peace and rest, with sunshine, and flowers, and the pleasant murmur of the stream. What did it say, then, as one sat and listened in the silence? When the fair poetess from strange lands came among the Macleods, did she seek out this still retreat, and listen, and listen, and listen, until she caught the music of this monotonous murmur, and sang it to her harp? And was it not all a song about the passing away of life, and how that summer days were for the young, and how the world was beautiful for lovers? "Oh, children!" it seemed to say, "why should you waste your lives in vain endeavor, while the winter is coming quick, and the black snow-storms, and a roaring of wind from the sea? Here I have flowers for you, and beautiful sunlight, and the peace of summer days. Time passes—time passes—time passes—and you are growing old. While as yet the heart is warm and the eye is bright, here are summer flowers for you, and a silence fit for the mingling of lovers' speech. If you listen not, I laugh at you and go my way. But the winter is coming fast."

Far away in these grimy towns, fighting with mean cares and petty jealousies, dissatisfied, despondent, careless as to the future, how could this message reach her to fill her heart with the singing of a bird? He dared not send it, at all events. But he wrote to her. And the bitter travail of the writing of that letter he long remembered. He was bound to give her his sympathy, and to make light as well as he could of those very evils which he had been the first to reveal to her. He tried to write in as frank and friendly a spirit as she had done; the letter was quite cheerful.

"Did you know," said he, "that once upon a time the chief of the Macleods married a fairy? And whether Macleod did not treat her well, or whether the fairy-folk reclaimed her, or whether she grew tired of the place, I do not know quite; but, at all events, they were separated, and she went away to her own people. But before she went away she gave to Macleod a fairy banner—the *Bratach sith* it is known as—and she told him that if ever he was in great peril, or had any great desire, he was to wave that flag, and whatever he desired would come to pass. But the virtue of the *Bratach sith* would depart after it had been waved three times. Now the small green banner has been waved only twice; and now I believe it is still preserved in the Castle of Dunvegan, with power to work one more miracle on behalf of the

Macleods. And if I had the fairy flag, do you know what I would do with it? I would take it in my hand, and say: '*I desire the fairy-people to remove my friend Gertrude White from all the evil influences that disturb and distress her. I desire them to heal her wounded spirit, and secure for her every thing that may tend to her life-long happiness. And I desire that all the theatres in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—with all their musical instruments, lime-light, and painted scenes—may be taken and dropped into the ocean, midway between the islands of Ulva and Coll, so that the fairy-folk may amuse themselves in them if they will so please.*' Would not that be a very nice form of incantation? We are very strong believers here in the power of one person to damage another in absence; and when you can kill a man by sticking pins into a waxen image of him—which every body knows to be true—surely you ought to be able to help a friend, especially with the aid of the *Bratach sith*. Imagine Covent Garden Theatre a hundred fathoms down in the deep sea, with mermaidens playing the brass instruments in the orchestra, and the fairy-folk on the stage, and seals disporting themselves in the stalls, and guillemots shooting about the upper galleries in pursuit of fish. But we should get no peace from Iona. The fairies there are very pious people. They used to carry St. Columba about when he got tired. They would be sure to demand the shutting up of all the theatres, and the destruction of the brass instruments. And I don't see how we could reasonably object."

It was a cruel sort of jesting; but how otherwise than as a jest could he convey to her, an actress, his wish that all theatres were at the bottom of the sea? For a brief time that letter seemed to establish some link of communication between him and her. He followed it on its travels by sea and land. He thought of its reaching the house in which she dwelt—perhaps some plain and grimy building in a great manufacturing city, or perhaps a small quiet cottage up by Regent's Park half hidden among the golden leaves of October. Might she not, moreover, after she had opened it and read it, be moved by some passing whim to answer it, though it demanded no answer? He waited for a week, and there was no word or message from the South. She was far away, and silent. And the hills grew lonelier than before, and the sickness of his heart increased.

This state of mind could not last. His longing and impatience and unrest became more than he could bear. It was in vain that he tried to satisfy his imaginative craving with these idle visions of her: it was she herself he must see; and he set about devising all manner of wild excuses for one last visit to the South. But the more he



considered these various projects, the more ashamed he grew in thinking of his taking any one of them and placing it before the beautiful old dame who reigned in Castle Dare. He had barely been three months at home: how could he explain to her this sudden desire to go away again?

One morning his cousin Janet came to him.

"Oh, Keith!" said she, "the whole house is in commotion; and Hamish is for murdering some of the lads; and there is no one would dare to bring the news to you. The two young buzzards have escaped."

"I know it," he said. "I let them out myself."

"You!" she exclaimed, in surprise; for she knew the great interest he had shown in watching the habits of the young hawks that had been captured by a shepherd lad.

"Yes. I let them out last night. It was a pity to have them caged up."

"So long as it was yourself, it is all right," she said; and then she was going away. But she paused, and turned, and said to him, with a smile, "And I think you should let yourself escape too, Keith, for it is you too that are caged up; and perhaps you feel it now more since you have been to London. And if you are thinking of your friends in London, why should you not go for another visit to the South before you settle down to the long winter?"

For an instant he regarded her with some fear. Had she guessed his secret? Had she been watching the outward signs of this constant torture he had been suffering? Had she surmised that the otter-skins about which he had asked her advice were not consigned to any one of the married ladies whose acquaintance he had made in the South, and of whom he had chatted freely enough in Castle Dare? Or was this merely a passing suggestion thrown out by one who was always on the look-out to do a kindness?

"Well, I would like to go, Janet," he said, but with no gladness in his voice; "and it is not more than a week or two I should like to be away; but I do not think the mother would like it; and it is enough money I have spent this year already—"

"There is no concern about the money, Keith," said she, simply, "since you have not touched what I gave you. And if you are set upon it, you know auntie will agree to whatever you wish."

"But how can I explain to her? It is unreasonable to be going away."

How, indeed, could he explain? He was almost assuming that those gentle eyes now fixed on him could read his heart, and that she would come to aid him in his suffering without any further speech from him. And that was precisely what Janet Macleod did—whether or not she had guessed the cause of his desire to get away.

"If you were a school-boy, Keith, you would be cleverer at making an excuse for playing truant," she said, laughing. "And I could make one for you now."

"You?"

"I will not call it an excuse, Keith," she said, "because I think you would be doing a good work; and I will bear the expense of it, if you please."

He looked more puzzled than ever.

"When we were at Salen yesterday I saw Major Stuart, and he has just come back from Dunrobin. And he was saying very great things about the machine for the drying of crops in wet weather, and he said he would like to go to England to see the newer ones and all the later improvements, if there was a chance of any one about here going shares with him. And it would not be very much, Keith, if you were to share with him; and the machine it can be moved about very well; and in the bad weather you could give the cotters some help, to say nothing about our own hay and corn. And that is what Major Stuart was saying yesterday, that if there was any place that you wanted a drying-machine for the crops it was in Mull."

"I have been thinking of it myself," he said, absently, "but our farm is too small to make it pay—"

"But if Major Stuart will take half the expense? And even if you lost a little, Keith, you would save a great deal to the poorer people who are continually losing their little patches of crops. And will you go and be my agent, Keith, to go and see whether it is practicable?"

"They will not thank you, Janet, for letting them have this help for nothing."

"They shall not have it for nothing," said she—for she had plenty of experience in dealing with the poorer folk around—"they must pay for the fuel that is used. And now, Keith, if it is a holiday you want, will not that be a very good holiday, and one to be used for a very good purpose, too?"

She left him. Where was the eager joy with which he ought to have accepted this offer? Here was the very means placed within his reach of satisfying the craving desire of his heart; and yet, all the same, he seemed to shrink back with a vague and undefined dread. A thousand impalpable fears and doubts beset his mind. He had grown timid as a woman. The old happy audacity had been destroyed by sleepless nights and a torturing anxiety. It was a new thing for Keith Macleod to have become a prey to strange unintelligible forebodings.

But he went and saw Major Stuart—a round, red, jolly little man, with white hair and a cheerful smile, who had a sombre and melancholy wife. Major Stuart received Macleod's offer with great gravity. It was



a matter of business that demanded serious consideration. He had worked out the whole system of drying crops with hot air as it was shown him in pamphlets, reports, and agricultural journals, and he had come to the conclusion that—on paper at least—it could be made to pay. What was wanted was to give the thing a practical trial. If the system was sound, surely any one who helped to introduce it into the Western Highlands was doing a very good work indeed. And there was nothing but personal inspection could decide on the various merits of the latest improvements.

This was what he said before his wife one night at dinner. But when the ladies had left the room, the little stout major suddenly put up both his hands, snapped his thumb and middle finger, and very cleverly executed one or two reel steps.

"By George! my boy," said he, with a ferocious grin on his face, "I think we will have a little frolic—a little frolic—a little frolic! You were never shut up in a house for six months with a woman like my wife, were you, Macleod? You were never reminded of your coffin every morning, were you? Macleod, my boy, I am just mad to get after those drying-machines!"

And indeed Macleod could not have had a merrier companion to go South with him than this rubicund major just escaped from the thralldom of his wife. But it was with no such high spirits that Macleod set out. Perhaps it was only the want of sleep that had rendered him nerveless and morbid; but he felt as he left Castle Dare that there was a lie in his actions, if not in his words. And as for the future that lay before him, it was a region only of doubt, and vague regrets, and unknown fears; and he was entering upon it without any glimpse of light, and without the guidance of any friendly hand.

#### HUGH LATIMER.

**P**ERHAPS no preacher has ever lived, not even excepting St. Paul, who has united in a more remarkable degree than Hugh Latimer (A.D. 1470–1555) the qualities of fearlessness and modesty, courage and gentleness, hardihood and tenderness, boldness and meekness, inflexible sincerity of conviction and tolerance rising to the pitch of magnanimity. Nor have there been any who were more uncompromising in the delivery of the message committed to them, or less respecters of persons when sin was to be exposed and wickedness rebuked. His audacity was sublime, and was without any trace of arrogance; his piety was fervent, but simple and free from extravagance; his courage was finely tempered by his humility; and his insight of the character of men and of the spirit of the times in which he

lived was marvellously acute. He rebuked the sins and neglected duties of nobles, priests, bishops, and even of the king himself, with the same impartiality that he reprobated the short-comings of the simple peasants of his humble country parish. In his eye sin made all men equal, and he attacked it wherever he found it.

Much of the courageous sincerity and earnest piety of this great man was due to his early home training. The father of this "Paladin of the Reformation," as Mr. Froude felicitously calls him, was a solid English yeoman, prosperous but frugal; saving, yet free-handed, hospitable, and generous to the poor; denying himself to save money for his son's education and his daughters' portions; ready as a patriot soldier to do battle for his country when occasion demanded; a worthy, honest, sound-hearted Englishman, who brought up his family "in godliness and the fear of the Lord." It was the training of such a father, as he afterward gratefully acknowledged, that developed Latimer's courage and fortitude, and that endowed his mind and body with that hardness and capability for endurance which were put to so severe and triumphant a test in after-life.

From his first entrance into the ministry Latimer was esteemed a pestilent fellow—they called him a "seditious fellow"—by unjust persons in authority; and to such men he was ever, indeed, highly troublesome. At this early period his preaching was so effective that it was even then said of it, "None except the stiff-necked and uncircumcised ever went away from it without being affected with high detestation of sin, and moved to all godliness and virtue." An instance is related of his early plainness of speech which is interesting as an illustration of his fearless independence, and also because it attracted the attention of Cardinal Wolsey to him, and directly led to his future advancement. He was preaching before the University of Cambridge on a certain occasion, when the Bishop of Ely came into the church, curious to hear the young preacher. The bishop's entrance caused some stir, and Latimer paused till the prelate was seated and the commotion had subsided. When he recommenced he entirely changed the subject of his sermon, and instead of pursuing his original theme, began to draw an ideal picture of what a bishop ought to be, the features of which were strikingly unlike those of his episcopal auditor, and the reverse of flattering to him. The bishop indignantly complained to Wolsey, who sent for Latimer and inquired what he had said. Latimer frankly repeated the substance of his sermon, whereupon other conversation followed, which showed Wolsey very clearly the nature of the man with whom he was speaking; and



instead of responding to the bishop's accusations by silencing the audacious preacher, he gave him a license to preach in any church in England, coupling it with the remark: "If the Bishop of Ely can not abide such doctrine as you have repeated, you shall preach it to his beard, let him say what he will."

After the fall of Wolsey and the advancement of Sir Thomas More to the height from which the cardinal had been hurled, the new chancellor, with the concurrence of the king, instituted a violent persecution of the Protestants. In the mean while Latimer had attracted the notice of Henry VIII., and by his purity of life and bold sincerity had won his favor, and had been appointed by him one of the royal chaplains. But neither the favor of the king nor fear of the minister—who would have been glad to put him to the rack—could influence this brave man to hold his peace when justice and humanity bade him speak. With respectful but frank boldness he wrote to his royal patron, pointing out to him his duty, and holding him directly accountable for the persecution that he permitted. He protested against the intolerance that was costing England many precious lives and wasting her best blood. "I pray God," he wrote, "that your Grace may take heed of the worldly wisdom which is foolishness before God; that you may do that which God commandeth, and not that which seemeth good in your own sight, without the Word of God; that your Grace may be found acceptable in His sight, and one of the members of His Church; and according to the office that He hath called your Grace unto, you may be found a faithful minister of His gifts, and not a defender of His faith; for He will not have it defended by man or man's power, but by His word only, by the which He hath evermore defended it, and that by a way far above man's power or reason. Wherefore, gracious king, remember yourself; have pity upon your soul; and think that the day is even at hand when you shall give account for your office, and of the blood that hath been shed by your sword. In which day, that your Grace may stand steadfastly, and not be ashamed, but be clear and ready in your reckoning, and have (as they say) your *quietus est* sealed with the blood of our Saviour Christ, which only serveth at that day, is my daily prayer to Him that suffered death for our sins, which also prayeth to His Father for grace for us continually; to Whom be honor and praise forever. Amen. The Spirit of God preserve your Grace!"

Though this bold protest against the cruel policy of the king was unavailing at that time, it did not lessen his esteem for the fearless preacher, but increased his admiration of Latimer's manliness, whom he soon

afterward caused to be promoted to the See of Worcester. The sermon which the new bishop preached on the occasion of his consecration was in his customary straightforward strain, and was denounced to the king by a Romish enemy as seditious. Sedition was of all sins the one most odious to Henry, and he called on Latimer with some sternness to vindicate himself. In reply Latimer neither denied nor even palliated what he had said, but justified it with a degree of intrepidity that is a perpetual example to men, when tempted by hopes of preferment to be time-servers, to speak the truth in the fear of God and regardless of man. Turning to the king with grand humility, he said, "I never thought myself worthy, and I never sued to be a preacher before your Grace; but I was called to it, and would be willing, if you mislike it, to give place to my betters, for I grant there may be a great many more worthy of the room than I. And if it be your Grace's pleasure to allow them for preachers, I could be content to bear their books after them. But if your Grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire you to give me leave to discharge my conscience, and to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt, indeed, to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your Grace." This wise answer baffled the malice of the accuser. The king's severe frowns relaxed into smiles, and Latimer was dismissed with open tokens of his favor.

One of the most intrepid sermons of this most intrepid man was preached in St. Paul's, not long after he was made Bishop of Worcester, before the Convocation, in 1536, in the presence of a vast crowd of ecclesiastics, the most of whom would have preferred to see him at the stake rather than listen to his preaching. The haughty and powerful Cromwell presided as Vicar-General, and Gardiner and Bonner were there, and Cranmer was there. Latimer's sermon was a model of plain and direct speech. His auditors being ecclesiastics and members of Convocation, he made a personal issue with them as such, stripping them of their hypocrisy and exhibiting their shortcomings and cowardice. He asked them what good thing they had done, and showed them that although mighty evils had been swept away in England during their session after session for seven years, the work was not theirs; all that they had done had been to burn a dead man's bones, and he knew, he said, they had done their best to burn the living man who was then speaking to them. "What fruit," he indignantly asked, "has come of your long and great assembly? What one thing that the people have been the better of a hair?" And then, after addressing himself to a relentless ex-



posure of the Romish corruptions in which they had revelled at the expense of religion and the cost of men's souls, he wound up his charges against them in the following burning arraignment: "Ye know the proverb, 'An evil crow, an evil egg.' The children of this world that have so evil a father, the world, so evil a grandfather, the devil, can not choose but be evil, the devil being such an one as never can be unlike himself. So of Envy, his well-beloved leman, he begat the World, and left it with Discord at nurse; which World, after it came to man's estate, had of many concubines many sons. These are our holy, holy men that say they are dead to the world, and none are more lively to the world. God is taking account of his stewards, as though He should say, 'All good men in all places accuse your avarice, your exactions, your tyranny. I commanded you that ye should feed my sheep, and ye earnestly feed yourselves from day to day, wallowing in delights and idleness. I commanded you to teach my law; you teach your own traditions and seek your own glory. I taught openly that he that should hear you should hear Me, he that should despise you should despise Me. I gave you also keys, not earthly keys, but heavenly. I left My goods that I have evermore esteemed—My Word and sacraments—to be dispensed by you. Ye have not deceived Me, but yourselves; My gifts and My benefits shall be to your greater damnation. Because ye have despised the clemency of the Master of the house, ye have deserved the severity of the Judge.' Come forth! let us see an account of your stewardship." And He will visit you. In His good time God will visit you. He will come; He will not tarry long. In the day in which we do not look for Him, and in the hour which we do not know, He will come, and will cut us in pieces, and will give us our portion with the hypocrites. He will set us, my brethren, where shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth; and here, if ye will, shall be the end of our tragedy."

One other brief extract from a sermon, preached at Paul's Cross in 1536, in which he directed his thunders against those ministers who neglected their duties as shepherds of Christ's flock, shall close our examples of the preaching of this honest and clear-sighted man. After declaring that they all—"bishops, abbots, friars, parsons, canons, and resident priests"—were "strong thieves," and after severely censuring bishops, abbots, and others of the clergy for having so many servants and indulging in such luxurious living, he bade them go "to their first foundation, and keep hospitality to feed needy people," instead of surrounding themselves with "jolly fellows, with golden chains and velvet gowns," and then

brought his denunciations to a close in a burst of magnificent irony directed against his own order: "I would ask," he exclaimed, "a strange question—Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing of his office? I can tell you, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil! Among all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money, for he applieth his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn ye of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame learn of the devil."

These brief examples will serve to display the chief characteristics of this great preacher's style—his idiomatic purity, his sledge-hammer directness, his luminous and quaintly pertinent figures, his biting irony, his sharp question thrusts which nothing can parry, and the cumulative force of his sentences, in which every word is a resounding blow. But these characteristics by no means exhaust the peculiarities which make his style entirely his own, and impossible to be mistaken for that of any other preacher. It was also often enlivened with anecdote and humor, and was marked by rapid transitions from the familiar or the sympathetic to the heights of impassioned eloquence. His most powerful invective is frequently stopped in mid-career by some playful allusion or tender reminiscence, and almost all of his sermons are interspersed with pointed iterations of simple words and phrases, as if he would indelibly print the special ideas which they conveyed upon the mind. A noteworthy instance of this occurs in one of them which he delivered at court, directed against the corruptions of the age, as follows: "Take heed, and beware of covetousness. Take heed, and beware of covetousness. And what if I should say nothing else these three or four hours but these words? Great complaints there are of it, and much crying out and much preaching, but little amendment that I can see. Covetousness is the root of all evil. Then have at the root. Out with your swords, ye preachers, and strike at the root. Stand not ticking and toying at the branches, for new branches will spring out again. But strike at the root, and fear not these great men, these men of power, these oppressors of the needy. Fear them not, but strike at the root!"

If Latimer's life was grand, his death was sublime. When the term of his warfare was accomplished, though the burden of nearly fourscore years bore heavily upon



him, he encountered his last hour with a frame erect and vigorous, and a mind clear and unimpaired. Never before did his strength and courage seem so invincible, or his fortitude and resignation so transcendent. When he was on his way to the stake he showed no sign of trepidation, or of bravado, or of insensibility—was neither overmuch exalted nor unduly depressed; and while his body was consuming in the fierce fires, his soul was triumphant in the victory of his faith and hope. Neither taunts, nor temptations, nor revilings could shake his constancy or disturb his serenity before he entered upon the supreme trial of his nature, nor could the anguish of an excruciating death extort from him a complaint or rob him of the peace that passeth understanding.

Latimer was tried, with Cranmer, Ridley, and others, in the reign of Mary, for the alleged crime of "obstinate heresy," by a commission appointed by Cardinal Pole. They all knew that their death had been determined on from the beginning, and that the commission was constituted so as to insure it. Latimer's trial took place on the 30th of September, 1555, his friends Cranmer and Ridley having been already tried; and the annalist Strype has left us the following picture of the venerable man as he appeared when he was brought before the blood-thirsty court: "I can not here omit," he writes, "old Father Latimer's habit at his appearing before the commissioners, which was also his habit while he remained a prisoner at Oxford. He held his hat in his hand; he had a kerchief on his head, and upon it a night-cap or two, and a great cap such as townsmen used, with two broad flaps to button under his chin; an old threadbare Bristow frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leathern girdle, at which hanged by a long string of leather his Testament, and his spectacles without case hanging about his neck upon his breast." "So stood," says Mr. Froude, "the greatest man, perhaps, then living in the world, a prisoner on his trial, waiting to be condemned to death by men professing to be the ministers of God." Henry was dead (says the same patient historian, though we do not adhere literally to his language), and could no longer interpose his strong arm for the man whose piety he revered, and whose honest manliness he respected. Henry's daughter, bloody-minded herself, and the still more bloody-minded Romish ecclesiastics of whom she was the instrument, were athirst for his blood. His undaunted firmness daunted them not, his humility touched them not, his patience and gentleness won them not, his venerable years shamed them not. He was doomed to die at the fagot. On their way to the stake Ridley was in the advance, but, turning round, he saw Latimer coming up behind

him, his garb as above described unaltered save that under his cloak and reaching to his feet he wore a long new shroud. "Oh! be ye there?" exclaimed Ridley. "Yea," answered Latimer; "have after as fast as I can follow." Then Ridley ran to him and embraced him, when they knelt and prayed together, afterward exchanging a few words in so low a voice that they were not overheard. After this a sermon was preached, and efforts were made to prevail on them to recant; but they firmly declined, and the brief preparations for their martyrdom were swiftly made. Ridley distributed remembrances to his friends and those who were nearest him—his gown and tippet to one, a new groat to another, to others handkerchiefs, nutmegs, his watch, and numerous trinkets. Latimer had nothing to give. He threw off his cloak, stood bolt-upright in his shroud, and the two friends took their places on either side of the stake, when a chain was passed round their bodies and fastened with a staple. The fire was then brought and applied. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried, as the flames crackled around them. "Play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum," cried Ridley. "Domine, recipe spiritum meum." On the other side of the stake, Latimer, adhering to his beloved vernacular, prayed, "O Father of Heaven! receive my soul." Latimer died first. As the flame blazed up about him he bathed his hands in it and stroked his face. The powder that was placed amid the fagots exploded, and he became instantly senseless. Thus was the candle lighted which still burns with a bright and steady light not only in England, but in every land where the English tongue has penetrated.\*

\* Wordsworth has left us a fine sonnet descriptive of the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley, a portion of which was suggested by Latimer's address to "Master Ridley," and another portion by the change which took place in Latimer's appearance at his martyrdom, as recorded by Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments*. "M. Latimer," says the martyrologist, "very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and his other array, which to look unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present as one should lightly see: and *whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, hee now stood bolt-upright, as comely a father as one might behold.*" The following is the sonnet alluded to at the commencement of this note:

"How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!  
See Latimer and Ridley in the night  
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!  
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)  
Transfigured, from this kindling bath foretold  
A torch of inextinguishable light;  
The other gains a confidence as old;  
And thus they foil their enemy's despote.  
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,  
Are glorified while this once-mitred pair  
Of saintly Friends 'the Murderer's chain partake,  
Corded and burning at the social stake.'  
Earth never witnessed object more sublime  
In constancy, in fellowship more fair."



# THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

## BOOK SECOND.

The cause that no persuasion or strategy could advance is unconsciously helped on, in a social sense, by the accident of the stranger's arrival; this event, by giving a new bias to emotions in one quarter, precipitates affairs in another with unexpected rapidity.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE TWO STAND FACE TO FACE.

THE room had been arranged with a view to the dancing, the large oak table having been moved back till it stood as a breast-work to the fire-place. At each end, behind, and in the chimney-corner were grouped the guests, many of them being warm-faced and panting, among whom Eustacia cursorily recognized some well-to-do persons from beyond the heath. Thomasin, as she had expected, was not visible, and Eustacia recollected that a light had shone from an upper window when they were outside—the window, probably, of Thomasin's room. A nose, chin, hands, knees, and toes projected from the seat within the chimney opening, which members she found to unite in the person of Grandfer Cantle, Mrs. Yeobright's occasional assistant in the garden, and therefore one of the invited. The smoke went up from an Etna of turf in front of him, played round the notches of the chimney-crook, struck against the salt-box, and got lost among the fitches.

Another part of the room soon riveted her gaze. At the other side of the chimney stood the settle, which, to the hearths of old-fashioned cavernous fire-places, is what the east belt of trees is to the exposed country estate, or the north wall to the garden. It is the necessary supplement to a fire so open that nothing less than a strong breeze will carry up the smoke. Outside the settle candles gutter, locks of hair wave, young women shiver, and old men sneeze. Inside is paradise. Not a symptom of a draught disturbs the air; the sitters' backs are as warm as their faces, and songs and old tales are drawn from the occupants by the comfortable heat, like fruit from melon plants in a frame.

It was, however, not with those who sat in the settle that Eustacia was concerned. A face showed itself with marked distinctness against the dark tanned wood of the upper part, and a soul showed itself with marked distinctness upon the face. The owner, who was leaning against the settle's outer end, was Clement Yeobright, or Clym as he was called here; she knew it could be nobody else. The spectacle constituted an area of two feet in Rembrandt's intensest manner. A strange power in the man's appearance lay in the fact that, though his whole figure was visible, the observer's eye was only aware of his face.

To one of middle age the countenance was that of a young man, though a youth might hardly have seen the necessity for the qualification of immaturity. But it was really one of those faces which convey less the idea of so many years as its age than of so much experience as its store. The number of their years may have adequately summed up Jared, Mahalaleel, and the rest of the antediluvians, but the age of a modern man must be measured by the intensity of his history.

The face was well shaped, even excellently. But the mind within was beginning to use it as a mere waste tablet whereon to trace its idiosyncrasies as they developed themselves. The beauty here visible would in no long time be ruthlessly overrun by its parasite thought, which might just as well have fed upon a plainer exterior where there was nothing it could harm. Had Heaven preserved Yeobright from a wearing habit of meditation, people would have said, "A handsome man." Had his brain unfolded under hard contours, they would have said, "A thoughtful man." But an inner strenuousness was preying upon an outer symmetry, and they rated his look as singular.

Hence people who began by beholding him ended by perusing him. His countenance was overlaid with legible meanings. Without being thought-worn he yet had certain marks derived from a perception of his environment, such as are not unfrequently found on men at the end of the four or five years of endeavor which follow the close of placid pupilage. He already showed that thought is a disease of flesh, and indirectly bore evidence that ideal physical beauty is incompatible with emotional development and wide recognitions. Mental luminousness must be fed with the oil of life, even though there is already a physical need for it; and the pitiful sight of two demands on one supply was just showing itself here.

When standing before certain men the philosopher regrets that thinkers are but ephemeral tissue, the artist that ephemeral tissue has to think. Thus to deplore, each from his point of view, the mutually destructive interdependence of spirit and flesh would have been instinctive with these in critically observing Yeobright.

As for his expression, it was a natural cheerfulness striving against depression



from without, and not quite succeeding. The look suggested isolation, but it revealed something more. As usual with bright natures, the deity that lies ignominiously chained within a perishable human carcass looked out of him like a ray.

The effect upon Eustacia was palpable. The extraordinary pitch of excitement she had reached beforehand would indeed have caused her to be influenced by the most commonplace man. She was troubled at Yeobright's presence.

The remainder of the play ended: the Saracen's head was cut off, and Saint George stood as victor. Nobody commented, any more than they would have commented on the fact of mushrooms coming in autumn or snow-drops in spring. They took the piece as phlegmatically as did the actors themselves. It was a phase of cheerfulness which was, as a matter of course, to be passed through every Christmas; and there was no more to be said.

They sang the plaintive chant which follows the play, during which all the dead men rise to their feet in a silent and awful manner, like the ghosts of Napoleon's soldiers in the *Midnight Review*. Afterward the door opened, and Fairway appeared on the threshold, accompanied by Christian and another. They had been waiting outside for the conclusion of the play, as the players had waited for the conclusion of the dance.

"Come in, come in," said Mrs. Yeobright; and Clym went forward to welcome them. "How is it you are so late? Grandfer Cantle has been here ever so long, and we thought you'd have come with him, as you live so near one another."

"Well, I should have come earlier," Mr. Fairway said, and paused to look along the beam of the ceiling for a nail to hang his hat on; but finding his accustomed one to be occupied by the mistletoe, and all the nails in the walls to be burdened with bunches of holly, he at last relieved himself of the hat by ticklishly balancing it between the candle-box and the head of the clock-case. "I should have come earlier, ma'am," he resumed, with a more composed air, "but I know what parties be, and how there's none too much room in folks' houses at such times, so I thought I wouldn't come till you'd got settled a bit."

"And I thought so too, Mrs. Yeobright," said Christian, earnestly; "but father there was so eager that he had no manners at all, and left home almost afore 'twas dark. I told him 'twas barely decent to come so over-soon; but words be wind."

"Klk! I wasn't going to bide waiting about till half the game was over. I'm as light as a kite when any thing's going on!" crowed Grandfer Cantle from the chimney-seat.

Fairway had meanwhile concluded a critical gaze at Yeobright. "Now you may not believe it," he said to the rest of the room, "but I should never have knowed this gentleman if I had met him any where off his own heth; he's altered so much."

"You too have altered, and for the better, I think, Timothy," said Yeobright, surveying the firm figure of Fairway.

"Master Yeobright, look me over too. I have altered for the better, haven't I, hey?" said Grandfer Cantle, rising and placing himself something above half an inch from Clym's eye, to induce the most searching criticism.

"To be sure we will," said Fairway, taking the candle and moving it over the surface of the Grandfer's countenance, the subject of his scrutiny irradiating himself with light and pleasant smiles, and giving himself quick jerks of juvenility.

"You haven't changed much," said Yeobright.

"If there's any difference, Grandfer is younger," appended Fairway, decisively.

"And yet not my own doing, and I feel no pride in it," said the pleased ancient. "But I can't be cured of my vagaries; them I plead guilty to. Yes, Master Cantle always was that, as we know. But I am nothing by the side of you, Mister Clym."

"Nor any o' us," said Humphrey, in a low rich tone of admiration, not intended to reach any body's ears.

"Really there would have been nobody here who could have stood as decent second to him, or even third, if I hadn't been a soldier in the Bang-up Locals, as we was called," said Grandfer Cantle. "And even as 'tis we all look a little scammish beside him. But in the year five 'twas said there wasn't a finer figure in the whole South Wessex than I, as I looked when dashing past the shop winders with the rest of our company on the day we ran out o' Budmouth because it was thoughted that Boney had landed round the point. There was I, upright as a young poplar, wi' my firelock, and my bagnet, and my stock sawing my jaws off, and my accoutrements sheening like the seven stars. Yes, neighbors, I was a pretty sight in my soldiering days. You ought to have seen me in five."

"'Tis his mother's side where Master Clym's figure comes from, bless ye," said Timothy. "I knowed her brothers well. Longer coffins were never made in the whole county of Wessex, and 'tis said that poor George's knees were crumpled up a little e'en as 'twas."

"Coffins, where?" inquired Christian, drawing nearer. "Have the ghost of one appeared to any body, Master Fairway?"

"No, no. Don't let your mind so mislead your ears, Christian; and be a man," said Timothy, reproachfully.



"I will," said Christian. "But now I think o't, my shadow last night seemed just the shape of a coffin. What is it a sign of when your shade's like a coffin, neighbors? It can't be nothing to be afeard of, I suppose?"

"Afeard, no!" said the Grandfer. "Faith, I was never afeard of nothing except Boney, or I shouldn't ha' been the soldier I was. Yes, you ought to have seen me in five!"

By this time the mummers were preparing to leave; but Mrs. Yeobright stopped them by asking them to sit down and have a little supper. To this invitation Father Christmas, in the name of them all, readily agreed.

Eustacia was happy in the opportunity of staying a little longer. The cold and frosty night without was doubly frigid to her. But the lingering was not without its difficulties. Mrs. Yeobright, for want of room in the larger apartment, placed a bench for the mummers immediately inside the pantry door, which opened from the sitting-room. Here they seated themselves in a row, the door being left open: thus they were still virtually in the same apartment. Mrs. Yeobright now murmured a few words to her son, who crossed the room to the pantry, striking his head against the mistletoe as he passed, and brought the mummers beef and bread, cake, pasty, mead, and elder wine, the waiting being done by him and his mother that the little maid-servant might sit as guest. The mummers doffed their helmets, and began to eat and drink.

"But you will surely have some?" said Clym to the Turkish Knight, as he stood before that warrior, tray in hand. She had refused, and still sat covered, only the sparkle of her eyes being visible between the ribbons which covered her face.

"None, thank you," replied Eustacia.

"He's quite a youngster," said the Saracen, apologetically, "and you must excuse him. He's not one of the old set, but have jined us because t'other couldn't come."

"But he will take something?" persisted Yeobright. "Try a glass of mead or elder wine."

"Yes, you had better try that," said the Saracen. "It will keep the cold out going home-along."

Though Eustacia could not eat without uncovering her face, she could drink easily enough beneath her disguise. The elder wine was accordingly accepted, and the glass vanished inside the ribbons.

At moments during this performance Eustacia was half in doubt about the security of her position; yet it had a fearful joy. A series of attentions paid to her, and yet not to her, but to some imaginary person, by the first man she had ever been inclined to adore, complicated her emotions indescribably.

She had undoubtedly begun to love him. She loved him partly because he was exceptional in this scene, partly because she had from the first instinctively determined to love him, chiefly because she was in desperate need of loving somebody. Believing that she must love him in spite of herself, she had been influenced after the fashion of the second Lord Lyttleton and other persons, who have dreamed that they were to die on a certain day, and by stress of a morbid imagination have actually brought about that event. Once let a maiden admit the possibility of her being stricken with love for some one at some hour and place, and the thing is as good as done.

Did any thing at this moment suggest to Yeobright the sex of the creature that fantastic guise inclosed, how extended was her scope, both in feeling and in making others feel, and how far her compass transcended that of her companions in the band? When the disguised Queen of Love appeared before Æneas, a preternatural perfume accompanied her presence and betrayed her quality. If such a mysterious emanation ever was projected by the emotions of an earthly woman upon their object, it must have signified Eustacia's presence to Yeobright now.

He looked at her wistfully, then seemed to fall into reverie, as if he were forgetting what he observed. The momentary situation ended, he passed on, and Eustacia sipped her wine without knowing what she drank. The figure of the man for whom she had predetermined to nourish a passion went into the small room, and across it to the further extremity.

The mummers, as has been stated, were seated on a bench, one end of which extended into the small apartment or pantry, for want of space in the outer room. Eustacia, partly from shyness, had chosen the innermost seat, which thus commanded a view of the interior of the pantry as well as the room containing the guests. When Clym passed down the pantry her eyes followed him in the gloom which prevailed there. At the remote end was a door which, just as he was about to open it for himself, was opened by somebody within; and light streamed forth.

The person was Thomasin with a candle, looking anxious, pale, and interesting. Yeobright appeared glad to see her, and pressed her hand. "That's right, Tamsie," he said, heartily, as though recalled to himself by the sight of her. "You have decided to come down. I am glad of it."

"Hush!—no, no," she said, quickly. "I only came to speak to you."

"But why not join us?"

"I can not. At least I would rather not. I am not well enough, and we shall have plenty of time together now you are going to be home a good long holiday."



"It isn't nearly so pleasant without you. Are you really ill?"

"Just a little, my old cousin—here," she said, playfully sweeping her hand across her heart.

"Ah! mother should have asked somebody else to be present to-night, perhaps?"

"Oh no, indeed! I merely stepped down, Clym, to ask you—" Here he followed her through the doorway into the private room beyond, and, the door closing, Eustacia and the mummer who sat next to her, the only other witness of the performance, saw and heard no more.

How the heat flew to Eustacia's head and cheeks then! She instantly guessed that Clym, having only been home these two or three days, had not as yet been made acquainted with Thomasin's painful situation, and seeing her living there just as she had been living before he left home, he naturally suspected nothing more about her than a possible love affair. Having, with his mother, been opposed originally to Wildeve's courtship of Thomasin, he was clearly at present ignorant that Mrs. Yeobright had latterly assented to their union, and to its being privately performed away from home because of the sensation previously excited by her forbidding the banns. Eustacia felt a wild jealousy of Thomasin on the instant. Though Thomasin might possibly have tender sentiments toward another man as yet, how long could they be expected to last when she was shut up here with this interesting and travelled cousin of hers? There was no knowing what affection might not soon break out between these two, so constantly in each other's society, and not a distracting object near. Clym's boyish love for her might have languished, but it might easily be revived again.

Eustacia was nettled by her own contrivances. What a sheer waste of herself to be dressed thus while another was shining to advantage! Had she known the full effect of the rencounter she would have moved heaven and earth to get here in a natural manner. The power of her face all lost, the charm of her motions all disguised, the fascinations of her coquetry denied existence, nothing but a voice left to her: she had a sense of the doom of Echo.

"Nobody here respects me," she said. She had overlooked the fact that, in coming as a boy among other boys, she would be treated as a boy. The slight, though of her own causing, and self-explanatory, she was unable to dismiss as unwittingly shown, so sensitive had the situation made her.

Women have done much for themselves in histrionic attire. To look far below those who, like a certain fair personator of Polly Peachum early in the last century, and another of Lydia Languish early in this, have won not only love but ducal coronets into

the bargain, whole shoals of them have reached to the initial satisfaction of getting love almost whence they would. But the Turkish Knight was for the nonce denied even the chance of achieving this by the fluttering ribbons which she dared not brush aside.

To court their own discomfiture by love is a common instinct with certain perfervid women, whose temerity in this respect resembles that of the daring aristocrats who, previous to the French Revolution, patronized and coquetted with the philosophy which afterward proved their ruin.

Yeobright returned to the room without his cousin. When within two or three feet of Eustacia he stopped, as if again arrested by a thought. He was gazing at her. She looked another way, disconcerted, and wondered how long this purgatory was to last. After lingering a few seconds he passed on again.

Conflicting sensations of love, fear, and shame reduced Eustacia to a state of the utmost uneasiness. To escape was her great and immediate desire. The other mummers appeared to be in no hurry to leave; and murmuring to the lad who sat next to her that she preferred waiting for them outside the house, she moved to the door as imperceptibly as possible, opened it, and slipped out.

The calm lone scene re-assured her. She went forward to the palings and leaned over them, looking at the moon. She had stood thus but a little time when the door again opened. Expecting to see the remainder of the band, Eustacia turned; but no—Clym Yeobright came out as softly as she had done, and closed the door behind him.

He advanced and stood beside her. "I have an odd opinion," he said, "and should like to ask you a question. Are you a woman, or am I wrong?"

"I am a woman."

His eyes lingered on her with great interest. "Do girls often play as mummers now? They never used to."

"They don't now."

"Why did you?"

"To get excitement and shake off depression," she said, in low tones.

"What depressed you?"

"Life."

"That's a cause of depression a good many have to put up with."

"Yes."

A long silence. "And do you find excitement?" asked Clym, at last.

"At this moment, perhaps."

"Then you are vexed at being discovered?"

"Yes; though I thought I might be."

"I would gladly have asked you to our party had I known you wished to come. Have I ever been acquainted with you in my youth?"



"Never."

"Won't you come in again, and stay as long as you like?"

"No. I wish not to be further recognized."

"Well, you are safe with me." After remaining in thought a minute, he added, gently, "I will not intrude upon you longer. It is a strange way of meeting, and I will not ask why I find a cultivated woman playing such a prank as this."

She did not volunteer the reason which he seemed to hope for, and he wished her good-by, going thence round to the back of the house, where he walked up and down by himself for some time before re-entering.

Eustacia, warmed with an inner fire, could not wait for her companions after this. She flung back the ribbons from her face, opened the gate, and at once struck into the heath. She did not hasten along. Her grandfather was in bed at this hour, for she so frequently walked upon the hills on moonlight nights that he took no notice of her comings and goings, and, enjoying himself in his own way, left her to do likewise. A more important subject than that of getting in-doors now engrossed her. Yeobright, if he had the least curiosity, would infallibly discover her personality. What then? She first felt a sort of exultation at the way in which the adventure had terminated, even though at moments between her exultations she was abashed and blushful. Then this consideration recurred to chill her: What was the use of her exploit? She was at present a total stranger to the Yeobright family. The unreasonable nimbus of romance with which she had encircled that man might be her misery. How could she allow herself to become so infatuated with a stranger! And to fill the cup of her sorrow there was Thomasin, living day after day in inflammable proximity to him, who, as she had just heard, was going to stay at home some considerable time.

She reached the wicket at Mistover Knap, but before opening it she turned and faced the heath once more. The form of Blackbarrow stood above the hills, and the moon stood above Blackbarrow. The air was charged with silence and frost. The scene reminded Eustacia of a circumstance which till that moment she had totally forgotten. She had promised to meet Wildeve by the barrow this very night at eight, to give a final answer to his pleading for an elopement.

She herself had fixed the evening and the hour. He had probably come to the spot, waited there in the cold, and been greatly disappointed.

"Well, so much the better; it did not hurt him," she said, serenely.

Wildeve had at present the rayless outline of the sun through smoked glass, and

she could say such things as that with the greatest facility.

She remained deeply pondering; and Thomasin's winning manner toward her cousin arose again upon Eustacia's mind.

"O that she had been married to Damon before this!" she said. "And she would if it hadn't been for me. If I had only known!—if I had only known!"

Eustacia once more lifted her deep stormy eyes to the moonlight, and sighing that tragic sigh of hers which was so much like a shudder, entered the shadow of the roof. She threw off her trappings in the out-house, rolled them up, and went in-doors to her chamber.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A COALITION BETWEEN BEAUTY AND ODDNESS.

THE old captain's prevailing indifference to his granddaughter's movements left her free as a bird to follow her own courses; but it so happened that he did take upon himself the next morning to ask her why she had walked out so late.

"Only in search of events, grandfather," she said, looking out of the window with that drowsy latency of manner which discovered so much force behind it whenever the trigger was pressed.

"Search of events! One would think you were one of the bucks I knew at one-and-twenty."

"It is so lonely here."

"So much the better. If I were living in a town, my whole time would be taken up in looking after you. I fully expected you would have been home when I returned from the 'Quiet Woman.'"

"I won't conceal what I did. I wanted an adventure, and I went with the mummers. I played the part of the Turkish Knight."

"No, never? Ha! ha! Good gad! I didn't expect it of you, Eustacia."

"It was my first performance—and it certainly will be my last. Now I have told you—and remember it is a secret."

"Of course. But, Eustacia, you never did—ha! ha! Dammy how 'twould have pleased me forty years ago! But remember, no more of that, my girl. You may walk on the heath night or day as you choose, so that you don't bother me; but none of that again."

"You need have no fear for me, grandpapa."

Here the conversation ceased, Eustacia's moral training never exceeding in severity a dialogue of this sort, which, if it ever became profitable to good works, would be a result not dear at the price. But her thoughts strayed far from her own person-



ality after this; and full of a passionate and indescribable solicitude for one to whom she herself was not even a name, she went forth into the amplitude of tanned wild around her, restless as Ahasuerus the Jew. She was about half a mile from her residence when she beheld a sinister redness arising from a ravine a little way in advance—dull and lurid like a flame in sunlight. It was no Moloch, nor was it Mephistopheles; it was Diggory Venn.

When the farmers who had wished to buy in a new stock of reddle during the last month had inquired where Venn was to be found, people replied, "On Egdon Heath." Day after day the answer was the same. Now since Egdon was populated with heath-croppers and furze-cutters rather than with sheep and shepherds, and the downs where most of the latter were to be found lay some to the north, some to the west, of Egdon, his reason for camping about there like Israel in Zin was not apparent. The position was central and occasionally desirable. But the sale of reddle was not Diggory's primary object in remaining on the heath, particularly to so late a period of the year, when most travellers of his class had gone into winter-quarters.

Eustacia looked at his strange person. Could it be possible that Thomasin was going to marry a person of that stamp? His figure was perfect, his face young and well-outlined, his eye bright; but could it be possible! Wildeve had told her at their last meeting that the reddleman had been thrust into his face by Mrs. Yeobright as one ready and anxious to take his place; but it was absurd to think that Thomasin would accept him while she had a cousin like Yeobright at her elbow, and Wildeve at the same time not absolutely indifferent. Eustacia was not long in guessing that poor Mrs. Yeobright, in her anxiety for her niece's future, had mentioned this lover to stimulate the zeal of the other. Eustacia was on the side of the Yeobrights now, and entered into the spirit of the aunt's desire.

"Good-morning, miss," said the reddleman, taking off his cap of hare-skin, and apparently bearing her no ill-will from recollection of their last meeting.

"Good-morning, reddleman," she said, hardly troubling to lift her heavily shaded eyes to his. "I did not know you were so near. Is your van here too?"

The reddleman moved his elbow toward a hollow in which a dense brake of purple-stemmed brambles had grown to such vast dimensions as almost to form a dell. Brambles, though churlish when handled, are kindly shelter in early winter, being the latest of the deciduous bushes to lose their leaves. The roof and chimney of Venn's cart showed behind the tracery and tangles of the brake.

"You remain near this part?" she asked, with more interest.

"Yes; I have business here."

"Not altogether the selling of reddle?"

"It has nothing to do with that."

"It has to do with Miss Yeobright?"

Her face seemed to ask for an armed peace, and he therefore said, frankly, "Yes, miss; it is on account of her."

"On account of your approaching marriage with her?"

Venn flushed through his stain. "Don't make sport of me, miss," he said.

"It isn't true?"

"Certainly not."

She was now convinced that the reddleman was a mere *pis aller* in Mrs. Yeobright's mind; one, moreover, who had not even been informed of his promotion to that lowly standing. "It was a mere notion of mine," she said, quietly; and was about to pass by without further speech, when, looking round to the right, she saw a painfully well-known figure serpentine upward by one of the little paths which led to the top where she stood. Owing to the necessary windings of his course his back was at present toward them. She glanced quickly round: to escape that man there was only one way. Turning to Venn, she said, "Would you allow me to rest a few minutes in your van? The banks are damp for sitting on."

"Certainly, miss; I'll make a place for you."

She followed him behind the dell of brambles to his wheeled dwelling, into which Venn mounted, placing the three-legged stool just within the door.

"That, miss, is the best I can do for you," he said, stepping down and retiring to the path, where he resumed the smoking of his pipe as he walked up and down.

Eustacia bounded into the vehicle and sat on the stool, ensconced from view on the side toward the track-way. Soon she heard the brushing of other feet than the reddleman's, a not very friendly Good-day uttered by two men in passing each other, and then the dwindling of the footfall of one of them in a direction onward. Eustacia stretched her neck forward till she caught a glimpse of a receding back and shoulders; and she felt a wretched twinge of misery, she knew not why. It was the sickening feeling which, if the changed heart has any generosity at all in its composition, always accompanies the sudden sight of a once-loved one who is beloved no more.

When Eustacia descended to proceed on her way, the reddleman came near. "It was Mr. Wildeve who passed, miss," he said, dubiously, and expressed by his face that he expected her to feel vexed at having been sitting unseen.

"Yes, I saw him coming up the hill," replied Eustacia. "Why should you tell me



that?" It was a bold question, considering the reddleman's knowledge of her past love; but her undemonstrative manner had power to repress the opinions of those she deemed her inferiors.

"I am glad to hear that you can ask it, miss," said the reddleman, bluntly. "And, now I think of it, it agrees with what I saw last night."

"Ah! what was that?" Eustacia wished to leave him, but wished to know.

"Mr. Wildeve staid at Blackbarrow a long time waiting for a lady who didn't come."

"You waited too, it seems."

"Yes; I always do. I was glad to see him disappointed. He will be there again to-night."

"To be again disappointed. The truth is, reddleman, that that lady, so far from wishing to stand in the way of Thomasin's marriage with Mr. Wildeve, would be very glad to promote it."

Venn felt much astonishment at this avowal, though he did not show it clearly; that exhibition may greet remarks which are one remove from expectation, but it is usually withheld in complicated cases of two removes and upward. "Indeed, miss," he replied.

"How do you know that Mr. Wildeve will come to Blackbarrow again to-night?" she asked.

"I heard him say to himself that he would. He's in a regular temper."

Eustacia looked for a moment what she felt, and she murmured, lifting her deep dark eyes anxiously to his: "I wish I knew what to do. I don't want to be uncivil to him, but I don't wish to see him again; and I have some few little things to return to him."

"If you choose to send 'em by me, miss, and a note to tell him that you wish to say no more to him, I'll take it for you quite privately. That would be the most straightforward way of letting him know your mind."

"Very well," said Eustacia. "Come toward my house and I will bring it out to you."

She went on, and as the path was an infinitely small parting in the shaggy lock of the heath, the reddleman followed exactly in her trail. She saw from a distance that the captain was on the bank sweeping the horizon with his telescope, and bidding Venn to wait where he stood, she entered the house alone.

In ten minutes she returned with a parcel and a note, and said, in placing them in his hand, "Why are you so ready to take this for me?"

"Can you ask that?"

"I suppose you think to serve Thomasin in some way by it. Are you as anxious as ever to help on her marriage?"

Venn was a little moved. "I would sooner have married her myself," he said, in a low voice. "But what I feel is that if she can not be happy without him I will do my duty in helping her to get him, as a man ought."

Eustacia looked curiously at the singular man who spoke thus. What a strange sort of love, to be entirely free from that quality of selfishness which is frequently the chief constituent of the passion, and sometimes its only one! The reddleman's disinterestedness was so well deserving of respect that it overshot respect by being barely comprehended; and she almost thought it absurd.

"Then we are both of one mind at last?" she said.

"Yes," replied Venn, gloomily. "But if you would tell me, miss, why you take such an interest in her, I should be easier. It is so sudden and strange."

Eustacia appeared at a loss. "I can not tell you that, reddleman," she said, coldly.

Venn said no more. He pocketed the letter, and bowing to Eustacia, went away.

Blackbarrow had again become blended with night when Wildeve ascended the long acclivity at its base. On his reaching the top a shape grew up from the earth immediately behind him. It was that of Eustacia's emissary. He slapped Wildeve on the shoulder. The feverish young innkeeper and ex-engineer started like Satan at the touch of Ithuriel's spear.

"The meeting is always at eight o'clock, at this place," said Venn, "and here we are—we three."

"We three?" said Wildeve, looking quickly round.

"Yes: you, and I, and she. This is she." He held up the letter and parcel.

Wildeve took them wonderingly. "I don't quite see what this means," he said. "How do you come here? There must be some mistake."

"It will be cleared from your mind when you have read the letter. Lanterns for one!" The reddleman struck a light, kindled an inch of tallow candle which he had brought, and sheltered it with his cap.

"Who are you?" said Wildeve, discerning by the candle-light an obscure rubicundity of person in his companion. "You are the reddleman I saw on the hill this morning; why, you are the man who—"

"Please read the letter."

"If you had come from the other one I shouldn't have been surprised," murmured Wildeve as he opened the letter and read. His face grew serious.

"TO MR. WILDEVE,—After some thought I have decided once and for all that we must hold no further communication. The more I consider the matter, the more I am con-



vinced that there must be an end to our acquaintance. Had you been uniformly faithful to me throughout these two years, you might now have some ground for accusing me of heartlessness; but if you calmly consider what I bore during the period of your desertion, and how I passively put up with your courtship of another without once interfering, you will, I think, own that I have a right to consult my own feelings when you come back to me again. That these are not what they were toward you may, perhaps, be a fault in me, but it is one which you can scarcely reproach me for when you remember how you left me for Thomasin.

"The little articles you gave me in the early part of our friendship are returned by the bearer of this letter. They should rightly have been sent back when I first heard of your engagement to her. EUSTACIA."

By the time that Wildeve reached her name the blankness with which he had read the first half of the letter intensified to mortification. "I am made a great fool of, one way and another," he said, pettishly. "Do you know what is in this letter?"

The reddleman hummed a tune.

"Can't you answer me?" asked Wildeve, warmly.

"Ru-um-tum-tum," sang the reddleman.

Wildeve stood looking on the ground beside Venn's feet, till he allowed his eyes to travel upward over Diggory's form, as illuminated by the candle, to his head and face. "Ha! ha! Well, I suppose I deserve it, considering how I have played with them both," he said at last, as much to himself as to Venn. "But of all the odd things that ever I knew, the oddest is that you should so run counter to your own interests as to bring this to me."

"My interests?"

"Certainly. 'Twas your interest not to do any thing which would send me courting Thomasin again, now she has accepted you—or something like it. Mrs. Yeobright says you are likely to marry her. 'Tisn't true, then?"

"Good Lord! I heard of this before, but didn't believe it. When did she say so?"

Wildeve began humming as the reddleman had done.

"I don't believe it now," cried Venn.

"Ru-um-tum-tum," sang Wildeve.

"O Lord—how we can imitate!" said Venn, contemptuously. "Well, I'll have this out. I'll go straight to her!"

Diggory withdrew with an emphatic step, Wildeve's eye passing over his form in withering derision, as if he were no more than a heath-cropper. When the reddleman's figure could no longer be seen, Wildeve himself descended and plunged into the rayless hollow of the vale. Then he allowed his feelings vent.

"Humbled like this!" he said to himself. "She has played that trick once too often. Between the two I am coming to the ground, am I? But we'll see. Little does she think that I mean to take her at her word!" He tore into fifty pieces the letter that he carried in his hand.

Wildeve was put upon his mettle by the situation. To lose the two women—he who had been the well-beloved of both—was too ironical an issue to be endured. He could only decently save himself by Thomasin: and once he became her husband, Eustacia's repentance would set in for a long and bitter term. It was no wonder that Wildeve, ignorant of the new man at the back of the scene, should have supposed Eustacia to be playing a part. To believe that the letter was not the result of some momentary pique, to infer that she really gave him up to Thomasin, would have required previous knowledge of her transfiguration by that man's influence. Who was to know that she had grown generous in the greediness of a new passion; that in coveting one cousin she was dealing liberally with another; that in her eagerness to appropriate she gave away?

Full of his resolve to marry in haste, and wring the heart of the proud girl, Wildeve went his way.

Meanwhile Diggory Venn had returned to his van, where he stood looking thoughtfully into the stove. A new vista was opened up to him. But however promising Mrs. Yeobright's views of him might be as a candidate for her niece's hand, one condition was indispensable to the favor of Thomasin herself, and that was a renunciation of his present wild mode of life. In this he saw little difficulty. He had already deposited a goodly sum of money in the nearest bank, and three months would suffice to start him in the channel from which he had been turned solely by the crushing of his hope as a lover. The vocation of a dairyman was what he had in his view; and thus established in the meadows beyond the heath, Venn thought that he could offer her a suitable home.

He could not afford to wait till the next day before seeing Thomasin and detailing his plan. He speedily plunged himself into toilet operations, pulled a suit of cloth clothes from a box, and in about twenty minutes stood before the van lantern as a reddleman in nothing but his face, the vermilion shades of which were not to be removed in a day. Closing the door and fastening it with a padlock, Venn set off toward Blooms End.

He had reached the white palings and laid his hand upon the gate, when the door of the house opened and quickly closed again. A female form had glided in. At the same time a man, who had seemingly



been standing with the female in the porch, came forward from the house till he was face to face with Venn. It was Wildeve again.

"Man alive, you've been quick at it," said Diggory, sarcastically.

"And you slow, as you will find," said Wildeve. "And," lowering his voice, "you may as well go back again now. I've claimed her, and got her. Ha! ha! Good-night, reddleman." Thereupon Wildeve walked away.

Venn's heart sank within him, though it had not risen unduly high. He stood leaning over the palings in an indecisive mood for nearly a quarter of an hour. Then he went up the garden path, knocked, and asked for Mrs. Yeobright.

Instead of requesting him to enter she came to the porch. There a discourse was carried on between them in low, measured tones for the space of ten minutes or more. At the end of the time Mrs. Yeobright went in, and Venn sadly retraced his steps into the heath. When he had again regained his van he lit the lantern, and with an apathetic face at once began to pull off his best clothes, till in the course of a few minutes he re-appeared as the confirmed and irretrievable reddleman that he had seemed before.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FIRMNESS IS DISCOVERED IN A GENTLE HEART.

ON that evening the interior of Blooms End, though cozy and comfortable, had been rather silent. Clym Yeobright was not at home. Since the Christmas party he had gone on a few days' visit to a friend about ten miles off.

The shadowy form seen by Venn to part from Wildeve in the porch, and quickly withdraw into the house, was Thomasin's. On entering she threw down a cloak which had been carelessly wrapped round her, and came forward to the light, where Mrs. Yeobright sat at her work-table, drawn up within the settle, so that part of it projected into the chimney-corner.

"I don't like your going out after dark alone, Tamsin," said her aunt, quietly, without looking up from her work.

"I have only just been outside the door."

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Yeobright, struck by a change in the tone of Thomasin's voice, and observing her. Thomasin's cheek was flushed to a pitch far beyond that which it had reached before her troubles, and her eyes glittered.

"It was *he* who knocked," she said.

"I thought as much."

"He wishes the marriage to be at once."

"Indeed! What, is he anxious?" Mrs.

Yeobright directed a searching look upon her niece. "Why did not Mr. Wildeve come in?"

"He did not wish to. You are not friends with him, he says. He would like the wedding to be the day after to-morrow, quite privately; at the church of his parish, not at ours."

"Oh! And what did you say?"

"I agreed to it," Thomasin answered, firmly. "I am a practical woman now. I don't believe in hearts at all. I would marry him under any circumstances since—since Clym's letter."

A letter was lying on Mrs. Yeobright's work-basket, and at Thomasin's words her aunt re-opened it, and silently read for the tenth time that day:

"What is the meaning of this silly story that people are circulating about Thomasin and Mr. Wildeve? I should call it humiliating if there was the least chance of its being true. How could such a gross falsehood have arisen? It is said that one should go abroad to hear news of home, and I appear to have done it. Of course I contradict the tale every where; but it is very vexing, and I wonder how it could have originated. It is too ridiculous that such a girl as Thomasin could so mortify us as to get jilted on the wedding day. What has she done?"

"Yes," Mrs. Yeobright said, sadly, putting down the letter. "If you think you can marry him, do so. And since Mr. Wildeve wishes it to be unceremonious, let it be that too. I can do nothing. It is all in your own hands now. My power over your welfare came to an end when you left this house to go with him to Budmouth." She continued, half in bitterness: "I may almost ask, why do you consult me in the matter at all? If you had gone and married him without saying a word to me, I could hardly have been angry—simply because, poor girl, you can not do a better thing."

"Don't say that and dishearten me."

"You are right: I will not."

"I do not plead for him, aunt. Human nature is weak, and I am not a blind woman to insist that he is perfect. I did think so, but I don't now. But I know my course, and you know that I know it. I hope for the best."

"And so do I, and we will both continue to," said Mrs. Yeobright, rising and kissing her. "Then the wedding, if it comes off, will be on the morning of the very day that Clym comes home?"

"Yes. I decided that it ought to be over before he came. After that you can look him in the face, and so can I. Our concealments will matter nothing."

Mrs. Yeobright moved her head in thoughtful assent, and presently said, "Do you wish me to give you away? I am willing to un-



dertake that, you know, if you wish, as I was last time. After once forbidding the banns, I think I can do no less."

"I don't think I will ask you to come," said Thomasin, reluctantly, but with decision. "It would be unpleasant, I am almost sure. Better let there be only strangers present, and none of my relations at all. I would rather have it so. I do not wish to do any thing which may touch your credit, and I feel that I should be uncomfortable if you were there, after what has passed. I am only your niece, and there is no necessity why you should concern yourself more about me."

"Well, he has beaten us," her aunt said. "It really seems as if he had been playing with you in this way in revenge for my humbling him as I did by standing up against him at first."

"Oh no, aunt," murmured Thomasin.

They said no more on the subject then.

Diggory Venn's knock came soon after; and Mrs. Yeobright, on returning from her interview with him in the porch, carelessly observed, "Another lover has come to ask for you."

"No?"

"Yes; that young man Venn."

"Asks to pay his addresses to me?"

"Yes; and I told him he was too late."

Thomasin looked silently into the candle flame. "Poor Diggory!" she said; and then aroused herself to other things.

The next day was passed in mere mechanical deeds of preparation, both the women being anxious to immerse themselves in these to escape the emotional aspect of the situation. Some wearing apparel and other articles were collected anew for Thomasin, remarks on domestic details were made, and her position as Wildeve's wife, when touched upon at all, was alluded to rather by implication than directly.

The appointed morning came. The arrangement with Wildeve was that he should meet her at the church, to guard against any unpleasant curiosity which might have affected them had they been seen walking off together in the usual country way.

Aunt and niece stood together in the bedroom where the bride was dressing. The sun, where it could catch it, made a mirror of Thomasin's hair, which she always wore braided. It was braided according to a calendric system; the more important the day, the more numerous the strands in the braid. On ordinary working days she braided it in threes; on ordinary Sundays in fours; at May-polings, gypsyings, and the like, she braided it in fives. Years ago she had said that when she married she would braid it in sevens. It was braided in sevens to-day.

"I have been thinking that I will wear my blue silk, after all," she said. "It is my wedding day, even though there may be

something sad about the time. I mean," she added, anxious to correct any wrong impression, "not sad in itself, but in its having had great disappointment and trouble before it."

Mrs. Yeobright breathed in a way which might have been called a sigh, had she not resolutely determined that it should sound somewhat otherwise. "I almost wish Clym had been at home," she said. "Of course you chose the time because of his absence."

"Partly. I have felt that I acted unfairly to him in not telling him all; but as it was done not to grieve him, I thought I would carry out the plan to its end, and tell the whole story when the sky was clear."

"You are a practical little woman," said Mrs. Yeobright, smiling. "I wish you and he—no, I don't wish any thing. There! it is nine o'clock," she interrupted, hearing a whizz and a dinging down stairs.

"I told Damon I would leave at nine," said Thomasin, hastening out of the room.

Her aunt followed. When Thomasin was going down the little walk from the door to the wicket gate, Mrs. Yeobright looked reluctantly at her and said, "It is a shame to let you go alone."

"It is necessary," said Thomasin.

"At any rate," added her aunt, with forced cheerfulness, "I shall call upon you this afternoon, and bring the cake with me. If Clym has returned by that time, he will perhaps come too. I wish to show Mr. Wildeve that I bear him no ill-will. Let the past be forgotten. Well, God bless you! There! I don't believe in old superstitions, but I'll do it." She threw a slipper at the retreating figure of the girl, who turned, smiled, and went on again.

A few steps further, and she looked back. "Did you call me, aunt?" she tremulously inquired. "Good-by."

Moved by an uncontrollable feeling as she looked upon Mrs. Yeobright's worn, wet face, she ran back, when her aunt came forward, and they met again. "Oh, Tamsie," said the elder, weeping, "I don't like to let you go!"

"I—I am—" Thomasin began, giving way likewise. But, quelling her grief, she said "Good-by" again, and went on.

And then Mrs. Yeobright saw a little figure wending its way between the scratching furze bushes, and diminishing far up the valley—a pale blue spot in a vast field of neutral brown—solitary and undefended except by the power of her own hope.

But the worst feature in the case was one which did not appear in the landscape; it was the man.

The hour chosen for the ceremony by Thomasin and Wildeve had been so timed as to enable her to escape the awkwardness of meeting her cousin Clym, who was returning the same morning. To own to the partial truth of what he had heard in his



absence would be distressing as long as the humiliating position resulting to herself and her aunt from the event was unimproved. It was only after a second and successful journey to the altar that she could lift up her head and prove the failure of the first attempt a pure accident.

She had not been gone from Blooms End more than half an hour when Yeobright came up the road from the other direction and entered the house.

"I had an early breakfast," he said to his mother, after greeting her. "Now I could eat a little more."

They sat down to the repeated meal, and he went on, in a low, anxious voice, apparently imagining that Thomasin had not yet come down stairs.

"What's this I have heard about Thomasin and Mr. Wildeve?"

"It is true in many points," said Mrs. Yeobright, quietly; "but it is all right now, I hope." She looked at the clock.

"True?"

"Thomasin is gone to him to-day."

Clym pushed away his breakfast. "Then there is a scandal of some sort, and that's what was the matter with Thomasin. Was it this that made her ill?"

"Yes. Not a scandal: a misfortune. I will tell you all about it, Clym. You must not be angry, but you must listen, and you'll find that what we have done has been done for the best."

She then told him the circumstances. All that he had known of the affair before he returned from Paris was that there had existed an attachment between Thomasin and Wildeve, which his mother had at first discountenanced, but had since, owing to the arguments of Thomasin, looked upon in a little more favorable light. When she therefore proceeded to explain all, he was greatly surprised and troubled.

"And she determined that the wedding should be over before you came home," said Mrs. Yeobright, "that there might be no chance of her meeting you after you had heard the news, and so having a very painful time of it. That's why she has gone to him; they have arranged to be married this morning."

"But I can't understand it," said Yeobright, rising. "'Tis so unlike her. I can see why you did not write to me after that unfortunate return home, but why didn't you let me know when the wedding was going to be for the first time?"

"Well, I felt vexed with her just then. She seemed to me to be very obstinate; and when I found that you were nothing in her mind, I vowed that she should be nothing in yours. I felt that she was only my niece after all; I told her she might marry, but that I should take no interest in it, and should not bother you about it either."

"It wouldn't have been bothering me. Mother, you did wrong."

"I thought it might disturb you in your business, and that you might throw up your situation, or injure your prospects in some way because of it, so I said nothing. Of course, if they had married at that time in a proper manner, I should have told you at once."

"Tamsin actually being married while we are sitting here!"

"Yes. Unless some accident happens again as it did the first time. It may, considering he's the same man."

"Yes; and I believe it will. Was it right to let her go? Suppose Wildeve is really a bad fellow?"

"Then he won't come, and she'll come home again."

"You should have looked more into it."

"It is useless to say that," his mother answered, with an impatient look of sorrow. "You don't know how bad it has been here with us all these weeks, Clym. You don't know what a mortification any thing of that sort is to a woman. You don't know the sleepless nights we've had in this house, and the almost bitter words that have passed between us since that fifth of November. I hope never to pass six such weeks again. Tamsin has not gone outside the door, and I have been ashamed to look any body in the face; and now you blame me for letting her do the only thing that can be done to set that trouble straight."

"No," he said, slowly. "Upon the whole I don't blame you. But just consider how sudden it seems to me. Here was I, knowing nothing; and then I am told all at once that Tamsie is gone to be married. Well, I suppose there was nothing better to do. Do you know, mother," he continued, after a moment or two, looking suddenly interested in his own past history, "I once thought of Tamsin as a sweetheart. Yes, I did. How odd boys are! And when I came home and saw her this time she seemed so much more affectionate than usual, that I was quite reminded of those days, particularly on the night of the party, when she was unwell. We had the party just the same; was not that rather cruel to her?"

"It made no difference. I had arranged to give one, and it was not worth while to make more gloom than necessary. To begin by shutting ourselves up and telling you of Tamsin's misfortunes would have been a poor sort of welcome."

Clym remained thinking. "I almost wish you had not had that party," he said; "and for other reasons. But I will tell you in a day or two. We must think of Tamsin now."

They lapsed into silence. "I'll tell you what," said Yeobright again, in a tone which showed some slumbering feeling still. "I don't think it kind to Tamsin to let



her be married like this, and neither of us there to keep up her spirits, or care a bit about her. She hasn't disgraced herself, or done any thing to deserve that. It is bad enough that the wedding should be so hurried and unceremonious, without our keeping away from it in addition. Upon my soul, 'tis almost a shame. I'll go."

"It is over by this time," said his mother, with a sigh; "unless they were late, or he—"

"Then I shall be soon enough to see them come out. I don't quite like your keeping me in ignorance, mother, after all. Really, I half hope he has failed to meet her."

"And ruined her character."

"Nonsense! that wouldn't ruin Thomasin."

He took up his hat and hastily left the house. Mrs. Yeobright looked rather unhappy, and sat still, deep in thought. But she was not long left alone. A few minutes later Clym came back again, and in his company came Diggory Venn.

"I find there isn't time for me to get there," said Clym.

"Is she married?" Mrs. Yeobright inquired, turning to the reddleman a face in which a strange strife of wishes, for and against, was apparent.

Venn bowed. "She is, ma'am."

"How strange it sounds!" murmured Clym.

"And he didn't disappoint her this time?" said Mrs. Yeobright.

"He did not. And there is now no slight on her name. I was hastening ath'art to tell you at once, as I saw you were not there."

"How came you to be there? how did you know of it?" she asked.

"I have been in that neighborhood for some time, and I saw them go in," said the reddleman. "Wildeve came up to the door, punctual as the clock. I didn't expect it of him." He did not add, as he might have added, that how he came to be in that neighborhood was not by accident; that since Wildeve's resumption of his right to Thomasin, Venn, with the thoroughness which was part of his character, had determined to see the end of the episode, and had accordingly kept strict watch upon his rival for that purpose.

"Who was there?" said Mrs. Yeobright.

"Nobody hardly. I stood right out of the way, and she did not see me." The reddleman spoke huskily and looked into the garden.

"Who gave her away?"

"Miss Vye."

"How very remarkable! Miss Vye. It is to be considered an honor, I suppose."

"Who's Miss Vye?" said Clym.

"Captain Drew's granddaughter, of Mist-over Knap."

"A proud girl from Budmouth," said Mrs. Yeobright. "One not much to my liking."

The reddleman kept to himself his acquaintance with that fair personage, and also that Eustacia was there because he went to fetch her, in accordance with a promise he had previously given, as soon as he learned that the ceremony was to take place. He merely said, in continuation of the story:

"I was sitting on the church-yard wall when they came up, one from one way, the other from the other; and Miss Vye was walking thereabouts, looking at the headstones. As soon as they had gone in I went to the door, feeling I should like to see it, as I knew her so well. I pulled off my boots because they were so noisy, and went up into the gallery. I saw then that the parson and clerk were already there."

"How came Miss Vye to have any thing to do with it, if she was only on a walk that way?"

"Because there was nobody else. She had gone into the church just before me, not into the gallery. The parson looked round before beginning, and as she was the only one near he beckoned to her, and she went up to the rails. After that, when it came to signing the book, she pushed up her veil, and signed; and Tamsin seemed to thank her for her kindness." The reddleman told the tale thoughtfully, for there lingered upon his vision the changing color of Wildeve, when Eustacia lifted the thick veil which had concealed her from recognition, and looked calmly into his face. "And then," said Diggory, sadly, "I came away, for her history as Tamsin Yeobright was over."

"I offered to go," said Mrs. Yeobright, regretfully; "but she said it was not necessary."

"Well, it is no matter," said the reddleman. "The thing is done at last as it was meant to be at first, and God send her happiness. Now I'll wish you good-morning."

He placed his cap on his head and went out.

From that instant of leaving Mrs. Yeobright's door the reddleman was seen no more in or about Egdon Heath for a space of many months. He vanished entirely. The nook among the brambles where his van had been standing was as vacant as ever the next morning, and scarcely a sign remained to show that he had been there, excepting a few straws, and a little redness on the turf, which was washed away by the next storm of rain.

The report which Diggory had brought of the wedding, correct as far as it went, was deficient in one significant particular, which had escaped him through his being at some distance back in the church. When Thomasin was tremblingly engaged in sign-



ing her name, Wildeve had flung toward Eustacia a glance which said, plainly, "I have punished you now." She had replied, in a low tone, and he little thought how truly, "You mistake; it gives me sincerest pleasure to see her your wife to-day."

### THE POETRY OF INDIANS.

**T**HE Indians have no books, and their history is wholly oral. The tales and traditions handed down from father to son are the only connecting link between the present and the past. It is the songs, ceremonies, and poetry of the Indians that form their principal history. The difficulty of rendering these songs will be apparent to every one, when it is remembered that the Indian has no grammar or well-defined sounds in his language. Motion of the hands and gutturals constitute much of his tongue, and these, of course, are not easily defined on paper. There is, however, something to be gleaned in the field of Indian poetry, though the task is so difficult that one may well undertake it with feelings of hesitation, for never was a subject more intricate.

The clouds, the sun, moon, stars, storms, the lightnings, the voice of the thunder—these are the fruitful themes that fill the savage soul with song, and from which he draws symbols in his chants and stories.

War, love, and the chase burst from his lips in weird music, but it is impossible to reduce to metre and connect the flashes of his genius. His monosyllables, his eye, the nod of his head and waving of hands—all these are potential in his song, and mean more than mere words. Viewed in this light, the winds have voices, the leaves of the trees utter a language, and even the earth is animated with a crowd of unseen but beautiful spirits. Hence many of the Indian songs are accompanied with intangible music that can neither be caught nor written.\* No two languages could be more dissimilar than Indian and English, and it is only the meanest kind of Indian poetry that can be caught and set to words of our tongue.

The Indian girl dancing before her warrior utters not a word, yet she clearly conveys the meaning of her dance.† Would she have him go to the chase, she skips like a deer, pointing with outstretched hands to the imagined flying game, and finally, after circling and heading him, launches the fatal spear that is to slay him.‡ Would she have him go to war, with slow and measured step the preparations are made, arrows headed, placed in the quiver, and she briskly marches away.§

Presently the enemy is seen and the fight begins; then the enemy flies, is overtaken, and, snatching an arrow from her lover's quiver, she fires it through the heart of the imaginary foe, and while he lies bleeding at her feet she imitates the removing of the scalp; and placing it in triumph at her belt, the dance is ended. All this is done without uttering a word, yet every motion of that wild savage fantasia is clearly intelligible, and through it the warrior learns the will of his mistress in language more powerful and exciting than mere words.

So it is of Indian song; the motion forms the poetry, and the words are but the dull filling up of a mystical and beautiful conception. How shall we translate such a language? It is impossible, and we can at best only gather the chaff, leaving the golden grain to be imagined—to be heard like the sighing of winds, the whispering of leaves, but never to be reduced to the dull theory of created matter and material form.

In time of war Indians pay great attention to the flight of birds,\* and hence frequent allusions are made to them in their battle songs. If the bird is carnivorous, and flies toward the enemy, it indicates that the party will be victorious from which it flies, and that the bird has gone to pick the bones of the foes they are to slay in battle. It is thus the Sioux sing when they see the flight of eagles toward their enemies:

The eagles scream on high,  
They whet their forked beaks:  
Raise, raise the battle cry,  
'Tis fame our leader seeks.

Or if it is desired to arouse their young men to deeds of noble daring, they cry:†

The birds of the brave take flight round the sky,  
They cross the enemy's line:  
Full happy am I that my body shall lie  
Where brave men love to die.

Bah-bam-wa-zehig-equa, the Indian poet, wrote a song on "The Frog in Spring," which, if it could be rendered into good English, would undoubtedly equal some of Tom Hood's or Edgar A. Poe's best productions. In blank verse it runs thus:

See how the white spirit presses us—  
Presses us—presses us, heavy and long—  
Presses down to the frost-bitten earth.  
Alas! you are heavy, ye spirits so white;  
Alas! you are cold, you are cold, you are cold.  
Ah! cease, shining spirits that fell from the skies—  
Ah! cease so to crush us and keep us in dread.  
Ah! when will ye vanish, and spring-time return?

This song, by a slight transposition of the original language, may also be rendered into metre, and made to read as follows:

Robed in his mantle of snow from the sky,  
See how the white spirit presses our breath;  
Heavily, coldly, the masses they lie;  
Sighing and panting, we struggle for breath.

\* Schoolcraft's *Book of Indians*. † Belden's *Letters*.

‡ Catlin among the *Savages*.

§ Father De Smet on Indian ceremonies.

\* *Old Indian Traditions*, by Schoolcraft.

† Belden's *Life with the Sioux Indians*.



Spirit! O spirit! who first in the air

The Great Master Monedo\* wondrously made,  
Cease to be pressing the sons of his care,  
And fly to the blue heights from whence ye have  
strayed.

Then we shall cheerfully, praisingly sing,  
Okógis,† Okógis, the heralds of spring,  
First to announce to the winter-bound ball  
Sunshine and verdure and gladness to all.

The Indians believe that birds are intelligent creatures, and can foretell man's destiny, and they therefore regard their presence as indicative of good or evil, and often undertake to interpret the messages they bring. The Saginaw Indians have a hawk chant, which they sing, and which best illustrates this strange conception of the savage mind:

The hawks turn their heads nimbly round,  
They turn to look back in their flight;  
The spirits of sun-place have whispered them words,  
They fly with their messages swift;  
They look as they fearfully go,  
They look to the farthest end of the earth,  
Their eyes glancing bright, and their beaks boding  
harm.

There is a beautiful bird song, in the same language, written about the falcon—a bird which the Saginaws say lives in the open air with the Great Spirit, and possesses a mysterious knowledge of His will. Here it is:

Birds! ye wild birds, whom the high gods have made,  
And gifted with power of wondrous kind,  
Why turn ye so fearfully, shy and dismayed,  
To gaze on the heavens ye are leaving behind?

Come ye with news of a mystical cast,  
Speaking of enemies crouched in the wood,  
Who on our people shall burst like a blast,  
Heralding ruin, destruction, and blood?

Come ye with messages sent from on high,  
Warning of what the wild heavens shall pour—  
Whirlwinds, tornadoes, or pestilence nigh,  
Wailing, starvation, or death on our shore?

Come ye with words from the Master of Life,  
Bringing intelligence good in your track?—  
Ah, then, ye bright birds with messages rife,  
Why do you turn your heads doubtingly back?

The story of Shingebriis has often been published in books, but I do not know that I have ever seen it rendered in verse, and I am sure the poetry gives strongest evidence of the capacity of the Indian mind to form beautiful theories.

Kabibonocca, the God of Winter, froze up all the country, and drove the inhabitants to the South; yet one poor man, Shingebriis, in defiance of the icy god, remained by the side of a lake. Kabibonocca, offended at the fellow's perverseness, blew his bitterest blasts, determined if possible to drive him away; but Shingebriis, the brave man, declared he would not go, and continued to subsist on fish. "Shall he withstand me?" cried the enraged Ice God; and summoning all his power, he said, "I will go and see this fellow, and freeze him stiff." So he went to

the cabin of Shingebriis, who, knowing of his coming, had a roaring fire on his hearth, and when Winter knocked at his door, he said, quite blithely, "Come in, Sir." The god entered, and did his best to freeze Shingebriis, but he only poked the fire, and never minded him. Finally, Winter, finding unless he made off he should be melted, with tears in his eyes cried out, "Egad, I can not stand this! I am roasting!" and began his retreat, when Shingebriis struck up his song of defiance:

Windy god, I know your plan:  
You are but my fellow-man;  
Blow you may your coldest breeze,  
Shingebriis you can not freeze;  
Sweep the strongest breeze you can,  
Shingebriis is still your man.  
Heigh for life, and ho for bliss!  
Who so free as Shingebriis?

What conception could be more beautiful or more typical of the Indian in his lodge and by the side of his warm fire defying the cold blasts of winter?

Waub Ojeeg, a Chippewa chief, composed the following war-song in commemoration of his expedition against the Sioux, and to encourage his warriors to again go on the war-path:

On that day when our heroes lay low, lay low—  
On that day when our heroes lay low,  
I fought by their side, and thought ere I died  
Just vengeance to take on the foe, the foe—  
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

On the day when our chieftains lay dead, lay dead—  
On that day when our chieftains lay dead,  
I fought hand to hand at the head of my band,  
And here on my breast have I bled, have I bled—  
And here on my breast have I bled.

Our chiefs shall return no more, no more—  
Our chiefs shall return no more,  
Nor their brethren of war, who can show scar for scar,  
Like women their fate shall deplore, deplore—  
Like women their fate shall deplore.

Five winters in hunting we'll spend, we'll spend—  
Five winters in hunting we'll spend;  
Then our youth, grown to men, we'll to war lead again,  
And our days like our fathers' will end, will end—  
And our days like our fathers' will end.

Below I shall give some extracts of Indian songs literally translated:

*Indian...* {Ningah peendegay aindahyaig  
{We he heway.—

*English....* I will walk into some one's dwelling.

*Indian...* {Ningah peendegay aindahyaig  
{We he weway.—

*English....* I will walk into somebody's house.

*Indian...* {Nenemoshain aindahyaig  
{Non dah debik ningah peendigay  
{We he heway.—

*English..* {My sweetheart is in that house;  
{I will walk in in the night.

*Indian...* {Nenemoshain nondah pebon  
{Ningah peendigay  
{We he heway.—

*English..* {My sweetheart, in the winter  
{I shall walk into your lodge.

*Indian...* {Nondah tibik ningah peendigay  
{We he heway.—

*English....* This night I will walk into your lodge.

The meaning of this in English is at first

\* Indian god.

† Okógis, God of Spring.



somewhat obscure, but in the Indian tongue it is very clear. The lover at first indicates that he is in love with some one, or, as he expresses it, "will walk into somebody's house." Then he delicately states whose house it will be; and in the third verse, as if ashamed, he says he will come in the night. In the fourth verse he becomes more bold, and says he will come in winter, and finally he declares he will come that very night. This is making love with a vengeance, and to a white maiden such a serenade would be very alarming, but to the dusky maid of the forest each note is sweetest music and a welcome sound.

Wi ha ya dinawido  
Wi ha ya dinawido  
Ki-awa-we.

Wi ha ya dinawido  
Wi ha ya dinawido  
Ki-awa-we-yo.

Ozam gosha Kiwawa nishkon E-do  
Kikomas ninga nadin  
Kikomas nungo nadin  
Gosha-we-yo.

This can not be easily rendered into either English poetry or prose, though it is a very amusing song in the Indian tongue. The substance of it is that a lover no longer loved his mistress, because she walked with her toes turned in, or, in other words, was somewhat reel-footed. He positively announces that he is going to hunt up her clothing, and that when he brings it to her she must pack off about her business and not bother him. This may be dull enough in English, but in Indian it is quite as lively as "Shoo, fly, don't bodder me," and indeed sounds very much like it, the words being constantly repeated in the same absurd manner:

She walks, she walks, she walks,  
She walks with her toes turned in;  
She walks, she walks, she walks,  
She walks with her toes turned in, etc.

Repetition is one of the peculiarities of Indian song, and we find a fond girl thus lamenting her lover:

Ya-Nindenendon, Ya-Nindenendon  
Ya-Nindenendon, Nitchawiyenin  
Naninoushen-win  
Jibi, Akking-win, Pinossedoog.

Which may be rendered:

Alas! I think,  
Alas! I think,  
Alas! I think,  
Oh, how I think of him!

Of my dear lover  
In the land of dreams.  
Does he hunt or roam?  
Oh! it sets me thinking  
Of my dear lover  
In the land of dreams,  
Where he is roaming.

Again:

Indenaindum makow weyah  
Nindemadum  
Pahbojeaun nebemanbekoning  
Whabi megissun nenemoshain  
Nindenaindum, etc., etc., etc.

Which, rendered into literal English, reads:

Ah me! when I think of him,  
My sweetheart!  
As he embarked to return  
He put white wampum round my neck,  
And said, I'll soon be back again.  
Shall I go to you, my sweetheart?  
Shall I go to your native land?  
Alas! it is far away, sweetheart—  
Far away is your native land.  
When I look back where we parted,  
Where he stood looking at me,  
On a tree that had fallen by the water,  
And my sweetheart gazed at me,  
Alas! how I think of him!  
Alas! how I fret and pine!  
Alas! how I think of him,  
The sweetheart that was mine!

Or again:

Nyan nin de naidum  
Nyan nin de naidum  
Nakow e yaun in siaug e ug  
Nakow e yaun in siaug e ug  
Nakow e yaun in siaug e ug  
Nyan inandah man nin  
Nyan inandah man nin.  
Makow e yaun in  
Kaw e go yaum bum  
Nyan, etc., etc.  
Pan oje mid kan we ji win  
Nin je in ain dum  
Nakow e yaum in  
Nyan nin de nain dum  
Makow," etc., etc.

Which, in literal language, we read as follows:

Oh dear, thinks I,  
Oh dear, thinks I,  
Of him whom I remember,  
Of him whom I remember.

Oh dear, when my mind thinks,  
Oh dear, when my mind thinks  
What was said to me  
When I was left behind!

When he came and put his hands around my neck,  
I'll go with you, my heart replied,  
But my lips were still,  
And now I can only think of him.

The following is a Chippewa war-song:

Oshawamong undausewau  
Panaisee wug ke bain waiwe dung-ig.  
Todatebe penaisse  
Kedow wea weyun.  
Newabenan neowan  
Newabenan neowan.

In English:

From the South they come,  
The birds, the warlike birds, with sounding wings.  
I wish I could change myself  
To the body of that swift bird.  
I'd throw my body in the strife—  
I'd throw my body in the strife.

The warrior speaks to the bird, and says:

"Nanakawe penessewain"  
("From time to time I dwell in a bird").

The bird replies:

"Kenakoomin nozis"  
("I answer thee, my son-in-law").

The corn-husking season is one of great hilarity among the semi-civilized Indians, and many young people meet together at



social huskings. On such occasions if a young female finds a red ear of corn, it is indicative that she has a brave sweetheart, and she must present it to the warrior she likes best. If, however, the ear is *crooked*, or tapering to a point, the whole circle is set in a roar, and it is considered the image of an old man thief who enters life with hers. "Wa-ge-min! wa-ge-min!" is then shouted by all, and the whole merry troop sets up the corn-song:

Wa-ge-min wa-ge-min  
Paimosaid  
Wa-ge-min wa-ge-min  
Paimosaid.

Bakau Kewaizee  
Ka saugizesse.

Wa-ge-min wa-ge-min  
Kinabowid  
Wa-ge-min wa-ge-min  
Ninzah nugamood.

Which, being liberally rendered, would read:

Crooked ear, crooked ear,  
Walker at night;  
Stop, little old man,  
And take not to flight.

Crooked ear, crooked ear,  
Stand up strong;  
Little old crooked man,  
I'll give you a song.

The Cherokees have a song of friendship, which in their language reads thus:

Kan-al-li eh ne was to  
Yai ne no wai ai e noo ho  
Ti mai tan na Klai ne was tu  
Yai ne wai E-noo wai hoo.  
You resemble a friend of mine,  
And you look like a friend to me;  
I think that we are brothers kind,  
And brothers we will be.

There is a beautiful little song in the Chippewa language which is full of pathos and rhyme, and which the little children sing when at play in the evening. A traveller thus describes it: "One evening while in the Chippewa village I was attracted by shouts of merriment from childish voices, and I walked out to the green lawn skirting the edge of the river to get a full view of the players and hear their songs. A group of children were at play gambolling and chasing the fire-flies, millions of which little insects filled the air, making the plain to literally sparkle with phosphorescent light. The following are the words which they addressed to the insect:

"Wau wau tay see!  
Wau wau tay see!  
E-now e shin  
Tashe bwan ne baun e wee  
Bee eghaun-be eghaun-e wee  
Wa wan tay see  
Wa wan tay see  
Was sa koon ain je gun  
Was sa koon ain ja gun."

Literally translated, they would read:

Flitting white fire-fly,  
Waving white fire-bug,  
Give me light to go to bed,  
Give me light to go to sleep.

Or, by a slight transposition of the words in the original language, Mr. Goodrich has made them read, when rendered in free translation:

Fire-fly! fire-fly! bright little thing,  
Light me to bed while my song I sing;  
Give me your light as you fly o'er my head,  
That I may merrily go to my bed;  
Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,  
That I may joyfully go to my sleep.

Come, little fire-fly, come, little beast,  
Come, and I'll make you to-morrow a feast;  
Come, little candle, that flies as I sing,  
Bright little fairy bug, night's little king;  
Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along;  
Come, and I'll pay you, my bug, with a song.

The following is the Twenty-third Psalm, written in both the English and Indian (Algonquin) tongue:

Mar teag nukquenaabikoo  
Shepse nanaauk Monedo  
Nussepsinwahik ashkoshquat  
Nutuk ohtopagod.—

The Lord is my shepherd, and I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie;  
In pastures green He leadeth me,  
The quiet waters by.

Nagun nakketeahog kounoh  
Watomohkinuh wonk  
Nutussœunuk ut sampio waay  
Newutch œwesnok.—

My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

Wutonkauhtamut pomushaon  
Muppœouk œnauhcoe  
Woskehettuenk mo nukquel tamœ  
Newutch kœwetomah.

Kuppogkomunk Kutanwohon  
Nish nœ nenehiquog  
Kœnochœ hkah anquabhetti  
Wame nummatwomog.—

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill,  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

Kussussqunum nuppuhkuk  
Weetepumme nashpea  
Wonk woi Monedo nœ tallamwaitch  
Pomponetuphos hau.—

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes,  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

œ niyeuonk monaneteonk  
Nulasukkonkqunash  
Tohsokke pomatam wekit Monedo  
Michem nuttain pish.—

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

It will be observed that in rendering the above example from the sacred writings into Indian the figure 8 is used set horizontally. There is a peculiar sound in the Indian tongue that no letter of the English alphabet will express, and to express this Eliot first used the figure 8, and his example has been ever since followed. All other savage sounds can be expressed by the letters of



the alphabet. I shall conclude these examples from Indian poetry by giving a verbatim translation of an Indian hymn that was much in use a few years ago among the Chippewa Indians:

Ever let piety and prayer  
Be the rule of our lives,  
The Great Spirit alone,  
Alone let us love.

All evil living of mankind,  
All, all that's bad or weak—  
All evil living, as a tainted wind,  
All, let us all forsake."

### IN A STORM.

THE rain was drizzling out of a damp heaven as if a cloud were driving toward us and breaking over us; the wind, which had risen at daylight, was swelling with every succeeding blast; and the river was rolling in white-caps. Still, there was no question of laying the boat by when our party from the hills came down and went aboard with much ado and merry-making.

The *Huntress* was a river craft that made connection at Desbars, the little port on the bay at the river's mouth, with the sea boat that would take us by a farther voyage to our journey's end. Indeed, the *Huntress* was not much of an affair anyway, and the accommodations were such that we all preferred to remain above, even in the rain, being well protected in gossamer rubber, high boots, and all the modern improvements. We were a gay party, who had been amusing ourselves, as travelling companions do, with reading and fancy-work, flirtation and scandal. Among others we numbered Mrs. Howison, the *doyenne* of the party, who gave it eminent respectability, kept every body up in his pedigree, and did the diamonds, as Belle Evans said; Belle herself, who did the beauty; Mrs. Cameron, her chaperon, and the mother of Lucia and John; Miss Marvin, an heiress struggling with idiocy, whose money was possibly the loadstone of one or two youths who hung upon our verge, as Belle said, not of us, yet not against us. Of the girls, Miss Evans was, perhaps, the most beautiful, yet Miss Murray, with her clear, dark, colorless face, and the great gray eyes, faultless features, and dark hair, and with her manner of proud reserve, stimulated curiosity and interest considerably more. Tall, and perhaps too stately, with her silence and her haughty ways, she impressed you as one with a history; yet when I had been with her one day more than usual, Mrs. Howison begged to assure me that people often lost caste by associating with the commonplace, and that Miss Murray was only Mrs. Cameron's companion, engaged to relieve Lucia from the trouble of reading and playing to her mother. "Not one of us at all, my dear, but a few steps above the servants," said the good Dame

Howison. "She is an excellent person in her place, but Mrs. Cameron herself knows next to nothing about her, although she has employed her for nearly six years; so, you see, my dear," said the *doyenne*. And her authority perhaps added a sting to the general behavior of the maids and matrons in this regard.

Yet Belle Evans was also not without interest to the impartial view, the more as she carried on a love affair and a flirtation at the same time, her engagement with John Cameron having lately been broken, and her heart with it, it was understood, which fragmentary condition of her system she was supposed to be concealing by the disguise of pleasure in Colonel Bates's society, Colonel Bates being the next friend of John Cameron himself. As for Lucia, Miss Marvin, and the rest, doubtless some portion of the world would have missed them had they suddenly dropped out of it. Such as we were, we had passed some pleasant days together, for even although Belle, every day more distracting, drove Cameron to the beginning of despair by her behavior with Colonel Bates—who was blindly convinced that he only did his friend good service in keeping her from worse mischief—and Cameron reduced Belle to the same pass by the exasperating indifference with which he viewed her conduct, yet such sweet sorrow seemed better to them apparently than any common experience of joy, and they did their best to prolong and accentuate it. "It is better than a novel; it is as good as a play," said I once to Miss Murray, for, in spite of Dame Howison, we had somehow taken to each other, "for here are the actors living and real before you," and I remember catching her eye again when she smiled despite herself at these side scenes, although somewhat too indignant concerning the shrubs and blossoms with which young Black was loading her just then to smile at all.

"You look like Birnam Wood," Belle had cried.

"And feel as if Dunsinane were at the ends of the earth," she had answered.

And Sally Marvin, then looking Miss Murray over from head to foot, talked afterward to Lucia, as she always did on such opportunity, with an odd sort of insolent laughter between the syllables. The color came to Miss Murray's face; but she never noticed any thing of the kind, not even thanking Belle by a glance when the latter resented her affronts. It was not frequently, indeed, that she was positively affronted, but commonly that she was completely ignored. It seemed to make small odds to her. She reminded you of some one who, being in life, must get through it, but looked for no pleasure in it, scorning the disdain of women, and indifferent to the admiration of men.



Not so Belle. Pleasure and she were not separable terms. The little creature was like some fly sporting in the sun: but let the beam fade, and she would fall. It did not seem, however, as if Cameron were absolutely necessary to the composition of that sunbeam. The distinction between the girls could hardly have been pointed better than it was by an adventure that befell them, when they were found, in one of our mountain rambles, in answer to Belle's agonized and repeated shrieks, clinging together on a scrap of ledge at the foot of a slippery steep, and holding to life by a branch that alone saved them from falling the dreadful depth of the chasm below, while from a cranny of the ledge a snake lifted its head, looking them full in the face. Trembling and crying and all unstrung, Belle was helped out of danger in the midst of her shrieks; but Margaret lingered, as Colonel Bates and young Black grasped her wrist from above, to have one look down the dark abyss. And although Belle was treated as a compound of heroine and martyr, crying and shivering and laughing by turns as she was the rest of the day, and declaring that she thought the face of that snake was the face of the Great Enemy himself, yet the other went about her duties quietly and unnoticed as before, it being somehow recognized by tacit consent that, no matter how the affair had ended, it would have made small difference to Miss Murray.

Colonel Bates now folded her wraps more closely about Belle under the awning of the little steamer's deck, and sat beside her, while Cameron stalked up and down, with his hat slouched round his ears, and his cigar smoke surrounding him in a cloud, and Miss Murray leaned over the stern, safe and dry in her water-proof garments, moodily watching the dark and churning water through which the *Huntress* had labored, or the steep shores that, if sunshine clothed them in beauty, foul weather made only frowning and forbidding.

We had expected to reach Desbars by noon, but, owing to the increasing storm, it was long past noon when, the way widening into the bay, the town appeared, a darker spot on the dark horizon, which, after balancing of pros and cons, it was judged unsafe for the little steamer to approach, and the *Huntress* came to anchor out in the bay, shut in by a world of mist and rain, pitching up and down, with her head to the gale, there to remain till the tide turned, there being a difference of more than twenty-five feet in the turning of the tide in that bay.

Of course it was not long before the distress of the party, between hunger and seasickness and horror of the night in that little cabin, caused other plans to be considered; and presently it was announced that those

who would were to be taken ashore in boats, where a dwelling could receive them till conveyances to town were found. To be sure, neither Miss Marvin nor Lucia could think of such a thing as being slung over the rail into the boats that came sliding down the side of a billow, and they screamed, and shut their eyes, and were slung over; as for Belle, she was so seasick she did not care what became of her, and never knew whether Colonel Bates or John Cameron held her; two of the dowagers made the plunge with the equivoque due their weight; Miss Murray and I slid to our seats helped only by an old sailor; the rest remained on board; and presently the *Huntress* was only a blot in the mist, and a dark line was taking shape and rising before us, while the rain was slapping round us in wet sheets. As the boats were beached, we saw long fields of brown slippery sea-weed, through which we were to wade to the old Sea House—a strange mansion built of the broken stone of the beach, looking half a prison and half a mad-house, falling to decay, as well as it could be seen through the storm.

"And so it is," said the captain, who had gone ashore with us, and supported me. "The master of the house is a strange creature, speaking to few but his servants—mad, maybe, or has been mad. He married a girl, they say, who had another lover, but whose mother compelled her, under bad threats. She never saw him till he came with the parson. She escaped from the house that night and drowned herself, they think. And the man came down here, bought this place, and perishes with remorse, they say. But his house is always open on the side of the sea," said the captain, jerking out the sentences of his deep bass with the rain in his teeth. "He and his men tend out on all the wrecks, and there's many of them on this ugly bit of water. He thinks death by drowning is pretty bad, I guess. There he comes now."

The rain was driving like fine needles horizontally in our faces, and the wind was all we could make way against. The captain had Mrs. Howison on one side and me on the other; Miss Murray was close behind, and the struggling groups followed with shrieks and laughs that the wind blew down their throats, Belle every now and again sitting down on the wet sea-weed, telling everybody to go on and let her die there, but presently making up her mind to face the storm again; and we had another long field of the ankle-deep sea-weed to cross.

"Yes, there he comes," cried the captain. "How are you, Mr. Bassett? Any shelter for these wave-worn mariners at Sea House? We are not wrecked, but gone before, you see."

And to make matters worse, at the moment, as if nature at last gave way, Miss Murray fell over and fainted.



Mr. Bassett, however, had caught her, the others too tired from their tussle with the storm to be of service; but he lifted her and carried her across his shoulder as though she had been a child, turning and leading the way up to his gates. He was a powerful fellow in every inch of his stature—a dark, ungainly, black-bearded Boanerges, I thought, in the glance I had before the compelling tempest bowed my head again, and felt in the deep rolling tones with which he ordered his men to march before and break the force of the gale from those directly behind them. But he bowed his head to no blast, and seemed a tower of strength before us there. Nor did he look over his shoulder when, just at the gate, Mrs. Cameron's cry rang out as she slipped and fell, and obliged her son to emulate Mr. Bassett's example. But in the shadow of the porch Mr. Bassett turned, the rain-drops sparkling on his beard and on his thick black eyelashes, lifting his hat from the low brow, white, I saw, under the ebon masses of hair, certainly his whole strange face strangely transfigured. "Welcome to Sea House all!" he said, and passed on, winding his way through dark passages, where we lost sight of him as we followed the ringing sound of his steps. He paused in a little cabinet and laid his burden on a sofa there, first removing her wet wraps, and then disappearing to return with bandages and lotions for Mrs. Cameron's ankle. When he had made her comfortable on her improvised bed, in which task I assisted—by virtue of my place as the old maid of the party, having been delegated to all the disagreeable duties—he went over to Miss Murray, who still lay on the sofa, silent and deathly white. But at the movement she opened her great gray eyes, dark from the rings of shadow now surrounding them, slipped her feet to the floor, faltered a second, and then hastened to Mrs. Cameron's side, falling on her knees and clasping her, and breaking into hysterical sobs.

"Why, Miss Murray, Margaret, my poor child, it's nothing but a sprain!" cried Mrs. Cameron. "My dear, I never knew you cared for me so!"

"I—I don't!" she exclaimed, rising impetuously. "I—"

But Mr. Bassett was before her. "I must forbid any excitement," he said, in those deep tones. "I will send a servant to attend to the patient. Pray consider yourself, madame, my welcome guest till your cure is complete. This young lady's room adjoins your own, across the passage—"

"I shall stay with my mistress," said Miss Murray, suddenly, and without looking up.

He stopped and surveyed her, whether amazed, I wondered, that this haughty and ungracious young woman acknowledged

herself a servant, or that she did it so proudly. But after the glance he only bowed. "Nevertheless, the room is at her disposal," he said, opening the doors which led to it, and presently leaving us together.

I went into the room, of course, and looked about me, for my cloak had not been thoroughly protecting, and the big fire blazing on the hearth there attracted me. The rest of the party were drying themselves elsewhere. Mrs. Cameron fell into a doze, and then Miss Murray came and stood on the hearth beside me. It was a large room, which evidently had been made more comfortable than the rest of the house for Mr. Bassett himself. A dark rug nearly covered it, thick curtains inclosed the windows, some old prints and portraits, probably bought with the house, I fancied, hung upon the wall; there was a huge jar of flowers, there were books and papers, and general paraphernalia. "It is his own room; look," said I.

"Oh, how shall I—oh, don't you see—" began Miss Murray; but just then Belle broke into the room, silencing herself at our hushing.

"How is she?" she half whispered. "In pain? Poor Mrs. Cameron! Asleep? How nice! Lucia takes it easily, doesn't she? Oh, Miss Twombly! oh, Miss Murray! This is just the queerest, delightfulest old place—full of romance. If only we could stay here till Mrs. Cameron were quite well again! Just a little sprain. Why couldn't she—" But Belle interrupted herself just there. "He says we must," she went on. "But then, you know, of course we couldn't. It's a real adventure; and oh! isn't it delicious? At any rate we can't go while the storm lasts. Get down on your knees, Miss Murray, and pray that it shall last a week. Well, then, come and look at the other rooms—sliding panels, false doors, every thing."

I followed her out. As I turned gently to close the door I saw Miss Murray throwing up her arms with a desperate gesture, and when I came back she stood leaning on the mantel, her head bowed, her fallen hair hanging over her clasped arms, the picture of dejection. What in the world did it mean? Since it was not concern for Mrs. Cameron, was it dementia? Had the storm and the exposure given her a fit of melancholy? Now I bethought me, had there not always been something of insanity in the way in which she carried her eyes, looking down?

Meanwhile the house nearly justified Belle. One of any imagination might revel in the half flights, hidden staircases, and false entrances. It had originally been a government house, afterward becoming a tavern, and then, as a haunt of smugglers, it had been altered to their purposes; in the



next generation it had been refitted with some sumptuousness as a family mansion. Although threadbare now, the carpets had then been rich and thick, and mantels and wainscots had been minutely carved and overlaid with a gilding but partially destroyed. What chance had left it in this state, as if a plague had fallen on the family and one and all were extinct, we could not imagine.

"Well," sighed Lucia, "we must make the most of this storm. I suppose ma'll have some of her absurd scruples about staying even over to-night, and she's bound to go to-morrow if she has to be carried. I know her. If only the others had all come too, and we had our trunks, just think of the masquerades and theatricals we could get up! What a house for a runaway match!"

"The Black Prince of the Forest, watching his chance, steps in behind Theodolinda from a withdrawing panel," cried Belle, "and clapping his shapely hand across her lovely lips, bears off—" and there I left them to their nonsense.

I began speaking of these capabilities of the house to Miss Murray when I rejoined her. "And it doesn't affect the romance for them at all," I said, "that all these secret passages were only for the handy hiding of smuggled brandy kegs and bales of silk."

To my consternation she looked up with a smothered cry of horror. I felt in the midst of an unknown tragedy. "And that was true, then?" she exclaimed. "Concealed doors, dark galleries—at no moment safe? Oh, they were tightening before—the toils. But now! but now!" and she paced the floor like a caged animal.

Certainly this is a mad-woman, and this is a mad-house, I was saying to myself; but I learned what her self-control was when, at Mrs. Cameron's awakening moan in the opposite room, she sprang to her side, quiet as a nun; and learned, too, what Miss Murray's possibilities of beauty were, with that dark hair, usually bound so severely away, dropping now in rolling tresses about the cheeks whereon a crimson stain seemed crushed. An hour afterward, during which we both composed our toilet, a servant announced dinner, saying she was to stay with Mrs. Cameron in our absence. "I can't go. Indeed, indeed, I can't," whispered Miss Murray. "It—it would—" Her words were cut short by Mr. Bassett himself, who, tapping on the door, entered, took Miss Murray's hand and placed it on his arm, and she went along as if to avoid a scene. It was, perhaps, to every body's amazement that he led her to the head of the table, and sat her in the place opposite his own. But it really made no difference where any body sat, except for the right and left of the host, as there was no carving to be done, and the servants handed every thing. Mr. Bassett

had, I thought, sent into Desbars, storm or no storm, and enlarged his household according to his needs. Certainly a more princely dinner than that is seldom served, although with our wet-weather gear we were a motley crew, and I could fancy Dame Howison lamenting that she dared not take her diamonds out of the chamois-leather bag round her neck, and put them on outside of her Scotch tweed.

Misanthrope was our host? He knew how to assume other rôles; with a few light sentences he had set us all at our ease at once, and he sparkled with jest and brilliant speech, drawing also from each some fit return, till we forgot the raging tempest without and that we were strangers within. Nor was he, as he sat at the table after all the exertions of the day, almost every moment of the latter part of which had been spent in making arrangements for our comfort, the shaggy and unkempt fellow who came out to give us shelter; dark and black-browed still he was, but a gentleman *jusqu'au bout des ongles*, a gentleman with perhaps just a dash of the gypsy. As for Miss Murray, her color coming and going cruelly, she lived through the dinner, playing with fork and spoon, but not tasting a morsel. As we rose informally from the table, and were passing out, he came to her side. "I have something to say to you," said he. But she turned, and caught my hand.

"No, no, you can have nothing to say to me," she gasped, and drew me swiftly away with her.

John Cameron followed us, finding his mother rested and refreshed and beginning to fidget, and as Lucia came flitting in, Belle directly added herself to the party.

"Did you ever know any thing so queer," cried Lucia, "as his putting Miss Murray at the head of the table? And he treats her as if she were really—really— Oh, beg pardon, Miss Murray; I didn't see you."

But Miss Murray did not vouchsafe her a glance, moving into the other room, still holding my hand, closing the door and bolting it. And I confess I trembled. "I shall never sleep a wink in this house," I thought. She dropped my hand and walked to the fire, where she stood silently a minute, then sat down beside it.

"I must tell you," she said. "You are kind. You can help me. I must get away from here now—from these people. I must go where I can not be traced. But I have no friends—no money; and now he has found me, he will be always finding me. Wait!" she said, holding her throat as if the words choked her. "You don't know, you would never dream, but—but—I must tell you. Yes. Six years ago I was married. Ah! don't look so! We were in trouble—there had been defalcation. To hide it, my



mother's plan was to marry me to the person whom my step-father had defrauded. He was a person from the South-sea Islands. Think of it! Just think of it—to such a man—to sell me! Oh, I rebelled, you may be sure; I cried, I implored. Every day it was held up before me that I would be the cause of my mother's disgrace, of the disgrace of her children, of her husband's threatened suicide, of their ruin and beggary and broken hearts. They did not hear me. They carried on the affair by letters. They would not let me see him, lest he should learn my unwillingness. I had reason to be unwilling. Oh, what is the use?" she cried, starting up and going to the window, where the rain and sleet beat so furiously. "What is the use? Yet—if my heart would not beat so! If it would cease beating altogether! Miss Twombly, I—I had a lover. I will not say much about him. I can't," she said, coming back to the fireside. "They knew nothing of it at home, for we met accidentally in a wood, and love seemed like a spark struck by mere contact, for I loved him from that moment. I loved him!" she cried again, as she saw my amazed look at this breaking down of all her barriers. "Yes, yes; I need not be ashamed of it. I loved him." She waited, looking into the blaze. "All at once they precipitated the matter," she said, hurriedly. "My step-father (he had always been kind to me; I had known no other) stood before me, the color of death; my mother hung on my neck, sobbing her soul out, the little children huddled together in terror at the unknown trouble. And I—oh, fool!—I grew colder and colder, like a corpse. It seemed to me that neither did I breathe nor my heart beat. What would my happiness be when bought by their misery? I cried out to bring him quickly before I repented. I never looked up when, a half hour afterward, he came in. I never spoke during the swift marriage, nor did he, for there were no words to repeat; we only bowed our heads in reply to the minister's questions and to receive his blessing. Blessing! Blessing! I could not see, not even the glitter of the ring; the lights were swimming before me; in a stupor, all I could think of was that I could not breathe either. Before the last word was well uttered I fell insensible. Oh, if I had never waked!" she cried, wringing her hands. "When I came to myself," she went on, after a moment, "the room was but dimly lighted; a physician at the door was saying something about congestion of the brain. My mother followed him out. It rushed over me, all that I had done, the bondage of my life, the desolation of my lover—oh, terribly! As my mother closed the door behind her, I sprang from the lounge, and caught up such of my clothes as had been removed, and in a fever strength dashed

out of the window. I made for the river; but when I saw its dark torrent I grew full of anger toward those who had driven me there. I seemed to hate them too much to drown myself. But I dropped my shawl there, to hurt, to mislead them all. Oh, well, well, no matter about the rest. I found work at last, found this place afterward with Mrs. Cameron; except for seasons of suffering, have been in the main at peace. And now—now—do you understand? I am the wife of a man whom I have never seen; but this man—this other—he will never let me go again. He—"

"Miss Murray! Do you mean—"

"Oh, I mean that Mr. Bassett was my lover!"

Just then at the door on the other side of the room came the imperative tap that I already recognized. I sprang to answer it; but as I opened the door, meaning to make excuse, and so refuse entrance, it was gently pushed out of my grasp, and Mr. Bassett came in. He walked directly to Margaret; but she rolled the chair between them, and stood leaning on its top, her head thrown back, her color high, the picture of beautiful defiance. His own face was radiant. "You are making a last stand," he said, holding out his arms.

Her eyes fell; she became pallid and tremulous; her voice shook. "I am here," she murmured, "because I can not help it."

"And you think I will take no advantage of it?" he cried. "Margaret! when I saw you in the storm, and a thunder-bolt seemed to have fallen at my feet, and the grave to have given up a ghost, and my heart stood still—when I saw you fall out there on the sea-weed, and snatched you in my arms, and had you held against my breast, do you suppose there was no wild plunging and rocking of that waking heart, no hot surging of my blood, after all those years of terror and torture, when you came like the resurrection of the dead? Do you suppose I would forego the fierce joy of those moments, as I walked up to this gate, for all of heaven? Do you suppose I will ever let you go again?"

But as she raised her eyes, full of suffering, and her trembling lips grew dry and white, he made haste to step toward her, and taking her hand to draw her round in spite of herself, and seat her in the chair. "My poor child," he said, "I will not try you, I will not trouble you. Listen, Margaret dear, while I tell you the truth in my own way. It is not bad." He stood leaning one arm on the shelf, and looking down on her, the smile and the radiance still making his face splendid. "We all have grandfathers," he said, in a moment or two. "Mine was a sailor wrecked in the Pacific seas. He married a chief's daughter, a straight-haired, straight-featured, dark-faced princess,



beautiful as all her Oriental race. He acquired ascendancy over the simple islanders; they endowed him with vast fields and forests. When commerce found the island out, selling his ramie fibre and the dried meat of his cocoa-nuts to the French and German houses, who extract from it a precious oil, he accumulated immense wealth. His son married the daughter of an American sea-captain from this region, and accumulated further wealth. I was their child and heir, and my wealth is still rolling up. I was educated in Europe, but these islands were my home. I returned there, and I was proud of them, of my noble and innocent islanders, and of my dark strain of chieftain's blood—the blood of Asiatic princes. It is but a strain; my brow is white as yours. Well, to hasten. Among my business correspondents was one who visited the islands, talked to me incidentally of his family, and afterward, on his return, sent me a photograph of his daughter. I owe it to a vein of sentiment, perhaps, that I fell blindly in love with that picture. I wrote to the father for his daughter's hand, and offered him settlements that were riches to himself as well as to her. He bade me come on. I did so, my heart bounding with hope. But when I arrived I found by the dallying that there was trouble. I penetrated to the cause. I felt then that probably the girl would marry me, but would she ever love me? I determined to insure that first. I put myself in her way unknown—are you listening, Margaret? It ended as I wished. I believe she did love me. I shall see. But then, in some insanity, I feared, if she found me out, she might have a revulsion; perhaps I wanted to test her, perhaps I wanted to hear her glad cry of surprise when she learned that the husband she dreaded was the man she loved, I pushed the freak one step too far. Oh, Margaret, Margaret, my darling!" he cried, with trembling words, "do you know—do you know now that I am your husband?"

The tears were shaking before my gaze like an old fool's, and I could only see him bending over her unresisting form, only see the light bursting from her eyes, and her arms suddenly lifted toward him, when I ran out of the room.

What a world it was that we looked out on next morning!—sunshine vivid as the storm had been violent, azure heavens bending to azure seas that rolled in mighty yeasty billows clothed with rainbows, great cliffs framing the picture with their dark red shadows round which the birds were whirling. Mrs. Cameron was better, and coaches were at the door to take us into Desbars, where our steamer lay at the wharf with the rest of the party.

"Where is your young woman, Mrs. Cameron?" asked Dame Howison, as Mr. Bassett

brought out his patient and wrapped the robes about her.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Cameron, then. "My—"

"Why, Miss—Miss What's-her-name, your companion."

"She has become my companion, madame," said Mr. Bassett, with a bow, shutting the coach door. "Bon voyage." The whips cracked, the horses plunged and were off. As we looked back and saw the husband and wife standing side by side in the sunshine, those not in the secret were speechless with amazement at the revelation that began to break upon them.

"Do I understand you that those two people—" began Colonel Bates.

"Are married!" cried Belle. "Didn't I tell you that this house is as full of romantic surprises as the Castle in the Pyrenees? Married! And he has settled on her a hundred thousand cocoa-nut-trees."

"Cocoa-nut-trees!" cried Miss Marvin, with her nose in the air.

"Cocoa-nut-trees. That is a hundred thousand great silver dollars a year—almost equal to your income, dear. I always knew she was a princess in disguise. And I am to go down and visit them and marry a South-sea Island prince myself, if—if—no obstacle—"

But by the way that John Cameron imprisoned the little hand, I imagined that he had improved his opportunity to make that very If an obstacle.

## MUSIC IN NEW YORK THIRTY YEARS AGO.

### I.

Euterpean and first Philharmonic Societies.—The *Messiah* at St. Paul's.—First Opera at the Old Park Theatre.—Garcia Troupe.—Malibran.—A Succession of Stars.

**I**N order to find the key-note for my own musical memories I must revert to those of a friend whose acquaintance with the music of New York carries him away back, quite into the ancient history of the art, far past the mediæval period, when my recollections begin. Such authority as his is now rare, for, beginning as a small boy at the Euterpean in its earliest days, he has heard every singer and musical artist of importance up to to-day's symphony concert. From this authority I learn that even before 1820 there were two musical societies in our city—a Philharmonic and a Euterpean. They were both formed by the efforts of gentlemen of New York; the Euterpean, particularly, had for its founders and members native New Yorkers and Knickerbockers—such men as John Delafield, John Romaine, R. J. Dodge, Alexander Ming, James M. Quin, John Mackay, etc. The music which they studied and performed was mostly of



the old English school: glees and madrigals; two, three, and four part songs; choruses of Handel, Bach, and Weber. There was a small orchestra, augmented by professionals on great occasions.

The concerts of the Euterpean were followed by a ball and supper. These were given at the old City Hotel; the meetings and rehearsals took place at the long famous Shakspeare Tavern—an old mansion built of Holland brick which stood on the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets until about 1836, and which was the resort of the men of letters, the wits, the artists, the connoisseurs, and musicians of the time.

The concerts at the City Hotel were very brilliant affairs, much beloved by the beaux and belles of the city, who came to them magnificent in blue cloth, gilt buttons, and high collars, puffed hair, gigot sleeves, scanty skirts, and sandaled slippers.

The Philharmonic Society aimed a little higher in artistic status and in the character of its performances. Perhaps there was a sprinkling of foreign airs and dilettantism in its members. There was probably more wealth too, for the society was able to engage for its concerts, and pay well, any artists who chanced to be visiting the city. It is difficult to find the exact date of the demise of this first Philharmonic. Possibly it bequeathed a nucleus to the present society, which was formed in 1840. The Euterpean kept its name and something of its nature until about 1845 or 1846, but there was then very little of the original character or material remaining; foreign elements had invaded it, most of the old members had retired, the balls and suppers had little of their old fashion and pleasantness.

At its final breaking up there was a handsome surplus of funds divided among the performing members, and a fine library of music, which was sold, and thus unfortunately scattered.

The year 1825 was an eventful one to the interests of music in America. The oratorio of *The Messiah* was performed almost entire in St. Paul's Church (Fulton Street and Broadway), Mr. Samuel Taylor director and organist. In the winter of 1875 I heard from this old, old man (then the oldest living organist) the story of the great performance: his vast labor in assembling and training the uncultivated voices; his great anxiety to procure the best singers for the solos; the tremendous work of drilling and placing the orchestra on the high staging erected at the side of the organ; the calamity which befell the double bass, who toppled from his unsteady perch just at the critical moment of the beginning, causing the nervous and overworked conductor to rave and tear his hair.

The chorus and orchestra which Mr. Taylor collected were the rudiments of the Han-

del' and Haydn Society, which led a quivering and crotchety existence (forgive the pun) for many years thereafter.

This was the great domestic musical event; but in the same year commenced also the foreign and more brilliant epoch. The first Italian opera was given at the Park Theatre. The Garcias, father and mother, son and daughter, came to New York. The bright star of the family was Maria Felicia Garcia, afterward Madame De Beriot, better known as the gifted child of genius and song, Malibran. Her voice, her beauty, her acting, have never yet been rivalled or shadowed by any successor. So say those who still remember her marvellous talents, and keep a niche in their memory sacred to her enchanting grace, her expression, and her singing. Her tyrannical and crusty father made sale of the beautiful young girl to Signor Malibran, a banker-merchant of New York, more than twice her age. He tyrannized over her in his turn, spent her money, and in after-years had the meanness to pursue her with demands for her earnings, although they had separated a very brief time after their marriage. It was as unseemly a union as that of the old frog in the fairy tale with the tiny Maia, offspring of the flower and the sunbeam.

The coming of the Garcias to our shores was due to the influence of Dominick Lynch, a gentleman of New York, a man of letters, travelled and cultivated, himself a good musician and excellent basso. The first opera given by the Garcia troupe was *The Barber of Seville*: Garcia senior, Almaviva; his son, Figaro; Madame Garcia, Berta; Angrisani, the Bartolo; Maria Garcia, the Rosina—lovely, bewitching, driving the gilded youth of fifty years ago quite out of their sober senses. After the first season of the troupe at the Park they went to the Bowery Theatre, then a handsome new house in the upper and fashionable part of the town.

Here, in many fine rôles, the triumphs of Malibran were renewed. Garcia himself was an admirable actor. Charles Kean was delighted with his acting in *Otello* (Rossini's opera). Manuel Garcia, the brother of Malibran, and of the younger and still living genius Madame Viardot-Garcia, has long held a high position as singing-master in London, where the tide of popular favor is less subject to the ebb and flow of years than in our novelty and youth loving country.

After this brilliant aurora of operatic music there was a steady succession of artistic luminaries: the Woods, Miss Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Horn, Clara Fisher, and Charlotte Watson in English opera; the Seguin troupe at the Park; Borghese and Pico (Signor Rapetti, conductor) at Palmo's Italian Opera-house; Cinti Damoreau, Castellani, Tedesco, Bosio, Louisa Pyne, De Begius, Badiali, Salvi, Steffanone, Parodi, Lind, Grisi,



Sontag, Lagrange, Catherine Hayes. Somewhat in this order did star after star arise and shine upon us, bringing New York audiences, step by step, through quaint old English operettas, English versions of Italian and German operas, pure Italian and German compositions of Rossini, Bellini, Verdi, Spohr, Weber, and Mendelssohn, up to the present high development of taste for and appreciation of Meyerbeer, Gounod, Schumann, and colossal Richard Wagner, at last—giant destroyer of ancient opera traditions, ruthless iconoclast of the feeble, worn-out types of love-lorn tenor and sighing soprano, impossible parent and heterogeneous chorus.

## II.

Ballad Concerts, Scotch and Irish.—Clirehugh.—Hutchinson Family.—Vocal Society; its first Glee and Madrigal Concert.—George Loder, Conductor of Vocal and Philharmonic Societies.

Thus far I have traced the progress of music in New York for a quarter of a century, up to the time when my personal recollections of it begin—the winter of 1843–44. Then a concert was an event, “professional” church choirs rare, and piano-playing an almost undeveloped art. The resident musicians were nearly all English or Anglo-American, but already German talent and influence were beginning to share the honors and the profits. In that winter Dempster, the Irish ballad-singer (perpetrator of the lamentable *notes* to Tennyson’s “May Queen”), was giving concerts, as also were two Scotch ladies—the Misses Cumming. One of the “characters” of the city was a Scotch barber and wig-maker, Clirehugh, nearly as versatile and volatile as he of Seville, who gave his “valuable assistance” at these simple entertainments, and sang “Scots wha ha’e” and “Tulloch gorum” alternately with Miss Barbara Cumming’s “Logic o’ Buchan” and Miss Marianne’s “Auld Robin Gray.” The sisters sang “We’re ower young to marry yet” as a duet, though indeed that announcement must have been deemed a poetical license in view of Miss Bab’s care-worn face and handsome, hazel-eyed Marianne’s mature charms.

At this period did the Hutchinson Family sally forth from their old Granite State and overflow the land with sentimental and funny song and melodious fervor of abolition lays—little sister Abby and her tall band of brothers. Are not their image and superscription lithographed on pages of mamma’s or even grandmamma’s much sat upon music-books? “Excelsior,” and “The Nice Young Man,” and “Clear the Track for Emancipation!” And the irreverent youths of to-day, looking for wherewithal to “raise them” at the piano, open the old volumes, and seeing the rigid, rectangular figures, scoffingly cry out, “What Guys!”

But they had their reign, these New Hamp-

shire singing boys and girl, in the “Apollo” and the Tabernacle, and in every city and town, North and West and East, delighting many a dead and gone audience, themselves nearly all vanished now into the silent land, although the name is not unknown to the concert bills of to-day.

This was the season in which the Vocal Society came into being. It was a sort of little sister of the new Philharmonic, then in its third or fourth season, and had the same conductor, Mr. George Loder, an Englishman, who long held the baton of the Philharmonic and all chief concerts.

In this small and pleasant Vocal Society the best singers of New York were enrolled. Such artists as Mrs. Edward Loder and her sisters, Henry C. Watson, Miss De Luce, the Misses Cumming, Austin Phillips (sweetest of ballad-singers) and his sister, Joseph and Stephen C. Masset, etc., etc.

Some gentlemen who loved and fostered music were warmly interested in the Vocal Society, particularly Major Fanning C. Tucker, who, by gifts of music, personal influence, and constant attendance, aided and encouraged it. The room in which we met for weekly rehearsal was somewhere near the junction of Houston and Crosby streets—a large upper room probably near to a restaurant, for many odors permeated it, not suggestive of Arabia. Once in early spring, when the voice of the shad horn was loud in the land, in the very midst of our practice of a charming madrigal, Mr. Loder dropped his baton, and, with an expression of intense disapproval on his handsome face, hurried to the door: “Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but I can’t stand that fried shad,” he said. “Not shad, oysters!” growled a basso profundo; but the point was not mooted, and the door being closed, our singing went on in peace.

After much careful drilling and many rehearsals, it was decided that we might hazard a concert!—a very important affair to the little society and to little New York. The Washington Hotel then occupied the site of Stewart’s down-town store, and the ball-room of this hotel was chosen as being most fit for the *début* of the Vocal Society. It was a square room, very lofty, gay, and handsome.

A solemn rehearsal on the morning before the concert left us young and inexperienced members with a greater degree of confidence than we had yet felt. Still, we were sufficiently nervous when evening came. It was so tremendous a thing to sing, even in chorus, in public. The hour of eight found the members all assembled, the ladies in white “party” dresses, the gentlemen as elaborately if more soberly attired. The room was filling. Major Tucker strode on his abnormally long limbs from hall to dressing-rooms, encouraging and complimenting the



singers, assiduously receiving and seating his numerous friends.

At last the signal was given. The soprani and alti filed into their places on the platform; tenori and bassi followed. Mr. Loder stood at the desk—his baton was lifted—we were singing!

"Down in a flowery vale" was the opening number. The fresh sweet voices, without accompaniment, were admirably trained; the harmony was perfect, the time like Fate itself; and, best of all, the *pianissimo* was heavenly, ravishing!

It was a revelation, an utter surprise, to the audience. We had a double, a triple encore. Major Tucker's kind face was radiant. I think he must have wiped away a furtive tear or two, so great was his delight.

The other numbers of the concert were no less pleasing. "The silver swan," "Since first I saw your face," "When smiling meadows," among other madrigals, and, finest of all, Wilbye's "Sweet honey-sucking bees," with its florid counterpoint, its fugue-like snatches of imitation, its quaint and delicate harmonies, made up a rare musical treat.

This pleasant Vocal Society, like most pleasant things here below, had but a brief life, but in its two or three seasons there was a great deal of fine music done; many of the smaller works of German composers, also, although the great oratorios were beyond the strength of the society. The best of the old madrigals were sung, the dainty poesy, the pure and exquisite music, combined as few poets and composers have been able to do since those old English and Italian madrigalists of the sixteenth century.

To the few who can still recall the music of the Euterpean and Vocal societies it may be pardoned if to their ears no glees and madrigals have ever seemed so perfect, no entertainments animated by so bright and social a spirit, inspired by so earnest a love for music. How fresh the memory of them remains! But to the hearers of to-day the mention of these charms seems but the exaggerated estimate which the elder generation ever places on that which is past. It may indeed be so; it may be that only through the "dim echoing aisles" of memory can music and all beautiful things of life send back to us a thrill so deep, a charm so exquisite.

### III.

Henry Meiggs, Founder of the Vocal Union, called "The American Musical Institute."—The Works given by it.—A Musical Excursion.—The first Quartette in California.—Last Letter from Mr. Meiggs.

The electric wire was but imitating the course of its imperial relative, forked lightning, when in last October (1877) it flashed from Lima to London, and thence back to New York, the message that Henry Meiggs

was dead. There were few who asked, "Who is Henry Meiggs?" Few who did not know him as the man whose history verifies once again the trite saying that truth is stranger than fiction. The great railway contractor of Chili and Peru, the Monte Christo of America, as people began lately to call him. His life was one long story of adventure, success, reverse, courage, achievement, of noble generosity and goodness of heart. The public first heard of him when the great wave of misfortune which for a time overwhelmed him made a "sensation" in San Francisco. In his conduct at that time there had, no doubt, been mistakes, overhaste to be rich, confidence unworthily bestowed; but these were all exaggerated and doubled and trebled by the tongue of rumor. One morning he fled from the city which he had done so much to build up and advance. A hue and cry was raised after him, accusations and aspersions were heaped on his name; then a long silence fell on it. After a time he was reported to be in Chili in a position of trust and power. In the frightful calamity of the burning of the cathedral in Santiago, Henry Meiggs had done heroic deeds; hundreds were rescued by him from the flames and the deadly crush. Then we heard that the Peruvian government had granted him immense contracts for works of engineering and building of railroads. He was rich once more, and paid to the last dollar, they said, every debt, and the interest of it, which he had left in California.

Some years ago we saw in Tiffany's a superb piece of plate—the offering to Henry Meiggs of American gentlemen whom he had royally entertained while on a tour of inspection in South America. Last summer there was published in a contemporary periodical an account of Mr. Meiggs's public career, illustrated with his portrait and views of some of the almost incredible feats of engineering and construction accomplished under his direction in his far-off adopted Southern country. Then came the tidings of his death, the mourning for his loss, the honors to his memory.

It was strange to connect my own remembrance of Henry Meiggs with these high deeds, this world-wide fame. I saw him first in a hall in Broadway (the Apollo, I think) about 1846, where a large number of musicians were rehearsing the chorus of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—"The Hymn to Joy," so called in the English translation of the

"Freude, schöner Götterfunken,  
Tochter aus Elysium."

Whether Mr. Meiggs had aught to do with the assembling of this chorus I can not say. It was composed of many old members of the Vocal Society, and of the Handel and Haydn, etc. The great symphony was performed by the Philharmonic, Madame Otto, who



had an extremely high soprano voice, taking the solo part. Soon afterward Mr. Meiggs set about forming the largest choral society yet attempted in New York, and the large hall over Dr. Chapin's church in Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets,\* was engaged for the rehearsals. There some hundreds of singers (most of them untrained and unready enough, Heaven knows!) met once a week, and there Mr. Meiggs was always sure to be.

He went along the rows of soprani and alti, tenori and bassi, distributing the music, exhorting to industry, rousing the ambition of the young people. He was always attended and aided by his eldest son, long since dead, known as "Billy" to the society, who liked and petted the fresh, sweet-faced lad. As for Mr. Meiggs, he was loved and looked up to by the whole society; each member felt him to be a sympathizing and helpful friend. The production of fine musical works seemed to be his passion, although he was not in the least a musician; but by his exertions many fine compositions were introduced to the public which otherwise would have been many years later in appearing before a New York audience.

The society was soon more carefully organized under the title of "The American Musical Institute," George Loder, conductor, Mr. H. C. Timm, U. C. Hill, and others, leaders and accompanists. The Broadway Tabernacle was the *salle de concert*. A notable building, indeed, this old Tabernacle—any ingenious boy might make a fair model of it, with a wash-tub for the "hall," a slanted wash-board for amphitheatre, a few broom handles for the pillars thereof—nevertheless, in its lugubrious inclosure many bright stars flashed and twinkled. Here did Henri Herz give "dollar" concerts (a dollar was the maximum price of tickets then)—a pianist clear, brilliant, exact, convincing despairing young musicians that his wonderful variations *could* be done perfectly by Herz. (This virtuoso was probably the first who reaped the harvest of gold-dust concert tickets in California.) In the Tabernacle thundered, like a musical Cyclops, Leopold de Meyer; there Sivori and Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull drew their magic bows; there—ah, how often!—did Mr. H. C. Timm, excellent musician and kind-hearted gentleman, "lead on" to the rostrum, or platform, or stage, as it might be variously named in its various uses, many and many a budding *prima donna*—not ten nor twenty, but dozens of the sweet young things—all sure of possessing genius and voice, all quite happy and certain of success if Mr. Timm would take them "on." Where are they now, these aspirants for fame? So few, so very few,

were ever heard of more, after Mr. Timm took them "on" and fate took them "off" that Tabernacle stage! Did they keep their sweet little voices for the narrow but appreciative circle of home? Did they sing their songs to the rhythm of the rocking cradle? Let us hope so, since they were not meant for Fame's cold halls.

The first work put in rehearsal by Mr. Meiggs was Haydn's *Seasons*, a sort of pastoral oratorio, very long and heavy in parts, but containing fine choruses, concerted pieces, and lovely melodies. To this day the opening chorus, "Come, gentle spring! ethereal mildness, come!" brings back to me the aroma of youth, the freshness of the spring, the joyfulness of life. How interesting the music was! how patiently studied! how delightful it was to have the solo singers come and fill the blanks between the choruses at the grand rehearsals! At the first concert how flattered the soprani and alti were when the evening papers, the *Mirror* and *Post*, made mention of their good singing and their agreeable appearance!

Many other compositions were given in rapid succession: *St. Paul*, and *Elijah*, and the *Lobgesang*; the oratorios of Mendelssohn, then in the height of his fame; Spohr's *Last Judgment*; Loewe's *Seven Sleepers*; lighter music of cantata and opera (the music of Rossini's *Cinderella*, for example); and, greatest novelty of all, Schumann's just published *Paradise and the Peri*. The proposal to put this work in rehearsal gave rise to much discussion. Mr. Loder was enthusiastic in his admiration; other musicians, quite as high authority, objected: it was so far in advance of the time, the harmonies were so abstruse, the voice parts so complicated; it had not been done even in Europe; it would never be respectably performed—it would be a dead failure.

However, Mr. Loder had Mr. Meiggs's voice in favor of the attempt, and he immediately began to translate the German text, or rather to return it to the original of the poem. "Lalla Rookh" was very familiar to me in the days of youth, and it gave me great pleasure to help a little in the adaptation of the words. A copy of this adaptation is before me now, kept all these years by Mr. S. Lasar.

In due time *Paradise and the Peri* was announced by the society—at the Tabernacle, of course. The rendering of it was creditable, and the reception of the novel music was warmer than even its friends could have hoped. Surely there could not have been a more incongruous *entourage* for the glowing Eastern music than that murky and melancholy old Tabernacle. The chorus of houris, the exquisite requiem of the peris, the impassioned love and dying songs of the "deserted youth" and his faithful maiden.

\* This was the room in the rear of the old Düsseldorf Gallery.



The cantata of Félicien David, *Le Desert*, was brought out at the Philharmonic by Mr. Loder, then it was given as a separate entertainment for several successive evenings. The male chorus was drawn from the "Institute." It was their wont to come to the society's rehearsal, late after the *Desert*, in evening dress, and with an air of conscious and florid dignity, deeply sensible that upon them rested the care of the highest interests, the maintenance of the true majesty of Music—in fact, with the normal bearing of the male chorus, as whoso has had occasion to observe such will not have failed to perceive.

In the year of the terrible famine in Ireland, when generous New York opened her hands with help for the starving people, when Stewart freighted a ship with food and sent it to them, Mr. Meiggs's society gave a concert (Handel's *Messiah*) for the same merciful object. It was a wild storm, and the Tabernacle was but poorly filled. Mrs. Loder and Miss Julia Northall were the soprani soli; a "star" of very modest magnitude, yeledped Madame Ablamowicz (an estimable English lady, despite her foreign mask of a name), was to have sung the contralto songs, but, being in Boston, the storm prevented her arrival, and a very young and very inexperienced singer was at instant notice required to take the songs, "O Thou that tellest!" and "He was despised." Somehow they were gotten through. This concert was repeated in Newark, with greater pecuniary success, the whole society going to that remote and rural town.

The death of Mendelssohn in the year 1847 made a deep impression on every one interested in music. At the Castle Garden a great memorial concert was given, and an immense crowd thronged the hall. Nearly every musician of New York bore some part in the music. Selections from the dead maestro's works were given and heard with profound attention and solemn, regretful memory of the beautiful character passed away. Of all the phases through which this curious old building has passed, there was not one so charming as the summer evenings of 1847-48—the reign of Italian opera on the Battery. Many opera-goers remember them with regret; those who came from Brooklyn particularly, for they had the sail over the river and the walk on the then most beautiful Battery Park for an overture to the evening's pleasure. The opera itself was almost *al fresco*, for the doors were so many and so wide open, with the balconies hanging over the wide shimmering bay, tempting young pairs, more enamored of each other's soft whispers than of the music, to pace up and down in the starlight, while within Bosio and Badiali and Salvi made misery melodious and hopeless love enrapturing. Ah me! it was a

dream of youth and love, music and moonlight, as vanished now, as vain to seek for, as the whispers of the beautiful old trees, the sparkle on that moon-lit bay, the echo of those exquisite voices!

It was at the close of the first season of the "Musical Institute" that Mr. Meiggs gave the whole society a *fête*. A steamboat waited early one summer morning, and the young people assembled on it for a long day on the Hudson. Fine music, a bountiful and beautifully arranged repast on the awning-shaded deck, dancing, promenading, groups gathered for mirthful and musical talk, with a dash of sentiment and flirtation surely, filled the hours which flew too fast away. There was a landing made at Poughkeepsie, and a march up the long, stony street, while the band played, into a hall where a most unsubstantial and perilous staging was erected for the singers. Some selections from the *Seasons* and other favorite works were sung. Whether the Poughkeepsie musicians were complimenting the New Yorkers, or they giving a musical greeting to the country-folks, I can not remember, but it made a pleasant variety in the day's enjoyment. It seemed fun to sing for the villagers and the country people, open-mouthed and wondering. The return to the boat, the sail down the moonlit river, supper, quadrilles, and music went deep into the small hours, and it must have been dawn when the excursion ended in home and sleep. The recollection of those days bears with it no memory of jealousy or heart-burnings among the members of the society, no strife for precedence, no envious grudge about solos. There was a love of music, an ambition to render it worthily, willing acceptance of the selections appointed, and a reverence and admiration for superior talent which kept through all our meetings a happy bond of mutual interest and good-will.

The society owed its final dispersion to the gold fever of 1849-50. Mr. Meiggs went to California in the early times of this excitement, taking with him a quartette of singers well known then in New York—Mrs. Laura Jones, Miss Maria Leach, Mr. J. Connor Smith, and, I believe, Mr. Loomis, tenor of Grace Church. From my friend Miss Leach I heard in after-years many a story of the adventures of this courageous little band in the new El Dorado, when San Francisco was a mere germ of a city, with rows of canvas tents for houses, sand-hills for streets, bowie-knives and blankets for dandies' dresses. Out among the mines, in the slight habitations then possible, unbleached cotton cloth had to serve for ceilings and partitions; and wonderful were the contrivances for concert halls, where the miners, tendering little bags of gold-dust for tickets, came crowding to hear the sing-



ers from New York, and, listening to the songs and the sweet familiar ballads, forgot for a moment that in the mad rush for gold they had left home and friends and sweethearts, and every dear and precious thing of life, that not all the gold in California could buy back again. It was in this musical venture and with this tuneless company that Henry Meiggs began his life on the Pacific shores. I may be allowed here to quote from a letter, which may fitly conclude this passing notice of his early life. I received it from him in May, 1877. It is dated Lima, April, 1877.

"You may well have faith in my interest in the scenes and associations of long ago, the old days when we all labored together in the cause of art. It has never abated, and I may say that almost the only private letters I find time to write are to those to whom cling the glamour of the long ago."

#### IV.

Jenny Lind, and the Stars which preceded and followed her.—Madame Alboni.

In September, 1850, Castle Garden opened its doors to the wonder of the age—Jenny Lind, the queen of the realm of song. The circumstances under which she made her first appearance proved, perhaps as well as any thing else, the real eminence to which she had attained as artist and lady. Heralded by Barnum, the highest price paid for a ticket to her concert by a Broadway advertiser, she yet suffered no tarnish or depreciation of her fame by such connection. This merchant of Broadway, Mr. Genin, proved wise in his outlay; it was indeed a "champion advertisement;" and even now, when the big plate-glass windows have disappeared, with the heaps of costly furs and luxurious fine things, when the golden letters of his name have vanished from sign and shop wagon, do not men still speak of the monster price which Genin the hatter paid to hear Jenny Lind? Two hundred and twenty-five or two hundred and fifty dollars it was, I think.

After her Castle Garden engagement with Barnum was ended, Jenny Lind came to Tripler Hall, the handsome concert-room in Broadway, destroyed by fire a short time after its erection. A small chorus was selected from the societies to accompany the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. At the morning rehearsal for this first concert, orchestra and chorus were on the stage, when a very plain little woman, in a long dark cloak and the least adorned of bonnets, walked quickly up the aisle, ascended to the stage, and took her place beside Mr. Loder. At the proper moment she raised her head, opened her lips, and straightway rang out the high G, clear, direct, unerring in attack, sonorous, and sustained:

"Inflammatus et accensus  
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus  
In die judicii."

Up soared the glorious voice through the scale of trills, higher and higher, till the empyrean was reached, the C in alt, where the pure tone poised, jubilant and unwavering, then, in a majestic descent of the full chord, back to the dominant, thence slowly swelling and sinking to rest on the tonic—the whole phrase superbly effective, perfect, and satisfying.

Jenny Lind had sung! and to those who heard her in that "Inflammatus" her voice had made a shrine once and forever in heart and memory. At these concerts she gave the arias from *Der Freischütz*, *Sonnambula*, *Puritani*, *Norma*; the delicious "Bird Song" of Taubert; the ballads, which she sang as surely no other singer ever did. Who, having heard them once crystallized into pure gems of tone by that marvellous voice, could ever after forget them?

Jenny Lind's costumes were wonders to behold—combinations of color, daring, but all subjected to a fine artistic taste. There was a tradition among us that there was nothing *sewed* in her robes, but that each was draped and pinned on her as her perfect taste and the inspiration of the moment commanded. What must this great artist have been in opera? Those who had the happiness to see her on the lyric stage declare that those who had not can form no faintest idea of her real power. But Jenny Lind's nature was deeply religious, and it is said that a lord bishop of the English Church through it influenced her so much as to win from her a promise that she would forever quit the stage.

"Alas that Linds should be so rare,  
While bishops so abound!"

Of all the singers who have sung to us since the Swedish Nightingale, Madame Parepa only has approached her in voice, in facility, and compass; but *she* seemed always as if she sang because it was a pleasant and a comfortable thing to do, lacking the *feu sacré* with which Jenny Lind served so reverently the altar of her art.

The decade of 1846-56 was a remarkable one for the number of artists, both instrumental and vocal, who appeared in New York. Herz, Sivori, Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Thalberg, Wallace, Paul Jullien, Madame Bishop, Bochsá the harpist, Bosio, Steffanone, Lind, Lagrange, Sontag (who in her fiftieth year looked no more than twenty even through the glass), D'Angri, Catherine Hayes, Grisi, Mario, Salvi ("finest tenor we ever had," say the elders), Parodi, and, greatest of contralti, Marietta Alboni. We heard her, at least, in her best rôles—*Cinderella*, *Sonnambula*, *Child of the Regiment*, etc. What a miracle to contemplate—the disposal of her very substantial proportions in that cur-



tained box, the conventional stage couch! How *did* she manage it? But her singing! It was the very tropics of music, where the ear revelled in the florid luxuriance, the wealth of fiorature, the richness of coloring. In the "Non piu mesta," how her voice flew down the twenty-note scale, swift as a ray of light or the flight of a bird, without shade of uncertainty or flaw of unclearness! Alboni, La Superba! Never was such a contralto among us; never any where since Malibran and Pasta, as they declare who heard those phenomenal voices.

## V.

"Minstrel" Singing.—A Cork Concert.—Growth of Musical Knowledge.

It would be unfair to leave unnoticed a class of music and performers which for twenty years so largely influenced popular taste, and which in some sort may be considered national. The melodies which originated on the Southern plantations or among the creoles of Louisiana, although mingled with snatches of opera, adaptations of old Scotch ballads ("Dixie" closely resembles "Oh! we'll gang nae mair a-roamin'"), and vagaries of modern song-writers, have at last attained a distinct character, and will retain it so long as they keep among them "Old Folks at Home," "Old Uncle Ned," "Coal-black Rose," and "Buffalo Girls."

The Christy Minstrels were, if I mistake not, the very first blackened-face singers who opened a hall for their own music—"Christy Minstrel Hall," well patronized by "good families" and "nice people," who were glad to go for a hearty laugh and an hour's enjoyment of the pretty music, not troubled by the absence of the æsthetic or elevating element. It would be to the great gain of public morals if something as honest and as harmless should replace the odious trash of Offenbach, the shameless *opéra bouffe*, which has so vitiated musical taste, so blunted the sense of purity and modesty in its audiences.

Most of the old airs of the Christy Minstrels are almost forgotten now—"Stop dat knockin'," "Nelly Bly," "Lily Dale," "Old Dan Tucker," "Cheer up, Sam," etc., etc., with those before mentioned. Over and over did they delight their hearers within the "Hall," while without it they were sung and danced, whistled and played, in street and steamboat, ball-room and parlor, all over the land.

After recording the rendering of so much good music, the triumphs of such genius in interpreting the noblest works of the divine art, and as demonstrating the strange varieties to be found in the entertainments offered to city audiences, it will, perhaps, be excusable if the grotesque phase of concert is touched upon; and if, as usual, the laugh turns against the dear, fun-supplying Em-

erald Isle's ambitious "stars," a joke can be taken with a good grace by the land which has given such eminent talent, such exquisite melodies, to music. The concert in question was given in Constitution Hall—a building somewhere between Bond and Tenth streets. Mr. O'Gallagher, we will call him, with his daughter, the "Infant Sappho," were the performers. A very small audience had come aimlessly into the half-lit hall, seeming to remain solely because going out would involve some exertion. The ticket-taker slumbered profoundly. Why not, when nothing but inertia was required of him? One spasm of galvanic action had aroused him: a five-dollar bill was presented, and the miserable taker found when all too late, and three good and true dollars had been given in exchange, that the V was a base counterfeit.

The programme announced that Mr. O'Gallagher, pianist and professor of music, would have the honor of appearing for the first time before an American audience, and would perform the extraordinary feat of executing a piece on the piano-forte and flute at the same time. His daughter, whose wonderful triumphs of genius before the nobility and gentry of Great Britain and Ireland had won for her the title of the "Infant Sappho," would have the honor to appear in some of her favorite songs.

A large screen stood before the piano, there was a slight movement at the rear of the stage, and a figure scuffled across it and disappeared behind the screen. The audience roused up and made a simultaneous movement to the front seats. Something was about to be done, certainly. Not just yet, however; the "something" did not appear to "go." Presently a hoarse whisper was heard, "Fetch a candle here! A candle, I tell ye!" A moment's pause. "Oh, — it all! PHWY don't ye fetch a candle?"

The audience tittered; but the candle was *fetched*, and the occult mechanism adjusted—some amazing contrivance of false hands which enabled Mr. O'Gallagher to bang an accompaniment to the dismal toot-toot which he evoked from the wheezy flute. It roused the dull little handful of listeners, and they were entirely responsive when the Infant Sappho confronted them as erst she had stood before the nobility and gentry of her native land.

"Bedad, 'tis a foine infant of its age, that!" said a rude person in the hall.

Perhaps his admiration was pardonable. The infant namesake of her of the impassioned lyre was an overgrown girl of fourteen, with hair in corkscrew ringlets, her dress of flimsy white stuff not falling much below the stout knees, which were draped amply, however, in pantalets long enough to meet the sandaled slippers on her well-grounded—supports, they might be called.



Poor Infant Sappho! I fear it was not her first experience in such a reception as she had that evening, for she did not seem to mind the laughter or the "chaff" at all, but sang her funny and her doleful ditties in a way to arouse feelings precisely the reverse of those their authors had intended.

Mr. O'Gallaher's entertainment was not repeated in New York. He disappeared from public view as so many of his kind had done—mechanical hands and all.

Another era has come for music in New York—a higher standard and more educated taste. Although opera as a prominent institution has languished, we have had occasional "dispensations" through Nilsson, Lucca, Di Murska, Titiens, Adelaide and Matilda Phillips, Miss Kellogg, Cary, Albani. But, best of all, in the last twelve years Theodore Thomas has fought and won his noble and brave fight for classical programmes, perfect rendering of them, and profound attention and good manners from his audience.

To show us the possibilities of the piano, and make us forever discontented with mediocrity, we have had such meteors as Rubinstein, Von Bülow, and Madame Annette Essipoff. And now, as has been well and truly said by the Easy Chair of this Magazine, a concert in New York can afford comparison with the best in Europe.

To contrast a symphony *soirée* with one of the by-gone evenings in the old Tabernacle or the "Apollo" would be like comparing the mature work of a great writer to his boyish poem, his school-boy essay. Yet as in even these there may be the prophecy of the finished style, the assured success of the brilliant author, so let us believe that in the Tabernacle and the Apollo were cradled and fostered the love of the art, and the strength, the beauty, the excellence of the music which New York possesses and enjoys to-day.

### GRETA'S BOYS.

"WHERE they manage to put them all I don't know," said the little woman at the head of the table, in a mysterious tone, to her right-hand neighbor—a mild, dark-eyed, delicate-looking young matron, who always listened kindly to the confidences of her hostess. "Her rooms *are* small, to be sure; but I *can not* understand how she can crowd all those people into her house. How many came to-day?"

"Four, I think. I saw them get out of the Florida House stage: an old feeble-looking gentleman and his wife, on whom he leaned—a little woman in a dark veil—and two young boys, their sons, I imagine, very nicely dressed."

"How they can—" began the lady again, but was interrupted by a servant with a

plate—one of the boarders wanted another piece of chicken; and then old Madame Rolf, on the left, made some remark to Mrs. Jacobs, the hostess; and so, for the present, the party of four who had gone to the rival boarding-house were dropped from the conversation.

None of them might ever have been mentioned again except for the perverted energy and wicked ways of those two boys.

The "Hotel Jacobs," as the boarders called it, was separated from its rival, the "Hotel Parks," by one of those narrow lanes that abound in the city of St. Augustine—a thoroughfare barely wide enough for a wagon, having no sidewalk except a narrow beaten path on each side of it. The side windows of the two houses confronted each other across this lane; and one of the new-comers, the daughter of the old gentleman whose wife she had been mistakenly called, looked from her window on the night of her arrival at the "Hotel Parks," and saw below her a window opening on the lane, with its curtains not yet drawn. A fickle bright light, such as comes only from a wood fire, illuminated that room in the "Hotel Jacobs;" on the window-sill were shells and wild flowers in a delicate tall glass, and some plants and ferns growing. "That is a woman's room," conjectured Margreta, looking idly down on the taste and beauty of it—"a lonesome woman's, perhaps. I know there are no boys to bless and bother there, or it would never look like that."

If one of the boys, Greta's brothers, hadn't thumped on the door just then, and called her out to come find something "*he* couldn't find, and didn't believe she had ever put in his trunk, anyway," she would have presently seen a gentleman come to the window below and draw his curtains; for the room was a bachelor's—Christopher Field's. He had had this room for three winters in succession. He was very fond of St. Augustine. He was a man of leisure, being born rich; he usually had some friends who came South, and he had made friends with some of the pleasantest residents of the place; he liked sailing, and horseback riding, and botanizing, and all the other little amusements of the visitor to St. Augustine. So he came yearly, took his big room on the ground-floor of the "Hotel Jacobs," and with the help of some favorite books and his regular magazines and newspapers, spent a third of the year here very peacefully. He was a thoroughly good fellow, his companions said—kind-hearted, honorable, intelligent, a warm friend, and a rather tolerant enemy. Though not exactly of heroic stuff, Christopher Field is the hero, the victim, the villain, and the knight of this tale.

Somehow those boys took a fancy to Mr. Field at first. They were bright-looking lads of twelve and fourteen, and as they



l lounged on the sea-wall the second morning after their arrival, and saw this gray-clad, dark-eyed, affable-looking man walk past and turn off to enter the yacht-club house, one of them was seized with the idea that he would be good-natured enough to let them go in too: they wanted to go out under that awning where the gentlemen sat in big chairs and chatted and smoked and enjoyed the breeze, and by-and-by went off sailing in pleasant parties with and without ladies. The boy who hoped so much of Mr. Field's amiability ran up to him and preferred his request with audacious words, but a blush on his blonde young face which showed that he hated the chance of a rebuff. "Say! will you let us go in there with you? We fellows wanted to go in, and they said a member of the club could take us."

Mr. Field looked down, smiling, on the ruddy lad. "Couldn't do it," he said, and went on to keep an engagement with a party about to sail down to Matanzas.

The careless way, but, above all, the laughing look, sent the petitioner back not only disappointed, but wrathful.

"See how he laughed at us, Wally?" he asked, indignantly, of his calmer and younger brother. "I can stand a stingy fellow, perhaps; but I do hate a fellow that laughs at his own meanness 'sif 'twas smart. *Ain't* he witty, though?"

Mr. Field went off sailing, unconscious of the scorn and indignation he had roused.

The two little brothers found time hang heavy on their hands. Their father, who was an invalid, required their sister's close attendance for the first week after their arrival. Greta carried him his meals, read to him, soothed, entertained him, sang to him, watched beside him, absorbed. Nobody saw her except very briefly at meals. Mr. Field once caught a glimpse of her in the piazza as he passed—noted a slight figure dressed in black, a knot of sunny, curly hair, and a pair of deep blue eyes with black lashes. He meant to ask who she was, but did not. This is the way he found out:

He went to stay a few days with his friend Mr. Bestor, who had a beautiful residence in St. Augustine, and who had been left alone by his family's departure for a trip up the Oklawaha with some New York friends. Mr. Bestor said that somebody had been mutilating his orange-trees lately, climbing the wall and breaking off stout branches full of bloom, even robbing the trees of fruit occasionally, and committing depredations among his roses. He had seen two boys dressed in navy blue hanging about that wall the day before; and if he caught them in his grounds he meant to thrash them, or at least scare them half to death. Now it happened that one day Mr. Field was lying alone, his friend being away,

on a garden bench completely shaded by orange-trees, and half concealed by a flourishing rose-bush. On this same afternoon Fate compelled the two Godfrey boys to wander down the road by Mr. Bestor's, and to attempt to secure some beautiful orange blossoms hanging above the wall, to "take to father." Impelled by filial affection and superabundant energy, the elder boy, Jack, with his brother's assistance, climbed the wall. It was their first attempt against Mr. Bestor, but Christopher, leaping to the conclusion that these were the young robbers above mentioned, sprang to his feet at the sight of a navy blue jacket, and stealing up to the wall, tiptoed and made a grab at the foot of the offender, who, startled but alert, eluded him, and with a sign to his ally without, ready to help him down the wall at a moment's notice, exclaimed, in a tone half surly, half saucy,

"Say! you're in too big a hurry!"

Christopher grabbed at the boy's leg a second time, but Jack skipped again, managing to tread on his enemy's fingers; whereat he laughed, and was echoed by a low laugh from his brother without. This exasperated Christopher, and he turned and sped to the gate. Jack saw what he meant, clambered down the wall, seized Wally, and said, "Let's give him a run—go it!" and the brothers fled together. Christopher gave chase. The boys ran well, but Christopher, with smarting fingers and wrathful heart, ran fast too, and poor Wally, tripping on some oyster-shells lying before a little shop, came to grief and fell flat. Jack helped him to his feet, and they started on. Christopher, who was close on them, half stumbled too, caught himself, and delivering a parting kick toward Jack, as the boys turned the corner, gave up the chase, for he had seen blood spin from the younger brother's forehead, and heard Jack's breathless exhortation, "Don't give in before him!" and somehow the fire of his wrath had cooled. There lay the boy's new straw hat, however, before him. Christopher considered, picked it up, and walked leisurely toward the "Hotel Parks." He would hand over the hat to the boys' father, and lodge his complaint of the young rogues. He opened the gate of the boarding-house, walked up the piazza, and rang the bell.

"Two lads live here—wear navy blue suits—"

"Jes' come in, Sir," said the colored girl who opened the door.

"This hat belongs to one of them. Will you ask their father if I may see him a moment?"

"Mr. Godfrey? I'll ask him, Sir," said the girl, with a surprise he did not understand or consider. "Walk up ter the parlor, please," she added, and followed him up stairs.



A quaint room this up-stairs parlor. A little old-fashioned piano, its keys yellow with age, was against the wall. Two sofas upholstered with red and black striped calico, a big chair and two hard ottomans likewise covered, a what-not, a table covered with books, a beaded lambrequin on a bracket, and engravings of Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning" were the furnishings of the large apartment. At the end of the room opposite the fire-place were three steps, painted brown, leading up to a wide window, opening like a door. Without was a piazza, whence one could see the sea-wall, the club-house, the narrow diverging streets below, and the end of Anastasia Island opposite the city. The breeze came freshly through this piazza, and the heavenly sweet airs that blew on these sunny March days in St. Augustine were full of balm. Mr. Field stood by the open window, happy and calm.

The parlor door opened, and a young lady entered the room and advanced toward him. Her face was flushed, her lips a little set, her blue eyes proud and indignant. She held out her hand—not in a friendly way, but palm upward, its gesture commanding him to deliver to her the hat. He looked at her, rather at a loss.

"Mrs. Godfrey?" he asked, thinking that this must be the boys' step-mother, then. She was very young and beautiful.

"Miss Godfrey. I understand from my brothers, Sir, that you have chased them, *kicked* them, and caused the younger to fall and hurt himself seriously. If you *have* any apology to offer, I must myself listen to you, Sir. My father is ill."

"I am very sorry," said Christopher, hesitating. The unfaltering indignant blue eyes impressed him. "I—I intended no injury to your brothers. They were trespassing on the grounds of a friend, and in his absence I defended his property. They ran—I pursued. By accident one fell and hurt himself. I gave up the pursuit, and brought the lad's hat home. Boys will be mischievous, I know. I am sure you regret their escapades as seriously as any one can." With this he tendered the hat, which fell from Miss Godfrey's nerveless hand. She was thunderstruck by this young man's impertinence. He stooped to pick up the hat; she stooped. Their heads collided, and they came up red in the face and winking away the tears; but Christopher held the hat.

"I beg pardon," he murmured, resisting an impulse to put his hand to his forehead, and ready to laugh, but Miss Godfrey's face was so grave that he contained himself and looked sober.

"I can not expect you to look at this matter from my stand-point," said Miss Godfrey, coldly. "My brothers, I know, are gentlemen: if, as you say, they were trespassing, they were unconscious of the fact, or

else they were harmless in the act. Whatever they did, a gentleman would hardly kick a dog, much less a defenseless lad. Brute strength used against an inferior power is—is— Forgive me, Sir. I am angry. Good-evening."

With this Greta disappeared. She had seen Christopher's face change, and repented her bitterness. She knew that her speech ought to cease when it had once become intemperate.

Mr. Field laid the hat on the table, and went quietly out of the house.

The next day Greta began again to use certain regular morning hours for hearing her brothers' lessons—hours which had been unobserved while her father was ill. Greta was patient with her brothers, and loved them tenderly; but teaching them had always tried her sorely; if her father had guessed how sorely, he would have stopped it instead of desiring it.

Christopher, idling away a morning in his room, heard a complaining voice. Looking out and up, he saw Jack seated in the window of Greta's room, doubled up over a book, his face drawn into fifty wrinkles.

"If a fellow," asked Jack, in an injured tone, "had bought a thing for seven-ninths of its value and sold it for five-ninths of its value, what was his loss per cent.? Dog-on it! what do I care?"

Christopher could not hear the reply, which occupied some little time. Jack then said, crossly:

"Yes, I understand. But plague on these old lessons! What is the use of my wasting my time working up sums that are only imagination and figures? I like to *see* a thing, and then do it. Show me a dozen apples at three cents apiece—"

Here the talk was probably interdicted, for Jack screwed himself up into a smaller knot than before, and addressed himself to his study.

Next day, just as Christopher was passing down the lane between the houses, in a hurry to overtake a friend, he glanced up, saw Jack perched in the old place, squirming and settling himself, and—saw an ink-bottle knocked from the window-sill. He jumped aside, but was sprinkled by the descending torrent. To make matters worse, Jack, who had really knocked the ink over accidentally, was so transported with delight at the happy chance of Mr. Field's passing that he broke into a half-smothered laugh. The next instant Greta was at the window, and her startled blue eyes met the wrathful, up-looking brown eyes of Mr. Field.

"Oh, I am *so* sorry!" cried poor Greta, thoroughly overcome. "Please excuse him. It was an accident. Oh, I am very sorry!"

Christopher took off his hat to her, and went by.



"I am not sorry," said Jack to his sister. "I didn't go to do it; but if it had to fall on any body, I'm glad it was on that old chimpanzee!"—the boys' new name for their foe.

The next day Greta, walking between her two brothers and merrily chatting, met Mr. Field face to face. She looked at him, colored deeply, and bowed timidly. He courteously replied to her bow, and passed quickly, not so quickly but that he heard Jack roughly ask her why she spoke to that fellow. He was sorry for Greta by this time; the deep-eyed, delicate, decided face was eloquent to its students. For her, she had begun to take his part against the idolized boys.

Two days after—the middle of March—there came up a sudden and terrific rain-storm. In a little while after it began, the streets were running with water, the sea was covered with white-caps, and the thunder and lightning startlingly frequent. Mr. Field, from the club-house, saw a slender womanly figure emerge from the "Hotel Parks," struggling under an umbrella, which was soon put down in despair, toward the sea-wall. Up and down the wild waves the little lady looked; then, in the pouring rain, turned toward a boat-landing. Christopher recognized her with a curious leap of the heart, and sallied out in the rain to join her. The wind turned his stout umbrella wrong side out; he threw it away, and ran toward her. She was standing, with a despairing face, by the deserted landing, where boats were usually kept on hire.

"Miss Godfrey! This is terrible weather for you to brave. Can I serve you in any way?" he asked, reaching her side at last.

"My brothers—my brothers have gone out sailing, Mr. Field," said poor Greta, piteously looking up. The rough wind tore the hood of her water-proof cloak from her head, and the rain dashed on her tumbled curly hair. Her hands were busy holding her cloak about her and retaining her folded umbrella. The upper cape flapped against Christopher's breast. Then and there the love of her took possession of him, and the beauty of the deep blue eyes and rain-tossed hair smote his heart. He took the edge of her hood in his fingers and drew it quickly over her head; then relieved her of her umbrella, meanwhile having spoken.

"When did they go? Were they alone?"

"They came here to hire a boat. I gave them money. They promised me once not to go out without some one in the boat who understood sailing, but they usually took only a colored boy. They always thought they could manage a boat. But in this storm! And it came up so suddenly!"

The intolerable anguish in her tearless eyes was hard to look upon.

"Come back home with me, Miss Godfrey,"

said Christopher, "and I will then find the man who lets the boats; and if the boys have gone, will go in search of them. They are probably over on the North Beach," he went on, Greta giving herself up to his guidance without a word, and being hurried homeward by him. "The worst they will get is a ducking, I hope; for if they had sailed around the island, they would have had warning enough to get to shore, though not time enough to return." Thus encouraging her, he opened the gate, walked with her to the door, and—Greta paused petrified. On a sofa in the broad hall Wally sat, dry and serene, putting the wheels on a little boy's broken cart for him; while Jack, his body partly resting on the balusters, was half sliding, half skipping down stairs.

"Boys!" cried Greta. "Oh, my soul! Oh, my blessed boys, where have you been?"

"Golly!" ejaculated the elder, standing stone-still on the stairs, erect as an Indian now.

"Where've *you* been, you better say," said the younger, deliberately, having raised himself from his stooping posture and surveyed his sister.

"I have been out looking for you two boys," said Greta. "Oh, I am so glad you didn't go! Why didn't you?"

"The man said it was going to storm, and wouldn't let us have the boat," said Jack.

"Then why didn't you think to inform your sister?" asked Christopher, rather severely. "Didn't it occur to you she would think of you when the storm began?"

"No, it didn't," said Jack, defiant in a breath.

"Mr. Field, I owe you many thanks," said Greta, turning to him with an humbled and a contrite heart. "You have been very good. Please excuse all—"

"I have done nothing; but I would be glad to do—any thing—for you," said Christopher. "Please take care of yourself, won't you? Don't remain in those wet things a minute. Good-day."

"You two are awful thick," said Jack, scornfully, as his sister passed him, wet as a drowned rat. Greta paused. A soft compassion for the boy's willful and perverted ways shone in her blue eyes; with a tender impulse she kissed the lad's brow, and passed. Jack colored red as fire, went to the door, and stood there whistling. Ten minutes after, he rapped at his sister's door.

"Can I come in?" She let him in. "Say, I'm awful sorry you got so wet," he said. "I wish I'd told you. You see we came in and went up in Johnny French's room to see a pistol of his, and we forgot all about the storm. You didn't take cold, did you?"

"Oh no," said Greta, brightly. She was dressed freshly, and was buttoning on her dry shoes. Jack took the button-hook a little roughly, and stooping, buttoned them



for her. Then he kissed her, half on the forehead and half on the loose-lying wet curls above it, and went down stairs again, jumping two steps at a time. He loved his sister, but Mr. Field's interest in either her or himself rankled in his mind. He meant to play off some practical joke on Mr. Field at the first opportunity. A prompting of Satan led him to go to the gate and watch Christopher down street next afternoon. Behind him trotted his beautiful little spaniel—black, silken-haired, well-kept, and decorated with a red ribbon. Jack whistled softly to the dog, which he had once upon a time fed and petted a little, not knowing to whom it belonged. The little dog stopped, hesitated, but finally went on. Jack was inflamed by opposition. He resolved to get hold of that dog if he perished in the attempt. He went off and had a mysterious talk with his brother Wally and Johnny French.

On Tuesday evening of the following week, Greta, happening to leave her room just before tea-time, met her brothers in the hall carrying a basket on which each seemed anxious to retain his hold. Jack's left hand was pressed upon the lid. Johnny French was dancing along in the rear. The boys all looked gay and happy; but from within that basket came mournful and suggestive sounds. Greta's heart sank with a presentiment of evil.

"Boys," she said, "take that basket into my room."

The look of apprehension which had dawned on their faces at sight of her passed into a semi-rebellious one. But it was of no use. Greta opened her door.

"Bring it in here," she said, so sternly that Jack and Wally obeyed, while Johnny French slunk away. "Open the basket," commanded Greta. A smile dawned on Jack's cheek. After all, it was a "joke," and he did look funny.

Jack roared with laughter, and even Wally faintly giggled, as poor little "Boz" tumbled out upon the floor, a comical spectacle. His long silky tail had been closely shaved, his body had been clipped in patches, and he was "cross-gartered" like Malvolio, narrow yellow ribbon from cigar boxes being used. Jack appeared consumed with delight; but Wally's giggles ceased at sight of Greta's face. She sat with a helpless look, her hands in her lap, her eyes brimmed with tears.

"Oh, boys, why will you grieve me so?" she said.

"It didn't hurt him a mite," said Jack, after a moment's uneasy pause.

"Was it your dog?" asked Greta, her eyes flashing through her tears. "Was it just? Was it fair to take revenge on the strong by subduing the weak? I am ashamed—oh, I am ashamed!"

She rose and walked away from the boys to the window, and stood there alone, with her face to the sky.

The boys sat still on the floor. They looked unmanageable enough. Greta turned on them her grave sad face.

"Will you take that dog home to Mr. Field and apologize to him?" she asked. "It is your only manly course now. I expect it of you."

"Will we? No, we won't," snapped Jack. "You are so awful serious, ain't you? You never could see a joke. There ain't any fun in you." With that he rose and jerked up his hat to leave the room. If Greta's father had been well, she would have at once sent both the boys to him to give an account of themselves; but the shielding him from annoyance had long been her care and the boys' injury.

"Boys," said Greta, "you may take your choice. Either you will return that dog to Mr. Field and apologize, or I will do it. If you prefer to humiliate your sister further, do so."

"Gimme the dog," said Wally, with a flash of independence, as Jack stood sulkily still. "I'll do it."

Jack, secretly relieved, turned as if angry, left the room, and slammed the door. Wally put the dog in the basket, accepted his sister's kiss calmly, and as calmly wiping away the tear she left on his cheek, trudged sturdily off with the basket. Mr. Field, to his intense satisfaction, was not at home; so he left the basket with the servant, and departed gladly. Boz's whines induced the girl to open the basket, and when Mr. Field came home, soon after, the "Hotel Jacob" was in an uproar over his dog. Boz was laughed at, caressed, consoled; the method of his return was mentioned as the "cheekiest bit of the whole affair;" and unfeigned interest was felt in a note which had been sent over some ten minutes after the basket, to await Mr. Field's arrival.

Christopher said not a word, but closing his door after Boz and himself, took the note from the table. It said:

"Miss Godfrey begs Mr. Field to do her the favor of coming as soon as may be convenient to speak with her for a moment."

An hour later Greta, with a beating heart, entered the parlor with Mr. Field's card in her hand. To her relief, he was the only person there. He rose from the sofa and came cheerfully to meet her.

"Mr. Field, I am at a loss for words in which to apologize to you," began Greta, in trembling accents.

"Do not apologize, please," said Christopher's hearty voice. "Your worry is the only thing I care about. We must make allowance for boy nature. It is an unmanageable thing at times—a problem to itself



and its students. I was a very bad boy myself."

"Were you?" asked Greta, relieved, sinking into a chair. "Please sit down, Mr. Field. I—I want to explain to you about my boys. It is very greatly my fault that they are so willful and spoiled. We have been motherless for four years. My father is very delicate. I have not dared to trouble him with the management of them. And I was too ignorant and unwise to be worthy of the responsibility I assumed."

"I think they are very nice lads indeed," said Christopher, stoutly. "They have strong wills and good heads of their own; they have in them the making of excellent men. They need, perhaps, the steady discipline of a first-rate school; but I have no doubt they will come out right. Do not be distressed."

"They ought to be punished for this," said Greta; "but I don't know in what way. Tell me what to do with them. I will do any thing you say." (Gone over to the enemy at last, unlucky boys!)

"I feel for them," said Christopher, after a pause. "I have been just where they are. Will you—will you let me have a little talk with them myself?"

"I am afraid they will be rude to you," said Greta.

"Not much," he said, gayly. "I will win them over. My sister's children, who are as bad as most boys, have come round to me. I can manage them splendidly—they swear by me. Let me try. I will report progress to you, and I shall expect you to be my counsellor and ally. Is it a bargain?" He held out his hand. Greta's was laid in it.

"I have needed help," she said, faltering.

"Let me try—with all my heart—to give you that you need," Christopher answered, earnestly.

Just here the door opened and Jack entered. He looked at Mr. Field, and flushed, half with displeasure, half with the consciousness of wrong-doing.

"Greta, father asked for you," he said, abruptly, and turned away.

"Jack! Jack! will you be kind enough to entertain Mr. Field for me while I see father?" Greta said, intrepid, for her ally was so reliable. "Mr. Field will excuse me for a minute?" and she cast an appealing look at him, which he understood.

Jack, amazed, hesitated. Mr. Field turned to him and spoke promptly.

"I have an explanation to make to you," he said. "Perhaps you will listen to it, and then answer it, when your sister is gone."

Greta waited for no more, but vanished. Jack entered the room, affecting a half-sullen, half-indifferent air.

"I think it manly to acknowledge a mis-

take or a fault," said Mr. Field. "I mistook you and your brother for another sort of boys when you climbed that wall. I am ready to apologize for the mistake, and to believe, if you say so, that you meant to do no mischief."

"We meant to get some orange blossoms," said Jack, carelessly. "But we shouldn't have hurt the trees."

"I would have given you some if you had asked for them," said Christopher.

"You took us into the club-house that day for the asking, didn't you?" said Jack, scornfully.

"Oh!" said Mr. Field, a light breaking in upon him. "Well, that day I had just half a minute to catch some friends who were going to take me down to Matanzas. I might have taken fifteen of my thirty seconds to explain to you why I could not oblige you; but I didn't, and there was the trouble. We are not to be bad friends for that, I hope?" He held out his hand. Jack eyed him, and found the frank face rather pleasant. Reluctantly he moved forward.

"Not unless you really feel no objection," Christopher said, still holding out his hand.

At this moment, with a whine and a scuffle, the disfigured Boz, which had been shut up at home before Mr. Field left, rushed into the room, and with manifest delight fawned on his master. Jack's eye fell on the dog, and his face changed. His hand came forth readily, and he said, in a lowered tone:

"I beg your pardon. I set the other fellows on to fix the dog. I'm sorry I did it."

"I'm glad to have you say so. It's all right now. I rather think Time is revenging old Professor Jenk's horse on me, anyway. I wasn't a model boy, you know. One dark night—down, Boz! steady, old fellow!—a lot of us boys went over to his stable and got out the old dapple gray. There were six of us—"

"Mr. Field, my father would be very glad to meet you, if you can conveniently come in to see him now," Greta said, entering. Her face only slightly indicated her surprise at this amicable scene.

"I shall be very happy," Mr. Field said, moving to join her. "I must just order Boz home, or—"

"I'll keep him here!" Jack exclaimed, with alacrity, catching his quondam victim in his arms. "Say! what did you do to the horse, though?"

"Oh!—we painted him, red and blue," Christopher answered, over his shoulder. "He looked fearfully. We were down on the professor about our gymnasium. I'll tell you about our difficulty some other time;" and Jack was left mollified, interested, if not subdued.

Christopher found Mr. Godfrey sitting in an easy-chair, wrapped in a soft cashmere gown. He was a pale, feeble old man, with



snow-white beard, hair, and eyebrows; his bald head was covered with a close-fitting black silk cap, which made him look ghostly and uncanny; his hands were thin and yellow, and his blue eyes dim and watery. His voice, however, though low, was decided, and his speech fluent and graceful. He had heard of the chase, and of Mr. Field's subsequent kindness on the day of the storm, though evidently not of the boys' latest exploit. He expressed his sense of Mr. Field's courtesy, and proceeding with the conversation, observed that he had heard that Mr. Field was very fond of plants and flowers. "Had he taken any interest in insectivorous plants? Had he seen any specimens of the *Drosera rotundifolia*?"

Mr. Field had a very fine specimen now in his room. He would bring it at once to Mr. Godfrey, he said.

This Mr. Godfrey would not permit. "Another day," he said, "if you are passing, and it is convenient."

The next day Mr. Field called with his insectivorous plant. Wally was in his father's room at the time, and came up to look at it with curious eyes, and wonderingly listened to his father's and Mr. Field's remarks about it. He was an observant, studious lad, naturally far quieter and steadier than Jack, and, never having disliked Mr. Field much, was easily made his friend, and went with him after this on many long walks after the early and curious flowers and plants which grow in the woods and marshes about St. Augustine.

Jack, who took no interest in these things, did love shooting and sailing; and though he was harder to win over—for he was too proud to accept a pleasure from Mr. Field unless he liked him—he by-and-by was won over by the kind and ready young man, who had resolved to be his friend. Greta had now no more anxiety about the boys' outdoor life. Their devotion to Mr. Field and his to them had become a jest to both the "Hotel Jacobs" and its rival, while she still regarded it with serious and unselfish satisfaction, finding it not at all strange that such superior boys should, when known, be beloved, or that in turn the boys should like so charming, so gentle, so ready a companion as this strangely pleasant friend had proved to be.

Her deep blue eyes grew brighter with the deepening spring, her sweet young face fairer with lifted care and added joy; for her father was growing stronger, and the boys were occupied and happy, and—and what a lovely place is antiquated little old St. Augustine! and how heavenly sweet the airs that blow beneath its sunny skies! It was Mr. Field who took her to see what was to be seen; who took her—and the inevitable boys—out sailing upon the dancing water, and walking through the narrow sandy

streets or upon the old sea-wall. It was Mr. Field who, standing with her in the shadow of the gray towers and walls of the ancient fort, while the moonlight lay shining on the softly plashing water that rippled pleasantly below them, told her in the warm fair night the love that thrilled him first in the wind and rain of that stormy morning a few weeks past. And there Greta's hand was clasped in his for a life of love and helpfulness.

The boys, his firmest friends, were delighted that their father gave consent for Mr. Field to marry Greta.

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### HOW SHALL OUR BOYS BE FITTED FOR THE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL?

WITHOUT entering upon the much-vexed question of the relative value of the culture afforded by our collegiate and scientific schools, it may be stated as a general proposition, without risk of exciting controversy, that there are at the present day many parents who are giving, and very many more who design giving, their sons what is popularly termed "a scientific education." That this element in the community is increasing, there would, too, appear to be no room for doubt. The increased demand for this description of educational training is noticeable not only in the supply afforded by the establishment and healthy maintenance of scientific "annexes" to our more prominent colleges and universities, and in the constantly increasing number of institutes of technology, but we likewise see the spirit of the age manifested in the elementary schools for boys, and in both the old and new academies, no one of which nowadays seems to regard its prospectus complete until the announcement is made that it "prepares for any scientific school."

In our public schools we find that the modern ideas upon this subject have not only effected a lodgment, but in the educationally more advanced portions of the country have taken root, and are already very much at home. And so it is we hear of children studying natural history, botany, physics, and the like, even in the remote country districts, and these children are reported now and then by some incredulous mortal of the old school as actually taking a live interest in those subjects. In the recent agitations of the high-school question there has been, to say the least, a strong popular feeling developed against making these establishments seats of classical learning. At the recent meeting of the National Board of Education, held at Washington, the statement was made, and not contradicted, that the community at large would not tolerate the making of high schools mere feeders of denominational colleges. And so,



looking forth in whatsoever direction we may, it is evident that a very large number of American citizens desire for their sons a rational education, which, if it lead them not to a high position in the world of science, shall at least somewhat thoroughly equip them for the actualities of life.

Now it having been decided that the boy shall be thus educated, his parents soon have presented to their consideration the question, How can he be best prepared for this institute of technology, or scientific or polytechnic school, to which in due time he is to be consigned? It is evident, if the boy is to do any good work there, the sooner he is interested in that work, and the more thoroughly he can be equipped for it, just to that degree will be enhanced the probability of his future training yielding honest, tangible results. Granting thus that it is requisite to interest the boy as well as to train, or, it may be said, in order to train him, the facilities and methods of education really afforded by our elementary schools, preparing for the schools of science, present a legitimate subject of inquiry.

The boy is now, let us say, eleven years of age. He has doubtless passed through the usual desultory school course of the average American youngster of that age. Upon the thin strata of the household ABC has probably been laid a variety of deposits of different degrees of richness. If not peculiarly unfortunate, we now find him able to read and spell with some degree of precision, to write a wretched scrawl with great personal discomfort, with a fair idea of the surface of the earth as depicted in various elementary geographies, and probably fairly grounded in the fundamental rules of his arithmetic—possibly has gained some insight into the mysteries of vulgar fractions. What, then, is to be the next step? As the boy can not “enter” until he is at least sixteen years of age, we have now before us five solid school years for the work of preparation. If it should be decided to defer entrance until the seventeenth year—as in the case of most boys it would probably be more judicious to do—the time afforded, with any sort of systematic application, is sufficient for not only thorough preparation in the studies prescribed, but for something beyond. And so follows the question, How can these years best be utilized?

A wise man will ever adapt his means to his ends, and in the consideration of this matter, as in all others, must at first discern somewhat clearly the goal toward which he is directing his steps. In the case in point, it seems almost ridiculous to imagine that it was ever overlooked. If one, for instance, sees a friend sallying forth in the early morning with fishing rod and basket, and on casual inquiry that friend an-

nounces that he is starting out on a shooting expedition, the conclusion is natural that his reply is ironical, as the fact is self-evident, or that there is a mental screw loose somewhere. But when we are told that a boy is fitting for the scientific school, and at the same time glance at the accoutrements with which his preparatory school is furnishing him, the conclusion is somewhat similar. What is this scientific school? It is, we are told, an institution where our youth shall be instructed not only in the ordinary English branches and mathematics, but in the natural sciences. It is supposed to have forsaken the old classical *régime* for the practical, every-day objects of life. The observing faculties of the pupils are to be cultivated. They are to be taught to go through the world with their eyes open. They are to be graduated civil engineers, mining engineers, mechanical engineers, geologists (paleontologists, perhaps), zoologists, botanists, chemists, architects, and what not—possibly scientists in about any field. With this imposing array of might-be's before one, it would not be difficult to determine how a boy should properly be equipped, nor to fix upon the branches of learning and the general training in which he could profitably spend all the time granted him; certainly the boy should learn at least something of the natural sciences.

But it would seem as if it were precisely these studies that were especially ignored. To begin with, the school of science itself does not insist upon any especial knowledge of physical science as a prerequisite to entrance. At the Lawrence and Sheffield schools there are, indeed, some requirements in elementary physics in one, and elementary physics and chemistry in the other, for some few of the numerous courses; but at the other schools, institutes of technology, etc., an examination of their catalogues reveals none whatever. Receiving pupils at an age no younger than the classical schools, with very similar requirements in the ordinary English branches, with a slight increase in the amount of mathematics, and with a requirement of only one year of Latin and no Greek (in the toils of which latter studies the young classical student is engrossed from four to six years before entrance to college), the astonishing fact confronts us that the greater number of our schools of science demand upon the part of their applicants for admission no knowledge of science whatever, and in those exceptional cases where it is required the *modicum* is so very small it is scarcely worth mentioning.

It may be urged that despite the lack of requirement of these studies, it is yet hardly possible for a boy to pass through any preparatory school without obtaining some knowledge of at least physics and chemis-



try, if not also of botany and natural history; while from another class of elementary educators—not so very small in numbers either—will come the, to many, surprising statement that not until the boy is well advanced in age can he comprehend these studies.

In reply to the first of these objections, it is only necessary to allude to the fact—which every college or school examiner will confirm as a fact—that, granted a certain standard as a condition to entrance, one might as wisely look for works of supererogation in the tramp at our door as for any excess of attainment over and above the *quantum* prescribed. When the tendency is ever to fall below the requirements in the branches specified, there certainly can not be expected any attainment worthy of mention in those branches which are not specified. The second objection alluded to is to a great degree a legitimate outgrowth of our whole system of education. It is the natural result of the classical system, which, while again avowing no desire to open up the general merits of this question, we may perhaps yet be permitted to say, by putting the languages and mathematics first, last, and all the time, has effectually excluded the natural sciences from the preparatory course, and delegated them to the college or university. So it comes to pass that this same blind following in old tracks still consigns the study of even elementary physical science to the scientific school. This obstinate adherence to the shell of an old theory, the kernel of which has long since been thrown aside, is, however, but one of the many singular examples so frequently seen of the persistent clinging of a delusion in some form to even the healthiest and clearest brains. It is very difficult to uproot our old educational as well as other hobbies, and very frequently the new crop which succeeds them has a wonderful likeness to those thrown over the garden wall, and supposed to be forever done for. Hence we perceive amiable, well-meaning, and intelligent persons who have forsworn the thrusting down their struggling children at tender ages the regulation doses of probably the most difficult languages ever spoken by man, simply because it was considered the “proper thing,” still evince great surprise and incredulity when it is stated that children from ten to fourteen years are interested in such studies as botany, physics, natural history, and the like. Yet not one of those persons ever walked half a mile in the country with a boy without receiving auricular evidence of his very great interest in those topics; while it is extremely improbable, with many years’ association with a healthy child, that he would get any evidence whatever of that child’s slightest interest in his Latin grammar or Greek roots.

And so it follows that now among a class

of educators and parents who imagine they have entirely freed themselves from the old methods of instruction as well as the old forms, after they have fairly yielded to the claims of scientific education, we yet find the same stolid indifference to what is really the great underlying principle upon which the new education is based—the early education of the child’s observing faculties.

These persons assert they are anxious to train children after a rational manner, yet, forsooth, we find them either openly advocating or tacitly permitting the postponement of any instruction in physical science—which, beyond all else, is peculiarly adapted to cultivate those powers of observation—until the sixteenth or seventeenth year of a lad’s lifetime, thereby, in effect, defrauding that youth of several of his best years.

If there is any thing in educational practice well proven, it is that children between the ages of ten and fourteen can be not only deeply interested in, but profitably taught, the elements of natural science, provided these subjects are properly presented by a competent instructor. Eminent thinkers—notably Pestalozzi and Froebel—have endeavored to impress educators with the fact that in education the closer we follow the processes of nature, the more happy are likely to be the results. It has repeatedly and persistently been demonstrated that if we conform to the order which nature points out to us, we must necessarily direct our attention first to the development and cultivation of the powers of observation. A moment’s reflection should suffice to convince a person of ordinary intelligence that the abstruse subjects which our schools are wont to push forward so prominently—the grammar, arithmetic, and so frequently the Latin—however important in their way, do not either develop or cultivate this faculty in any measure, whereas the systematic study of natural objects, the things in regard to which a child is ever questioning his elders, must do this to an unwonted degree. Can any one, for instance, imagine a greater contrast than can be detected in the appearance of a class of children wearily and listlessly dragging through a recitation of grammar, and that same class, flushed with excitement and thoroughly wide-awake, engaged in the analysis and classification of some flower, plant, or bug which the members of that class had themselves collected in the field or road-side? We have the evidence of Huxley, Tyndall, Faraday, Lyell, Carpenter, and others—in fact, it might be said the combined testimony of the more eminent scientists not only of the Old World but of the New—that it is not only feasible but exceedingly desirable that the study of natural sciences should be begun in early youth, not only for the purpose of cultivating the perceptive faculties, but for the



knowledge which can be gained of those sciences as well. But despite all this, and notwithstanding the old methods of higher education have, to say the least, been very materially modified—notwithstanding the fact that we have so many youth going toward the scientific school instead of to the college—notwithstanding the college itself has felt the influence of the new ideas, as shown by its recent additions to its course in natural science—notwithstanding all these facts, it is yet patent that to-day we have in the United States no elementary preparatory schools for our higher schools of science that are, in many vitally important respects, what they should be. And is it not more than passing strange that in the institutions from whence one would naturally suppose that these ideas in regard to the early training of our youth in correct methods of observation should receive most encouragement, there should be little or no apparent interest?

Indeed, if one may judge from the testimony offered by the "requisites to entrance," as we have seen, they do not raise in their own special sphere a standard any higher in excellence than their classical brethren do, who make no pretensions whatever to science, and who (the "scientifics" claim) ignore, at least practically, the observing faculties from the start to the finish.

It is in some ways rather a remarkable fact that in our public schools we should find a higher appreciation of the benefits to be derived from early nature studies than in the private elementary or home schools of the country, or in the schools of science themselves. Despite the interminable wars between "the committee" and the teacher, the superintendent and the community, which unfortunately are ever going on, it is evident to any one who investigates the subject that the public-school people in the Northern States generally are years in advance of those private institutions whose course and system of instruction are dictated solely by the principal of that school, or, at the worst, a faculty of but few minds. Yet palpably it is in the public school that this system has least opportunity for proper expansion and honest, thorough treatment. With an association with the pupils confined to the five hours in which they are cooped up together within the four walls of the school building, with a large number of pupils under each teacher's eye, the mere overlooking of whom would seem to be a fair day's work, with an unvarying mechanical routine of an apparently endless succession of different recitations, which follow one another with the precision of the planets' paths through space, and while it is indeed remarkable how much enthusiasm some of our hard-worked teachers have contrived to throw into these studies, it must

yet be conceded, for the best exemplification of the merits of the system in question, we ought to look to the private schools or academies; for there we have, or should have, not only a reduced number of pupils, as compared with teachers, but the pupil, from his rising in the morning until his retiring at night, during school hours *and play hours*, is under the direct personal influence of his teachers. How valuable these play hours may be made, in the hands of a live teacher, in the way of awakening an interest in natural objects, cultivating habits of observation, and inciting boys to discover for themselves, is at once evident. The ordinary out-door sports, the skating, swimming, and fishing expeditions, the Saturday tramps through the fields and woods, are at once made important auxiliaries to the classroom drill, and thus active practical interest is joined to intellectual labor.

In a lecture delivered some years since by Professor Tyndall, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on the importance of the study of physics, he refers to a period in his younger days when he was a teacher of mathematics at an agricultural college in Hampshire. In his usual happy, genial diction the professor alluded to his habitual practice of withdrawing the boys from the routine of the book, and of appealing to their self-power in the treatment of questions not comprehended in that routine. He states in his *naïve* way how, in his efforts to this end, the boys were led to apply their mathematics to the solution of physical problems. How the swing, the saw, the foot-ball, the mirrors, even the boys themselves, and a score of other common things, were in turn made subjects of investigation and practical examples in geometry. "We also felt deep interest," the professor adds, "in ascertaining from the hum of a bee the number of times the little insect flaps his wings in a second." It is very evident that the world when it gained in the person of Professor Tyndall a great scientist, lost at the same time a very valuable mathematical instructor of youth; and it is equally clear that a class of boys under his mathematical instruction for a few years would gain, in addition to their mathematics, an amount of practical physics, to say nothing of half a dozen other branches of natural science, which would compare favorably with the amount gained by the graduates of many of our educational institutions which are held high in public esteem.

While we can not hope to find a Tyndall to combine physics with his mathematics in this very happy manner, is it too much to hope for the establishment among us of at least one thorough elementary school whose mission shall be to prepare our boys for the schools of science, according to the rational ideas he and every other scientist,



and almost every thoughtful educator who has been able to raise himself above the level of the old schools, have for years been advocating?

We have in the land some famous academies, it is true, but when measured by the modern standard they are found wanting. For the manly, well-bred tone which the rector of St. Paul's School has succeeded in giving that establishment, or for the thorough, honest work and admirable administrative abilities of the master of Adams Academy—a born teacher—we can not but have the greatest admiration; but at the same time we can not forget that these schools make no claim to be aught but classical schools to fit boys for college—and they do it, and do it well. If we knock for admission at the old-time Phillips, either of Andover or Exeter, or at the more modern Williston, from which possibly in the future something more comprehensive can be looked for, we find our children are barred out until they are fourteen or fifteen years of age by a course which even at that age is somewhat heavy to carry. If we pursue our investigations still farther among the classical and commercial and denominational home schools, all of which “fit for any

scientific school,” we find in their prospectuses and in their letters, if perchance we make inquiry, an apparently total obliviousness to the value or existence even of a practical system of training the faculties of observation by beginning nature studies at an early age. In the public schools, as we have seen, it is impossible to carry out the system to its full capabilities, so the fact remains that we are deficient in an educational factor, which deficiency is little less than a reproach to a nation which boasts ever of its ability to adapt its means to its end. Can any one doubt that if we had anywhere in the Middle or Northern States a school whose avowed and sole object of fitting boys for the scientific school was as thoroughly understood as is Adams's and St. Paul's sole object to fit for college *and nothing else*, and if this school should take boys at as early an age as Adams, which admits at ten years, and this school could be put under the control of a man equally well fitted by nature and training as the masters of those two schools are for their peculiar fields, and if it was otherwise thoroughly equipped—can any one doubt the success of that school both in a worldly and educational way?

## A TRIO.

A WHIP-POOR-WILL sat by the edge of the wood,  
Perched on a log in his wonted mood,  
And ever he chanted his plaintive strain—  
“Whip-poor-will”—over and over again.

Under the log was a cricket's nest,  
Who chirruped away at his very best;  
In a pool hard by, where the pond-lilies flaunt,  
A bloated bull-frog had his haunt.

Just as the shadows of evening fell,  
And the breeze to the leaves bade a soft farewell,  
Chorused in song with the whip-poor-will  
Were guttural bull-frog and cricket shrill.

“Fool! fool!” growled the old bull-frog,  
“Sitting there on your hollow log,  
Making night hideous with your cry,  
While I charm all the passers-by!”

“Cheer up, cheer up,” sang the cricket small,  
“You break my heart with your strange sad call;  
I shrink myself from the slightest touch,  
And why should you want whipping so much?”

“Whip-poor-will,” cried the lonely bird,  
But flew as the leaves by the air were stirred;  
And soon he repeated his mournful lay,  
Softened by distance, far away.

Sometimes, in moods when the cricket's cheer  
And the bull-frog's mutter offend my ear,  
Far to the depths of the forest still  
I, too, would fly, like the whip-poor-will.



## FITZ-GREENE HALLECK AND THE VILLAGE BELLE.

IT has often been said that Halleck is one of the few modern poets of whom the literary public have complained because he *published so little*. A few poems of his, written in early life, in his best moods, and published in a small volume, established his reputation as a poet of rare gifts, and much was expected of him in future. But his admirers were doomed to a measure of disappointment. Although during his whole life Halleck continued a close intimacy with his Muse, he persistently refused, except on rare occasions, to give her inspirations to the world over his own name. The reason was, it has been asserted, and doubtless with truth, that he was satisfied with the laurels already won, and seriously doubted his ability by any subsequent volumes he might publish to *surpass* or even to *equal* himself.

In his youth Halleck was in the habit of improvising rhymes and poetical epistles for his own amusement and for the gratification of his intimate friends—trifles which were not designed for the public eye, and which might not be worthy of his maturer years, but which were, nevertheless, highly creditable to his age and circumstances. Many of these effusions are still extant, and now that their author has passed away, leaving a reputation for genius which can not be marred in the least by any crudities or imperfections of what he threw off hastily in boyhood and youth, there can be no impropriety in bringing them out from their obscurity.

For more than half a century the writer has had in manuscript a copy of a humorous poetical correspondence between Halleck and an interesting, talented young lady of Guilford, Connecticut, the native place of each. She belonged to one of the most respected and honored families in the State. She was beautiful in person, full of life and spirits, fond of humor, amiable, good-naturedly sarcastic, and was ever the life and queen of the circle in which she moved. As might be expected, she was unusually popular, and her society was courted by both sexes. She and Halleck often met in social gatherings. She appreciated and admired his genius, and he no less admired hers, for it was in all respects, especially in the art of poesy, nearly if not quite equal to his own. In their intimacy as *friends*—for it never progressed farther than friendship—short billets in rhyme not unfrequently passed between them, some of which were by consent copied by friends, and have been preserved to the present day.

The correspondence which has been alluded to, and which is subjoined to this note, passed between them soon after an

evening sociable at which both were present. During the evening Halleck fancied that his young friend was not in her usual spirits, and the next day wrote her in rhyme a playful note—the first in the series of this correspondence. They had previously adopted the pseudonyms "Antonio" and "Margaret." It should be borne in mind that at this time neither of these youthful poets had arrived at the age of twenty years.

The young lady fell a victim to consumption in early life. Had she lived she might easily have reached an eminence in the world of letters which some of her near female relatives have since attained.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

To Margaret:

Tell me, friend Margaret, tell me why  
Thy bosom draws the heaving sigh.  
Art thou deserted? or betrayed?  
Say, who can wrong thee, gentle maid?  
Is thy love absent? or unkind?  
What anguish rends my Margaret's mind?

ANTONIO.

### ANSWER.

To Antonio:

With eyes half open you might see  
That 'tis not love disquiets me;  
I'm not "deserted," or "betrayed"—  
No love-lorn, sighing, pining maid.  
No—my whole heart is all my own,  
My spirit free, my power well known.  
Then seek some other cause to know  
The source of your friend Margaret's woe;  
And haply, if you chance to find  
The care that rankles in my mind,  
Antonio, pity and redress,  
And so may Heaven forever bless.

MARGARET.

### REPLY.

I've read your answer o'er and o'er  
At least a dozen times or more,  
And racked and tortured my invention  
To find out its concealed intention;  
But, after all, have not divined  
What secret anguish fills thy mind:  
Is it that conscience will upbraid  
At times thy conduct, gentle maid,  
And in each solitary hour  
Bids thee lament thy boasted "power?"  
Say, is it that her mirror true  
Will oft present to fancy's view  
The tears that have for thee been shed,  
The hearts thou numberest with the dead?  
And do these thoughts thy peace destroy,  
And cloud each opening beam of joy?  
If so, pray listen to a friend,  
And mark my words—*repent, amend*,  
And rather than evoke such sighs  
From us, poor mortals, shut thine eyes.

If this is not the cause, I own  
It still remains to me unknown;  
And I must beg thee to disclose  
In plainer language all thy woes.  
Let not concealment, like the worm  
Whose fangs the loveliest flowers deform,  
Upon thy cheeks of damask prey,  
And pluck the bloom of health away.  
Yes, Margaret, I can pity thee,  
And drop the tear of sympathy,  
And for thy wrongs, could I but guess them,  
With all my heart I would redress them.

ANTONIO.



## ANSWER.

Not yet the cause have you defined—  
The fatal cause which pains my mind;  
But, since your answer was so charming,  
And your suspense becomes alarming,  
To my sad tale, O lend an ear,  
And all the wondrous truth you'll hear.

By lovers haunted all the while,  
Who strive to win my partial smile,  
Of th' motley crew which one to choose  
I can not tell. If all refuse,  
Fast, fast my youthful years will fly,  
And all my roses fade and die.  
Too soon the rose, the lily, fades,  
And lo! the land of *cross old maids*  
Opes on my sight. I shrink aghast.  
Oh! of all ills, this is the last!  
From this lone state ye Powers defend me,  
*But, ah! take care what lad ye send me!*  
Antonio, dost thou wonder now  
Why grief and care cloud my young brow,  
While Scylla and Charybdis fright me,  
And sports and sleigh-rides ne'er delight me?

MARGARET.

## REPLY.

At last the mystery is out!  
All now is clear as day—no doubt;  
And for your kindness in disclosing  
This wondrous secret, and reposing  
Such trust in me, I must beg leave  
To ask your ladyship to receive,  
Pure from a heart sincere and fervent—  
*The thanks of your most humble servant,*  
And to permit me to propose  
Some means t' alleviate your woes.

If *pity* draws the streaming tear,  
And bids your tender bosom fear  
That if from "th' motley crew" you choose  
One favored lad—the rest refuse—  
The poor *rejected* souls, so sad,

Will shoot themselves, or else go mad,  
*Don't mind it*; tell them, with a frown,  
That all must not expect a crown—  
That few on earth a sceptre wield,  
And few are first on glory's field.

But if, as shrewdly I suspect,  
The reason why you *all* reject  
Is, that among the crowds that sigh,  
Pierced by the lightning of your eye,  
You find not one who claims the art  
To turn the gentle Margaret's heart,  
Not one that virtue can approve,  
Or one that's worthy Margaret's love,  
*'Tis all a whim*; you're too *precise*.  
Accept for once a friend's advice,  
Nor be too anxious to discover  
The *sense* or *nonsense* of your lover;  
For of our sex this truth I know—  
"*Perfection dwells not here below.*"

To 'scape the dark and dismal shades  
That wait the land of "*cross old maids*,"  
And shun the numerous ills that wait  
On that deserted, lonely state,  
The surest method that I know—  
And that, alas! not always so—  
Is this:—but stay; you first must swear  
You'll not *reveal* it any where;  
For I am now about to mention  
A method of no mean invention;  
'Twas not designed for all to hear,  
Not meant for *every* maiden's ear;  
But if you'll say you *will not tell*,  
And vow to keep the secret well—  
True as the miser to his coffers,  
You have it: *take the first that offers.*

ANTONIO.

P.S.—If any one should call *to-day*,  
And "pop the question," as they say,  
Pray let him linger till to-morrow  
Before you ease his heart of sorrow;  
For, if unpromised you remain  
Till then, *I'll come*—if it doesn't rain.

## CAPTIVE QUEENS IN THE MARKET.

As up and down the city's ways I went,  
I found a place of still and strange delight,  
Where the warm air was sweet with many a scent,  
And tender green the light—

A languid lotus land of dusky green,  
Still with sweet heaviness of summer hours;  
A little kingdom for a fairy queen—  
The market-place of flowers.

"O fragrant souls!" I said, "without a stain,  
How musical were speech your leaves among!"  
Then a sweet odor a sweet voice became,  
Sighing in sad, proud song:

"I am Queen Rose. In bright lands far away  
I grew in royal gardens of delight;  
Soft winds and sunshine wooed me all the day,  
And nightingales all night.

"O wondrous moons of Asia! I would fain  
Bloom over Shushan, or with rapture lean  
Upon the breasts of girls in Ecbatane,  
Their captive, yet their queen."

The pale large Lily lips then music woke:  
"Sweet was my life upon the Nile's rich shore:  
O sacred stream! my golden heart is broke;  
My empire is no more.

"No more upon thy placid breast I sway,  
No more see dusky faces to me lean;

In moonlight beauty o'er the world I stray,  
A captive, exiled queen."

"Ah, it were sweet," some perfumed breath replied,  
"To see my home low in the greenwood set!"  
And stooping to the mossy ground, I spied  
A sweet blue Violet.

"If I could nestle 'mid the leaves, and know  
The golden sunshine and the silver rain,  
And hear the birds above me singing low,  
I should be glad again,

"Rememb'ring naught of all the days gone by  
But loving eyes that sought my blossoms blue,  
And loving hearts that breathed my faintest sigh,  
Blessing me as I grew."

The voice in perfume ceased; then I, who held  
A golden charm of mighty potency,  
Said, "Violet, thou hast in love excelled;  
Come, I will make thee free."

So to the fresh wet woods I took the flower;  
And fed by golden sun and silver rain,  
Hearing the singing birds in every bower,  
It was so glad again

That many a passer paused with happy eyes  
To breathe the incense from its blue and green,  
Blessed unaware by such sweet sacrifice,  
As angels bless, *unseen*.



## RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

IT was remarked not long since in one of the leading American periodicals that Russian literature contained no matter of any great importance beyond the works of Tourguéneff. This estimate of the creative intellect of Russia is doubtless based on the fact that the knowledge of it in this country is derived mostly from the French translations or reproductions of popular novels. Few of our critics have sufficient knowledge of the Russian language to drink deeply at the fountain-head of its literature, and those who are totally unversed in the idiom regard it as a barbarous tongue, the results of which are best and most easily attained through the medium of translations. To this kind of literary Philistinism, which necessarily undermines all ambition of honest research or profound examination, there is no answer but that which forms the plea for the study of foreign languages—insight into the life, habits, and aspirations of various nations. While every important work of the French and German languages has been translated into English, the place given to those idioms in education, in social intercourse, in intellectual development, increases here from year to year—a certain proof of a popular belief in the advantage of knowledge of languages apart from the perusal of a few romances more or less.

The influence of Russian thought and action is year by year more widely diffused throughout Europe. The study of the language is rapidly gaining ground on the Continent, keeping pace with the reaction against the French influence in the education and social life of the Russian people. There is no stronger evidence of the growing nationalization of the empire than the attention accorded to the study of the language by the younger generation. Not many years have passed since a relative ignorance of the native idiom was an elegant affectation common to all aristocratic Russians. The language of society was French; of literature, art, and science, German; of sports, politics, and practical affairs, English. Conversation became a combination of idioms, falsified and distorted at the will of the speaker.

This influx of foreign elements, this character of eclecticism, grafted upon the Slavonic ground-stock, dates back to the time of Peter the Great, who introduced influences of speech, habit, and manner from every country whose institutions he attempted to assimilate with those of his empire.

The literature of the country first appeared in the translation of the sacred writings into the Slavonic, continued by degrees into its offshoot, the Russian, through the medium of the chronicles and histories written in the many monasteries of the empire.

The groundwork of the Russian speech and character is Greek, and a strong flavor of Hellenism is felt in the customs of the people to this day. The peasant songs and dances are those of their Greek ancestry—wild, rhythmic, full of suppressed melancholy and pathos, as though they yearned for the lost groves of cypress and olive on the Athenian hills. The purer Greek element shines out in contrast with the hard formalism, the hierarchical conventionalities, of the Greco-Byzantine in the art, worship, and creed of the people.

Their early epics have a fine antique feeling. The exploits of the Slavonic heroes are treated with a force and vigor that recall the methods of the first Grecians. In early times, when the empire was infested with barbarian tribes against which the Russians were obliged to hold themselves always armed, the expression of the poetic genius of the country was robust and original in the popular songs and legends. But as the influence of Western Europe prevailed over that of the East, the character of the people acquired an external semblance of refinement, which resulted in effeteness. These foreign influences, starting from the court, spread throughout the empire, so that even to this day the life retains a certain *rococo* flavor that may be easily traced in the pictures of Russian society offered us by Tourguéneff.

Proof of the immense latent power, the reserved barbaric force, of the Russian intelligence, is the readiness with which, the moment the great Czar opened the flood-gates of the knowledge and experience of foreign countries to his half-civilized people, they assimilated all the elements of learning or industry appropriate to their condition. The immediate effect was naturally to generate a species of imitativeness or mannerism, but the germ of the genuine national spirit was nevertheless called into life. At the very moment when the sparse literature of the country was held in subjection by the reverence accorded to German models of the very worst school, the first of the great lights of the second period of the Russian intellectual development, Lomonosof, appeared above the horizon—a man great in science, in mathematics, in letters, with the welfare of his country deeply engraved upon his heart.

Lomonosof is a character fairly typical of that phase of the reign of Peter the Great which advanced the cause of intellect, and accorded patronage and assistance to men of genius of whatever condition. He was a poor fisher-boy who toiled with his father on the shores of the White Sea. He learned to read and write from the village priest, and at the age of seventeen his thirst for knowledge led him to leave his father's house in secret and repair to Moscow with



a company of fish vendors, one of whom introduced him to the head of a monastery. The latter caused him to be received into the school attached to the monastery. From thence he was sent to the Academy at St. Petersburg, and afterward to various German universities, to perfect himself in natural science. While in Germany he composed an ode on the capture of Khoten, which he sent to the Academy in St. Petersburg. From this learned body it received great praise, and is remembered by posterity as marking the opening of a new era in Russian poetry. After several years passed in personal adventure and in the exploration of the scientific intelligence of Germany, he returned to Russia, bringing with him the accumulated treasures of his intellectual endeavor, his ardent desire to raise his country to the level of those he had explored, and an active mental organization prepared to apply to the raw material of the semi-barbaric empire the methods he had observed in other governments. His profound studies in Germany had only served the more to nationalize him, and cause him to hate the Teutonic influence that paralyzed the nascent Russian intellect. Thus the Russians honor him as the first exponent of the national idea, in contradistinction to the miserable supereclecticism that later undermined the vigor of the empire. The figure of Lomonosof stands forth in the intellectual history of Russia as that of Goethe in Germany. His supreme patriotism, his universal intelligence, his position as the founder of the modern school of Russian verse, all bear out the parallel. He it was who with his wise counsels aided in the foundation of the University of Moscow by the Empress Elizabeth. Like Goethe, he was beloved of royalty. In his old age the Empress Catherine visited him in his house, and passed hours watching his experiments in physical science. The last regret of his generous soul, so filled with desire of his country's development, was that he was not permitted to finish the work that he had begun for the Russian people. He prophesied that his ideas would die with him. His prophecy was fulfilled, for the Russian scientific intelligence is to this day held in subjection by the German methods.

Lomonosof composed the first tragedies written in the Russian language. Scarcely more than a hundred years have passed since the first theatre was established in Russia. The drama originated in the mysteries and passion plays of the churches and monasteries, crept into the houses of the nobles, and thence, taken up by the court, became a public and acknowledged element. A theatre was opened in Moscow, directed by the poet Sumarokof, who wrote tragedies modelled on the French school of powder and rouge, with nothing national but the

names of the characters. Sumarokof was ambitious of the title of the Russian Voltaire. He corresponded long with the old French philosopher, who spoke flatteringly of his tragedies. He represents the imitative Russian idea, as Lomonosof the true brave national spirit making its way surely and calmly across the distractions and falsities of an erroneous system.

The reign of Catherine formed a distinct epoch in the intellectual history of the empire. The patronage accorded by the empress to letters, the example of her personal brilliancy, stimulated the creative faculty of the court that surrounded her. She gathered the intellectual results of the century from all parts of Europe, domesticating them among the steppes of her empire. Her broad philosophy of life and thought and government astonished even the schools from which it had sprung. The bold, half-savage audacity of her system went so far beyond the timid speculations of Western Europe that even Voltaire said, speaking of the superb Russian, "C'est du Nord maintenant que nous vient la lumière." The Russian court was the epitome of the whole lawless, corrupt magnificence of the last century, combining its own Eastern barbarity and sumptuousness with the *esprit* of life, the cynicism of action, the exquisite egoism of the Western nations. An age glorious for Russia, the culmination of the material philosophy of the old barbaric empire; an age when letters flourished as the ornament of a court, and poets were pensioned for their praises of their empress; when serfdom was increased throughout the empire; when powdered, painted lovers and favorites went forth to conquer armies in caftans covered with jewels; when, in celebration of their victories, princes, the heroes of the poets' epics, ordered *fêtes* in artificial gardens planted with exotics, where jewelled elephants stalked among the guests, and then, from excess of reaction, passed days in moody silence, yawning with *ennui*, the cup of pleasure drained to the dregs. The bacchanals of the French regency fall into insignificance by the side of the sumptuous orgies of the Russian court. Strange that at a time when the European states were thus corrupt, and the foundations of society were gradually being undermined, there should appear upon the horizon, piercing through the gathered shadows, intellects strong, white, and true as the sunlight of reason. The decay of Italy produced that fine antique marble, Alfieri, whose intuitions were as facts to other men; born not of the Crusca, but of the smouldering Greek spirit of its countrymen. In Russia, while the empress founded academies and fostered the classical tendencies of her poet nurslings, there was one among them, Derschawin, who amidst much of flattery and fawning,



much of the spirit lost in matter, many odes and pæans degraded by the worship of the warrior favorites, uttered words that make him as dear to the hearts of the Russians as Alfieri to those of the Italians. He carried the motive power of his genius, the idea of nationalization, the spirit of ancient Russia, high and pure across all the foreign infiltrations of the century.

Every country tottering on the verge of destruction, covering the abyss with flowers, finds suddenly some grinning satirist lurking among them, as France in Beaumarchais, Italy in Goldoni. It requires a complexity of life and civilization to produce comedy. Purity and simplicity of soul do not generate satire. The many-sided brilliant *baroque* of the court and empire of Catherine called into life the genius of the poet Von Visin. He wrote two comedies, immortal in the minds of the people, the characters of which have passed into proverbs. Both satirize the customs and habits of the empire—military organization, education, social life. The reign of Catherine produced other poets—Kapnist, Kostrow, Kheraskof—more or less imitators of Derschawin, and like him formed on the models of French classicism.

There was a flavor of the *cinq-cto* in the intellectual activity of the Russian *literati*. A passion for books, archives, chronicles, extended throughout the country. Nicola Novikof occupies the same position in the intellectual history of Russia as Aldus Manuzio in that of Venice—an earnest lover of books and manuscripts, whose ardent desire was, through the medium of the academies, to disseminate knowledge throughout the empire. There were strange incongruities in that reign of Catherine—a mingling of the court of Leo X. with that of the French regent—intellectual activity and moral decay.

The periods of Russian literature are of short duration and sudden in contrast—microcosmic reproductions of other literatures. Thus from the eclectic scholasticism of the academies of the reign of Catherine sprang the strong original intellect, the bold free soul of Karamsin, who stands at the head of the liberal school of literature, and represents the modern spirit of nationalization. From his early youth the study of foreign literatures had strong attraction for Karamsin. While he was still a lad his wild spirit of independence found an outlet in his sympathy with and enthusiasm for our own nation in its struggle of the Revolution. Singular it is to trace the influence of our infant republic on the destiny of Russia. Karamsin, more than any other man of letters, helped to burst the bonds of ancient Russia, and he drew his strength and inspiration from the example of the American colonies. As a youth he travelled through

Europe, forming the acquaintance of the great men of the countries through which he passed. Traces of the classicism of his education are found in his earlier style, which yielded, after the matured reflections of his travels, to the dawning romanticism of France and Germany. In this mood he produced several novels, the last of which only, from the introduction of historical scenes and personages, presaged the path his intellect was soon to tread. At the same time he edited various periodicals, as Goethe and Schiller had done in Germany, in a spirit of eclecticism and coterie, but they were purely ephemeral in character, preparing the way only for his great and lasting creation, the *History of the Russian Monarchy*. It was the expression of a new period in the development of the Russian spirit, in letters as in politics, which opened with the accession of Alexander I.—a man of broad education and understanding, desirous of the good of his people, neglecting no means of their enlightenment. He founded universities, encouraged letters and science in every shape. He appointed Karamsin imperial historian, and at the Czar's instigation the author undertook his colossal task of chronicling the progress and development of the Russian Empire from its earliest years. From the documents lying in neglected confusion in all the monasteries and council halls of Russia he gathered the materials for his history. Supreme in patience and conscientious research, he spared himself no toil or weariness in the fulfillment of his appointed task. He consecrated twenty-three years of life to his absorbing work, and died at last from sheer exhaustion, leaving it unfinished—a magnificent monument of a nation's progress from barbarity to enlightenment. In his methods he followed the English models he had studied so closely, gave to the characters of early Slavonic history the robust picturesqueness, the sturdy independence and pride, of the English heroes he had learned to know in Shakspeare's historic plays, his favorite study. The Anglo-Saxon idea of individual liberty animates even this record of Russian despotism. The spirit of the youth whose blood had boiled at the wrongs of the American colonies became, in the historian, the powerful *motif* of a country's annals. Karamsin occupies an anomalous position in the literature of the country, uniting in himself something of the three periods into which the modern literature is divided—the classic outgrowth of the French school; the romantic school resulting from the English and German tone of thought; the national, of which Pushkin and Gogol were the exponents.

At the same time that the deeper chord of Russian nationality was struck by the hand of Karamsin, the lighter melodies of



the people's life were finding an outlet in the fables of Dmitrief and Krylof—two poets whose memory lives in the hearts of peasants and serfs as in those of princes and emperors, for they caught up from the soil of Russia the simple wit and wisdom of the poor, the most deeply rooted characteristics of the popular nature. The peasants recite their witty apologues over their cabbage soup and black bread. The wisest men in the kingdom talk lovingly of "Grandfather Krylof." He stands in bronze in the summer garden of Peter the Great. He lashed the follies and vices of the upper classes in his comedies, but to the poor he was gentle and tender even in his humor.

The most famous representative of the romantic school is Gincovschi. Absorbed by the study of English verse, he made his first appearance in literature with a translation of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the melancholy of which is in harmony with the mournful under-tones of the Russian poetic character. Gincovschi was the friend of Karamsin and Pushkin, both of whom he survived, and whose last moments he chronicled, thus completing the cycle of modern Russian liberalism. Patriot no less than poet, he fought in the war of 1812, singing the praise of his emperor the while. The type of "Young Russia" in his political utterance, the national aspiration of his genius is mingled with the melancholy and passion of the Italian Leopardi, with whom he may most fitly be compared. Both were formed on the study of English models, and possessed the inherent melancholy of their respective races. *Enfant du siècle*, he introduced into the Russian soul the maddening spirit of introspection and self-analysis so characteristic of modern thought. The overcivilization of Russian society brought with it the avenging element of moral and mental *ennui*. Gincovschi became the instructor of the reigning emperor, and remained long at court for the sake of his august pupil. As a poet he excelled in harmony, grace, and beauty of verse. He translated much from the English and German, especially in his early life, before he had found his proper outlet in patriotic and national creations. The great defect of his intelligence was a certain subservience to German models, which to the new spirit of Russian nationality mars his most polished efforts.

Another master of modern Russian, the friend and contemporary of Gincovschi, was the poor mad poet Batuschkof, whose mind left him in the flower of his age, and the occupation of whose insane hours was the painting again and again of a tomb with a cross under a fir-tree, with the moon rising above. His travels in France and Italy, and the study of the literatures of those two countries, formed his genius upon the

antique model then in vogue—the pseudo-Greek school of the Directoire, of which André Chénier was the exponent. A cluster of poets sprang up under the influence of Gincovschi—all national and patriotic, who fought in the war of 1812, and sang the pæans of their emperor—Viasemski, who wrote of purely Russian life; Davidof, historian and lyricist; Glinka, whose *Letters of a Russian Officer* had great success; Raich, who translated the Georgics, the "Jerusalem" of Tasso, and "Orlando Furioso." In the midst of the romantic school sprang into the light a vigorous after-growth of classicism—a school which included Ozerof, the tragic poet; Merzliakov, the translator and critic; Gniedich, a passionate Greek scholar, who saw in that language the mother-tongue of the Russians, and did his best to arouse in his countrymen some enthusiasm for it in opposition to the dominant German influence.

The sentimentalism of the romantic school led to a reactionary manifestation of comedy in obedience to the modern tendency to cynicism and satire produced by the study of French contemporary literature. Romanticism was held up to ridicule in the comedies of Sciacovski, Khmelnitski, and, most famous of all, Alexander Griboyédov, diplomat and poet, whose comedy, *Misfortune from too much Wit*, is the most perfect satire on the follies of modern Russian society—its passion for show, extravagance, hollowness of education, corruption, and recklessness—that has ever been produced. The hero is a true and patriotic Russian, moving untainted amidst a society of effeminate denationalized men and women.

The truly national period of the Russian literature begins with Alexander Pushkin. He rejoiced in every expression of national feeling that came in his way, in the language or customs of the people, in the history, chronicles, or legends. The songs of the people were a delight to him. He loved to wear the red shirt of the peasants in his own home. His broad knowledge of other literatures led him to perfect cultivation without eclecticism, for his mind was too robust, pure, and simple for servile reproduction. His African blood—for he was descended from a Moorish general of Peter the Great—gave to his character and creations a *fougue* that spread itself throughout the nation, and has been, as it were, infused into the higher Russian nature. In his boyhood the patriarch Derschawin prophesied a brilliant future for him, which prophecy was supported by the appearance of an epic poem when Pushkin was but twenty years old, "Ruslan and Ludmilla," thoroughly imbued with the spirit of popular song and tradition. From this time the young poet's genius mounted ever higher. His poem on liberty gave offense to the Emperor Alexander,



and caused the poet's exile, but to a part of Russia that furnished him with rare opportunities for the study of popular life. In 1825, when the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne, the liberal ideas fostered by his predecessor broke forth in a revolt against the imperial authority that forms a distinct epoch in the history of the empire. The prisons were filled with revolutionists, numbers died on the scaffold or were sent to perish in Siberia. This spirit of young Russia was that of which Pushkin was the exponent. It was only the accident of absence from St. Petersburg that withheld him from casting his lot with the revolutionists. The following year he was recalled from exile and received by the court with open arms. His life as poet and as man of the world was one long triumph. Fortune showered her favors upon him. He was adored by all classes of society, for each found itself reflected in his works. Of all the Russian poets or writers, Pushkin occupied the largest place in the hearts of his countrymen, from the throne to the *isba*, or peasant hut. Man of the world, artist, philanthropist, patriot, with the elegance of a patrician and the *bonhomie* of a man of the people, the tenderness of genius, it is impossible to imagine a character better calculated to awaken sympathy or typify the universality of intellect. In his early works the riotous imagination of the poet finds an outlet in the imagery and metaphor, the fantastic symbolism, of the Italian epic school, mingled with that of the French classicism of the republic. With the loss of his first youth his genius manifested itself in the poetic attitude of the century. The spirit of Byron became the spirit of Pushkin. This, together with the political fermentations of the epoch, produced in him a mood of proud defiance, despair, sullen anger, and wild yearning for freedom that resulted in the most powerful of his productions. Of his two greatest works, the poem of "Eugene Onegin" and the tragedy of *Boris Godunof*, the first is imbued with the spirit of Byron, and is often compared with "Childe Harold" or "Don Juan" in force, bitterness, cynicism, despair, and weariness, as the results of the oversubjective spirit. *Boris Godunof*, founded on the fate of the Russian hero of that name, was inspired by the history of Karamsin, and treated after the model of the English historic classics, which were closely studied by Pushkin. His softer, more romantic side is illustrated in his novel of *The Captain's Daughter*.

Among the contemporaries of Pushkin were Buratinski, who sang the rocks and pine forests of Finland; Delvig, a pure Hellenist, who held himself aloof from the Teutonic influence; Jazicof, a poet who—rare thing in Russia—knew no word of any language besides his own, and was therefore in

style and subject national to the core; Tintceff, a Russian genius expressed in French verse; Khomiakof, whose scientific and polemical works are widely known; Koltsof, a poet of the people, who sang of peasant life, and knew but little of books.

Shortly after Pushkin's death a young poet, Michel Lermontof, published an elegy on him filled with cutting satires on Russian institutions. For this he was sent to the Caucasus. There he wrote and dreamed, and produced poems worthy of his master. Like him, he was killed in a duel.

The period of novels and romances, in which the Russians are so prolific, followed. Two of the most prominent writers were women—Countess Rostopchin and Caroline Pavlof. *Boris Godunof* opened the floodgates of historical fiction. Zagoskin was the author of the first historical novels, all more or less modelled on those of Walter Scott, which attained great popularity in Russia. Perovski, Lagetsnikof, were disciples of the latter romantic tendency, which merged by degrees into the present robust school of fiction, of which Nicolas Gogol, though dead some twenty-five years, is the worthiest representative. His pictures of Russian life contain the fine flavor of the pure Slavonic character, faithful and realistic as Flemish canvases. His keen satire, his delightful humor, his tender pity and love for the people, his grim exposure of all the abuses of the empire, and stolid maintenance of his defiant position, make of his works a compendium of the internal condition of Russia. His earlier works are matter of casual experience and observation, full of *brio* and gayety, aiming at depicting his native province, Little Russia. His later works are universal in significance, and have a quality of insight that cuts through the social wounds of the country like the knife of a surgeon. One of his most powerful satires, "Dead Souls," is directed against the institution of serfdom. In Russia the wealth of a noble was estimated by "souls." When a serf died, in the old days, his soul still paid its tribute for a certain time. The hero of the poem wanders from one estate to another, purchasing these dead souls in order to mortgage them to the Lombard merchants. Gogol is dear to the hearts of the Russians, because, in spite of the fierce satire that cloaked his disgust of the governmental despotism, he had full confidence in the eventual independence and salvation of the Russian people.

At the present time the literature of Russia is very largely of an ephemeral nature. Journalism has given a superficial character to the literary cultivation of the people. The liberty accorded to the press by the present emperor is more favorable to the dissemination of general information than to the generation of profound intellectual



creations. The newspaper reigns supreme in Russia. Literature bows before it, or is yoked to its car. The intellectual cancer of Russia is eclecticism. The new generation of writers has drifted back to the old methods, abandoning the purity and truth that Pushkin instilled into the literature. Withal there are poets who have shown originality and keen sense of the beautiful—Maikof, modelled on the Greek school of Batuschkof; Fet, a disciple of Heine; Acsakof, a follower of Khomiakof.

The most distinguished names among the modern poets are those of Count Tolstoi, dead but a few years; Rosenheim, Plesceief, satirists. Ostrovski stands at the head of the Russian dramatists. Of contemporary novelists, Ivan Tourguéneff stands foremost. The works of the elder Acsakof, a follower of Gogol, who died some twenty years since, still keep their place in the world of letters. Prince Odojevski, Pavlof, and Solohub are writers of successful novels. Grigorovich is one of the most national and representative of all the novelists; Goncharof, Pissemiski, Potiekin Leone Tolstoi, Saltykof, Melnikof, Selivanof, are among the most prominent novelists of the day.

The field of fiction is largely occupied by women. Some of the most truthful and artistic studies of Russian life are found in

novels published by women known under the names of Crestovski, Vovcek, Kokhanovskaia. In no other country are the conditions of literature so favorable to women as in Russia. The Russian women possess remarkable perspicacity and insight, a keen sense of humor, exquisite tact, the art of embellishment in action and speech, a suavity of language that they owe to the large part played by the French tongue in their education, and the atmosphere of social grace in which they are trained. No women in the world possess such advantages of observation and experience. They are born diplomates, and are important factors in the government of the empire. At this moment the most dangerous element of socialism is found in the women of Russia, as the novels of Tourguéneff show us. This incendiary element, this under-current of the empire, is at least the strongest safeguard against the elegant eclecticism that would benumb the intellect of polished, still half-uncivilized, Russia. And as this robust revolutionary force gains in power and strength, it must bring about a reactionary school of literature that will carry those who are witness to its results back to the youthful power and beauty of Pushkin and the martyrs of Siberia and the scaffold in the year '25.

## A MANUFACTURED COMET.

THE work of making astronomical observations is about the most laborious and trying in which an intellectual man has ever to engage. Any difference of temperature between the air which surrounds him and that outside would be fatal to the accuracy of telescopic vision; so that, no matter how cold the night may be, not only must no artificial heat be allowed him, but he must take special pains to have his observing-room as cold as the outer air. He must sit perfectly still, his attention concentrated upon the object which he is scrutinizing. Gloves can hardly be allowed him, because they would interfere with the delicacy necessary in handling his instrument. And whether it be warm or cold, he must pursue his avocation during the hours when the rest of the world are enjoying themselves in sleep. If he wants to discover a comet, he will find the search as trying to his patience as the observations are detrimental to his physical comfort. He may scan the heavens with unwearying assiduity on every clear night during an entire year, and yet not be rewarded with a single discovery.

All this the Chevalier d'Angos learned from sad experience. This gentleman was one of the famous Knights of Malta, during the latter half of the last century, and be-

ing imbued with an astronomical taste, had built himself a small observatory, or perhaps got it built by the brotherhood. He was known in the astronomical world as the computer of cometary orbits at a time when such computations were much more difficult than they are at present. But up to the time when our story commences, although he had made a few observations with his telescope, he was not known to have made any discovery whatever. It was in the year 1784 that a happy thought struck the ambitious knight, the development and results of which form the principal subject of our story. In May of that year, Messier, of Paris, celebrated as the discoverer of comets, received a letter from D'Angos stating that he had discovered a small comet without any tail on the night of April 11. At first he supposed it to be a nebula. Still, in order to make sure of it in case it should prove to be a comet, he had carefully fixed its position among the stars.

Two or three cloudy nights followed, when he found it again, and saw that it had moved several degrees. He now knew it was a comet, and therefore communicated his observations to the Paris astronomer. In the following month the observatory at Malta was destroyed by fire, with, as was supposed, all its papers. It was therefore



feared that this was the last of the comet. In those times it took a month for a letter to reach Paris from Malta, so that when Messier heard of the discovery it was too late to find the comet. But a couple of years afterward there appeared in a mathematical journal published by the celebrated Bernulli a series of observations on the comet by D'Angos, extending from the 11th of April to the 2d of May; also a set of elements, supposed to be derived from the observations, showing in what orbit the comet moved around the sun. D'Angos added that the elements represented the observations with almost entire exactness. So far there was nothing at all to excite suspicion; but when mathematicians came to scrutinize these observations more closely, they were not only unable to reconcile them with the orbit given by D'Angos, but, in fact, with any orbit whatever. No heavenly body had ever been known to move in an orbit so erratic as that which the observations would indicate, while the orbit assigned by D'Angos would have placed the comet in a quarter of the heavens entirely different from that in which he professed to have observed it. Evidently there must be some mistake in the numbers given by the chevalier. But it was impossible to correct them in such a manner that the corrected orbit would represent the observations. The nearest approach that could be made was to suppose the comet so near the earth as almost to move around it like a satellite. A suspicion that the whole thing was a fabrication now began to gain general credence. But beyond the seeming impossibility of representing the observations, no proof of the fabrication could be afforded. When the observatory was burned, all the papers were burned with it, so that it was impossible to refer to the original records. No one else had seen the comet, but then D'Angos himself said it was a very faint one; consequently it might well have escaped notice. Finally, if the observations were entirely fabricated, it would be supposed that the knight would take good care to have them correspond to the orbit which he had marked out, whereas, as we have said, there was no such correspondence whatever. What made the thing still more inexplicable was, that D'Angos understood perfectly the art of computing cometary orbits as then practiced.

Thirty years passed away, and D'Angos was dead and gone before any new light was thrown upon the difficulty. The comet still figured among the discoveries of that year, but no one had explained the observations. Olbers, about 1820, subjected the latter to a new examination, and, like others who had done so, was led to the conclusion that no comet could have moved in the manner in which D'Angos pretended to observe

it. The only explanation seemed to be that he had assumed some orbit, calculated how the comet would appear from the earth if it moved in that orbit, and then pretended to have observed it in the calculated positions, but that in making his calculations some mistake had crept in. Olbers asked Encke to take up the subject and see if he could meet with any better success in explaining the matter. Encke satisfied himself, as others had done before him, that it was impossible to represent the observations by any admissible orbit. At length, after many trials, he took the orbit of D'Angos and sought to find in what way it would have to be changed to represent the observations. The clew to the whole forgery was at length reached. Take this orbit, but multiply all the distances of the comet from the sun by ten, which merely involves a mistake of one figure in a certain logarithm, and the observations are all reproduced pretty much as D'Angos gave them. The mystery was then solved. The chevalier, anxious to figure as the discoverer of a comet, had imagined this orbit; supposing the comet to move in it, he calculated the positions in which it would appear from the earth; but by one of those accidents which so frequently happen to the dishonest, he had made a mistake of just one figure in the number representing the distance of the comet from the sun, and thus not only completely spoiled the result, but left concealed in his numbers the key which was to lay open his forgery long after he should be dead. Such is the history of this manufactured comet.

Although D'Angos stands alone in the bold feat of making a comet out of nothing, the alteration or forgery of astronomical observations offers a strong temptation to the immoral observer: it is so hard to make an observation, especially a good one, and seemingly so easy to manufacture what to any but the most critical examiner will look like one. The same thing is practiced in other sciences than astronomy. Naturalists have sometimes been suspected of describing specimens which they never saw, and classifying animals of which the existence was at least doubtful. Astronomy is so exact a science that to attempt the same trick there, is, indeed, playing with edged tools. The smallest slip will be sure to lead to ultimate detection, as in the case of the unfortunate Maltese knight. Sometimes the very exactness of the observations may lead to the detection of the dishonest. There is a certain limit to the accuracy with which any measurement can be made by means of an instrument; and woe to the unlucky man who pretends to surpass this degree of precision! The writer remembers once to have seen a long series of observations with a sextant which the observer had sent to a high scientific authority, to let him see how well



he could use this instrument. They agreed among themselves better than any similar series made with the finest instruments in the first observatory in the world. This very agreement afforded the most conclusive proof that they were in some way dishonest. It was supposed that the observer, having made an immense number of observations with his sextant, had selected out those which agreed best among themselves, and thrown the others away. He may have supposed that this was a perfectly legitimate proceeding; but it was one which would ruin the character of any astronomer.

Perhaps the most celebrated instance of alteration of observations is in the case of Father Hell's expedition to Norway to observe the transit of Venus, in 1769. This reverend gentleman was an Austrian astronomer of some note, but on his return from the transit expedition several circumstances gave rise to a suspicion of dishonesty in his treatment of his observations. He refused to publish the latter until he had had the opportunity of seeing the results of others, and thus it was strongly suspected that he had altered his own to correspond to the others. It was impossible to detect any alteration as the forgery of D'Angos was detected, because, having only the single isolated observation, there were no others to compare it with. Some sixty years after the observation Hell's original journal was found in Vienna, and the alterations were then detected. Happily they were not so great as to have much influence upon the result; and it is quite likely that the corrections were no greater than what Hell conceived to be the possible error of his observations.

Another case, which has only recently been noticed, is that of a quite well known French astronomer named Jeauraut, living at the same time with D'Angos. Not only does this man seem to have had not the slightest compunction in presenting to the Academy of Sciences observations which he never made, but it seems as if he took no pains to conceal the forgery. The latter was first detected by the extraordinary agreement among the observations. Although made with an old instrument of two hundred years ago, they agreed among themselves to the very last figure, night after night—a result which would be impossible with the best instruments of modern times. The forgery was proved not only by this extraordinary agreement, but by the same error appearing in observations which pretended to have been made on two different nights. In real observations such a repetition of an accidental error would have been almost out of the question; but when, as in the present case, the pretended observations of one night were derived from those of another, it might very well have crept in, and

be carried from one night to the other. He gives observations of Jupiter which no doubt agree very well in showing how he supposed Jupiter to move. But the more exact tables of recent times show that the planet could not have moved as he professed to have observed it. The high repute of Jeauraut as a member of the Academy of Sciences and the calculator of astronomical tables renders this discovery of "cooked" observations by him extremely surprising.

The wildest form of the crime of which we have given some examples is that of altering individual observations so that they shall agree better together without the final result being in any way altered. This, in scientific slang, is called *cooking*. Men have sometimes been tempted to do this in order that they might make a better show of accuracy than they could really attain. An observer harms no one but himself by any such attempts. They are nearly sure to be detected in some way or another, and then the injury to the observer's character is such that nothing he says will be received with confidence.

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### SONG OF THE CLAY.

I LIE in state,  
 Insensate clay,  
 And on me wait  
 A long array  
 That celebrate  
 My festal day.  
 Solemn and slow,  
 About they go,  
 And say, as they pace,  
 "What a smile on the face!"

Well may I smile with perfect peace,  
 To greet the hour of my release!  
 When the thing that vexed me fled,  
 The stricken mourners murmured, "Dead!"  
 Dead—what is dead? I lie at rest,  
 No longer driven and distressed;  
 The tyrant will at last is still,  
 That tortured me with good and ill.

Alive, they said, "Alas, how worn!  
 How sad the face! how full of scorn!"  
 That was from the soul within,  
 Tormenting me forever;  
 Restless, weary, sick with sin,  
 Mad with vain endeavor.

Now I shall turn to waving grass,  
 Bending to the airs that pass;  
 Upward mount in flickering flame;  
 Sleep in the dust from whence I came;  
 By warring waves be fiercely hurled;  
 On wandering winds blow round the world,  
 And fall again  
 To the earth in rain—  
 Soulless motion and soulless rest,  
 Rid of my soul, I now am blest!



## Editor's Easy Chair.

KENSETT, the artist, was a man of singular sweetness of temper, and always gentle and generous in his comments upon the work of other painters. He had nothing of the traditional irritability of the temperament of genius, and the only time that the Easy Chair ever knew him to be in any degree angrily excited was by a criticism of some fellow-artists in a newspaper, so timed, he thought, as to be especially injurious to them. "Here," said he, "are excellent fellows, sincerely devoted to their art, poor and struggling, hoping by selling some pictures to get the means of going to Europe, in the most economical way, to study, and another fellow, who thinks he knows something about art, and who can write smartly, ridicules their work in a newspaper, baffles their hopes and plans, imbitters their lives, exasperates their friends, and does no good to any human being or to any worthy cause. It is sheer cruelty, and the man who does it shows himself to have a bad heart." These were not the precise words, but it was the precise meaning of the kind-hearted artist, and he was always a little impatient when the matter was mentioned.

There was a great deal, however, that he overlooked. The Easy Chair, indeed, ventured to say to him that a literary man, a critic, might be quite as sincere and deserving, and as poor also, as the painter, and his critical work might seem to him quite as important and earnest a work, and his duty quite as imperative, as that of the artist. His conception of the influence of art might be such that he would think it a duty to do what he could to protect the public against poor pictures, and to educate public taste to know and to enjoy what is truly worthy and fine in painting. He might be mistaken, indeed, and those who were sharply criticised would not like it or him. But why should not a poor picture be condemned as much as a poor book? and why should artists more than any other class of intellectual workmen enjoy immunity from criticism, and consequently from censure?

Plenty of such suggestions will occur to every one who thinks upon the subject, but there are also plenty of rebutters and surrejoinders. The good Kensett was never convinced, and always insisted that the art critic had an enormous advantage, that he was generally unfitted for his task, and that he misused his power with wanton cruelty. Nor is it only the world of art that resents so much of current criticism; that of literature is not less sensitive and protestant. It is a feud like that between labor and capital. Disraeli, who is essentially an artist, although of the most melodramatic school, says in a familiar passage of his last novel, *Lothair*, that critics are "men who have failed in literature and art." And a recent paper in the *Cornhill* points out that Shensstone had already written, more pungently: "A poet that fails often becomes a morose critic—weak white wine makes excellent vinegar." Dryden, still earlier, exclaimed: "Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors;" and in a long dissertation upon critics he pushes back to Horace, who held a class of them in little honor. Dryden, however, holds that "formerly" critics were "defenders of poets and commentators on their works, to illustrate obscure beauties, to place

some passages in a better light, to redeem others from malicious interpretations, to help out an author's modesty who is not ostentatious of his wit, and, in short, to shield him from the ill nature of those fellows who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus nor he who endeavored to defame Virgil were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients."

There has been recently a great deal of renewed feeling upon the subject among many of the artists, who feel not only that they are unjustly treated, but that they have no remedy. Every body can understand denunciation and enjoy ridicule, but not every body knows any thing whatever about painting. Indeed, "art" is so deep a mystery to most persons that there is a general shyness of trusting one's own judgment against a vigorous and aggressive opinion. A loiterer in the present exhibition of the National Academy may secretly like a picture, but he is not at all sure that he ought to like it, and if he hears the excellence of the work challenged with a fine air of superior knowledge, he makes no fight, because to plead his taste may be merely to disclose what a horrible taste it is. Strident, thwacking, resounding criticism has undoubtedly a great effect. When an article begins, "This will never do," the reader is at once prepared to see impotence and absurdity wherever the guide points them out. A late writer says of Tom Moore, who had as little conscience in literature as elsewhere: "He reviewed the poems of Lord Thurlow in that slashing, hectoring, omnipotent way which Jeffrey thought the ideal of criticism, and which our fathers liked, as they did boxing, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting. A glance at the review—if we may so term a massacre in which no quarter is given—will satisfy one that Moore was as clever and unfair as could be desired in an *Edinburgh* reviewer, A.D. 1814." Macaulay whacked and smashed in the same way, and in *Blackwood* and *Fraser* criticism was often a mere pretense for dextrous and laughable sarcasm and ridicule, in which the sole consideration was the amusement of the reader. Truth, justice, the encouragement of literature and art, were no more considered than the feelings of the victim, who was deftly butchered to make an English holiday.

This is a business which no honorable or generous man will excuse. But the reason that forbids it imposes the supreme condition in the tone of all criticism, that it shall be humane. A man who goes to the Academy exhibition intending to write about the pictures in a newspaper, can, of course, write as he chooses. But there is none the less a way in which he ought to choose to write. He ought, for instance, to consider the immense power at his disposal. He has the opportunity of speaking to thousands and thousands of persons more than can see the pictures, or who will have any other association with most of the painters' names than such as the article gives them. On the other hand, the artists are men honestly and faithfully engaged in a pursuit by which they hope to make a living. They may have mistaken their vocation. They may be conceited and ignorant. They may paint very bad pictures, in the



opinion of the critic. But the offender against the critic's conception of what true art is and what the true canons of art ought to be is not like an offender against the moral law, whose canons are engraved upon the common consciousness of men. So far as canons of art are concerned, it is a difference of opinion, and the inadequate performance is at least an honest intention. To be smart at the expense of the painter, who can not defend himself, and whose work does not defend him—because those who laugh at the ridicule do not know whether the picture be good or bad—is merely to be a literary bully, and to lose the respect of those who love fair play.

The Easy Chair once said this to a critic who had a nimble and stinging pen. "Well," replied he, "I don't see why humbugs and charlatans should be tolerated in art more than elsewhere." There is no reason, provided that the humbug and charlatanry be made evident to the reader. But to paint a poor picture—flat and opaque and airless—to be color-blind, to be unable to draw, to be destitute of imagination, do not prove humbug or charlatanry, because they may be associated with the sincerest wish to do well and the utmost earnestness. If the picture shows that the painter is a charlatan, the duty of the critic is to point out in what way, not *ex cathedra* to brand the painter as a humbug. If some works seem to show, year after year, that the artist is hopelessly incompetent, that also may be fairly asserted, but it is no reason for ridicule. Certainly criticism of this kind should be impersonal and passionless, but it is often full of an acridity which reveals the heat of personal feeling. If a critic thinks that the clouds in a picture are like wool, and that the rocks look soft, and the water hard, and that nothing in it resembles the nature that it is intended to represent, why should he mention it at all except to say soberly that the artist has mistaken his vocation? And is that in any sense the function of a critic? There may be a thousand books published during a year. Is it his business to deal with any except those that are worthy of attention? And should he not deal with those in a manner that discloses both their excellence and defects?

Satire is legitimate, but it is not criticism. Thackeray's grotesque extravagances about Sir Edward Lytton Bullwig are delightful. The affectation, the vanity, the sentimentality, the literary humbuggery, of the original invited the satire. But it is not criticism as Sainte-Beuve's *Chesterfield* is criticism. Criticism is judgment. It implies ample knowledge, acute perception, and the judicial mind. The writer for the morning paper will reply that he is not Sainte-Beuve, and that he must give a general account of the books and the pictures as they come. But he can do it in the spirit of Sainte-Beuve, and not of Jeffrey. He can do it mindful of the personality of the artist. He can not honorably be smart at the artist's expense, and wantonly raise a laugh that chills the hope and breaks the heart of another man. Ridicule, it may be urged, is a legitimate weapon. But nothing is legitimate that is inconsistent with human charity and sympathy. And nothing is ridiculous, in the sense of justifying public ridicule, which, however abortive, is an earnest and honest endeavor. Certainly no man can presume that it is his duty to laugh another man out of what he honestly be-

lieves to be his duty. The critic may as easily mistake his function as the artist. He may think the artist ludicrously wrong in supposing that he has or ever can have the talent of an artist, but he is honorably bound to respect the artist's sincere endeavor, and not to ridicule or denounce him because he thinks the effort fruitless. In a word, he is to say what he thinks, modestly, as knowing that there are no canons universally accepted, and he is to say it precisely and only as he would like to have his own work spoken of.

THE appointment of no foreign minister from this country was ever the occasion of so much festivity as that of Bayard Taylor as minister to Germany. Those who knew him personally and those who knew him only by reputation, the friends of his childhood and of his manhood, literary and political and social clubs, the press of both parties, and the general good-will of the country, united in cordial congratulation, wishing him godspeed. It was a tribute of which any man might have been proud, and it was one which certainly very few other men would have received. This was especially remarkable at the public dinner at Delmonico's in New York. Public banquets are usually homogeneous in the character of the guests. They are feasts of a party, or of a clique of a party, or of a profession, or of a special interest, or local association. But this dinner was unique as an assembly of men of every shade of opinion in every party, and representing every interest and profession and business in the community. It was amusing to one familiar with New York names and their significance to look along the tables, and to study the printed list of guests; and it was exceedingly pleasant to reflect that the bond of union was hearty regard for simple and upright character, and for an honest, faithful, and industrious life and literary achievement.

There had been a previous breakfast at the Century Club one bright Saturday morning. Mr. Taylor has long been one of the *habitués* of the Century, and indeed men might be selected from that club to fill with distinction any post of honor or responsibility. It has the true club character: a certain mellow charm of association derived from its root in literary and artistic interest and companionship, and its consequent traditions. Clubs of politics or fashion, or of any specific scientific or other purpose, however useful and interesting, have a certain limitation or narrowness or bareness as clubs. But the good-fellowship of the Century is famous and traditional, and the breakfast to Mr. Taylor assembled some sixty Centurions, with Mr. Bryant at their head, to congratulate Brother Bayard on the honors which had naturally fallen upon an associate. There were, besides Mr. Bryant, three or four of the original members, the patriarchs, the fathers, the founders, of the Century; who had been members of the old Sketch Club, from which it grew, and whose presence gives the Century the true royal flavor, like the lump of ambergris in the Sultan's cup. It is delightful to see these *emeriti*, these blue bloods, these Shereefs, especially to those who remember the Broadway days of the Century, because they annihilate Time. The fathers of the Century—whose names be honored!—have stolen his scythe. Let others sigh to Posthumus; these will sing as Doctor Martin Luther sang, until



the answering echoes bring back the manly voices of Thackeray and how many more!

The table was spread in the large room, and in one of the happy little speeches that he always makes upon such occasions, Mr. Bryant said that the jewels of our mother the Century were like those of the mother of the Gracchi, and that she was now about to lend one of them for a time to a good friend over the sea. His Excellency the minister to Germany made a neat and graceful reply, and there was little more speaking, but plenty of good-fellowship and warm feeling. The Delmonico dinner was larger and more formal. But it was a brilliant spectacle and capitally managed. There is seldom a company, even of Americans, in which there are so many possible good speeches as among the guests at those tables. The committee selected a few to represent some of the various interests assembled, and generously limited each orator to five minutes. But the orators whom the conditions of time and of the occasion forbade them to select would have equally graced the feast with humor and eloquence. "Heard melodies are sweet," haply mused some contemplative guest amid the delicate cloud wreaths of his Latakia, "but those unheard—" There was no drag, no delay, and just before midnight the company rose from table and passed into the parlors adjoining the hall, whence they could see the street below, bright with a calcium light and thronged with people. In the middle of the street stood a society of German singers and a band. The band played a serenade, and then the rich volume of men's voices rolled out upon the midnight in a song of farewell. A German address was made to Mr. Taylor as he stood upon the balcony, and he replied in German, to the enthusiastic delight of the crowd, which slowly dispersed. During the week that elapsed before he sailed, the festivities continued by day and by night, and the minister departed to his post amid cheers and congratulations as he sailed away.

The explanation of this extraordinary good-will is simple. Mr. Taylor is very widely known throughout the country as a man of perfect rectitude and simplicity of nature, who has made his own way, by his own industry and character, and by the most diligent cultivation of his literary talent, to results which have given instruction and delight and inspiration to thousands of readers. But his success and reputation have not in the least degree spoiled him, and the man has the fresh and generous and unsuspicious heart of the boy. Moreover, his activity and his distinction have not been such as to bring him into collision with persons or interests or parties. His temperament is cheerful and hopeful, and his temper so sweet and winning that hostile feeling is impossible. At a time when party passion is weak, and the country prefers harmony to contention, the appointment of a man whom every body likes, and whose career has illustrated the qualities that Americans feel to be peculiarly characteristic, as minister to a country of whose language and literature he is master, with which he has the tenderest ties, and in which his name is honorably known as a friend, strikes public feeling as so felicitous that it highly enjoys its own pleasure, and gladly cheers the representative of what it admires. He adds another name to the long list of the literary men of our race who have served in

diplomatic positions, beginning with the seven embassies of Chaucer, and signally illustrated in our own service at this time by Mr. Taylor's colleagues, George P. Marsh in Italy and James Russell Lowell in Spain.

It is sometimes ruefully said that the golden age of lecturing in this country is passed, and that since "lecture bureaus" have intervened between the lecturer and the lyceum, the good old "course of lectures" has given way to a medley of music and ventriloquism and farce-acting and oratory, in which Strauss and Grimaldi are promiscuously mingled with Cagliostro and Demosthenes. It is further said, in the same vein, that nothing is now sought but amusement; that the popularity and consequent value of a lecturer to a committee is the degree of his power to produce a laugh. In fact, says the pessimist who speaks thus despondingly, Cicero has no chance against an end-man; and the committee that should invite Patrick Henry would respectfully hope that he had "something entertaining" in his discourse.

This is a doleful view, and not uncommon. But it is a pity to mistake the falling of the tide for the disappearance of the ocean. The charm of oratory is as immortal as that of music. And if the lyceum has somewhat changed its aspect, it is not because the power of eloquent speech yields to that of the juggler or the negro minstrel, but because the forms of the lyceum have become somewhat familiar and fatiguing. When the lyceum began its great popular movement a quarter of a century ago, it was new, and it presented week after week noted men, many of them really orators, and with something really to say. Speakers and audiences were fresh, and charmed each other. The public mind was intent upon one commanding theme, which was vaguely felt to involve the mighty results that the last few years have seen. And the lyceum, under more or less veils, was a popular agitation of the paramount question of the time. The solution of that question was reached simultaneously with general familiarity with the masters of the lyceum. The mere fact of their appearance and speech became less interesting and attractive as they became more formal and perfunctory. Even in the earlier days of its development it was not an arena for some most eminent orators. The Easy Chair never knew a poorer lecture than one which it heard Daniel Webster deliver. There was no trace of the power or charm of oratory in it. There was nothing but the Websterian presence, which was exhibited for an hour for an enormous fee. A great deal of the interest in the lyceum undoubtedly was always that of seeing noted people. A popular traveller, or author, or hero, or "lion" of any kind was instantly seized and platformed, so to speak. The public had a good look at him, and heard the quality of his roar. It was an excitement and a gratification.

But for the orator who has really something to say in which there is a general interest, the lecture platform is, as always, the best and the most popular place. It is, indeed, the one place next to the press in which public opinion can be most surely reached and affected; and public attention will be as fully aroused and rewarded as in the earlier days, the golden age, of the lyceum. The proof of it was the late lecture or lectures of the Rev. Dr. Storrs on the Muscovite and the Otto-



man. They were delivered first in the Brooklyn Academy, at the invitation, we believe, of the Mercantile Library. The evenings were rainy, but the great building was thronged with a delighted audience. Some gentlemen in New York asked him to repeat them in that city, and the result was extraordinary. The Easy Chair heard the second and last, upon the Muscovite, and it does not know another man in the country who could do what the orator did. The Academy of Music was crowded. The Rev. Dr. Adams presided and introduced the speaker. Then Dr. Storrs arose, and, without a note before him, spoke for two hours and a half, during which not an eye wandered from him, and those who were standing against the wall at the back of the vast auditorium remained standing to the end. The discourse was necessarily largely historical, and of a country and people very unfamiliar, but it was constructed with the instinct of the oratorical artist. The perspective, the proportion, were perfectly preserved, the rhetorical stress and color were so well considered that the interest of the hearers was unflagging, and the attention, if comparison were possible where there are no degrees, was even greater and closer at the end than at the beginning. That is to say, Dr. Storrs is an orator. He had, of course, the conditions which belong to the best effects of oratory—the earnest interest of the audience in his subject. That is what the great orators have always had. There are many persons who could write a comprehensive and excellent paper on the history and development of the Russian Empire and people. How many are there who could have the information so fused in their minds and memories that it should flow in a continuous, unhesitating, rich, and picturesque stream of eloquent discourse for two hours and a half?

The effect of such a discourse in moulding public opinion is immense. There were very many listeners who undoubtedly had a vague sympathy for Russia, and a feeling, they knew not why, that she is not the mere huge glacier of barbarism, menacing free and fertile Europe, which is so often painted. The discourse gave them reasons for their faith, and a copiousness of knowledge that they could not carry away, but which left its general impression. Delivered as a lyceum lecture through the country, such a speech would have the same range of effect upon national opinion that the Corn-Law speeches of Cobden and Bright had upon England. And here at once appears the way in which Astræa might descend, and the golden age of the lyceum return. The treatment of real questions by real orators would displace the end-men as lecturers. Every body likes to laugh; but certainly it is unnecessary to conclude that because people like to laugh, they do not wish to think or to be delightfully instructed, or that because Webster talking for form's sake in a lyceum would not draw the same audience twice, therefore Webster in the Senate answering Hayne may not be an immortal figure of American history.

THERE was nothing in Tweed besides his enormous thefts to make him a person of any importance, but his death was an event which the newspapers treated at length as if he had been a hero or statesman, or a poet, or a famous man. The reason is obvious. Tweed was the type of

a system of fraud and speculation which was felt with alarm to be corrupting the moral forces of the republic, and it was seen with dismay that it needed no ability to push it to monstrous results. The Tammany Ring was the sorriest set of rogues that ever menaced a great community with great dangers. It was utterly unredeemed by talent, by capacity, or even by the vulgar romance of Dick Turpin or Jack Sheppard. It was a plot for sheer stealing, and it was successful. The reason of its great success may be partly seen in the feeling of sympathy for the only one of the band who was imprisoned, and a half complaint at the inequality of his punishment—a feeling which at bottom insisted that as the others had gotten off, he ought to have escaped also.

Another illustration of the same feeling of good-humored indifference which made the crimes of the Ring possible was the way in which Tweed's gift of fifty thousand dollars to the poor of the city was received. This was one of the most impudent acts of his career. Mr. Robert Macaire having robbed a traveller of his fortune, benevolently gave his widowed daughter a gold watch. There was a murmur of admiration among the spectators, and an exclamation that Mr. Macaire, after all, had a good heart, and that although his acquisitions of money were perhaps irregular, yet his bounty made him somehow a public benefactor in disguise. So when the end came, and Tweed died in comfortable quarters in jail, where it appears he paid seventy-five dollars a week, indulging in "luxuries and delicacies" as they took his fancy, and amusing himself at games with old boon companions, there was the same kind of remark that there were quite as bad men as he out of jail, as if because all who deserve to be imprisoned are not caught, those who are caught should be released. It was added that he was a "poor old man" who could do no more harm, who had been sufficiently punished, and from whom nothing more could be obtained. He was a man of fifty-five years, and nobody knew how much of his plunder he had indirectly retained, and there was certainly no more reason for releasing him than any other known offender. There was, under the law, one, and one only, sufficient reason for remitting his punishment, and that was evidence which he only could give, and which would enable some of the money that he and his confederates had stolen to be restored. It was supposed that he had furnished this evidence in his confession. But the Attorney-General decided, and decided justly, that he had not, and the resolution with which Mr. Fairchild held that position in the face of the most powerful and unscrupulous political hostility, commends him to public approval and sympathy.

The *World*, the morning after Tweed's death, drew a very just distinction between men of great political ability who use base methods because they are the easiest for their public purposes, and men who use them merely for gross personal enjoyment and emolument. It cites Sir Robert Walpole as a type of the first class, and thus of necessity brings his name into ludicrous proximity with that of Tweed. Walpole's political morality was certainly no higher than that of his time; but his recent biographer, Mr. Ewald, and Mr. Lecky, in his *History of the Eighteenth Century*, show that the most famous remark attrib-



uted to him has been misrepresented. He did not say, however the condition of things around him might have justified the remark, that "all men have their price;" but he said of a particular group of members, "All these men have their price," which he doubtless knew to be true. Walpole, however, did unquestionably, as Lecky says, organize corruption as a system, a process of Parliamentary government. But Walpole also, despite the fatal influence of his methods, rendered great services to England. Of course the two men are not mentioned together except to show how one man can turn enormous political corruption to the mere gratification of his private pleasure, while another will not scruple to use it to secure beneficial public results, without the least personal gain. It is fortunate for public morality that Tweed's career ended as it did. For those whom his final success would have emboldened for any knavery are the very class to be admonished by his total miscarriage.

HARPER'S "Library of American Fiction" will be a worthy companion of the familiar "Library of Select Novels," which has been the means of introducing to the general American public the more famous English and European novelists of the last thirty-five years. The Library began with Bulwer's *Pelham*, and its convenient form and cheap price have diffused it every where, so that it has been imitated in scores of forms. There has been, of course, on the part of many persons, great complaint of the ephemeral form, the paper cover, the double column, and, above all, the compact type; and certainly for luxury of reading there is no comparison between the handsome liberal page of the English novel and the solid page of the Library. But for the liberal-paged English volumes the reader pays six or seven dollars, and for a volume of the Library twenty-five or fifty or seventy-five cents, according to the size. The three bulky English volumes are packed into a large pamphlet, which the American reader carries in his coat pocket, and, when he has read, sends to a hospital, perhaps, for the reading of the inmates. In this way the best stories and novels of the last generation have been circulated every where in America, and English authors share with American publishers the advantage of the wide popular sale.

In determining the form of publication it must be remembered that cheapness is indispensable. In America the people who are most anxious to read are not always, or chiefly, those who can afford to pay the highest price for reading; and undoubtedly the want of general interest in any proposal for an international copyright is the popular conviction that it would make books dearer. The "Library of American Fiction" will seek to present only the best works, and by a pretty, attractive, and cheap form to appeal to the widest favor among readers, and consequently to the encouragement of authors. The publication has begun, and among the earlier volumes a story called *Mag* is one of the most striking and interesting that have been lately issued. It is steeped in an airy and graceful humor; but there is a tremendous reality in it, an earnestness of conviction and purpose that holds the reader fixed and fascinated, like the wedding guest by the glittering eye of the ancient mariner. It is a story of America to-day, of here and there and every where in the

country; and the touches are so vivid, the figures so graphic, the earnestness so intense, that there can be little doubt that the portraits and the scenes are all sketched from life by a singularly shrewd eye and incisive hand. The humors and drolleries and extravagancies of colored life, of old family dependents emerging from the long traditions of bondage, are drawn with a Teniers-like fidelity, and are exceedingly valuable as studies of an aspect of American social life which is of necessity rapidly passing away. And the contrast of the two heroines, for such they really are, is also most significant of existing and familiar social conditions and tendencies.

*Mag*, from whom the tale is named, is at the beginning of the story a young Irishwoman, born and bred in the streets of Dublin, drifted a waif to this country, and tossed upon the wild and remorseless life which a city like New York, for instance, would offer to a poor, neglected, friendless child, ignorant, passionate, and full of brute instincts almost absolutely unenlightened. She is by chance suddenly confronted with Bertha Lee, an intelligent and refined American girl of generous sympathies, with a conscience that forbids her to ask Cain's question, and as simple and pure amid the wrong and suffering of the world as the snow-white Una. But she is neither the goody-goody nor the typical and terrible "reformer," and nothing could be more natural and feminine than her relation to her lover amid the tragic interest which *Mag* commands. Fierce and furious in a mad quarrel with another woman over her boy, *Mag* gets drunk, and is sent to jail, where she is found by Bertha, who goes there to see the son of an old family servant. The brief scenes and sketches of the jail and its life are as stern and startling an exposure as was ever made of the evils of the wretched county jails—schools of vice and crime planted in the heart of communities which are almost utterly indifferent to them. Indeed, there is nothing in any report upon the subject—which nobody reads—which gives so vivid and vigorous a picture as these passages in *Mag*. They show with a power and fidelity clearly born of ample knowledge how great a field of humane reform is lying wholly unknown and unworked at our doors, and we are exceedingly mistaken if this book does not, by the inspiration of local inquiry and effort, send such a purifying light into our county jails as they have never seen.

We can not follow the details of the story, in which the gay and grotesque humor of the jolly negroes is naturally and strongly contrasted with the lurid life of *Mag*. The strong-natured woman is a conscious outcast, with frenzied passion defying the society that offers her nothing but rum that maddens her, and the county jail that brutalizes her. The sole link between the wrecked woman and humanity is the persistent faith and sympathy and resolution of Bertha. She is baffled in every way: by the hopelessness of changing the jail system, by the inability of *Mag* to refrain from drinking, by the want of co-operation in her family, and by the good-humored incredulity of her lover. Despair and indifference and the abandonment of a wild drunken jade to her destruction seemed to be the inevitable end. What is the use of trying to help such a repulsive, brutal being as the wretched *Mag*? But the young girl, without "fuss," or airs, or self-con-



scious saintliness, seems to hear always in her heart the divine melody, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And gradually, by the steady force of human sympathy, by the might of love of that clouded soul which was outwardly most repugnant, the spark of humanity, of an answering and regenerating affection in poor Mag's heart, was kindled. Still ignorant, broken, forlorn, she yields to the prayer of Bertha, for the love of God, who loves her spite of all, to place herself beyond the reach of the rum that ruins her, and goes to the bare, friendless poor-house, which is keenly repulsive to her lawless, vagabond nature, and there, trusting Bertha, the first true human heart

that she had found in the world, the poor, sorrowful, tempestuous, tragical life ends, the tossed soul peaceful at last in the consciousness of a love of which she had been so long without knowledge that she could only very slowly comprehend and believe its existence.

*Mag* is an anonymous story, but it is a cry out of the depths of experience. It is plainly a character of actual life, and of a life touching us all at every step. The tale is brief. It is a voice crying in the wilderness of indifference and smiling apathy and paralytic incredulity, but it will tell every man and woman who wishes to know, what humane work there is to be done in the world, and where and how to do it.

## Editor's Literary Record.

TWO attempts to furnish the ordinary English students of the New Testament with a commentary for their use lie before us. *The People's Commentary*, by AMOS BINNEY (Nelson and Phillips), is quite inadequate, if its character is compared with its title. It is comprised within a single volume of a little over seven hundred pages. It contains nothing worthy to be called criticism, and very little that can be regarded as either homiletical or exegetical help. It is, indeed, little more than a very admirable reference Testament, with brief notes pointing out the significance of the references to other Scripture, which the author regards as affording, either by its parallelism, illustrations, or even its contrasts, a light on the text. In this point of view it is a very admirable aid to the study of the Scripture; but it can not take the place, with any thoughtful lay student, of a more comprehensive work.—A much more important contribution to the study of the New Testament is *A New Testament Commentary for English Readers*, by various writers, edited by Bishop ELLICOTT, of the Church of England (E. P. Dutton and Co.). The first volume contains the four Gospels, the notes on the first three being written by Dr. Plumptre, those on the fourth by Rev. H. W. Watkins, of King's College, London. The object of this work is an admirable one. The editor, in the preface, states his purpose to be to prepare a commentary which shall meet the living needs of the present day, of reluctant skeptics on the one hand, and of reverent and of hopeful and trusting seekers after the truth on the other. It aims to represent the spiritual rather than the merely intellectual aspects of the Testament, to treat the book as a source of life rather than merely as a source of truth. These are high aims; and if the work does not fully realize all the hopes that are aroused by the aspirations of the preface, it is not strange. Most readers, remembering on the one hand the devout spirit which characterizes *The Life of Christ* by Bishop Ellicott, and on the other the accurate exegetical knowledge which has made his commentaries without a peer among works of microscopic criticism, will regret that we have not in this commentary something more than his mere oversight. We do not know what the English demand may be, but the American Bible student will be sorry that, since this work is so good, it was not made a little better; that it does not discuss with more thoroughness some of the

difficult questions that are more and more forced on the thought of the Bible student; that it passes so superficially over such questions as that of demoniac possession, and the true meaning of the sermon on the bread of life at Capernaum. He will hardly escape the feeling that spiritual interest has been secured at the expense of intellectual thoroughness, and he will not be able to see why the sacrifice was at all necessary. Especially he will think that the happiest selection was not made for the writer on the Gospel of John, in the interpretation of which a rare spiritual insight was required, rather than the kind of education which is characteristic of a professor of logic and moral philosophy. Nevertheless, we welcome this as one of many new helps to the study of the New Testament, though it is not so superior to those which we already possess that it is at all likely to supersede them. It is devout, simple, intelligible, measurably practical, but it might have been more thorough in its discussion of difficulties, with great advantage at least to the American Bible student, who is generally able to cope with any question that the professional student can struggle with, if only the purely critical information that is necessary for its solution is given to him.

The newspaper discussion concerning the future state of the soul has given a new impulse to a literature on this subject, and it is possibly a significant indication of the little that is really new to be said on the subject that the best books are only new editions of old treatises. From the numerous volumes that have been drawn from their retirement on the shelves of their publishers we select three books, each the type of a class and the representative of a peculiar school. *Life and Death Eternal* (American Tract Society), by President S. C. BARTLETT, of Dartmouth College, is unquestionably the ablest presentation of the old doctrine on the subject of the future state of the finally impenitent. He makes no allowance for any general change of view, and indicates none in his own mind. He includes the great mass of the heathen under eternal condemnation, and argues that the penalty includes a positive infliction of "tribulation and anguish." This book is almost entirely based on Scripture, which he masses in support of his views with great effectiveness. To the ordinary reader his work has two weak points: it is coldly and se-



verely logical, is almost painfully wanting in human sympathy, discusses the question as though it were one in mathematics or physical science, and scarcely indicates that the author has ever really conceived what it is to suffer the pains of an increasing remorse for an eternity; and it is intensely though not bitterly partisan. The author writes wholly as an advocate, without a recognition of the weak points of his own positions or the strong points of the opposing positions. It is clear and forcible, but neither sympathetic nor judicial.—ANDREW JUKE'S *Restitution of all Things* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is a strong Scriptural presentation of the doctrine of universal restoration. The author is a clergyman of the Church of England. His contribution to the *Contemporary* a year or two ago on the same subject attracted much attention, and aroused a fresh interest in the whole problem. He is a characteristically spiritual man, and has what may be called a meditative knowledge of the Scripture. His book is both sympathetic and judicial in its tone, but is open to the criticism of being somewhat fanciful in its interpretation of the Bible. A vein of Swedenborgianism runs through the work, especially in the interpretation of the types of the Old Testament, of which he makes a great deal.—EDWARD WHITE'S *Life in Christ* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), also an English publication, is in form a new edition of an old treatise, but is in fact a new book. It has been entirely rewritten, and may now be regarded as the ablest and most complete presentation of the doctrine of conditional immortality in English literature. This is the doctrine that immortality does not belong to man as such, but is the special gift of God to such as have received the germ of a new and spiritual life through faith in Him. This doctrine is more in vogue in England than in this country, and is held by many prominent clergymen in all the different evangelical denominations there. Mr. White is a Baptist clergyman. In a literary point of view his work must be regarded as the ablest and most thoroughly thought out of the three. He considers not merely the Scriptural argument, but addresses himself to a consideration of the place which man occupies according to modern science. Indeed, it may be said that with him the punishment question is quite subordinate to the larger and really more important one of the nature of man and the condition of his relations to his Maker, and therefore of his eternal well-being. He, however, who gets and thoroughly masters these three books will have about all the light that modern thought affords on this problem of the ages—the question of the eternal destiny of the human family.

The theology of the most conservative churches of Europe is more advanced than the theology of the most conservative churches of America. This is an anomaly which it may be difficult to explain, but of the fact there can be no manner of doubt. The most progressive New England Congregationalist would be liable to be disciplined if he were to preach the theology which we find in the *Bible for Learners* (Roberts Brothers), written by theologians of acknowledged positions, if not of positive authority, in the Dutch Church of Holland—Dr. OORT, of Amsterdam, Dr. HOOYKAAS, of Rotterdam, and Dr. KUENEN, of Leyden. Yet we suspect that their book, which if written here would

be condemned, will be welcomed from abroad. This is partly because its reception is not embarrassed by ecclesiastical considerations; but it is also partly because it is constructive, not destructive, in its character. Piety and criticism have been too much dissociated. In this singular treatise they are happily conjoined. The authors endeavor to discriminate between the shell and the substance of the Bible, and whatever may be thought of their success, their attempt will be likely to be welcomed by thoughtful minds. They are at once reverential and radical. They declare that the Bible is the book of religion: "Observe, we do not say the book of *our* religion, but the book of *religion*." Yet they deny that "every part of the Bible gives us a pure reflection of God's being and God's will," and assert that "writers of the books of the Bible were men, constantly going astray, as such, in their search for the way to God." They recognize a legendary and mythical element throughout the Bible, and make it their endeavor to discriminate between the legend, which they regard as in whole or in part fictitious, and the moral and spiritual truth which it envelops and sometimes really conceals. Thus they regard the account of the creation as a pure work of art, to be commended for its high views of God as a creator, but, in a scientific point of view, as full of errors which any school-boy may discover; and the account of the fall as a legend which, like the parables of the New Testament, contains a beautiful presentation of important truth, but as having no historical foundation, and as even giving a purely human and not an altogether worthy idea of the Supreme Being. These illustrations may suffice to give to the reader an idea of the character of the book, which, in seeking to get beneath the outer covering of the Bible to the interior truth, casts away much that the ministry and theologians of America have been accustomed to regard as a part of the inspired record, and some of them as even an essential part of its theological teaching. The style is capitally clear, and the translation seems to us to have been exceptionally well done. Unlike most critically constructed books, this work is easy, not to say delightful, reading. It certainly gives a new vitality to the Scripture history. We shall look with interest to see how the same authors treat the miracles of the New Testament. The present volume only comes down to the days of David.—Some of the best qualities of Mr. GREEN appear in the second volume of his larger *History of the English People* (Harper and Brothers). It begins with the ascension of Edward the Fourth, of the House of York, and brings the history down to the end of the period of the English Reformation in the death of Queen Elizabeth. Henry the Eighth, Cromwell, Wolsey, Mary Stuart, and Queen Elizabeth are all admirable specimens of character-drawing—strong, vigorous, but judicial and impartial, not so evenly balanced as to be weak or colorless, not so strong as to be unjust. His picture of the England of William Shakspeare is likely to become an English classic, to be read by the side of the famous third chapter of Macaulay. He is scarcely less dramatic than Froude, and far more truly philosophical.

P. G. Hamerton's story of *The Unknown River* pales into insignificance by the side of *The Voyage of the Paper Canoe* (Lee and Shepard), a geographical journey of 2500 miles, from Quebec to



the Gulf of Mexico, taken by NATHANIEL BISHOP during the years 1874 and 1875. His course was up the St. Lawrence to Lake St. Peter; thence up the Richelieu River to Lake Champlain; thence by that lake and the Champlain Canal to the head waters of the Hudson River; thence, *via* Troy and Albany, to the New York Bay; thence by the Raritan and the Delaware rivers to Cape Henlopen, the southern point of Delaware Bay; thence by the inlets and sounds along the coast to the mouth of the St. Mary's River; and thence, by a carry, from the head waters of the St. Mary's to those of the Suwannee; and finally by the latter river to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf of Mexico. The story is, as may be imagined, full of adventures, and they were not without peril. The author adds considerable information respecting the localities which he passed through in the course of his excursion. He does not wield his pen quite as skillfully as he wields his paddle, but his book is very entertaining.—BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR gives us another of his charming volumes of pen pictures in *Between the Gates* (S. C. Griggs and Co.). The pencil illustrations would have been much better omitted. The story is the now oft-told one—that of a trip to California—but Mr. Taylor gives a new zest to an old story in the manner of his telling it. We take his word for it that “this gypsy of a book has a few facts, and not a word of fiction;” but every fact is so pictorially stated, and with so exuberant a fancy, that the book has all the charm of fiction with something of its unreality.—The first historical narrative of the events that led to the incorporation of a considerable part of our Pacific coast is given to the public in *The Conquest of New Mexico and California*, by P. ST. GEORGE COOKE (G. P. Putnam's Sons), in a personal narrative of adventure connected with that conquest. Why the story has never been told before we are not informed. It would be easy to point out some defects in the literary style, especially in the sometimes too abrupt transitions from the historical style to that of the diary; but these defects are incidental, and comparatively unimportant. There is an air of simplicity and truthfulness about the book which more than compensates for any purely literary imperfections, and the chapter is one in our history which it is surely high time should be written.—*The Historical Student's Manual*, by ALFRED WAITES (Lee and Shepard), presents in a series of convenient tables European history in a bird's-eye view, and will be especially advantageous in giving the student a comprehensive conception of historical events in their connections. But we should give the preference to the *Dictionary of Dates* as a book of historical reference.—Surgeon-General HAMMOND's *Cerebral Hyperæmia* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) calls the attention of the American public to a form of disorder which is so alarmingly on the increase that we may almost call it a national disease. He points out the important fact that it is by no means confined to the great cities. For the general reader his treatise would have been of greater value if he had described a little more fully the symptoms which indicate the gradual approach of this difficulty.—“Foreign Classics for English Readers,” edited by MRS. OLIPHANT (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), imitates in general design and style the series of “Ancient Classics for English Readers,” by the same house. Two of the

new series are now before us—*Voltaire*, by Colonel E. B. HAMLEY, which seems to us to give a rather rose-colored view of the French philosopher of lawlessness; and *Pascal*, by Principal TULLOCH, which is admirable in treatment and spirit. The conception of this series is a capital one, and the promise of these volumes is of an admirable execution. *Dante*, *Goethe*, *Petrarch*, *Cervantes*, and *Montaigne* are promised in immediate succession.—This Literary Recorder will not attempt to pass judgment on the critical value of the essays of GEORGE HENRY LEWES on *Actors and Acting* (Henry Holt and Co.), since they are almost wholly upon actors who have never been seen on the boards in this country, and not one of them by us. They are certainly entertaining, and show a critical discrimination and a conscientious study of the histrionic art. The author places Charles Kean first among modern actors, and Rachel first among actresses. More such thoughtful men in the audiences of our theatres would certainly make better and truer actors on the stage.—*Stories from Homer*, by Rev. ALFRED J. CHURCH, M.A. (Harper and Brothers), is exteriorly a very attractive book. The twenty-four illustrations from Flaxman's designs are beautifully printed in colors; and it is no small matter to give to young people a taste for true art and an appetite for the romance of the greatest of the Greek poets, if not of all the romantic poets of all time. No little injustice has been done to both Homer and to young students by turning the one into a mere text-book for the study of the construction of the Greek language, and shutting the other out of all real knowledge of the wonder world to which Homer, truly interpreted, would have introduced them. The foreign origin colors these stories a little too much, however; we wish that Mr. Church had put them more fully into the vernacular of to-day. It was hardly possible to preserve the characteristics of the Greek language, and therefore it was not worth while to attempt to do so.

Dr. JOHN HENRY GRAY's *China: A History of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of the People* (Macmillan and Co.), is to be recommended to the student of the character of the Celestial Empire. Archdeacon Gray has resided in China for twenty years or more, has become familiar with the language of the people, has formed relations of friendship with Chinese gentlemen, has mixed in Chinese society, and describes the actual, not the ideal, faith and practices of the people. He is certainly neither narrow, bigoted, nor prejudiced. He gives them full credit for the virtues of courtesy, order, industry, and a certain kind of intense though narrow patriotism. He recognizes their merits in their curiously mechanical educational system. He condemns sparingly, and criticises but little. In the main his book is simply a narrative of an eye-witness. He leaves deductions to the reader. Yet it is impossible for the impartial reader not to make deductions which are any thing but complimentary to the civilization of this immense empire. The illustrations in Archdeacon Gray's book are curious and interesting. They are all from drawings by Chinese artists, and depict the most characteristic employments, ceremonials, amusements, punishments, and social customs of the people. The author's style is not worthy of his theme. Indeed, it may be said that he has no style: he reports the actual



facts very much as a witness might do in a legal deposition. If he had possessed skill in grouping at all equivalent to his knowledge, his book would have been as remarkable in its interest to the general reader as it now is in its value to the special student.

Professor STUBBS's *Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development* (Macmillan and Co.) is now completed with the publication of the third volume. It has already become a recognized authority upon the subject of which it treats. Professor Stubbs could ask no higher indorsement than that which is given to him by Mr. Freeman and Mr. Green in their more popular histories. His work commences with the origin of the English nation in the Anglo-Saxon conquest, and ends with the accession of the Tudors. It is almost wholly devoted to the consideration of constitutional changes and the causes which produced them. To one who has no knowledge of English history the work will be hardly intelligible. It is not intended to take the place of more general histories, but to supplement them. It is not written for the reader but for the student of history; but for the student it is scarcely less valuable in this country than in Great Britain. For no man can comprehend the Constitution of America, or the problems of the present and the future, or the dangers against which it is necessary for us to guard, without understanding what have been the problems of the past, what the dangers which have threatened, and what the measures by which they have been averted and liberty has been preserved. American constitutional history begins with the laws of Alfred the Great. The American Congress originated in the time of Simon de Montfort. The powers of the House of Representatives have been largely settled by precedents in the history of the English House of Commons. The ecclesiastical problems which seem to the novice fresh in American society have, many of them, been settled on English soil. History is the world's experience; constitutional history is national experience. And we can only meet wisely our questions by understanding thoroughly the experience of our English ancestors. Professor Stubbs writes in a clear though not in a poetical or eloquent style; in a judicial temper, not in that of a partisan, or even that of an advocate; and the fascination of his work—for it possesses a peculiar fascination—will be felt not by him who goes to history for dramatic enjoyment, but only by him who goes to it for the study of great and abiding principles. His analyses of the political parties in the time of Henry the Third, and of the ecclesiastical characters in the time of Henry the First, may be referred to as admirable specimens of clear historical interpretation.

In reading Mr. JAMES FROUDE's *Life and Times of Thomas Becket* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), the intelligent reader will find it necessary to make considerable allowance for the author's well-known peculiarities. He is always an advocate, and often a partisan. He is a dramatist by nature, and can not easily avoid the temptation of accepting on very insufficient evidence items that will add to the dramatic force and interest of his story. He is more interested in great ideas than in minute details, in character painting than in archæological investigations. He

delights in strong contrasts and in masses of color, and his pictures are almost wholly wanting in neutral tints. Yet life is, in fact, full of neutral tints; the strong contrasts are exceptional. His drawing is all free-handed; his work will never bear minute inspection. He is a Turner, not a Meissonier. Of these characteristics his famous *History of England* affords abundant illustrations. His Henry VIII. is an admirable piece of artistic work, but it is not realistic. His Mary Queen of Scots is better, for her melodramatic life afforded him all the opportunity he could ask. Yet it is impossible to justify historically some of the incidents worked into the death of Darnley to add to the dramatic effect. In the *Life and Times of Becket* these defects of the author stand out in even greater distinctness and prominence than in his *History*. He does, indeed, deny himself, and abandon the romantic legend respecting Becket's Saracenic mother. But he gives no authority for his statement that Becket was of an old English family. He miscalls names, he paints the clergy of the thirteenth century only in their darkest colors, drags from their monasteries only the miseries, and drops an uncharitable veil over the true saints. He believes in the "simplicity of moral action," and neither credits Becket with any good qualities, nor charges King Henry II. with any evil. He is utterly unable to appreciate the sincerity of fanaticism; he simplifies the problems of life and character very much, but he does it at the expense of accuracy by ignoring all "mixed motives;" he portrays only the ruling motive, and attempts no analysis of others. Nevertheless, Mr. Froude in this monograph, as in his *Historical Studies* and his *History of England*, is a much safer guide than hypercriticism will allow. He only seizes the main elements in a character; he only recognizes the great characteristics of an epoch; but these he sees clearly. He exaggerates, but he does not misrepresent.

*The Universal Language*, by the late GEORGE WATSON (Authors' Publishing Co.), is one of those books which we must be content to describe without attempting to express any opinion respecting its merits. The author, who died eighteen years ago, left at his death in manuscript a system of notation and classification of vowels, the object of which is, if we understand the book aright, to facilitate the creation of what would practically be a new language by a universal method of notation, by which the same sounds in all should be indicated by the same signs. This manuscript his daughter has prepared for the press, adding to it some preliminary essays on the origin and nature of language. These are readable, and if not very profound, are instructive. They will serve as a suggestive introduction to any one who desires to pursue the subject more deeply with the aid of such scholars as Max Müller and Professor Whitney, and will equally serve to give a smattering of the subject of philology to one who lacks the time or inclination to pursue this science further. But when we get beyond Miss WATSON's essays, into what appears to us to be the very intricate and complicated system of her father, we find ourselves involved in a hopeless maze, and lay down the book with the impression that it would be easier to learn any six modern languages than it would to master the system which is here proposed as a means of simplifying them.



## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

*Astronomy.*—Professor Peters announces the discovery of a planet of the tenth magnitude. This is 185. Professor Foerster, of Berlin, announces the discovery by Palisa of a planet of the eleventh magnitude, which is 184.

We learn that the State of Virginia has at present no resources with which to make Mr. McCormick's gift of a telescope to her university available. It has been accepted, however, with a promise to make, as soon as possible, due provision for housing and using the instrument.

The publication of the results of the French transit of Venus reductions has been delayed through the illness of the editor, M. Puiséaux. The results of the eye observations have been deduced, however, and harmonize well, being between  $8.82''$  and  $8.88''$  from pairs of stations, and the general result will not be far from  $8.85''$ . The difference between this and the English result,  $8.77''$ , is marked. The French photographic results are not yet published, neither are those from England and America—nor, indeed, those from any country.

The American preparations for observing the transit of Mercury (May 6) are as follows: Photographs will be taken with the horizontal photo-heliograph at Washington, Cambridge, and Ann Arbor, at the last two places by the co-operation of Professors Pickering and Watson. At Ogden, Drs. André and Angot, of France, will photograph the transit with a Kew photo-heliograph, and with an American apparatus lent by the Naval Observatory. Visual observations of contacts will be made at all observatories. Professor Harkness, of Washington, goes to the western part of the United States for this purpose.

In Vol. III. of the Moscow Observations, Professor Bredichin has given his observations to determine the parallax of the nebula H. iv. 37. The series extended over sixty-five nights, and comprised eight measures of  $\Delta\delta$  on each night. The observations are grouped into twelve groups. The parallax resulting is  $-0.065'' \pm 0.040''$ . This includes the temperature correction of the screw. If the mean value of the screw be used without such correction, the parallax results as  $-0.009'' \pm 0.041''$ . Thus this nebula appears to be at the same distance as the (single) comparison star.

In Vol. III. of the Moscow Observations, M. Gromadski gives the results of his discussion of the division errors of the meridian circle of that observatory. It was made by Repsold, and a comparison of its division errors with those of the two Repsold circles at Pulkova has led M. Gromadski to the following important results:

1. The precision of the copies of the original graduation made by Repsold is far more exact than has been suspected till now.

2. The errors of the divisions of the original circle are applicable to all the copies, particularly when the abnormal errors of a few divisions are determined independently.

3. Since several circles of Repsold's are now in use, and since others will doubtless be made, it is of importance that the original circle should be carefully investigated.

As an illustration of 2, Gromadski gives in three columns the division errors of corresponding di-

visions of the two Pulkova circles and the Moscow circle. Considering the numbers in the three columns as comparable, the probable error of a single division is  $\pm 0.11''$ . This is the measure of the precision with which the original circle is copied. The probable error of the mean of all is  $\pm 0.06''$ . From the table it appears that the largest error is less than  $1.2''$ .

The *Monthly Notices*, R. A. S., for January, 1878, contain the following papers: Señor Ventosa, of Madrid, has a note on the real motion of the stars in space, which is an abstract of a larger work to appear shortly. Mr. S. Waters, to whom we owe several charts of the same kind, has given a chart of the southern sky, on which the results of Sir John Herschel's star gauges are plotted, and it serves to give a (rough) idea of the distribution of the southern stars. Mr. Downing, of Greenwich, has a note on the probable errors in transit observations of the sun, discriminating the results for the two limbs. He comes to the conclusion that for experienced observers the probable (accidental) error for the two limbs is the same, while for inexperienced observers the second limb is more uniformly observed.

Professor Winnecke, of Strasburg, brings evidence to show that the nebula H. ii. 278 (G. C. 551) has *periodically* varied. From 1785–1827 it was p B; 1856–1865 it was v F or v v F; from 1868–1877 it was again p B. It deserves attention.

Perhaps the most interesting instance of progress in *Meteorology* during March is found in the increasing facilities offered by the Signal Service Weather Bureau to navigators. On the one hand, the observers at the coast stations from New York to Wilmington render immediate and invaluable assistance to every wreck that comes to their notice, by immediately opening a telegraph station near the wreck, and communicating by telegraph with the authorities, wreckers, owners, underwriters, etc., on land, and by signals with the mariners on the vessel. On the other hand, the observers from their regular stations correspond by signal with any vessel that runs in within sight of shore, and answer innumerable questions as to the latest weather probabilities and other matters relating to life and death. By this means vessels at sea are put in possession of the latest news relating to storms as promptly as our 6000 post-offices receive the predictions that interest the agricultural community. It is hoped that ere long Edison's phonograph may be introduced into the service where needed, and as successfully as has already been the case with the telephone.

Mr. R. H. Scott, director of the London Meteorological Office, has published in the *Nautical Magazine* for March an exhaustive review of the recent attempt by the New York *Herald* to predict European storms from New York. He reports forty-seven predictions—seven fully, ten partly, six slightly verified, and seventeen total failures. An able reply to Scott's criticisms has been printed in the *Herald*.

A little volume has been published at the price of one English shilling, by Hoveste and Sons, London, entitled "*Weather Warnings for Watchers*, by the Clerk of the Weather." The book is mostly occupied with the details of instruments.

Mr. C. Meldrum has distributed some copies of



his article on sun spots and rain-fall, extracted from the *Mauritius Almanac and Register*, in which he gives a connected account of his own and other researches into this subject. These researches now include every portion of the world, and, according to Meldrum, the rule is almost universal that the years of greater rain-fall are the years of greater sun-spot area. In India the irregularities seem to be very great, partly owing to the imperfections of the observations and to the great climatic variations, and possibly in part to the empiric and obscure nature of the theory. However, the parallelism is comparable in regularity to the diurnal variation of the barometer or the periodicity of the aurora.

Inaugural dissertations have been published at Berlin by Dr. Stembo on the physiological influence of compressed air, and by Dr. Schyrmunski on the influence of rarefied air. The former finds from numerous experiments that in compressed air the entire volume of air breathed at one inspiration increases in every case, and that, again, the temperature of the skin invariably sinks, and that that of the body is reduced below the normal. The latter author (Schyrmunski) shows that by rarefaction of the air the capacity of the lungs is gradually diminished up to a limit beyond which it is nearly constant, and only increases when the pressure is increased, and, further, that the temperature of the body is diminished.

In the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* for January, February, and March will be found a rather lengthy article, by Professor Briggs, on the relation of moisture in air to health and comfort, in which he maintains that the delightful summer condition of temperature,  $62^{\circ}$  to  $68^{\circ}$ , and relative humidity, 80 to 85 per cent., is not desirable, or even attainable, at other seasons in the heating of dwellings, etc. The dry air of America possesses both curative and preventive qualities of great value; moist air that promotes vegetable growth is, on sanitary grounds, not desirable for breathing. The author has found the dew-point far below the freezing-point of water in well-warmed and ventilated rooms where there was nothing of that sensation of dryness that is usually held to accompany the heat of a furnace when not supplied with water for evaporation. New houses, that are accounted unhealthy in Europe, are not so in America. Gas burned in rooms produces much less unpleasant effects in America than in England. What is needed is an equality in relative humidity between the interior and exterior air. Thus, if the outer temperature be 0 and relative humidity 40 per cent., and the interior temperature be  $70^{\circ}$ , we ought to raise the interior humidity to 40 per cent. by adding a little water, and not to 80 or 90 per cent. by adding too much.

Attention should be called to an article, by J. Aitken, in the last number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, on rigidity produced by centrifugal force. This subject has been treated of by Sir William Thomson theoretically, and by Osborne and Aitken experimentally. The latter illustrates the subject by investigating the movement of a chain hanging loosely over a pulley around which it is rapidly running; the various curious curves into which it twists itself are fairly explicable by a proper application of the laws of centrifugal force, and the elasticity and rigidity that are imparted to it by its motion remind one of the prop-

erties of vortex rings of air or water. The allied mechanical principles here involved will, it would seem, also find an application in some phenomena of meteorology, especially those of tornadoes. These views were first communicated two years ago by Aitken to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, but have only recently been published.

In a note on the origin of thunder-storms, Professor Tait explains how a pair of vertical rotating columns revolving in opposite directions can be produced out of one column in the upper regions of the atmosphere revolving about a horizontal axis. He also suggests that the source of the electricity specially developed in thunder-storms may probably be found in the contact of air with the surface of the warm drops of water.

Among the subjects of investigation to be assisted from the government fund of £4000 for the advancement of science, we note that £50 have been voted to the Scottish Meteorological Society for aid in carrying on a simultaneous series of anemometrical observations at different heights, and in sheltered and unsheltered situations; also £200 to Dr. J. P. Joule for an exhaustive inquiry into the change which takes place in the freezing and boiling points of mercurial thermometers by long exposure to those temperatures.

In *Physics*, we note a paper by Van der Mensbrugghe on the cause of the apparently spontaneous movements of bubbles of air in levels, and of bubbles of vapor in the microscopic cavities of minerals. These motions are explained by changes of tension in the surface of the liquid produced by changes of temperature, this tension always decreasing at the warmer end, and the bubble consequently moving toward this end. But now, as a thin film of water remains on the glass at this point, the surface of the liquid is increased there, thus lowering the temperature and increasing the tension; so that, when the temperature ceases to rise, the bubble goes back again. In the case of microscopic cavities, where the bubble is formed of the vapor of the liquid, the movement is yet more rapid, changes of temperature producing evaporation or condensation, by which the dimensions, and hence the tension, of the surface, are altered. The author thinks the well-known Brownian movements thus explicable.

Thompson has communicated a paper to the London Physical Society upon permanent Plateau films, an abstract of which is given in *Nature*. The best films are obtained by using a mixture of 46 per cent. of pure amber-colored resin and 54 of Canada balsam, which should be heated to from  $93^{\circ}$  to  $95^{\circ}$  C. The frames for forming the films are made of brass wire 0.3 mm. in diameter, and when thicker wire is employed they are found to be irregular, in consequence of the retention of heat by the metal. The films are obtained by simply introducing these frames into the heated mixture, and they harden almost immediately on exposure to the air; but better results are obtained by slow drying in an air bath heated up to  $80^{\circ}$  C., and allowed to cool. In proof of the toughness of the films, it was mentioned that a flat circular film four centimeters in diameter had supported a 50-gram brass weight at its centre.

Duclaux has studied quite extensively the phenomena of surface tension exhibited by the alcohols and the acids of the fatty series. The alcohols employed were methyl, ethyl, isopropyl,



isobutyl, amyl, and capryl alcohols; and the acids were formic, acetic, and butyric. The author shows that if the measured surface tensions of these liquids be taken as ordinates, and the percentages by volume of the liquid as abscissas, the resulting curve resembles an elongated parabola, or more exactly an exponential curve, the equation of which he gives. Methyl and ethyl alcohols have a point of inflection in their curves. From his results he formulates the following important law: If with the different alcohols or the different fatty acids mixtures be made in various proportions, and if those mixtures are compared together which have the same surface tension, the percentage ratios of alcohol or of acid which they contain are constant, and independent of the actual value of this tension.

Pfannandler has given in a communication to the Vienna Academy the results of some physiological experiments to determine the question whether two isolated sound pulses can produce a sensation of tone, either alone or by repetition. His first experiments were undecisive, but upon repeating them with the aid of Baumgarten's reflection tones, he was able to answer the above question in the affirmative. Subsequently, using a siren with two air openings, analogous to Baumgarten's method, he confirmed his results.

Cailletet has given the details of his experiment of liquefying air. Inclosing in his glass tube air, dry and free from carbon dioxide, he cooled this tube with liquid nitrous oxide at its upper part. Upon increasing the pressure to 209 atmospheres, streams of liquid air were seen flowing down the lower portions of the tube. When they met the mercury they seemed to turn back. At 310 atmospheres, the mercury, being in contact with the cooled part of the tube, was frozen, and on quickly removing the refrigerating apparatus it was seen covered with *frozen air*.

Handl and Pribram have described, in the Proceedings of the Vienna Academy, a new method for determining boiling-points, depending on the well-known law that the temperature at which a liquid boils is the temperature at which its tension equals the pressure of the atmosphere. The apparatus consists of a thin U tube of glass about a decimeter long and 1.2 centimeters diameter, one leg being closed and the other open, and both graduated into millimeters. Upon filling the closed end of the tube with mercury, introducing a drop of the liquid at that end, and placing the apparatus in a suitable bath, the temperature at which the level of the mercury is the same in both branches is the boiling-point of the liquid. An apparatus for introducing the liquid is also described. Essentially the same apparatus was described by Jones in a communication to the Chemical Society of London, and by Main in the *Chemical News*.

Page has succeeded in demonstrating the currents produced in the telephone, using for the purpose a Lippmann's capillary electrometer. De la Rue has measured the strength of the telephone current, and concludes that it does not equal that which a Daniell's cell would give through a resistance of 100,000,000 ohms. Brough has estimated it, even at a maximum, as only the 1,000,000,000th of a centimeter-gram-second unit. Breguet has pointed out that the effect of the telephone is much improved by placing one or more vibrating plates (perforated

at the centre) at about one millimeter in front of the ordinary plate of the telephone.

Thompson has contrived a simple apparatus for showing the field of magnetic force produced by parallel currents. A plate of glass is perforated by two holes close together, which are traversed by one and the same wire, so arranged that the current traverses the parallel lengths in the same or in opposite directions. If, now, the plate be held horizontally while the current passes, and fine iron filings be sprinkled on the plate, they arrange themselves in the well-known forms of magnetic spectra. They may be readily fixed by gum or shellac, so as to be preserved for lantern projection.

In *Chemistry*, Frankland and Thorne have studied the luminosity of benzene when burned with non-luminous combustible gases. After many unsuccessful attempts to burn benzene with a smokeless flame, the authors determined the luminosity of benzene vapor after dilution with hydrogen, carbonous oxide, and marsh gas. These gases were passed through a carburetter containing benzene, kept at a constant temperature, and were burned from a fish-tail burner. The results were as follows: One pound avoirdupois of benzene gives, when burned with hydrogen, the light yielded by 5.792 pounds of spermaceti; with carbonous oxide, that of 6.100 pounds of spermaceti; and with marsh gas, that of 7.7 pounds of spermaceti. The authors point out that this difference is probably due in part to the different pyrometrical effects of the gaseous mixtures.

Gatehouse has proposed a new method for the preparation of nitrogen gas, by the reaction of manganese peroxide upon ammonium nitrate. In one experiment three grams of the nitrate, heated with an equal weight of manganese peroxide in a mercury bath kept at 205° C., yielded 630 cubic centimeters of gas, which was pure nitrogen. If the temperature rises too high—say, above 216°—the manganous nitrate decomposes, giving nitrous vapors.

Lecoq de Boisbaudran and Jungfleisch have treated 4300 kilograms of the zinc-blende of Bensberg, and have obtained from it 62 grams of the new metal gallium, with which they will study its properties.

Laufer has suggested an improved method of determining the silica which exists as quartz in rocks, and of separating it from the silica contained therein in combination as silicates, founded on the well-known fact that phosphorus salt will decompose silicates and dissolve their metallic oxides, but will neither dissolve the silica nor attack the quartz. The finely pulverized mineral or rock is weighed, placed in a platinum crucible, sufficient phosphorus salt to decompose the silicates is added, and the whole is carefully heated, first in an air bath and then in the blast, till the whole is in quiet fusion. On detaching the fused mass and boiling it in hydrochloric acid, the silica and quartz are left undissolved; and on boiling the residue with soda solution, the silica from the silicates is taken up and the quartz is left. The results are said to be accurate.

Silliman has invented a process for making Britannia metal articles sonorous by heating them for fifteen or twenty seconds to 5° below the melting-point in a paraffin bath.

*Anthropology*.—The third volume of *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, published



under the editorial charge of Major J. W. Powell, is a specimen of the thorough anthropological work which is taking the place of the old desultory efforts of the last decades. The bulk of the volume consists of a memoir by Mr. Stephen Powers, upon the California Indians. Perhaps there is no man in our country better fitted to write this account than Mr. Powers, who has familiarized himself with the habits and thoughts of the Indians by long acquaintance with them. The latter part of the volume is a collection of vocabularies, edited by Major Powell, to whom the Smithsonian has intrusted all the linguistic material collected by it for the last twenty-five years.

In the first number of *Matériaux*, M. Hamy collates the various opinions concerning the first inhabitants of Mexico.

In the *Magazine of American History* for February will be found Dr. Rau's paper, read before the American Anthropological Society, on the Dighton rock inscription.

The Davenport Academy has received another carved stone tablet, found in a mound on the Cook farm by the Rev. Mr. Goss, the same gentleman who made the discoveries of tablets last year.

Since the death of Professor Jeffries Wyman that branch of anthropology commonly known as somatology, or the biology of man, together with anatomy in general and craniology in particular, has been sadly neglected in our country. We take great pleasure in calling the attention of those interested in this department to the fact that the authorities of the Army Medical Museum in Washington are collecting osteological material from every source, to illustrate the comparative anatomy of man. About two thousand skeletons and crania are on exhibition, under the charge of Dr. Otis, who by exchange is constantly increasing the general efficiency of the collection.

The French government has lately organized, under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction, the "Muséum ethnographique des Missions scientifiques." This completes the series of collections, and places Paris in the foremost rank for facilities to study the natural history of man.

The Russians are preparing to make a very attractive and exhaustive exhibit at the Paris Exposition, both of the archæological treasures and of the present populations embraced within the dominion of the Czar.

*Zoology.*—Mr. Dall's "Nomenclature in Zoology and Botany" is a timely series of rules comprised in a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It was the result of replies to a circular prepared by Mr. Dall, and sent to the leading systematists in this country. It may be considered as an authoritative code of rules, and should be followed as closely as circumstances and good judgment will dictate. With them should be read Professor Verrill's edition of the rules of the British Association (*American Journal of Science*, July, 1869).

In the supplement to the second edition of his *Acadian Geology*, Principal Dawson speaks of the molluscan fauna of what he terms the great Acadian Bay, comprising the eastern portion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between Nova Scotia and the Bay of Chaleurs. "This Acadian Bay is a sort of gigantic warm-water aquarium, sheltered,

except in a few isolated banks which have been pointed out by Mr. Whiteaves, from the cold waters of the Gulf, and which the bather feels quite warm in comparison with the frigid and often not very limpid liquid with which we are fain to be content in the Lower St. Lawrence. It also affords to the more delicate marine animals a more congenial habitat than they can find in the Bay of Fundy, or even on the coast of Maine, unless in a few sheltered spots. . . . Hence the character of its fauna, which is indicated by the fact that many species of mollusks whose head-quarters are south of Cape Cod flourish and abound in its waters. Among them are the common oyster, which is especially abundant on the coasts of Prince Edward Island and Northern New Brunswick; the quahog, or wampum shell; the *Petricola pholadiformis*, which, along with *Zirfea crispata*, burrows every where in the soft sandstones and shales; the beautiful *Modiola plicatula*, forming dense mussel banks in the sheltered coves and estuaries; *Callista convexa*, *Cochlodesma leana*, and *Cumingia tellinoides*; *Crepidula fornicata*, the slipper limpet, and its variety *unquiformis*, swarming especially in the oyster beds; *Nassa obsoleta* and *Buccinum cinereum*—with many others of similar southern distribution." He then adopts Verrill's hypothesis that this region was formerly connected with the Bay of Fundy, allowing the northward migration of the New England marine forms.

A paper on the anatomy of *Chiton*, by Dr. Von Jhering, in the *Morphologische Jahrbuch*, describes and figures certain points in the sexual apparatus, the kidneys, and the finer structure of the muscles.

The singular marine animal *Neomenia*, which was by Tullberg regarded as either a mollusk or worm—he was doubtful which, though he thought it might be more properly regarded as a worm—has been investigated by Von Jhering, who compares it with *Chiton*, and considers it as belonging, with *Chiton*, to his proposed order *Amphineura*.

In a synopsis of the boreal *Collembola*, or *Poduridae*, Dr. Tullberg describes all the known Greenland forms of this group, of which there are five species known. Several are described from Nova Zembla, Siberia, and Spitzbergen, and our knowledge of the arctic species is greatly extended. *Orchesella cincta* is recorded from Newfoundland.

In the sixth edition of his *Guide to the Study of Insects*, Dr. Packard, among other changes, proposes the name *Cinura* for those *Thysanura* belonging to the families *Lepismatidae* and *Campodeæ*. The group is considered to be a suborder, equivalent to the *Collembola* of Lubbock, while the *Thysanura* are regarded as constituting an order.

In studying the anatomy of the Rocky Mountain locust, especially the male intromittent organ and accessory parts, Dr. Packard finds that the penis is concealed from view by a movable piece or hood attached to the tenth urite, and which he calls the *velum penis*. He also distinguishes the *uro-patagia* (lateral inferior flaps developed from the supra-anal plate), and has studied the distribution of the sympathetic nerve and the terminal abdominal nerves, which are distributed to the female internal and external reproductive organs.

Dr. Marshall has lately shown that the mode of development of the cranial and spinal nerves



of the chick is in all essential points the same as that first described by Balfour in the case of the spinal nerves of *Elasmobranchos*, and subsequently extended by him so as to also include the cranial nerves. A farther contribution to the mode of development of the cranial nerves in the chick is made by Dr. Marshall in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*.

A new genus of *Cystignathidae*, a family of frogs, has been discovered by Mr. G. W. Marnock, near San Antonio, Texas. It is of medium size, and described by Professor Cope under the name of *Syrrophus marnockii*.

A third specimen of *Helminthophaga leucobronchialis*, Brewster, has been found in the museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, where it had been overlooked.

The Smithsonian Institution has received a specimen of *Bassaris astuta* from Southwestern Oregon. Its occurrence is reported by Dr. Coues in the *American Naturalist* for April (see also Vol. VI., p. 362, 364). This curious creature is the only American representative of the civet cats of the Old World.

In *Botany*, an important work has recently been published by Mr. Sereno Watson, entitled *Bibliographical Index to North American Botany*. This volume, of about 500 pages, comprises the *Polyptalæ*, and is the result of the careful research of several years. It forms one of the miscellaneous contributions to science published by the Smithsonian Institution.

The third part of the *Ferns of North America*, by Eaton and Emerton, contains plates of *Aspidium noveboracense*, *Camptosarus rhizophyllus*, *Asplenium pinnatifidum*, *Notholaena fendleri*, and *Notholaena dealbata*. The figures which are given of the structure of the fruit are uncolored in the present number, which is certainly an improvement.

The first fasciculus of a set of dried fungi of New Jersey has been issued by Mr. J. B. Ellis, of Newfield, New Jersey. It contains a hundred well-prepared specimens.

In the Report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture for 1877 is an interesting paper by Mr. C. S. Sargent, entitled "Notes on Trees and Tree-Planting," in which the hardiness and economical value of the principal forest trees cultivated in the Northeastern States are described.

A catalogue of the phenogams and vascular cryptogams of Canada and the Northeastern States has been issued by A. H. Curtiss.

In the Journal of the Linnæan Society is a paper by John Ball, entitled "Spicilegium Floræ Maroccanæ," in which an account is given of some plants found by Sir J. D. Hooker in his journey to Morocco a few years ago.

In the *Annales des Sciences*, Van Tieghem has a third paper on the *Mucorini*, in which he gives figures and descriptions of some new and curious species of that order, besides general considerations on the systematic position of the order.

In the Austrian *Journal of Botany*, Hauck, in a paper entitled "Contributions to a Knowledge of Adriatic Algæ," gives an account of the development of *Dasycladus clavæformis*.

Dr. Wittrock, in the Proceedings of the Swedish Academy, gives an account of the formation of spores in the *Mesocarpeæ*, with special reference to the new genus *Gonatonema*.

Professor Fischer von Waldheim, of Warsaw,

has published in the Russian language a sketch of the *Ustilagineæ*.

In the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, of Geneva, De Candolle has an article on the "Existence of Physiological Races in Species of Plants." He gives the results of his experiments in sowing seeds of the same species, which had been collected at Edinburgh, Moscow, Montpellier, and Palermo, and states that they in the main agree with the results obtained by Naudin and Radlkofer, previously referred to in this Record.

The Brussels gold medal for the best essay on the development of any group of algæ has been awarded to Professor J. Rostafinski, of Cracow, for his paper on the *Laminariæ*.

The George B. Wood prize has been awarded to Dr. J. M. Anders for an essay on the "Transpiration of Plants." The essay was printed in the *American Naturalist* of March.

*Engineering, etc.*—The *Iron Age* reports the fact that an important contract has just been awarded to an American company for dredging a great sea canal through the lagoon which separates Cronstadt, the chief naval dépôt of the Russian Empire, to St. Petersburg. The width of the canal is to be 280 feet, its depth 20 feet, and its length about 10 miles. When finished, together with the system of improvements in contemplation, naval vessels will be able to pass from the sea almost to the suburbs of St. Petersburg, barges from the Volga or Neva can pass down to Cronstadt, and the terminal facilities of the railroads will be greatly increased.

A process for compressing the fluid metal in the ingot mould in the production of Bessemer ingots has lately been introduced at the Edgar Thompson Steel-Works. The inventor admits a direct steam pressure upon the surface of the molten metal, and allows the steam to superheat after closing all the vents. The purpose of the invention is to avoid the honey-combing of the resulting metal, and produce a constant and invariable quality of finished material.

An Austrian meteorologist (M. Dines) has called attention to a source of error in the use of the rain gauge that may, under certain circumstances, decidedly vitiate its reliability. He has observed, namely, that the amount of rain-fall which two instruments will register will depend notably on their respective distances from the ground. From the result of experimental trials conducted during one year, with two instruments placed respectively at the height of fifty feet and four feet from the ground, the lower gauge registered twenty-seven per cent. more rain-fall than the upper one; and that occasionally when a rain-fall was accompanied by a high wind, the lower one showed two or even three times as much as the upper. He attributes the discrepancy to the greater disturbance suffered by the elevated gauges from the action of the wind, and cautions meteorologists that the readings of rain gauges can not be taken to be reliable unless made with instruments suspended at a uniform height from the ground.

The Central Railroad of New Jersey has put up a small building near the dépôt at Communipaw, to test a process of making illuminating gas from chips and shavings of hard wood from its shops, mixed with the old oily waste collected along the road. Old ties and cinders from the locomotive ash-pits serve as fuel to heat the retorts.



# Editor's Historical Record.

## POLITICAL.

**O**UR Record is closed on the 24th of April.—The House of Representatives, April 2, passed the joint resolution authorizing the expenditure of \$36,000 toward strengthening the foundation of the Washington Monument.

The Senate passed the Naval Appropriation Bill, April 5, with amendments. The House, April 10, dissented from the Senate amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriations Bill. These amendments increased the appropriations by \$80,000. The Senate passed the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, April 11, with amendments, in which the House concurred April 12. The House passed the Pension Appropriation Bill, April 11, after striking out the section abolishing pension agencies. The House, April 13, appropriated \$5000 for a monument to Jefferson. The River and Harbor Bill, appropriating \$7,300,000, was passed by the House, without discussion, April 22.

The Senate, April 9, passed the Pacific Railroad Sinking-fund Bill, as reported from the Judiciary Committee.

A bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law was passed by the Senate, April 15, by a vote of 37 to 6, and by the House, April 25, by a vote of 206 to 39.

The Senate, April 23, passed the House bill abolishing the twenty-cent silver piece.

The President, April 12, ordered a court of inquiry to rehear the case of General Fitz-John Porter.

The Rhode Island State election, April 3, resulted in the re-election of Governor Van Zandt, Republican, by a majority of over 3000.

The Illinois National party's State Convention, at Springfield, March 27, nominated General E. Bates for Treasurer. The Illinois State Democratic Convention, at Springfield, April 11, nominated E. L. Cronkhite for Treasurer. The Oregon State Democratic Convention, the same day, at Portland, nominated W. W. Thayer for Governor. At Salem, April 18, the Oregon Republican State Convention nominated C. C. Beekman for Governor.

The United States government has recognized Diaz as President of the Republic of Mexico.

No material change has taken place in the Eastern question. The British government, March 28, announced in Parliament that the first class of the army reserve, numbering 13,000, and the militia reserve of between 25,000 and 26,000, were to be called out. This determination led to the resignation by Lord Derby of his position as Foreign Secretary. Great Britain and Russia are continuing their preparations for war, while the German government is endeavoring by diplomacy to secure the meeting of a Congress. The Marquis of Salisbury, who succeeded Lord Derby as Foreign Secretary, addressed a circular to the powers April 1. It summarized all the recent correspondence, and after giving Russia's refusal to consent to England's demand relative to placing the treaty as a whole before the Congress, went on to complain of the terms imposed by Russia on Turkey. It objected to the San Stefano Treaty in detail, and declared that "neither British interests nor the well-being of the Turkish provinces would be consulted by the assembling of a Congress restricted by Prince Gortchakoff's latest

reservations." It appealed to the treaty of 1856 and the declaration of 1871, and implied that both are still in force. To this circular Prince Gortchakoff replied, defending the San Stefano Treaty. He denied that it creates a strong Slave state under the control of Russia, and maintained that the arrangements relative to Bulgaria are only a development of the principle established by the Constantinople Conference. As for the Thessaly and Epirus stipulations of the treaty, they were intended, he said, to avoid the appearance of either establishing Russian supremacy, on the one hand, or utterly neglecting the Greeks, on the other. There was no longer any pretext for debarring Russia from the possession of Bessarabia, as the freedom of the Danube is secured by the International Commission. Batum was far from being equivalent to the pecuniary indemnity which it represents. The Russian acquisitions in Armenia had only a defensive value. Russia wished to hold them, so as not to have to besiege them at the beginning of each war. Existing treaties had been successively infringed by the Porte in violating its obligations toward the Christians. Lord Salisbury himself recognized that great changes were necessary in the treaties hitherto regulating the East. It remained for Lord Salisbury to say how he would reconcile these treaties and the recognized rights of Great Britain and the other powers with the benevolent ends to which the united action of Europe has always been directed, and the attainment of which one learns with pleasure the English government desires, namely, good government, peace, and liberty for the oppressed populations. It was equally for the Marquis of Salisbury to say how he could attain the desired end outside the preliminaries of San Stefano, and yet at the same time take due account of the rights Russia has acquired by the sacrifices she has borne alone.

Sadyk Pasha has succeeded Ahmed Vefyk as President of the Turkish Council of Ministers.

The French Senate, March 29, adopted the Press Amnesty Bill by a vote of 231 to 1.

The Oxfords won in the thirty-fifth boat-race between the Oxford and Cambridge university crews, April 13.

Switzerland has accepted the invitation to participate in the International Congress to fix the relative values of gold and silver.

## DISASTERS.

*April 7.*—The Steuben County (New York) poor-house was destroyed by fire. Fifteen insane paupers were burned to death.

*March 27.*—Colliery explosion at North Staffordshire, England. Thirty-five miners killed.

## OBITUARY.

*April 12.*—In Ludlow Street Jail, New York city, William M. Tweed, aged fifty-five years.

*April 19.*—In New York city, George W. Blunt, Pilot Commissioner, aged seventy-six years.

*April 22.*—In New York city, William Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, aged fifty-two years.

*April 11.*—Announcement by cable from London of the death of Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles Joseph François Murat.



## Editor's Drawer.

THAT was a happy response of General Grant's when at Jerusalem. A committee of citizens came out to meet him and to tender him a public reception. He replied, "Not in sight of the Mount of Olives." The incident recalls the remark of Douglas Jerrold, who, when told by a Red Republican in Paris that Louis Blanc was next to Christ, naively asked, "Which side?"

THERE are quartermasters and quartermasters, but this one is a quotable tarry functionary, whose

sherry on that capstan and not spill a drop of it! But prayers it is, according to orders. Now what's the good of it?"

CRITICISM on marine architecture crops out on occasion in the West. At Carthage, Missouri, last season, the superintendent of a Mississippi steamboat company was making plans for a new boat. The difficulty with which he was wrestling was to locate the cooking-room in a convenient place, and at the same time out of the way.



A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

NEWLY ARRIVED HELP (*who has never seen an organ monkey before*). "Well, if that ain't one of the O'Hoolahan boys, I'll ate me head!"

little oration we find in (of all papers in the world!) *The Methodist*: "I don't object," said the quartermaster on Sunday morning, while our ship was running toward the equator before the northeast trade-wind—"I don't object to prayers when it blows a hurricane, or when we are on a lee shore. But here we are called aft to prayers when the weather is as fine as ever was made; fair winds every day; a clear sun at noon; sky-sails, studding-sails, and every thing else set; not a brace or sheet unbelayed for weeks; the ship going ahead so steady that she could carry a glass of

The owner watched the shipwright patiently for a long time, and at last ejaculated:

"See here, W——, it seems to me that the best place for that room is on *the next boat*."

PRACTICAL men are not usually jocular in their last hours. An instance, however, comes to us from abroad which betrays a little humor before the final gasp. A certain sculptor has lately come into possession of a handsome fortune. Years ago he had asked a wealthy elderly friend to be godfather to his child. The request was



granted. Some time afterward the gentleman made his will. After writing down a large number of bequests he stopped. The lawyer reminded him that there was still some £50,000 to dispose of. The testator was puzzled what to do with it. At last he said, "I'll leave it to Theed: *won't he be surprised?*" The sculptor certainly was surprised when he heard of his good fortune. He had thought that there might be £500 for his son, but the five figures was quite another matter.

Two clever gentlemen, of different religious persuasions, were discussing the other night the abilities, peculiarities, etc., of prominent clergymen of New York. One of them remarked:

"Well, there is the Rev. Dr. —, of the Unitarians. He's certainly a very able man."

"Very," replied his friend; "and his power of diction is great."

"Certainly," said the other; "and so is his power of contradiction."

SOME of the French jokes connected with the Russo-Turkish war are not bad—these, for example:

A Russian general rides forward to the Grand Duke. "I have the honor, your Imperial Highness, to announce a great victory."

"Very well. Go and congratulate your troops."

"There are none left."

Another:

A Turkish pasha is surveying the field with his glass. An aid-de-camp rides up:

"All our artillery has been captured."

The pasha strokes his beard philosophically, and says, "Fortunately it was not paid for."

THEY have such a terse way of expressing themselves, those Western papers—as per paragraph following: "When Ebenezer Ward, of Oshkosh, refused to have the ceremony performed, his girl promptly knocked him down—in other words, she razed her Ebenezer."

How nearly Daniel Webster missed becoming one of the fraternity of magicians, the superior, perhaps, of Houdin, Blitz, or Heller, may be inferred from the dialogue that took place between "Daniel" and an old neighbor named Hanson a few days before he graduated. Mr. Webster particularly delighted in telling the story.

"Well, Daniel, you are about to graduate. You've got through college, and have got college larnin; and now what are you going to do with it?"

"I told him I had not decided on a profession."

"Well," said he, "you are a good boy. Your father was a kind man to me, and was always kind to the poor. I should like to do a kind turn for him and his. You've got through college; and people that go through college either become ministers or doctors or lawyers. As for bein' a minister, I would never think of doin' that. Doctorin' is a miserable profession; they live upon other people's ailin's, are up nights, and have no peace. And as for bein' a lawyer, I never would propose that to any body. Now," said he, "Daniel, I'll tell you what: you are a boy of parts; you understand this book-larnin, and you are bright. I knew a man who had book-larnin, down in Rye, where I lived when I was a boy. That man was a conjurer; he could tell by consulting his books,

and study, if a man had lost his cow, where she was. That was a great thing; and if people lost any thing, they would think nothing of paying three or four dollars to a man like that, so as to find their property. There is not a conjurer within a hundred miles of this place; and you are a bright boy, and have got this college larnin. The best thing you can do, Daniel, is to study that, and be a conjurer."

IN Judge M'Arthur's court, in Washington, the other day, a lawyer called the judge's attention to the fact that a certain case had been upon the docket for a decade. "I know it," said the judge, "but the case has not decayed."

THIS rather good story comes fresh from London. It is of an Irishman of considerable ability, totally unacquainted, however, with what is termed "society," who, entering Parliament rather late in life, felt intense enjoyment in the unaccustomed pleasures of London society. At the termination of his first session he conceived it to be essential that he should call promptly on the fair heads of houses to which he had been admitted. In one instance the lady of the house was of considerable distinction, rather in the sere and yellow, slightly *méchante*, yet pleasant, popular, and affable. She received the Hibernian with much politeness, listened to his stories, which for her had the charm of novelty, asked after his plans for the coming autumn and winter—in short, made herself vastly agreeable.

"I trust," he says, "Lady —, when I return to town next season, I may have the honor of calling on you?"

"Oh, Mr. —, I may before that time be in Kensal Green"—a beautiful cemetery.

"Well, at that charming retreat you will, I hope, permit me to call?"

THE following quite Canadian specimen of the epistolary comes to us from a gentleman in the Ontario region, who had located in a little town of some six hundred inhabitants. The reader will easily comprehend the maternal solicitude of a simple-minded old lady—Mrs. Wigton—who would not only play the good Samaritan to a stranger, but at the same time afford a market for her "amusin daughter:"

F—, ONTARIO, March 30, 1878.

DEAR MR. B—,—I, Mrs. Wigton, wish you would call on my daughter, Amelia, she is very amusin and is a regular young flirt. She can sing like a humming bird and her papa can play on the fiddle nicely and we might have a real old ho-down, and then we will have an oister supper. Amelia is highly educated, she can dance like a grasshopper looking for grubs, and she can make beautiful bread; it just tastes like hunny bees bread, and for punkin pies she cant be beat. In fact she is head of all the F— girls and will make a good wife for any man.

Yours truly

MRS. WIGTON.

Bring your brother.

ONE of the most intelligent and opulent gentlemen of Wisconsin, who is also a member of the Union Club of New York, after dinner a few days since at the club, went to the cloak-room with a townsman of his (who was his guest) to don their overcoats. The guest, somewhat to his surprise, heard a slight jingle, and on examination found in the pocket of his overcoat five or six silver dollars. "What am I to do?" said he. "They are not mine; some one has put them



there by mistake. Perhaps I had better leave them in the office."

"No," replied his host, with a twinkle, "don't do that: put the dollars in your pocket, and *set it again*."

AN amusing event occurred recently at a public meeting in a suburban part of London, called to deal with the difficulties of the Eastern question. A lady addressed the meeting, and at the close of a somewhat lengthy speech her voice fell to that solemn whisper generally assumed by amateur orators when they are about to introduce a Scriptural quotation. "In the Book," observed the lady, "which we all know so well, and which is so dear to all of us, it is said, 'they made a desert, and called it peace.'" The lady evidently thought she was quoting Scripture, and would have been not a little surprised to find that she had been assuming so complete an acquaintance on the part of the audience with the writings of Tacitus.

A PARENT sends us the following extract from a letter from his little girl, aged eight years:

MY DEAR PAPA,—My love to you. I am glad to hear you are well. Frankie and I are going out to play as soon as I write to you. James, Annie, and Abbie are at school. Ponto [the puppy] is growing bigger and bigger every day, and *sometimes twice a day*. Good-by, my dear papa. I remain your loving daughter,  
FLORENCE.

THE late Rev. Dr. H——, of New York, had a large body and short lower limbs. He said that when in the cars one day a lady had around her so many children that she did not know what to do with them. He asked her to let one of the little girls sit with him, as she had her hands full. The child, after a short stay, returned to her mother, who asked her why she did not sit longer in the gentleman's lap. "Ma," she replied, "he hain't got any lap."

A FEW years ago, while the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad was in process of construction, it was a favorite field for colored preachers to labor and take up collections "for de spread ob de Gospel." Among these a frequent visitor was old Father Helms, from Tennessee, whose fervid eloquence and practical "spoundings ob de Sacred Word" were attentively listened to by large congregations of the sable race, with no small delegations of interested white listeners upon the outskirts. Upon one occasion, assembled in a lovely Alabama grove, he addressed his congregation thus:

"*Ladies and gen'lemen ob my beloved congregation*,—Havin' cotched a bad cold de odder evenin', I sha'n't attempt to preach to yer dis Sabbath mornin', but will read a chapter from de Bible, and spound it as I go along." He then read the fourth chapter of Genesis, after which he continued his remarks: "De odder evenin' I tuk for my tex' de tragedy in de garding ob Eden—de killin' ob Abel, and de cuss and drivin' out ob Cain. And after de sermon one ob your smart young darkies—one ob dese yer thin-skinned, saleratus-complexioned niggers—steps up to me, and says he, 'Fader Helms, yer disremembered to tell us who Mister Cain married down in de land ob Nod: was it his mudder?' Dere was a grinnin' crowd ob no-'count, trifling niggers wid him, and

I 'spected at once dat de white folks had sent him up to ax de question. I was so overcome wid a sense ob de sinfulness and great 'sumption ob sinners, bofe white and black, dat I could say nuffin. I had nuffin to say. I took de question under prayerful consideration, and de answer were made plain. I'm gwine to spound dat part ob Scripter to yer all. Who Cain's wife was, and whar he got her, is plain to de all-seein' eye ob faith. In de garding ob Eden Cain raised right smart ob craps and garding truck and sich. But after de slewin' ob his Christian brudder Abel we don't read ob his workin' no mo'. He tuk his gun and dogs, and went down into dat sleepy, lazy, no-'count section ob Nod, and loafed aroun' dat country; and havin' lost all his plantation and mules, and all his self-respec', and pride ob family and State, de nex' we read ob him he had got so low down and triflin' dat he married a gal ob one ob dose no-'count poor white trash families which de inspired 'postle *didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word*."

The reverend "spounder" gazed around upon his admiring congregation with an air of triumph, and a brother struck up the hymn, "Whar, oh, whar am de Hebrew chillen?"

A BROTHER editor sends us this:

The clergy delight to rub one another up when opportunity offers. There is in our town a family, intelligent enough and respectable enough, but so notoriously slovenly in their habits and slatternly in their housekeeping as to be a by-word among the cleanly. Some young girls of our church, who had a "collection district" which included this family, said, "Oh! we don't want to go *there*—it smells so!"

Three clergymen met, and Dr. A said to Dr. B, "I have been called to visit one of your families," mentioning the name.

"Oh no, not one of my families; they belong to Dr. C, I think."

"Not at all, not at all," responded Dr. C. "I was talking with Dr. D the other day; he had called there once, but thought he should not call there again; and he added, 'It is plain where they *ought* to belong—they *ought* to belong to the Baptists.'

MARTIN DOYLE is a fine specimen of an Irishman, and was some time one of the door-keepers at the Globe Theatre, Boston. He is a devotee of "Holy Mother Church," and a firm believer in all of its mysteries. In common with many others not in the fold, he was an applicant for tickets (though unsuccessful) to witness the consecration of Bishop Williams over the newly made archdiocese of Boston. Having some business with Mr. Patrick Donahue, the publisher, the day before the consecration, I was about leaving his establishment, when I was accosted by Martin:

"Good-mornin', Mr. ——. Have ye any tickets for the ceremonial, Sir?"

"What ceremonial?"

"Why, Sir, the imposition of the pallium upon Archbishop Williams to-morrow by Cardinal M'Closkey at the new cathadral."

"I have no tickets, Martin; and, by-the-way, I just heard Mr. Donahue inform a gentleman that there were none to be procured."

"Well, Sir, I thought you'd be sure to have some, bein' as you're a mumber of the press. But



isn't it very quare, now, that no tickets are to be had for the ceremonial of the imposition of the pallium upon Archbishop Williams to-morrow by Cardinal M'Closkey at the new cathadral? Why, Sir, there was Leopold Morse, the Jew, sporting a whole pack of 'em up an' down Washington Street yestherday. Now, Sir, I have two sittings for meself an' wife at the ould cathadral; I pay me pew rint regular, an' whinever there's a subscription paper handed round, Martin Doyle's name is to the fore. But if I don't get two tickets for the ceremonial of the imposition of the pallium

"Why, isn't this Mr. G——'s funeral?"

"No," said the organist, as he descended the church steps, leaving the stranger with wondering countenance drying the remnant of misspent tears with his well-saturated pocket-handkerchief; "it's Mrs. B——'s."

IN most of our colleges it is the custom for one member of the faculty—usually the president—to have the supervision of all absent and dilatory students, and to him every such one is to go to explain the cause of his absence or tardiness. No

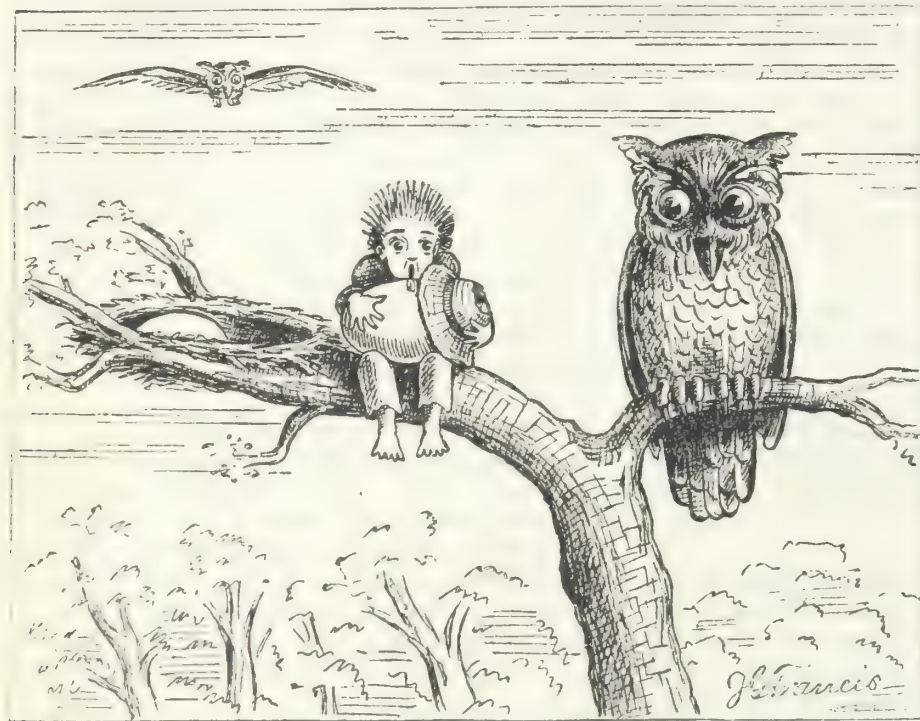
more kind and indulgent guardian of the college discipline could have been found than Dr. A——. Every student knew well his old and stereotyped way of saying, "Well, well, I'll excuse you this time; but don't let it happen again."

Although not in accordance with the usual rule, Mr. H——, a married man, had been admitted to pursue the studies of the regular course. One day he was absent; on the next, appearing with his class in the doctor's room, he explained, with great embarrassment, that the arrival of an heir had been the cause of his detention. Without looking up from the papers on his table, and

apparently without a thought as to the nature of the excuse, so long as there was one, the doctor graciously remarked: "Well, well, I'll excuse you this time; but don't let it happen again." The announcement was greeted by the class with the most tumultuous applause.

OWING to the daily repetition of their routine of life, and the remarkable similarity of one day's duties to another, most college professors fall, naturally enough, into a habit of using set phrases of speech, and of accompanying them with trifling little peculiarities of manner, which if observed only once would not be remarked, but which taking place frequently, attract attention, and become a hinge upon which ridicule may turn. Among such habits clinging to Professor B——, who was a very nervous man, was one, incurred in the classroom, of exclaiming, whenever any inquiry was made pertaining to the subject before the class, "There! that's a fair question," always emphasizing the remark with an approving shake of his head.

At the marriage of his daughter, when the officiating clergyman pronounced with due solemnity the important interrogatory, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?" and before the groom had answered, the professor caused no little flurry of astonishment among the assembled guests by uttering in tones that were distinctly audible the familiar sentence, indorsed with the usual movement of his head, "There! that's a fair question."



CONVICTED.

upon Archbishop Williams to-morrow by Cardinal M'Closkey at the new cathadral, there'll be a marked difference in the character of Martin Doyle's subscriptions to the Church in the future."

As an illustration of the undoubted piety of the Irish servant-girl, we submit the following, fresh from London: "A friend of mine has a cook, an Irishwoman and a Roman Catholic. One night recently the cook asked to go out, as she was anxious to attend her chapel to hear an 'aquarium mass' for the Pope."

SOME months ago the funeral obsequies of two well-known citizens of New York were being celebrated on Fourth Avenue at the same hour, and in churches only a single block distant from each other. When the ceremony at one of these churches was nearly completed, and the services of the accomplished organist were no longer required, he left the choir, and was hastily making his way through the vestibule to the street, when his attention was attracted to a respectable-looking old gentleman, also just leaving the church, and evidently quite overcome with sorrow. As a kind of apology, he said to the organist:

"Mr. G—— was a very dear old-time friend of mine, but till now I had not seen him for many years. He is so changed I never should have known him."

"Known him!" echoed the astonished organist; "it isn't a he, it's a she."



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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GWIN'S ISLAND, FROM CRICKET HILL.

## SOME LANDMARKS OF OLD VIRGINIA.

THE southward-bound passenger, smoking a late cigar on the deck of one of the Chesapeake "Bay Line" steamers, finds but little in the prospect about him to invite his attention from the navigable field. Below the Potomac eastward stretches an expanse of dark rolling water apparently without limit, while, on the other hand, the occasional gleam of a light-house affords the only suggestion of the shore. Should he so far ignore the prohibition against holding converse with the wheelsman as to inquire the locality thus indicated, he will be fain to content himself with the name of some "p'int" gruffly vouchsafed, which, following the properties of points in general, conveys no idea of extension landward, but rather warns the prudent navigator to keep off.

Behind these dots of light lies, nevertheless, the soil wherein was planted, two hundred and seventy years ago, the germ from which our country has since extended its borders to the other great ocean of the globe. This shore is deeply fringed by a series of long narrow promontories lying be-

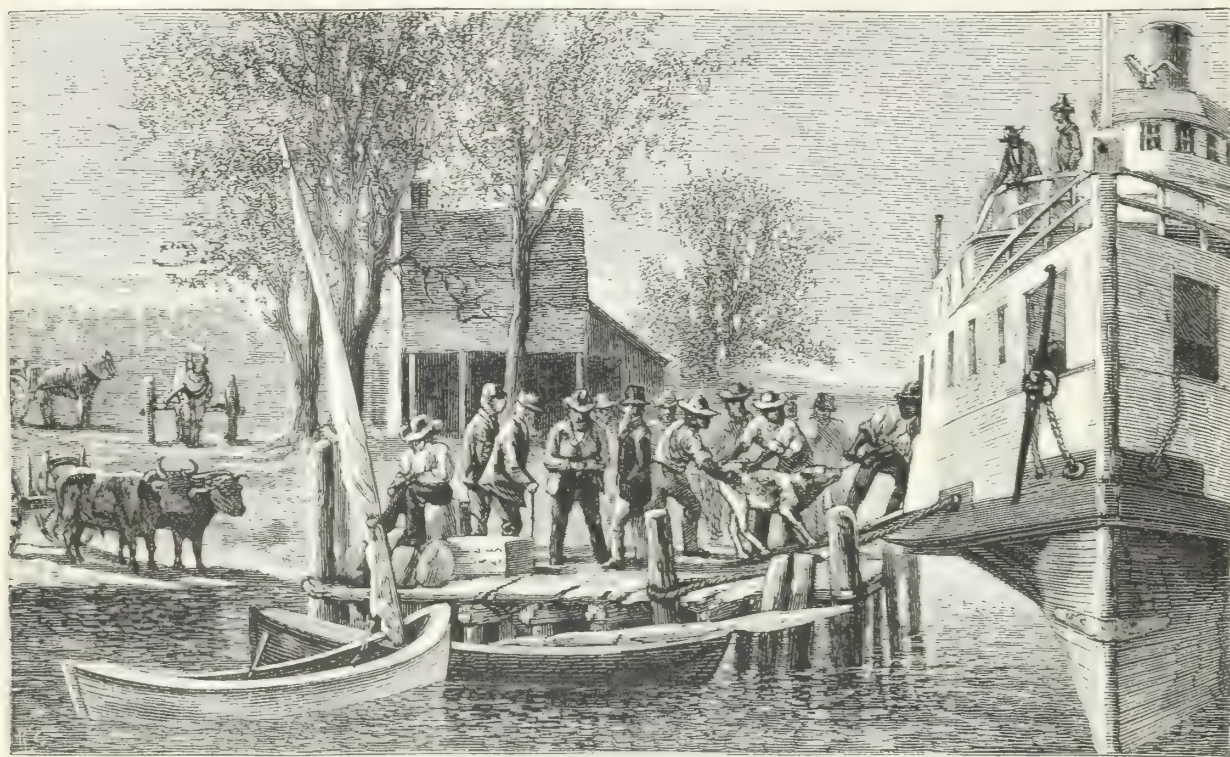
tween the rivers which drain the slope east of the Blue Ridge. As a consequence of these features, which first determined the peopling of this territory by a race from beyond the sea, it is to-day little known; the wide estuaries which penetrate it have forced the lines of land travel into the upper country of the interior, while, reciprocally, the thoroughfare lying in the waters of the Chesapeake is pushed out by the shoals too far to the eastward to reveal to the passer by that way more than has already been seen.

Let us take passage in the little steamer plying between Baltimore and that portion of the old colony which seems to have been overlooked by the chroniclers, and may, therefore, present a fair field for our modest research. The run down has been made during the night, and by early dawn we are heading into the Wicomico River. The broad briny water around and the low shore ahead seem as tenantless almost as in the days when the old filibuster John Smith went cruising hereabouts. An occasional



canoe of some matutinal oysterman bears sufficient resemblance to the aboriginal craft which, indeed, gave the suggestion of its model, to leave the illusion undisturbed. As we near the shore and the light strength-

quently they are remote from any human abode, though in most cases a small store springs into existence close by, its custom being drawn from the gathering occasioned by the steamboat arrivals. Such an assem-



BOAT DAY.

ens, houses begin to detach here and there from the sombre background of pines, and patches of cultivated land separate themselves from the low marshes, which alternate with long strips of sand beach. But it is obvious that the water rather than the land yields tribute to the dwellers hereaway. On the shore close to each habitation a little pier of the width of a single plank extends out into the water; one or more long narrow canoes are moored alongside, or ride at anchor still further out; here and there, too, a seine reel of primitive construction rears its skeleton form, or a row of gill-net stakes stretches across a little bay formed by a curve of the winding shore. All suggestions are of fish, fishy. Anon a large blue crane with ungainly dangling shanks flaps heavily up from his morning watch in the shallows, now deepened by the swell from our paddles; or the bald eagle sails away from his perch in the top of some lofty dead pine, whence he has been observing critically, but with a strict eye to breakfast, the airy circlings of the more industrious fish-hawk quartering the field azure outside. From noting these impressions our attention is first called aboard, and then projected in a new direction by the hoarse tones of our steam-whistle signaling a landing.

A characteristic spectacle is afforded by one of these low-country landings on a "boat day." The wharves are uniformly rude structures supported by piles. Fre-

blage represents with passable fairness the country's *personnel*. While the types are strongly individualized, it is perhaps even more interesting to study this population in its ethnological aspects. Despite a certain angularity of outline and depth of tint, with some tendency to sallowness withal—due to influences of climate and mode of life, steadily at work for more than two centuries—the parent stock of "English undefiled" is still manifest. Here and there, indeed, may be detected a cropping out of the Gaelic strain, which tended naturally to this stanch Tory colony after the troubles of "the '15" and "the '45." This last element has left its impress more perceptibly still upon the nomenclature of the country; but especially do we find its traces in certain old Jacobite melodies, which have outlived even the memory of the words to which they were originally set. These last have been handed down with the unwritten music scraped out of ancient fiddles at the country festive gatherings, or shrieked by the fifers of successive generations at the old militia musters. More tragic have been some of their later associations. Many a hardy fellow who marched away in 1861 from these lowlands, to find a grave beneath the shadow of the towering Blue Ridge or in the tangled thickets of the Wilderness, has been roused to his last morning on earth by the familiar strains of "Dundee" or "Killiecrankie," fraught to him with memories not of



loch and heather hills, but of fertile fields and fragrant pine woods lying broad beside the Chesapeake.

The country on either side of the Wicomico appears in the early records of the colony as the "Province of Chicawane," in which name it was first represented in the Virginia Assembly in 1645. It is now known as Northumberland County, the boundary line having been run between it and Lancaster County in 1673 by Colonel John Wash-

As we pass on our way up one of the numerous creeks which indent the shore, an old-fashioned mansion embowered in cherry-trees is pointed out as "Ditchley"—the ancestral home of those famed Virginia Lees who in every generation have left their mark upon the nation's record. Hither, in the time of the first Charles, came Richard Lee, a stanch Cavalier, who took active part in the opposition of the colony under Sir William Berkeley to the Protect-



DITCHLEY HOUSE.

ington—the first of his name in Virginia. These two counties form the extremity of the peninsula lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, which bears the name of the "Northern Neck."

This Northern Neck stands somewhat apart from the rest of the Old Dominion historically as well as geographically. It was given by King Charles II. to certain courtiers of his, who thereupon claimed tribute of the inhabitants over and above what they already paid to the crown. After much dispute, the claimants agreed to compound for £400 each, which was duly paid over by the colonists. But in the confusion of affairs about the close of James II.'s reign, the colonial Governor, Lord Culpepper, contrived to obtain of these same nobles an assignment of their several claims, together with a favorable report upon his own of the king's counsel at law, and, thus fortified, he asserted his right to the whole territory. Finally the matter was compromised, and this tract became a distinct propriety, paying its tribute not to the crown, but to Lord Culpepper, and afterward to Lord Fairfax, who married the Governor's daughter.

or's rule, and who was chosen to represent its loyal sentiment to Charles II. when in exile at Breda. From this stock were descended "Light-horse Harry" Lee of the Revolution—whose son has rendered even more famous in our own times the name he bore—and Richard Henry and Francis Light-foot Lee, who come to our minds in close association with the Declaration. Ten years before, the first formal protest against the Stamp Act was drawn out and signed by the former at the head of a number of other gentlemen, dwellers in this isolated Northern Neck. So far as their record goes back, one characteristic quality seems ever to have marked this race as leaders of men—the willingness to assume responsibility in trying times. An eminent statesman of our day has referred the prominence of the Virginians of the tide-water in the national affairs to the diet of fish and oysters upon which they were nourished; however this may be in the general sense, it would at least seem that this narrow strip of soil may fairly claim to have contributed its full quota of the illustrious names which adorn the country's history. A few miles



from Ditchley, near the mouth of the river Corotoman, there settled, in 1650, one Colonel William Ball; of him the country at large knows little or nothing, but the name of a certain great-grandson of his is perhaps the one most familiar to Americans.

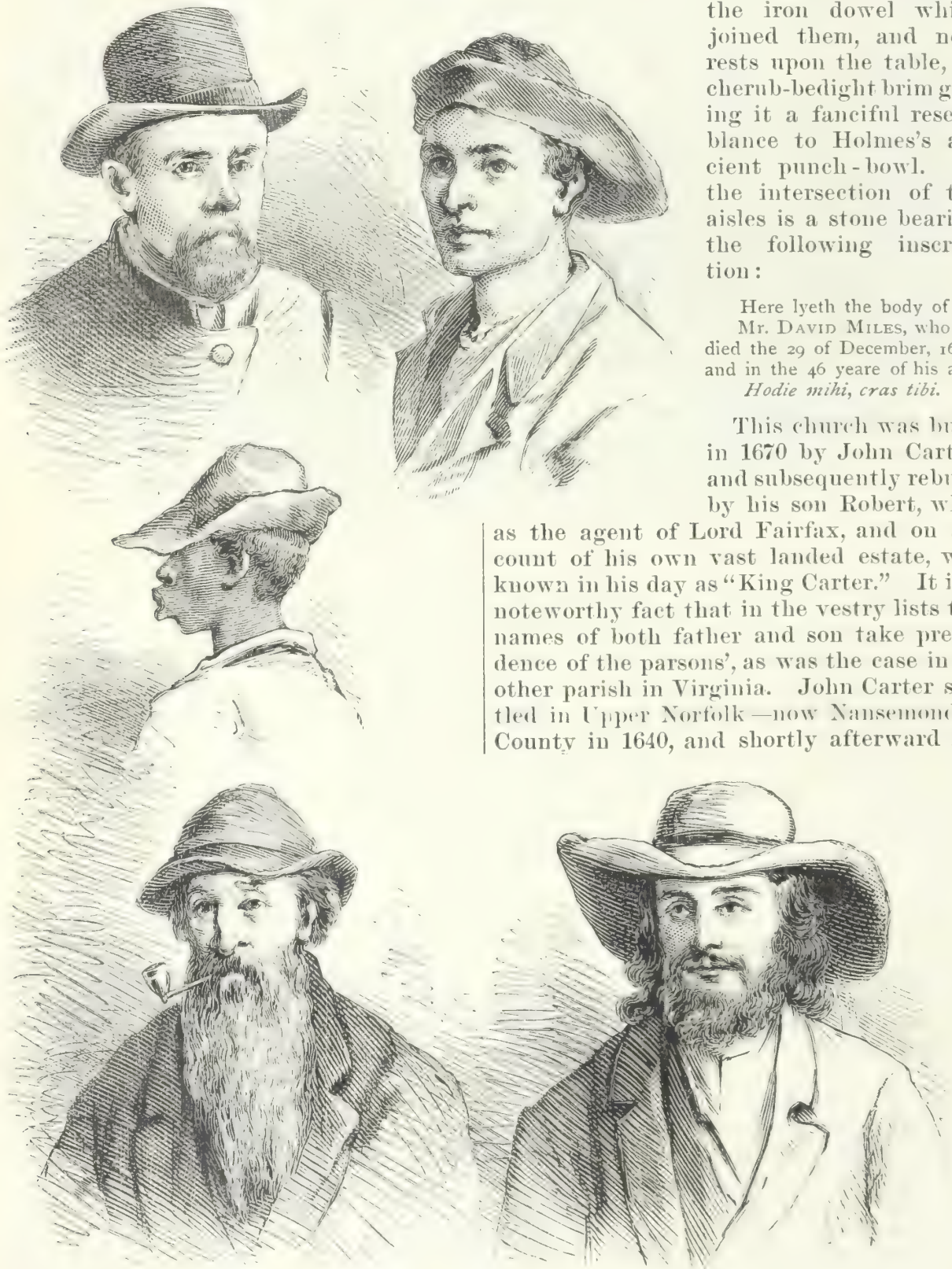
Of a fame more strictly local were the Carters, who sleep in the shadow of the ancient church they built and endowed close by. Coming suddenly upon this colonial structure we fail to realize its antiquity; the brick walls are in perfect preservation, and are but little discolored by time. Entering by one of the massive doors which are never locked, we discover an interior

with which our modern figures seem altogether out of keeping. The cruciform aisle, flagged with stone, is bordered by high square pews, over the tops of which the occupants could behold only the parson in his cock-loft pulpit, well up under the eaves. Three of the aisles terminate in the doorways; the fourth leads to the chancel, which is panelled all round more than half-way to the groined ceiling. Above the communion table are two framed tablets of black canvas, with the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Commandments painted in quaint yellow letters thereon; the baptismal font of white marble has become separated from its pedestal by the rusting of the iron dowel which joined them, and now rests upon the table, its cherub-bedight brim giving it a fanciful resemblance to Holmes's ancient punch-bowl. At the intersection of the aisles is a stone bearing the following inscription:

Here lyeth the body of  
Mr. DAVID MILES, who  
died the 29 of December, 1674,  
and in the 46 years of his age.  
*Hodie mihi, cras tibi.*

This church was built  
in 1670 by John Carter,  
and subsequently rebuilt  
by his son Robert, who,

as the agent of Lord Fairfax, and on account of his own vast landed estate, was known in his day as "King Carter." It is a noteworthy fact that in the vestry lists the names of both father and son take precedence of the parsons', as was the case in no other parish in Virginia. John Carter settled in Upper Norfolk—now Nansemond—County in 1640, and shortly afterward his

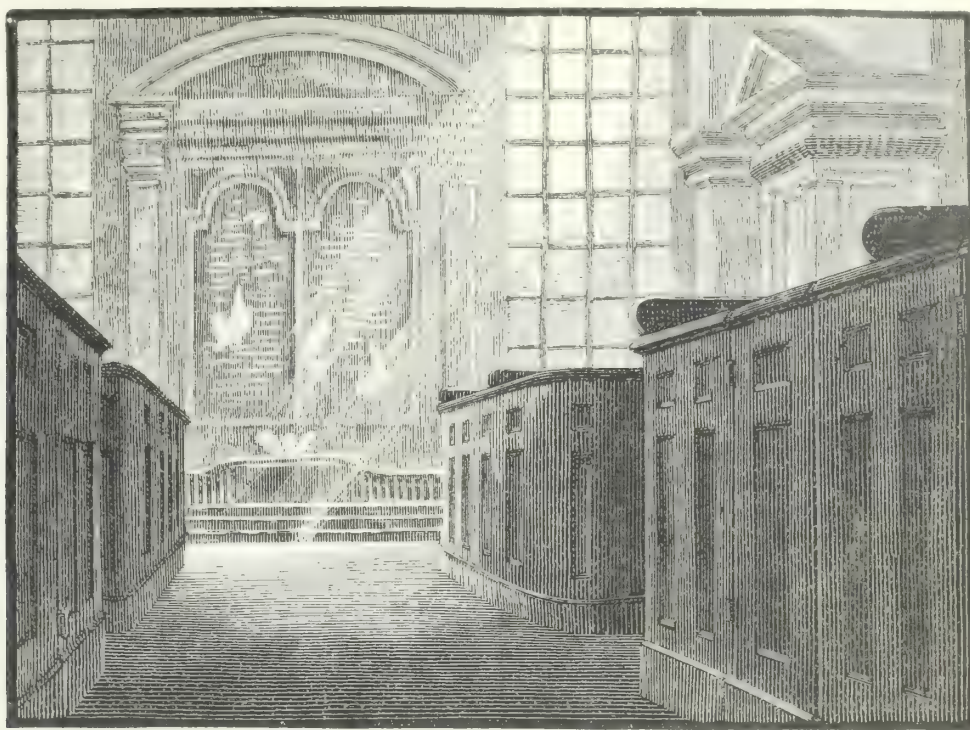


TYPES OF TIDE-WATER VIRGINIANS.



name appears as a member of the House of Burgesses. About 1654, having removed to Lancaster, he was given command of a force sent against the Rappahannock Indians—to some purpose, as it would seem, for not very long afterward we read that this tribe was *extinct*. But it is to his achievements in the service of Venus rather than of Mars that

richly carved and of the finest quality. Robert Carter's epitaph, which is in Latin, carefully mentions, at the end of the recital of his worldly honors and services and the shining qualities which adorned his character, that he espoused "first Judith, the daughter of John Armistead, Esquire; then Betty, sprung from the illustrious race of



CHRIST CHURCH, LANCASTER, VIRGINIA.

his posthumous record bears witness, and here it must appear that our Virginian was a bolder man than even so redoubtable an Indian fighter as the valiant captain of Plymouth himself. With pardonable pride the blue-gray stone in the chancel bears legible testimony that he was not only faithful and brave, but fortunate as well, as was becoming in a good knight who rated "love of ladies" before "splintering of lances:"

Here lyeth buried y<sup>e</sup> body of JOHN  
CARTER Esq<sup>r</sup>, who died y<sup>e</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> Day of Jan.  
Anno Domini 1669 & also JANE y<sup>e</sup>  
Daughter of Mr. MORGAN GLYN & GEORGE  
her Son & ELINOR CARTER.  
& ANN y<sup>e</sup> Daughter of Mr. CLEARE  
CARTER & SARAH y<sup>e</sup> Daughter of Mr.  
GABRIEL LADLOWE & SARAH her Daughter  
which were all his wives svck-  
sifsively & dyed before him.

Blesed are y<sup>e</sup> dead which die in y<sup>e</sup> Lord, even soe  
saith y<sup>e</sup> Spirit for they rest from there labovrs & there  
works doth follow them.

It is probably due to the curious wording of this epitaph that a popular legend, confounding the two Carters, represents the "king" to have been equally endowed, in respect of wives, with a certain other royal personage. It is certain that his Majesty does not claim so many by at least one as his father before him, upon the testimony of three tombstones. The monuments in their decay still reveal something of the former state of their occupants; the marble, now toned by age to the color of slate, is

Landors; of whom he begat a numerous offspring." The other tombs in this lot are of the wives above named, the first of whom died in 1699, the second in 1712, and of "Mary, the Affectionate wife of Charles Carter of Corotornan," who died in 1770. There are some other graves unmarked, and many fragments of tombstones lie scattered over the ground. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that private malice has in some degree been responsible for the mutilation of these monuments. When living, Carter carried things with a high hand within the bounds of his principality; it is handed down that no member of the congregation ever ventured to enter the church, whatever might be the weather outside, until the king had set the example. And at the present day not one of his race remains on the ancestral acres to guard from desecration the venerable walls wherein he worshipped, and doubtless napped when his royal humor so inclined, for the king could do no wrong. Somewhat at variance with the epitaph covering his remains was one which a local tradition ascribes to his authorship:

Here lies Robin, but not Robin Hood;  
Here lies Robin who never did good;  
Here lies Robin whom God hath forsaken;  
Here lies Robin whom the devil hath taken.

These vestiges of the past are a strong stimulus to the imagination to restore what



is lacking in the surrounding in order to bring the features of this locality into coherence, for by the largest inferences only can we bring before us that remote period as a living presence. Of its actors and events almost the sole record is in the old parish registers and vestry lists, and even these are not easy of access, the Dissenting sects having almost entirely supplanted the Church of England. Now the few of its communicants who remain are widely dispersed, and many of the records have thus

of the colony. This instrument, which is yet in the possession of a descendant of Captain Ralph Wormley, to whom it was issued, embodies the further provision that "in case the said Capt. Ralph Wormley do not seate nor plant, nor cause to be seated nor planted upon the said land within three yeares hence from the date hereof, that then it shall be lawfull of any Adventurer or planter to make choice thereof and to seate thereupon." The clearing and planting of three acres in every fifty sufficed to



THE BRANDON HOUSE, MIDDLESEX, VIRGINIA.

been carried for safe-keeping far away from the parishes to which they relate, and can with the greatest difficulty be traced. Such marked changes as are every where visible can only be accounted for by the consideration of some facts connected with the history of this out-of-the-way region.

Upon the revocation of the London Company's charter in 1626 an immigration set into the colony which was quite different in character from that which first settled Jamestown. The unstable condition of English political affairs, and the easy terms upon which land was acquired in the new country, led many gentlemen of moderate estate at home to embark their fortunes in Virginia. Thus most of the land was taken up in large tracts. For every person brought over upon a patent fifty acres were granted to the patentee, subject to a yearly quit-rent of one shilling to the crown, payable "on The Feast of St. Michael the Arch-Angell," as is stipulated in one of these grants, dated 1663, and signed by Governor Sir William Berkeley, under the great seal

make this provision good, and to prevent the lapse of the tract. The laborers thus brought over were bound for a term of service to defray the cost of their transportation, at the expiration of which they were entitled to receive of their masters "each ten Bushells of Corn (which is sufficient for almost a Year), two new Suits of Cloaths, both Linen and Woollen, and a Gun of 20s. vallue." They were then free to become in their turn proprietors of any land unpatented or lapsed. But the superior quality and facilities of that bordering on the water-courses caused it to be absorbed by the larger proprietors, who had first choice, and forced the poorer class into "the forest," as the Ridge land is called to this day. And as many of these "freedmen" were transported felons, the social disqualification still implied in the term "forester" throughout tide-water Virginia may lie within the scope of more democratic ideas than were prevalent there at the earlier period.

The scattered condition of their settlement rendered the colonists quite depend-



ent upon the English market for the sale of their staple—tobacco. They were forbidden, moreover, by the "Act of Navigation" passed by Cromwell, all traffic abroad except through English ships commanded by English masters. This law, though it was devised in bar of any loyal demonstration on the part of the colony, was made even more oppressive in its operation upon the accession of Charles II. Especially in his bearing toward that portion of his realm in which he was first proclaimed king does this monarch seem to bear out the character imputed to him in the epigrammatic verse of Rochester. His many fair promises and the compliment of wearing at his coronation a robe of Virginia silk were hardly sufficient offset to the measures which forced the colonists to sell in the cheapest market, while they bought in the dearest. The records of this period show that tobacco was their sole circulating medium, and a drug at that. The following assessment was copied from the order-book of Middlesex County Court for 1677, and is a claim for damages sustained by a certain Major John Lewis at the hands of "one Matt. Bentley," with "forty or fifty men of armes," in the "time of y<sup>e</sup> late rebellion"—Bacon's:

"Three hoggs—750 (pounds tobacco); two sheep & bigg w<sup>th</sup> Lambe—400; meals eaten at my house & corne & meale, & corne carry<sup>d</sup> to Maj. Pates for y<sup>e</sup> Armie 2 Dayes Bentley was there, ten barrills—1500. Totall 3050."

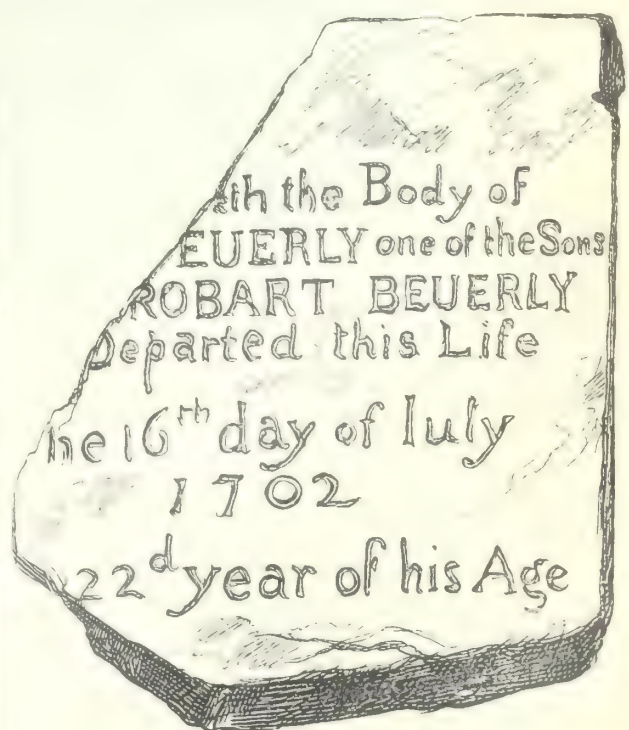
The material distress of the colony had much to do with the outbreak just referred to; and a little later, in 1682, the planters were driven to the desperate expedient of destroying their own crops in the field, with the hope of creating a scarcity, and thus raising the price of tobacco in the English market. These acts of "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion" had already earned for the Virginians, nearly a century before the Revolution, a name which was somewhat less reputable then than it has since become. In 1698 we find Nicholson, the Governor of the colony, urging the crown to take prompt measures for the suppression of a spirit which he characterizes as "revolutionary and republican."

Across the Rappahannock, and facing Carter's dominions, there is still standing one wing of the once stately mansion known as Brandon. Two centuries ago there dwelt at this place "one Major Robert Beverley"—as he is modestly styled in the quaintly interesting history of Virginia written by his son and namesake—a man of mark in his day, and Berkeley's most efficient officer during Bacon's insurrection. Subsequently, however, he became implicated in the "tobacco-cutting," on account of which he was arrested, and only released after he had besought pardon "on his bended knees," and given security of £2000 for his after

good conduct. His son Robert, as he is at pains to inform us in the work mentioned above, was among those who, with Governor Spottswood, first crossed the Blue Ridge and discovered the Valley of Virginia. It was in honor of him that the jovial "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe" named the first halting-place on their march "Camp Beverley."

Brandon House stands upon the brow of a lofty bluff, commanding a view of the broad river for miles up and down; but its grandeur is a thing of tradition. A few fig-trees, dead or dying, are the only vestiges of the garden where rich flowers once exhaled their fragrance, and rare shrubberies bordered the wide alleys, screening from intrusive eyes the tender dalliance of gay gallants and stately dames in ruffles and lace and curled perukes. Now a mere strip of ever-narrowing stubble field separates the house from the river. Upon the very brink of the declivity the remains of a fort may still be traced; the rest has slid down to form the flats which extend out many hundreds of yards from the shore. At low tide a boy may wade over the spot where the English traders used to ride at anchor. The fort is probably one of those built to designate the posts of trade in the several rivers, and afterward dismantled by order of Lord Culpepper, as Beverley informs us. Within the memory of persons living one of the guns of its armament was found some distance out from the shore. The attempt was made to use it for firing salutes at a Fourth of July celebration, but against this perversion of its purposes the loyal king's piece remonstrated by exploding and fracturing the thighs of its republican gunner.

Of the occupation of Brandon by the Beverleys there remains a single relic in the shape of a fragment of tombstone lying in



FRAGMENT OF TOMBSTONE AT BRANDON.



the yard and bearing record of having once covered the mortal part of a son of Major Beverley. The locality of the grave is not known, but as the family burial-ground was probably in the garden, as is usual in Virginia, the waters of the Rappahannock have most likely covered it long ago.

Within the past year another record of this family has come to light. In repairing

Midway between the lands of Brandon and those of "Rosegill," which Wormley got from the crown, stands Christ Church, the mother church of the parish of that name in Middlesex County. Thickly scattered throughout its inclosure are the tombs of the ancient lords of the soil—Wormleys and Grymeses for the most part—who were its staunch supporters in their successive



RALPH WORMLEY.—[FROM PORTRAIT WHILE AT CAMBRIDGE.]

the floor of what was formerly a "chapel of ease" in the parish of Christ Church, some traces of a smaller building were revealed beneath, which had evidently been destroyed by fire. Just outside the wall of this was a slab bearing the following inscription:

Here lyeth interred the Body of  
MRS. MARY BEVERLEY, wife of  
MAJOR ROBERT BEVERLEY,  
Mother of nine Sons & three Daughters,  
Who departed this Life the 1<sup>st</sup> Day of  
June 1678, aged fortie one years & three  
months, having been married to him  
12 years & 2 months—and was  
A careful Mother teaching Vertuous Life,  
Happy and making happy when a Wife,  
Religious to Example, may all strive  
To imitate her vertues whilst alive.

generations. An imposing tablet recounts the many virtues and excellences of "the Hon. John Grymes," a grandson of the Parliamentary general of that name, and "Receiver-General of this Dominion" under the rule of the first and second Georges, who purchased Brandon from its original proprietors, and built the present house there. Hard by one may still make out most of the Latin inscription over the remains of "Johannes Wormley, Armiger"—a theme of sorrow to the school-boys of the last generation whose task it was to construe it, and who have dropped more tears over the stone than were ever shed for the departed.

Within the walls of the church itself is



the tomb of Governor Sir Henry Chicheley, and close beside him sleeps "the Lady Agatha," widow of the first Ralph Wormley, who would seem, as it were, left out in the cold, though the goodly acres he left were doubtless rated among the attractions of his relict by her titled second choice. Another Ralph—there is a long line of them—whose portrait in his robe of gentleman-commoner at Cambridge hangs in the dining-room at "Durchase," not many miles away, and who was the scholar of his house, is briefly described, and in plain English, as "the perfect gentleman," whose life was characterized by "unswerving fidelity to the rules of honor." However this may be, it is a fact that the like devotion to his Majesty King George the Third had nearly cost him his neck in the early days of the Revolution.

Of the colonial period almost the sole exception to the family names above mentioned is that of the "Rev. Mr. Bartholomew

year 1698 "the parson," Samuel Gray, was indicted upon the charge of causing the death of a runaway slave by inhuman whipping, and the testimony fully sustains the charge. More recently one Parson Heffernon was a notorious exemplar of the "four reigning vices" mentioned by William Churchill, one of the county gentry, in his will, dated 1711—profanity, atheism, drunkenness, and lasciviousness, to wit. By this instrument the heirs and assigns were forever bound to pay the interest of £100, bequeathed for the purpose, to the parson for preaching "four quarterly sermons yearly" against the vices specified, and of £25 "to the clerk and sexton attending said sermons." It is upon record that Heffernon regularly fulfilled the conditions and pocketed the cash. Under such leadership it is not to be wondered at that the Church fell into decline; "not all the king's horses nor all the king's men" could avail in its behalf



FIRE-PLACE, PANELLED DINING-ROOM, WILTON HOUSE.

Yates, visitor of the College of William and Mary, and its sometime professor of divinity," which appears upon the monument "erected at the charge of his Friends and Parishioners to perpetuate his Memory." It is to be deplored that the virtues set forth in this epitaph could not be claimed for most of the clergy of that period. The records do not present the cloth in the most favorable light; the order-book of the county court bears witness to the fact that in the

when the earnest though untaught disciples of Wesley and Whitefield came to plant the standards of their living faith upon the ashes of its dead form.

It is, nevertheless, impossible to contemplate without a feeling of sadness the change, inevitable as in the nature of things it was, which is suggested in every feature of this old settlement. Its quaint churches and ruined tombs seem not more ghostly and sepulchral than do the venerable mansions

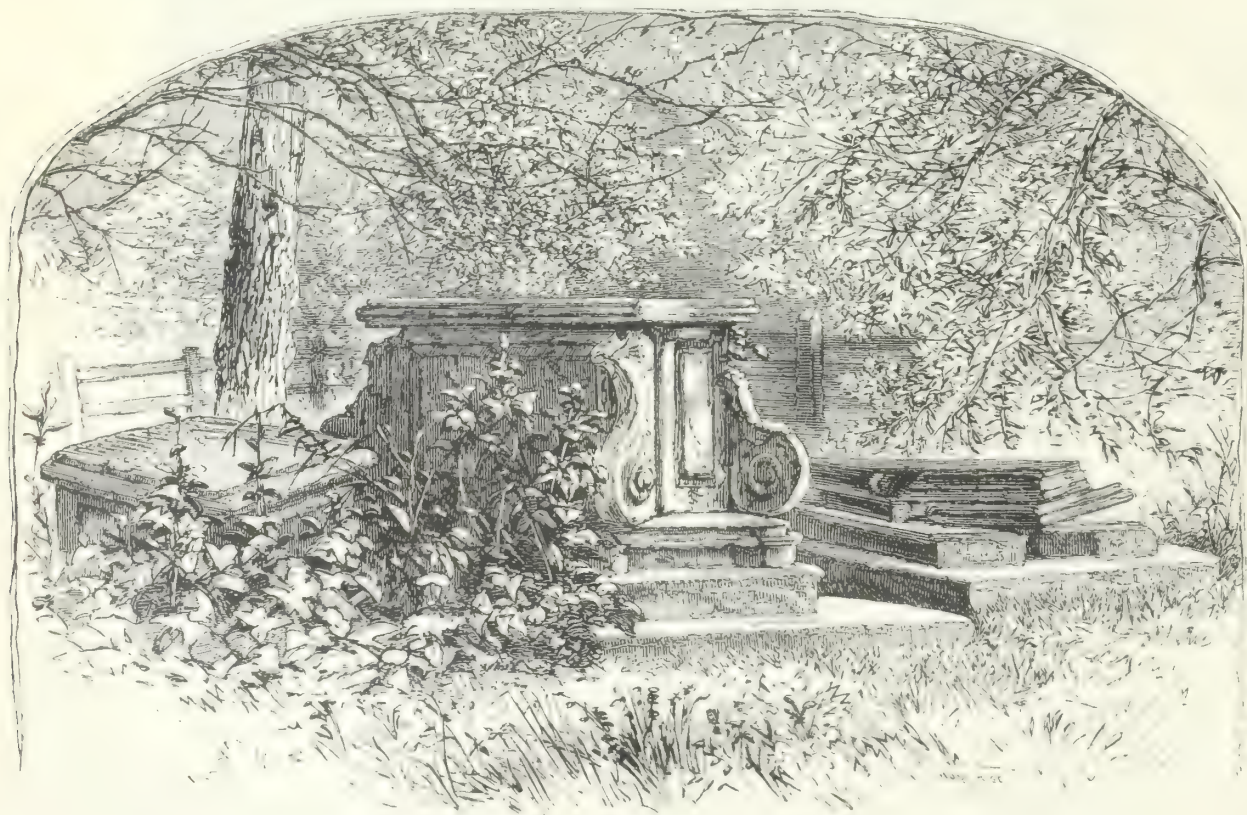


—once the abodes of eminent Virginians—fraught with memories of a time and life forever past. One can not fail to note the entire disappearance of the very names in which the land was originally held. Of Chicheleys, Skipwiths, Beverleys, Berkeleys, Corbyns, Wormleys, not one can now lay claim to more than is covered by their tombstones—some of them not even so much. The panelled and carved interiors in which they held their state, even in their dilapidation and decay, contrast mournfully with the homely belongings of the stranger within their gates. The Revolution found most of the gentry of this section, both from interest and feeling, adherent to the royal cause; the triumph of the patriot arms was the beginning of their downfall. There is a significant omission in the records of all mention of what occurred on the Fourth of July, 1776. We only find that certain “gentlemen justices” were duly sworn at the September term, and thenceforth they no longer appear as “his Majesty’s justices.”

At the mouth of the little river Piankintank, which forms the southern boundary of Middlesex, is a long low strip of land, called Gwin’s Island. It is separated from the main-land by a narrow “thoroughfare,” and forms a natural breakwater. Here was made, in 1775, the final stand of Lord Dunmore, the last of the king’s Governors in Virginia, for the crown. Driven from the seat of his government at Williamsburg, he rallied to his standard the royalists of the tide-water, including most of the names mentioned in these pages, who, arming their negroes and dependents, faced in this stronghold the pursuing patriots under General

Andrew Lewis. It was not much of a stand, indeed. Lewis planted a battery on the main-land, at the spot which is still called “Cricket Hill,” “crickets” or “grasshoppers” being the names by which light pieces of ordnance were designated in the vernacular of the day, and opened fire upon the Tory lines. The royalists were without means of replying, and the king’s ships in the bay could not come through the narrow, tortuous strait to their relief; they were “between the devil and the deep sea,” and they accepted the less painful alternative of flight across the water.

Under the incessant battering of easterly storms the island is gradually washing away. A Tory family residing upon it, who fled to Canada during the Revolution, returned, after peace was proclaimed, to find the larger part of their estate already engulfed. The fortunes of this faction may be said to have been thus typified, for none of the others who returned ever quite regained the ground they had lost. The boom of Lewis’s guns on Cricket Hill was echoed back from the lines of Yorktown. It was the sound which, afar off in the mountains, faintly reverberated in the ears of the old Lord Fairfax, who, recognizing in its import the knell of his order, said: “Take me to bed now, Joe; ’tis time for me to die.” Their civilization was exotic, and did not thrive well in the new soil, but perished at the first rude breath; and with their passing away the traces they have left of their sojourn are rapidly being effaced. A century hence the very soil of their last foot-hold will have sunk beneath the ever-rolling waters of the Chesapeake.



TOMBS AT CHRIST CHURCH, MIDDLESEX.



## HOSPITAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

**M**OST of the hospitals of New York have two beginnings. The first is in the charitable forethought of the rich men who have endowed them. Inclosed by the privacy of his chamber or study, the millionaire has pondered over the disposition to be made of his accumulated wealth, and feeling the hand of sickness upon him, has remembered the thousands of others whose pain could not

to do all that it craves, the fever might be allayed now and then, and life itself prolonged. In such meditations as these some of our hospitals have begun, and the total outcome of the endowments made through private munificence is a variety of establishments for the treatment of every imaginable ailment. A stranger is struck with the number and magnificence of the



NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

know the alleviation that money can procure. The heavy damask curtains drawn in ample folds over the windows, the glowing fire, the mild light of the study lamp, the soft resoundless carpets, the ministrations of the most skillful physicians, and the attentions of trained servants—all these blessings might not take the sting away from death nor wholly disarm suffering, but they surely assuage both. Love can do more than money in smoothing the distressed pillow; the dying laborer in his attic, with his wife's hand in his, may cross the gloomy boundary with greater resignation than the millionaire, says the sentimentalist; but were the love that waits upon the laborer with tireless devotion supplemented with the means

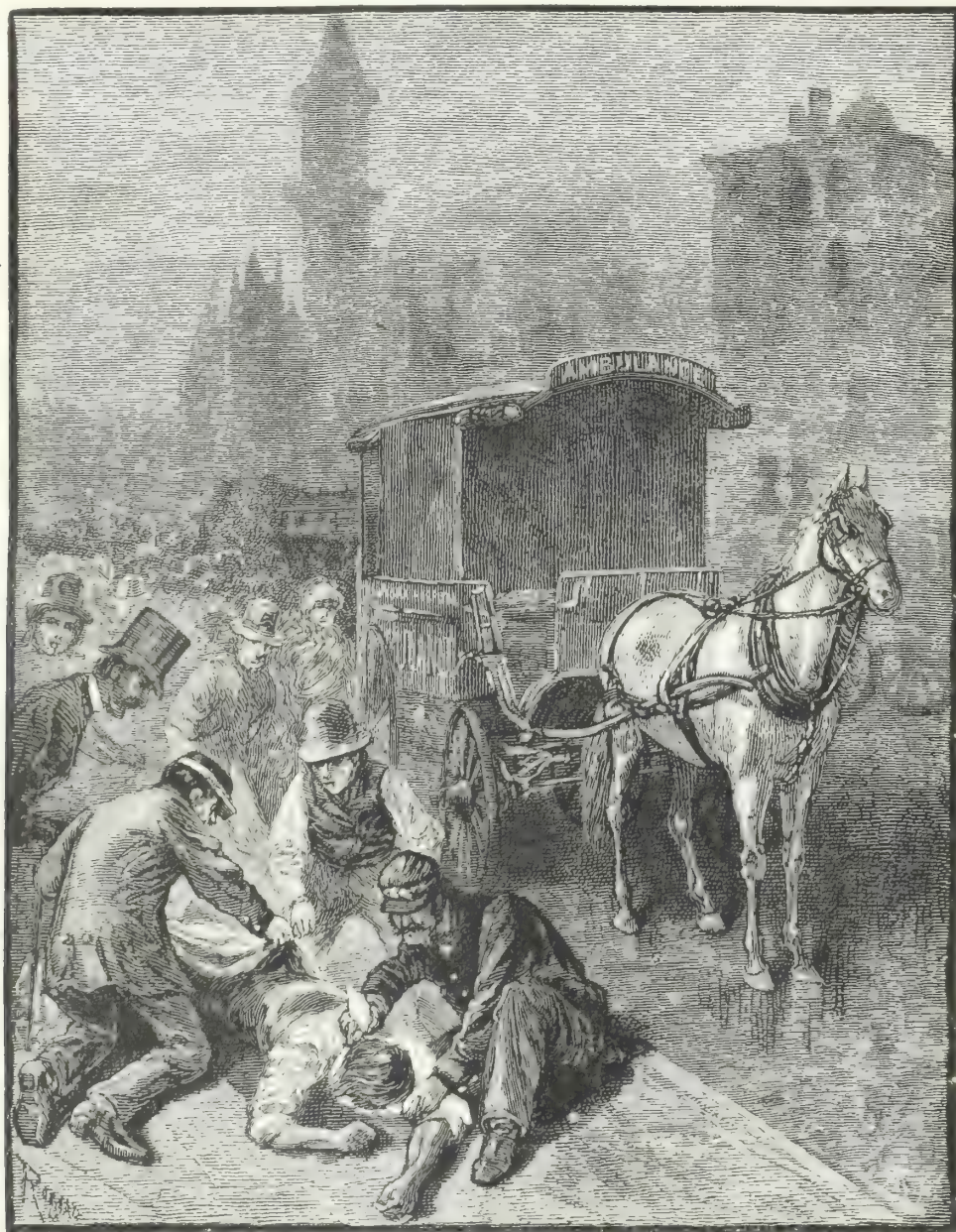
New York hospitals. Some are of the size, and have the appearance, of palaces. They are ornaments to the city, and are among the largest buildings. The newer ones are built of warm red brick, and, with their sunny windows, spacious pavilions, and galleries, are memorable objects to the city's visitors. There is no kind of physical suffering that may not find treatment in one or the other, as we have said. The penniless outcast who is overtaken by sickness, the haggard victim of hip-disease, the incurable consumptive, and the raving creatures stricken with fever, are provided for with care and liberality; the patient with means may command all the luxuries a home could give, and those who are poor enjoy comforts



impossible to them in their own narrow dwellings.

All hospitals began with Christ, and belong to Christianity. The Greeks looked with contempt upon physical weakness, and other nations of antiquity thought it beneath them to make provision for the sick and infirm. But the Nazarene and His dis-

horrible spot on the pavement baptized by the blood of a man who has fallen from a scaffolding aloft, out of a window, or through one of the trap-doors by which goods are hoisted into the lofts of the stores. "Give him air!" some cry, but the crowd hedges him in with morbid curiosity, only a few of the weaker ones turning aside with pale



A STREET ACCIDENT.

ciples taught men to compassionate suffering, and as the Church increased in wealth and influence, hospitals were founded—in the first place as houses for the shelter or refreshment of travellers, especially pilgrims, according to the Latin meaning of their name; and it was only with the multiplication of inns that they assumed their distinctive character as refuges for invalids.

The second of the two beginnings to the hospitals of New York that we spoke of above is in an episode with which all who walk the city streets must be familiar. There is a crash, a scream, a dull thud, and a crowd that momentarily chokes the traffic of the busy thoroughfare, the cause being an accident. The crowd presses around the

faces. He lies there huddled up and deathly white, as though all the bones in his body were broken; his eyes are filmed and opaque, and his mouth is rimmed with blood. A telegram sent from the nearest police station brings an ambulance, which dashes up to the spot from the nearest hospital. The surgeon quickly binds the fractured limbs between splints; and while the crowd gapes with wonder and admiration at the dexterity and system, the sufferer is gently lifted into the vehicle and driven away. Such is the practical and beneficent beginning of the New York hospitals to the hapless thousands who are annually maimed in the turmoil of the city streets.

For the purposes of ambulance service





PRIVATE PATIENT'S ROOM, NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

the city is divided into three police telegraph districts, an independent wire connecting all the precincts with the hospitals that are provided with ambulances. These are the New York and Roosevelt hospitals on the west side, and the Bellevue Hospital on the east side. The New York has two ambulances, one stationed at the House of Relief in Chambers Street, and the other at the hospital in Fifteenth Street; the Roosevelt has one, stationed at the hospital in Fifty-ninth Street; and the Bellevue has several. When an accident is reported at a police station, it is immediately announced by telegraph to the hospital of the district, and an idea of what usually happens then may be gleaned from the following account of our personal experience.

We were loitering one morning last January in the apothecary's shop of the New York Hospital, which, besides the long rows of shelves filled with glass jars and bottles, contains a dial instrument, whose imperative tinkling suddenly put an end to our conversation. "The ambulance is wanted in Eighteenth Street," the surgeon in charge explained; and though his name was Slaughter—an obviously unfortunate one for an Esculapian—he proved himself to be one of the tenderest men that ever touched a wound. The apothecary's shop is in the basement, and from it a door opens upon a court-yard, at one side of which is a stable. A well-kept horse was quickly harnessed to the ambulance; and as the surgeon took his seat behind, having first put on a jaunty uniform

cap with gold lettering, the driver sprang on to the box, where we had already placed ourselves, and with a sharp crack of the whip we rolled off the smooth asphalt of the courtyard into the street. Our speed was only pardonable in view of its object. As we swept around the corners and dashed over the crossings, both doctor and driver kept up a sharp cry of warning to the pedestrians, who darted out of our way with haste, or nervously retreated to the curb, looking after us with faces expressive of indignant remonstrance, until they discovered by the gilt lettering on the panels what our vehicle was. The surliest car-drivers and the most aggressive of truckmen gave us the right of way, and pulled up or aside to afford us passage. People in a hurry stopped to look after us, and strove on tiptoe to discover whether or not we had a passenger. We rattled over the uneven cobble-stones of West Eighteenth Street, and at No. 225, where there is an iron gate before an alleyway with a small house at the end, an old man appeared and hailed us. We alighted, and followed him into the front-room on the ground-floor, the doctor carrying his instruments under his arm.

The case was not very serious. The occupant of the tenement, an old laborer, had slipped in entering, and fractured his leg a short distance above the ankle. The room served as kitchen and parlor for him and his wife, who began to whimper as soon as she saw the doctor, and refused to be comforted, with a determination worthy of a



more reasonable cause. The furniture consisted of a few chairs, a table, some dishes, and a stove, upon which a kettle was steaming. "Where's the man?" inquired the doctor. The wife moaned, and we might have waited for an answer had not an expostulatory voice come from an inner apartment, "Hould yer noise, Mary." Obtaining a candle, we found the sufferer lying on a disordered bed with all his clothes on and a pipe

nate called out, as the doctor rolled up his trousers. "Mary, me pipe's out; give us another draw, an' be quick about it. Maybe it'll be a long time till I get another one." The pipe was refilled with tobacco, puffed into a glow by an obliging friend, and handed to him. "Yes, I must have another draw," he went on, as he put himself in position for the doctor, who gently raised the injured limb and applied the splints to it,



DOCTOR TREATING SULLIVAN'S FRACTURED LEG.

in his mouth, the room having neither windows nor other light or ventilation than that which struggled from the kitchen through the door. He was a small, rosy old man from the north of Ireland, and was not in the least discomposed by his accident. "If I'd had the laist dhrop of drink in me, I cud onderstand it; but faith I hadn't tasted," he exclaimed, as the doctor energetically threw his coat and cap on the floor, regardless of the gold lettering and gold buttons, and prepared for business. Two splints were selected, and a roll of cotton bandages taken from a sachel. "Hould on a bit, doctor; me pipe's out," the unfortu-

packing them with oakum before binding them with the cotton ribbon. Once or twice, and only once or twice, the old fellow winced. "Murther, doctor, don't touch me heel; that's where it hurts!" During the rest of the operation he quietly puffed his pipe, soothed his wife, and endeavored to flatter the doctor most outrageously. "Och, doctor, you're the greatest man in the world—mind me heel—be quiet, Mary—that's what ye are, doctor, the greatest man in the world."

"All comfortable, eh?" said the doctor, neatly cutting the last bandage.

"As nice as can be, Sor."

Finding that amputation was not imme-



diately necessary, Mary smiled at last, and tidied her husband's dress before he was lifted by two burly policemen on to the stretcher, which had been brought from the ambulance into the outer room.

The stretcher, like all the appliances of the ambulance, is mercifully ingenious, and devised with the object of giving the sufferer the least possible pain in transportation. It consists simply of a strip of canvas about three feet wide and seven feet long, with a tube at each side, through which the wooden poles for carrying it are slipped. The poles are braced at each end of the canvas by iron cross-bars, which are easily detached; and the beauty of the whole arrangement is that it obviates the necessity of disturbing the patient again on his arrival at the hospital, the stretcher being put upon the bed and the poles being withdrawn.

A light mattress and several blankets were spread over the canvas, and the old man was tucked in as snugly as a baby in a crib. "Good-by, Mrs. Murphy," he cried to a neighbor who had come in as the policemen were bearing him to the ambulance.

"Good-by, Mr. Sullivan, and it's sorry I am to see ye l'avin' in this way," whereupon the wife burst into fresh tears.

The ambulance had been backed up to the curb, and the tail-board removed. We now discovered that it had two bottoms, and the upper one, which was softly padded, had been drawn off on caster wheels so that it slanted from the end of the vehicle to the sidewalk. The padding was luxuriously yielding, and when the stretcher had been placed upon it, it was pushed into the ambulance, and the tail-board closed upon it. The doctor took his seat behind, and, as we drove off, a voice came from the blankets: "May I ta-ake another draw, doctor?" Assent being given, the blue wreaths of Mr. Sullivan's tobacco rolled upward from the blankets until we trotted under the archway of the hospital and pulled up before the door of the receiving ward, where two orderlies drew the stretcher out and deposited it on a bed in the manner previously described, while Dr. Slaughter reported the case to the house surgeon, who was thence responsible for it.

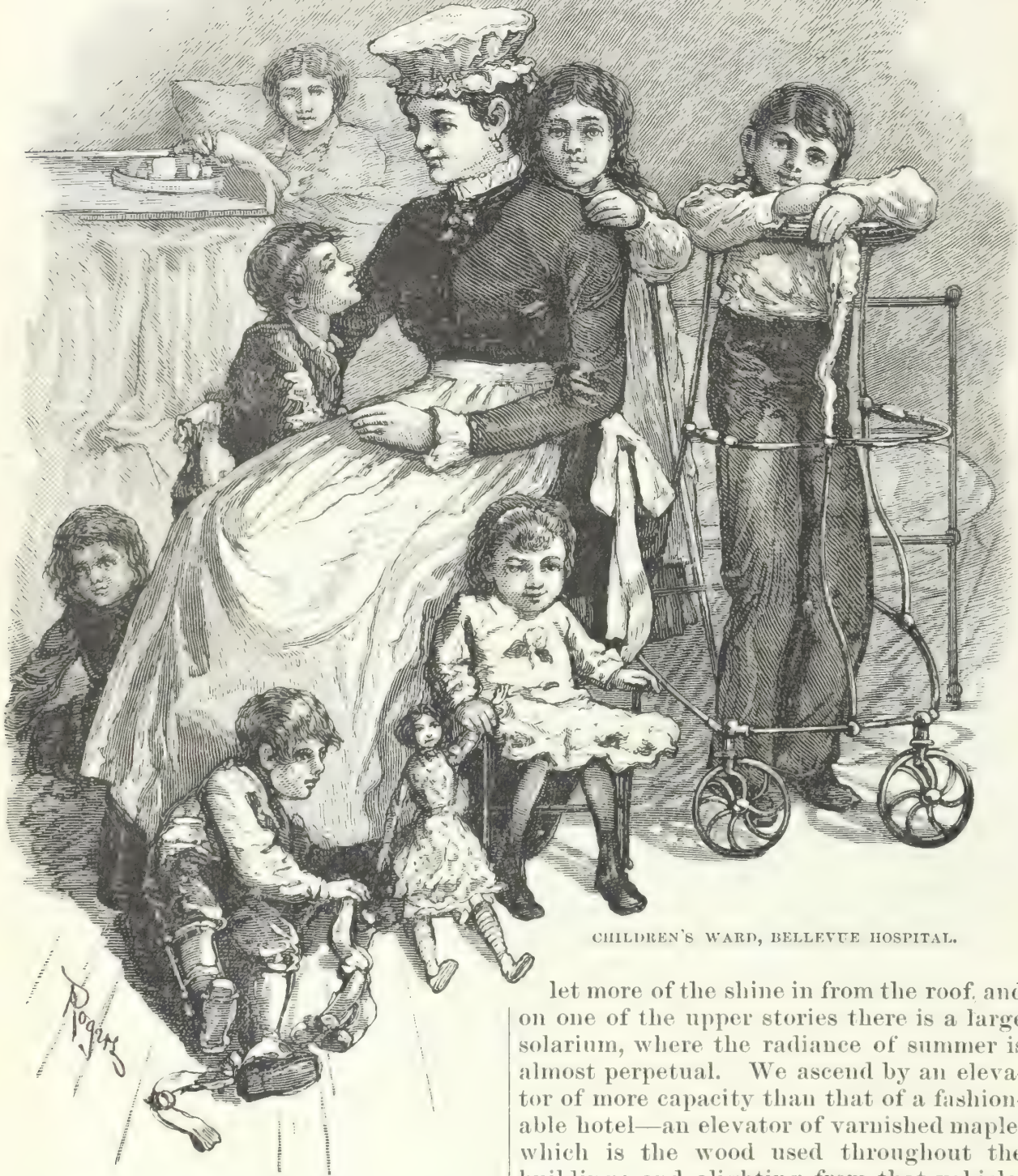
All cases of casualty are received at the New York Hospital and treated gratuitously if the patient's circumstances require it, although a small sum per week for board is usually expected and paid. The hospital building is probably the most luxurious one in the world, and its administration is as nearly perfect as is possible. It is seven stories high, with a Mansard-roof, and has accommodations for about two hundred patients with their attendants. It has a frontage on Fifteenth Street of 175 feet, and it extends through the block to Sixteenth Street, Sixth Avenue bounding it on the

west and Fifth Avenue on the east. Stone, iron, and red brick are prominent materials in the façade, the many windows of which look out upon ornamental balconies. The rear is formed by the old Thorn mansion, one of the largest and handsomest dwelling-houses in the city, which is now used as a residence for the superintendent, a library, and an office, the library containing some 15,000 volumes, besides an important general collection of specimens and a fine pathological cabinet. The water used is partly supplied by Croton pipes and partly by an Artesian well. The heating is done by steam. Near the roof there is a large fan, driven by steam, which compels a draught of fresh air through the building, and, when necessary, the air can be warmed before circulation by passing over hot pipes in the basement. All the kitchens and laundries are in the uppermost stories above the wards, and non-absorbent materials have been used in the walls and floors, with a view to the prevention of the poisons generated by some diseases. The whole structure is as nearly fire-proof as possible; the only wood-work is in the doors and windows; the floors are made of tiles laid in cement on iron girders, and the wainscoting is marble. All parts are connected by the inarticulate speech of electric signal bells, and two elevators run from basement to attic. It is avowed that while no attempt at magnificence has been made, the utmost care has been taken to make every part complete, substantial, and harmonious; but the directors are too modest in this: their establishment is magnificent in itself, in its worth, and in its aims.

As we entered the anteroom to the superintendent's office a mournful old Irishwoman was making an application for the admission of her husband, the driver of a coal cart, who had fallen from his seat and been crushed under the wheels. Several other faded and shabby women, all of them Irish, were waiting for an audience, some shedding tears and moaning with the profusion of grief that characterizes their race. Indeed, were it not for the never-ending misfortunes of the Irish, most of the hospitals would have many empty wards, as that nationality contributes a majority of the cases treated.

"There's not wan thing in the building that is not good enough for a church," said the orderly—he, too, was Irish—who became our guide. And as we went along the spacious corridors and through the lofty wards, the disclaimer of magnificence seemed unreasonable. Even such minor details as the designs of the tiles and the gas-fixtures are artistic, and the sunlight streams in every where and carries its golden cheer and revivifying warmth to the pale faces and wasted bodies set in the little cots along





CHILDREN'S WARD, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

the wards. Every thing is new, clean, and bright. The brass-work and nickel plate throw back the light in dazzling rays from their burnished surfaces, the white walls are unblemished by speck or crack, and even in the surgical wards the air is fresh and pure. But the humanity and good sense of the design are most conspicuous in the provision made for the floods of sunshine, which is the most potent element usually left out of the *materia medica*. The front of the hospital faces the south, and the sun streams in through big generous windows, wide shafts

let more of the shine in from the roof, and on one of the upper stories there is a large solarium, where the radiance of summer is almost perpetual. We ascend by an elevator of more capacity than that of a fashionable hotel—an elevator of varnished maple, which is the wood used throughout the building; and alighting from that vehicle, whose fluency of motion gives one an idea that it may become a mechanical means of getting to heaven, we are conducted into a hall separated from the sky only by a translucent canopy of glass, which so filters the light as it pours through that it seems to become tangible in a golden powder—a shower-bath of disintegrated sunbeams. It is a brilliant, frosty, nipping January day outside; but here there is the balmy mellowness of a temperate summer; plants and flowers are in bloom, and fountains are gurgling, spurting, and bubbling with liquid



music. There are fresh and salt water aquariums, in the pale green depths of which strange and beautiful fish disport, and on the tiny islands of cork turtles are airing themselves or luxuriously enjoying the spray of the fountains. The convalescents, sitting on the benches and reclining chairs, feel new blood coursing through them and greater strength in this pleasant atmosphere with the bright surroundings; the wearisome-

vibrations of melody transport him through the sky-light, down which the sun comes streaming, to other scenes, which, if we could find them out from the dreaminess of his face, might not be as pleasant as the solarium; but they are home scenes, probably, and it is for home that he longs. A row of old men, all of them showing some deficiency of limb or some scar, lean against one of the walls and stare vacantly and silently across



WRITING HOME ON AN ADJUSTABLE TABLE.

ness of the cot is relieved, and visions arise of the time when their recovery will enable them to bear the friction of the active world again.

The solarium is the cheeriest place about the hospital to the visitors as well as to the patients; it is always pretty and warm, and it is a feature that might be imitated by other institutions, and extended with beneficial results. In a far corner a group of men are sitting, fine-looking fellows most of them, with robust frames; but their pallid faces, just touched by the returning glow of health, their languor of manner, the empty sleeves of some and the crutches of others, record months of suffering and hard-fought battles with death. One is strumming on a Jew's-harp, and the feeble, ping-pong

the floor; and a few children, weazen and pale, limp through a game in the middle of the room, and occasionally give vent to a pitiful little treble of laughter. The women sit apart, some sewing or reading, and others listless and idle, with eyes set upon the invisible space of dreams. It is very quiet in the solarium; the fountains make more noise than the children, who soon grow tired of their play, and sigh wearily; the footsteps are muffled, and the voices are low.

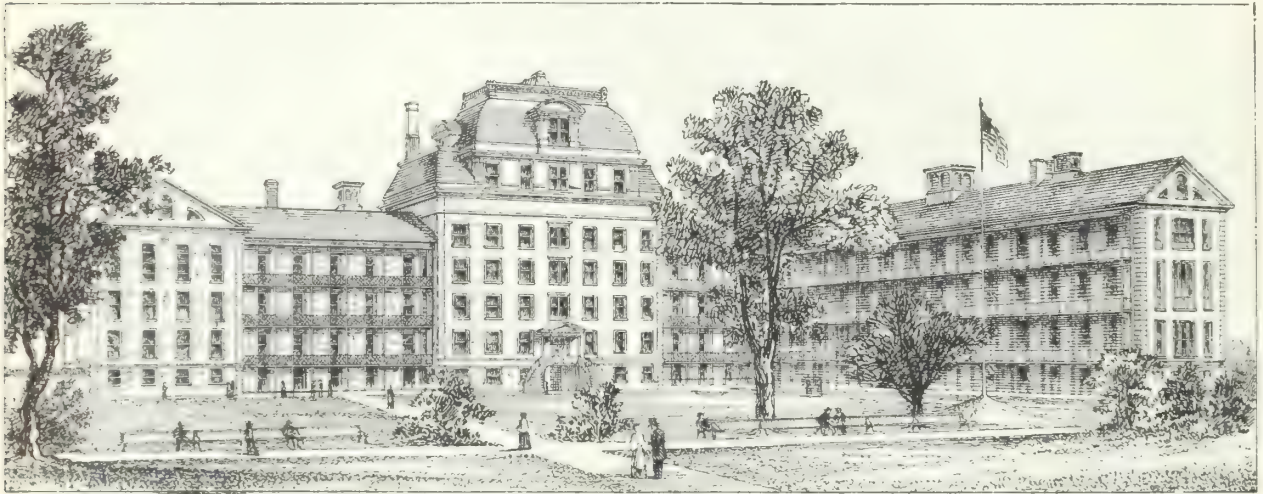
The kitchen and laundry, on the upper floors, are provided with all the modern improvements of a first-class hotel; no fixed dietary scale is adhered to, and both the kind and quantity of food are varied at the discretion of the superintendent. Washing, rinsing, wringing, and mangling are all



done by steam machinery, some of which is novel and successful.

We passed from ward to ward, pausing now and then before a case of particular interest, and in each we found exquisite cleanliness and ample space. The cots are of iron, and are provided with adjustable bars by which the occupants can change their positions without help. Each cot is also provided with an electric tube by which the patient can summon the nurse, whose private sitting and sleeping room is at one end of the ward, adjoining the dining-room for convalescents. In one dining-

lights of convalescence. A marble-topped, drop-handled, finely carved walnut bureau, with a half-length mirror, and a wash-stand with unlimited hot and cold water and silver-plated fittings; electric bells communicating with the nurses; a polished walnut study table and an adjustable table—added to the luxurious convenience of the room, the rent of which was fifty dollars per week. But we wonder how many there are in the city, rich or poor, who would not choose the sympathy of a plain home in preference to such formal splendors as these in an institution?



BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

room that we saw the table was set for dinner with the extreme neatness that one might expect in a popular restaurant, but not in a large public institution. The cloth was snow-white; a clean napkin was folded before each seat, and the service was of a bright silver-plate. At each end of each ward there are lavatories with hot and cold water, and bath-rooms, all patients being required to bathe once a week unless excused by the house surgeon.

On the lower floors of the building there is a theatre for operations and another for autopsies, both provided with every appliance that recent science has devised; and fronting the Fifteenth Street corridor there is a row of rooms for private patients, the rents of which are from fifteen to fifty dollars a week. It occasionally happens that the guest of a hotel or some one who is isolated from friends desires the systematic attention which a hospital can give, and having means, he can occupy one of these rooms, which are handsomely furnished, and equipped in a style particularly adapted for an invalid. Our guide took us into a charming little apartment, with windows facing the south. A beautiful rug was stretched over the middle of the floor; the upholstery was morocco; and besides a lounge, and a wide bed with immaculate linen, there were reclining-chairs, rocking-chairs, *sans-souci* chairs, camp-stools, and foot-stools, that conjured up pictures of the dreamily lazy de-

We have not yet exhausted the resources of the New York Hospital. It has a practically free dispensary, special prison-like compartments for the treatment of sufferers from delirium tremens, and a branch or House of Relief in Chambers Street. Its corporation is enormously wealthy, and received its charter in 1771 from George the Third, through John, the Earl of Dunmore—the original governors, who met at Bolton's Tavern, having been John Watts, Andrew Elliot, Philip Livingston, William M'Adam, Walter Franklin, George Bowne, Abraham Lott, and G. W. Beekman. From 1821 till 1876, 6884 patients were admitted, of whom 908 died, 2940 were discharged well, 1646 in an improved condition, and 1208 unimproved. Not a few animadversions are cast upon the institution, but it is a good thing, and does good work.

To pass from it to the Bellevue Hospital affords a contrast somewhat startling. The one combines in its structure and administration nearly every thing that medical and sanitary science has revealed for the relief of the sick. Most of its patients are poor, but not so poor or alienated from brotherly affection that they are unable to pay the cost of their support; many of them are mechanics or small tradesmen; an impoverished actor or journalist may be found among them; and a few are prosperous and even wealthy. But the other is a hospital for the poorest of the poor, the dregs of socie-



ty, the semi-criminal, starving, unwelcome class, who suffer and die unrecognized, and to whom charity at the best is cold and mechanical. This is a large and increasing constituency in New York city, where the word pauper is acquiring the dread significance and suggestion of hopeless misery that it has in Great Britain; and the wards are filled with wasted souls drifting through the agonies of disease toward unpitied and unremembered deaths, with no tenderer hand to clasp at the parting than that of the strange nurse, who has grown callous through long familiarity with such experiences. Many of the patients lie for months without receiving one friendly call except from the colporteur, the priest, or the ladies of the Flower Mission—lie and wait with the carelessness of result that makes the days blank and the future a matter of indifference. There is no luxury here; not much gentleness. The building was built for an almshouse or prison some fifty years ago,

Twenty-seventh streets, and covers the whole block between them, First Avenue, and the East River. The river ebbing and flowing, shining and rippling in the sun, and bestirred by traffic, cheers the situation, and a few trees and a patch of grass—all that is left of the wide fields that once swept up to Murray Hill—soften the granite austerity of the eastern front. But Bellevue is still forbidding. A high brick wall isolates it from the thoroughfares. There is one medical college just within the boundaries, and another just outside. The windows of the dissecting-rooms shine until late hours in the night, for there is no scarcity of subjects in colleges which reap the harvest of a charity hospital. And at one end of the dispensary for the out-door poor, which is under the college within the grounds, two downward steps lead into a low-roofed building, over the entrance of which hangs a dingy lamp inscribed with black letters, "The Morgue." The room



A GAME OF DOMINOES, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

and its ponderous dull gray mass of granite is sullen-looking and unadapted to its uses. The New York Hospital, with its sunny windows facing the south, and its pleasant surroundings, is less than a mile away; but to reach Bellevue we have to cross a district of tenement-houses, plentifully dotted with shabby little stores and corner groggeries, where the garbage is piled up in the streets, the men are idle, the women slatternly, and the children as nearly nude as the weather permits. It is between Twenty-sixth and

within contains five marble slabs behind a glass partition, with sprays of water falling over them. The dead-house is close by, and several times a week the funereal little steamer bears the unlettered coffins away to Potter's Field. It was a cold November morning when we last saw her leave the wharf, and the fog in which she was soon hidden symbolized the unrecorded lives, the cheerless deaths, and the unattended graves of her load. Suspicious-looking men and untidy women haunt the neighborhood,



attracted to it by the morbid curiosity of their diseased minds, and it may occur to them that if they do not die in prison, their death-beds will be here, or in the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island, which is visible from the grounds of Bellevue.

The lawn is a favorite resort of the convalescents, who hobble about the paths on crutches in fair weather, or sun themselves on the benches, and even venture to cast a line into the river with the hope of insnaring the fish. Each floor of the main building is traced by a light iron balcony; and here too, when the wind is not bleak nor the atmosphere moist, the better patients gather—the men smoking their pipes, and the women sewing or reading. The movement of the river is soothing and recreative; the sailing vessels trading in Long Island Sound glide to and fro, and the big white passenger steamers plough majestically by like moving palaces.

The activity at Bellevue has no end. The keeper of the lodge at the entrance is continually besought for admission, and so worried by impossible requests that one can pardon his shortness of temper. Young doctors and older professors enter unchallenged; the white ambulances are constantly busy, rolling out on summons, and quickly coming back with new cases; a woman begs to see her sick husband, and has brought some little delicacy with her, but it is after the visiting hour, and because she can not be admitted she goes away weeping, with a dull heart that speaks in her homely face; other visitors, who are more fortunate, are promenading the flags under the gloomy front of the hospital, and supporting the invalids they have come to see—here a pale old man, the human counterpart of a broken reed, is clutching the hand of his little granddaughter, as though life with all its pains is precious to him while that responsive grasp remains; a crippled workman leans heavily on the arm of his wife, who looks anxiously into his face at every step to gauge his suffering; a mother helps her sick daughter along, and a poor fellow who has lost both legs watches them with curiously wistful face, as though he was pining for the day that would bring him his visitors. The picture has many changes, no reverse: it is pain, anguish, or death always. If the spectator is cynical, his morbidity is enlarged; but if, without being an optimist, he can look at it with clear eyes, its gloom and sadness are relieved by a glimpse of the tenderness that blossoms in the hearts of the commonest poor.

Some steps lead to the main entrance, and underneath them is a passage by which the ambulance cases are admitted, a groan telling us that one is at the portals the moment we ascend. The wide hall is flagged and whitened. The warden's office is at one

side, with the bright, horribly suggestive surgical instruments stored in glass cases against its walls, and at the other side is the room of the Medical Board, where one of the college classes is assembled. The professor is one of the most eminent surgeons in the world, and is relating some amusing incidents of his early career previous to making the round of the wards. He is a great favorite with the students, and a very prominent member of the faculty. Some thirty-five or forty years ago he came to the metropolis from Kentucky, a rough-and-ready lad, at whom the college authorities looked doubtingly. To-day a small diary carried in his breast pocket is overrun with engagements, and distinguished people travel hundreds of miles to consult him. He works the year round, sparing himself only one week's recreation in the Maine woods at midsummer; but with all his powers of endurance and industry of habits, he can not find time to treat all who would be benefited by his wonderful skill. Prodigious fees are offered to him by the wealthy, and if he worked for gain alone, a little labor would bring him a large income. But he is not regulated by the inhuman supply and demand doctrine. Two cases are presented to him: one, acute, of a charity patient, offering him next to nothing in pecuniary reward, and the other, not dangerous, of a rich man, offering him a splendid fee. If he can not attend to both, he gives his services where they are most required. Physically he is huge of bulk and loud in voice, with a manner striking for its *bonhomie*. Inspiration is carried to the sick-room by his voice, brusque as it is, and his presence is a stimulant to the pining cripple, bringing with it the invigoration of a southern breeze. The most objectionable thing about him is the grip he gives one's hand in greeting, making the fingers, the palm, and the whole length of the arm quiver for half an hour afterward with such agony that whenever a fellow-member of the faculty sees him approaching, he dives his hands into his pockets and imploringly cries, "Oh, don't, doctor, don't!" It would be unreasonable to say of such a man that he is not proud of himself, his work, and his methods; on the contrary, he talks of them freely, and he is never more entertaining than when he is doing so, or uttering fierce denunciations of "old women" in their practice of surgery and therapeutics. The class is in a roar of laughter over some joke when we enter; but the doctor's cigar is almost burned out, and that means more serious matters.

We pass with the class from ward to ward and from cot to cot, the doctor treating the patients with a heartiness that forces an evanescent smile to the saddest faces, and explaining the cases and operations to the class with so much perspicuity and sim-



plicity that the thickest-headed student would have unimaginable difficulty in not understanding. A mite of a boy is sitting in a big chair by himself, a Tiny Tim of a boy, with large, liquid eyes, the whitest of faces,

the doctor, whose hands are almost as large as the child's body; he is a sufferer from an obscure disease of a joint, and was brought to the hospital as an incurable case. The doctor's specialty is diseases of the joints,



TAKING AN AIRING, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

and the sunkenest of cheeks. "How are you to-day, Sir?" the doctor inquires, in a tremendous tone, that makes the piping answer sound ridiculously small. "Pretty well, thank you, Sir." "Can you walk?" "I guess so, Sir;" and the second answer is in a still shriller key, for the voice has not yet recovered from the exhaustion of the first. Tiny Tim is lifted out of his chair by

and by that pre-eminent skill which has cheated death many a time he has saved the child's life. Tim limps across the floor and back again, the longest journey that he has made out of the nurse's arms for some months; a faint flush and a smile of satisfaction lighten his face as he climbs into the chair again. He is out of breath, but when the doctor asks if the exertion hurt him,



he readily answers, "Not a bit, Sir." "Now, gentlemen," says the doctor to his class, taking the repaired limb in his hand, "this is a very—" But we are not reporting the doctor's lectures. We stand by the bedside of a woman whose life is ebbing away under the strain of a cancer, and here our good Samaritan speaks more cheering words—the most he can do, for the case is irremediable. One of the white-capped nurses of the training school is watching the patient; she is a fair, wholesome-looking girl, intelligent, neatly dressed, and agreeable in manner. We ask her if there is much extreme suffering in the ward. "That is our worst case," she says, pointing to the woman by whom the doctor and his class are standing; "the poor thing has been here eighteen months without any hope of recovery. No one has been to see her—no relative or friend—in all that time." "Can she last much longer?" "Not more than three months; she is anxious for death, and prays for it." At this moment we feel that the glassy eyes of the sufferer are bearing upon us; her face is colorless, and her lips are pursed as though she desired to hold back the low moan that escapes them. Is not the sight enough to convert one to the doctrine of legalized suicide by proxy, or any scheme of euthanasia? On the next bed a wrinkled and very thin old woman is muttering deliriously and sometimes inaudibly; she is over seventy years of age, and hers too is a fatal case. The nurse is young, pretty, and blooming, and her appearance of health and cheerfulness in the midst of pallid disease seems almost out of place. Is it a consecrated life, the sacrificial impulse of religious fervor? No; her motive is the earning of a livelihood, and she is the pupil of an institution which has opened a new and practicable field of work for American women.

The Training School for Nurses, which now possesses a substantial brick building as a residence in Twenty-sixth Street, opposite the hospital, was opened in May, 1873, to instruct intelligent women in hospital and private nursing. It began with a lady superintendent and a staff of six nurses, whose number has now increased to fifty-six, thirty-eight being actively employed at Bellevue, and three at the Emergency Hospital. Many difficulties were experienced at the start, and though the committee in charge advertised and applied to physicians for aid, four women only were found capable of acting as head nurses, one of whom was soon discharged for inefficiency. Out of seventy-three applicants for admission to the school many were totally unfitted by mental incapacity, others by physical weakness, and a large number withdrew because they would not spend two years in learning the profession. Accepting twenty-nine probationers, the committee was com-

pelled to dismiss three on account of ill health, five on account of inefficiency, and two on account of family claims upon them, leaving nineteen, who succeeded, and proved the advantages of the school to themselves in affording them profitable employment, and to humanity generally in fitting intelligent women to become positive helps in the hospital and sick-room. The requirements of the committee are exacting. Pupils must be from twenty-one to thirty-five years of age, unmarried, obedient, amiable, steadfast in purpose, in good health, having no kind of infirmity, neither deafness nor dimness of vision, and quick in observation. The candidates having assured the committee of their excellence in these virtues, are admitted to the school on probation for one month, being boarded and lodged without expense, but not paid, and at the expiration of that period they engage themselves for a two years' course of instruction and service, with salary, provided they are satisfactory. The course includes lectures on the diseases of children, obstetrics, eruptive fevers, ventilation and bathing, hemorrhages and the circulation of the blood, arteries, respiration and temperature, superficial anatomy and uterine appliances—all of which are given by able physicians and surgeons. Lessons also are given in bandaging, in general ward work, in the management of a sick-room, and in physiology. At the end of the first year an examination of the pupils is held, and at the end of the second year diplomas are issued to those entitled to them. The primary object of the founders was to improve the nursing in public hospitals, and no one can say that improvement was unnecessary, or that it has not been effected. Previous to the opening of the school, Bellevue was a very much mismanaged institution; three patients sometimes slept on two beds, five patients on three beds, and it happened now and then that they slept on the floor. During two weeks of January, 1876, there was no soap in the hospital, and not enough clothing; many patients had neither pillows nor blankets, and forty-eight per cent. of the amputations made proved fatal, owing, no doubt, to the poison in the walls. But the worst feature was the character of the nurses, who were profane, ignorant, careless, heartless, and in most cases utterly unfitted for their positions. We look back with extreme pity to the patients who were immured in the hospital, and dragged through their illness to a long-deferred recovery, or hurried to an avertable death, at that period. The introduction of the young, intelligent, kindly nurses of the training school into the female wards, and a closer supervision of the orderlies in the male wards, have brought about a change for the better, however, and it is now possible to

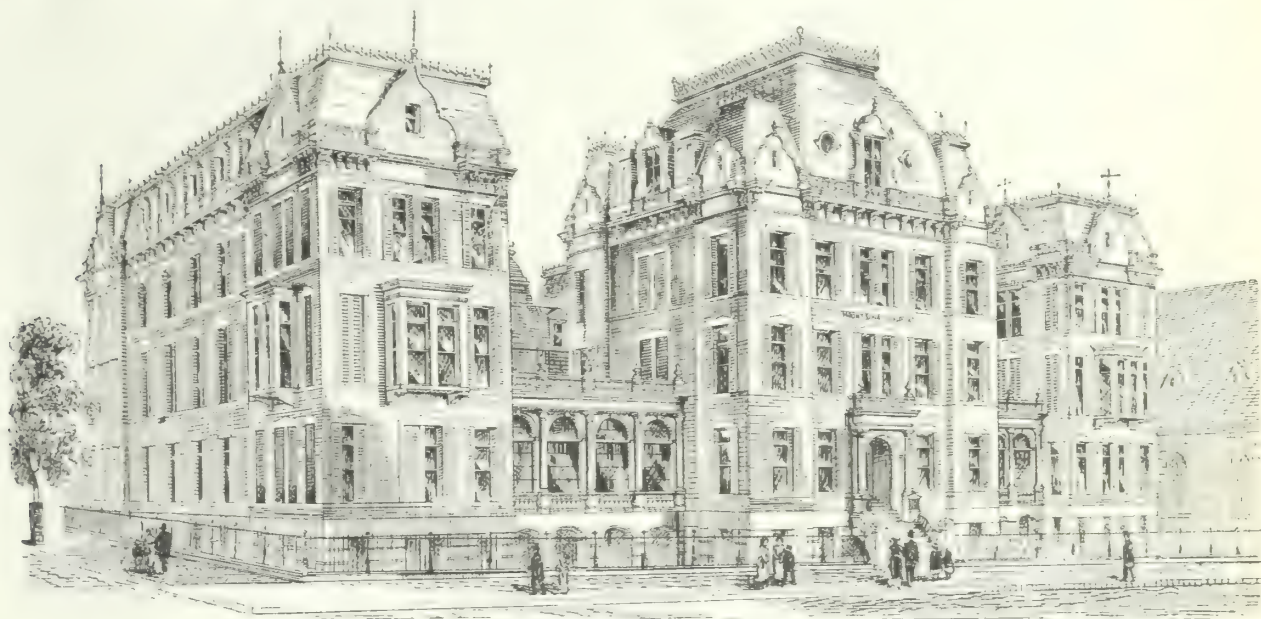


visit the hospital without having our instincts of humanity shocked. Instead of the untidy and often brutal creatures of old, such women as she to whom we spoke, gentle in manner and good to look upon, minister to the sufferers, who, paupers though they are, have claims that are eloquent from their helplessness. The ivy weaving its disks of green around the windows, the illuminated mottoes on the walls, the little odds and ends for diversion and recreation visible where the patients are most loathsome or least interesting, are testimony of the beneficence of the new era.

But the doctor has gone with his class, and we do not find him again until the clin-

the walls. As often as the nurse moves, the children who are up follow her and cling to her skirts, or take her hand with demonstrations of the greatest affection—something that was probably never seen in Bellevue before the training school began to send its pupils there. But the air is not sweet, and we seek the outer space, where the shadows are falling upon the lawn, and the river is shining and tossing in rebellion against the traffic. What we have seen seems like a dream, but it is as great a reality as the granite mass which contains it and looms above us.

Not the least interesting thing about Bellevue is the number which it accommo-



MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL.

ic is over, and he is discussing with the students in a familiar but earnest manner some of the cases that they have seen. Many picturesque incidents appeal to us as we trace him through the wards and the close corridors, which show the unsuitability of the building for hospital purposes, the walls being thick enough for a prison, the roof low, and the ventilation insufficient. The door of the private room of one of the house staff is open, and several young physicians within, stretched out on lounges or easy-chairs, and obscuring themselves in tobacco smoke, are in debate about one of the morning operations; it is a very pleasant little apartment, with plenty of books, pictures, and possibly a skeleton in a closet. Some men with empty sleeves, bandaged heads, and pale faces are playing dominoes at a long table in one of the wards, but even so slight an exertion seems too much for them, and they sigh wearily; and in one of the cots a man whose large frame has lost flesh and strength is propped up with pillows, and is writing a letter home with palsied fingers. Christmas is not yet quite over in the children's ward; toys are lying on the floor, and the evergreen festoons are still hung against

dates. In 1876 the total number of patients admitted was 5165, the total number discharged was 4313, and the total number of deaths was 698. Subdivided by nationality, 2215 patients—the greatest number—were Irish, 1680 Americans, 595 Germans, 256 English, and 56 French. The mortality for 1876 was at the rate of twelve and one-half per cent. The hospital is under the direction of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, who also control a Reception Hospital at Ninety-ninth Street, with a capacity for 20 beds; the Charity Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, with a capacity for 790 beds; the Fever, Epileptic, and Paralytic Hospital on Blackwell's Island, with 70 beds; the Incurable Hospital, with 180 beds; the Homœopathic Hospital on Ward's Island, with 650 beds; the Hart's Island Hospital for Convalescents, with 326 beds; the Nursery Hospital, with 208 beds; and the Infants' Hospital on Randall's Island, with 450 beds. All of these are free, and their total capacity is for 4986 patients.

The most we can do within the limited space of a magazine article is to select for description those hospitals which are representative; and thus, as the New York is



noteworthy for its magnificence, and Bellevue for its extent, St. Luke's projects itself as the one having the most home-like qualities. The principle under which it is governed gives it a unique position, the character of a family being maintained as far as is possible in a public institution. There is a house father, or superintendent, a house mother, or matron, and a Protestant sister-

riam of lost relatives, a gift of \$5000 endowing a bed in perpetuity, and \$3000 endowing one during the life of the donor.

The building is situated in the aristocratic Fifth Avenue, at the northwest corner of Fifty-fourth Street, in the midst of fashionable dwellings, and within a stone's-throw of Central Park. The front faces the south, and is separated from the streets



SHAKING HANDS WITH THE HOUSE FATHER AT ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.—CHILDREN'S WARD.

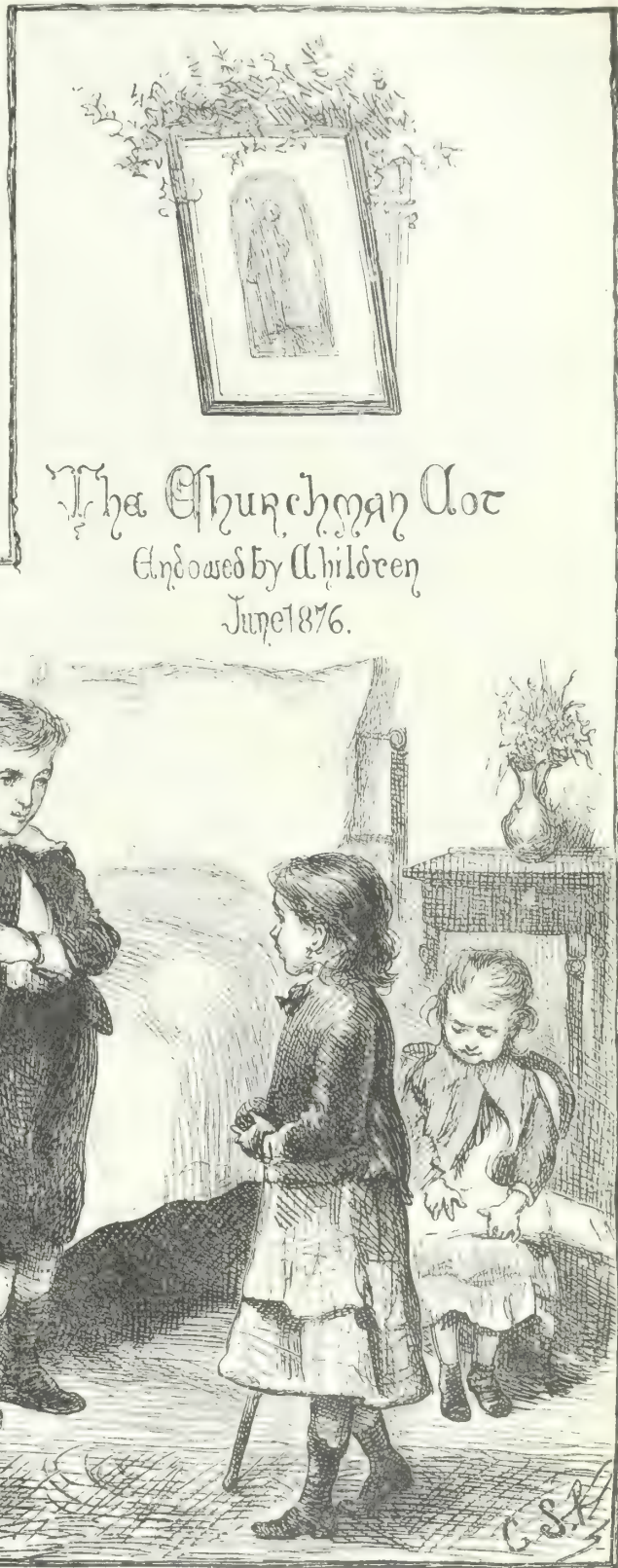
hood, the members of which act as nurses, and are supported by their order independently of the hospital funds, while the relations between physicians, surgeons, and patients are much the same as they would be in any private household. The founder of the hospital and the originator of the scheme was the late Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, who, until his death, was the house father and an untiring devotee of the institution, spreading its reputation by his many kindnesses, and making it a great success, though it began with so small a collection as thirty dollars, made one Sunday in his Church of the Holy Communion. In ambulance cases the sufferer is allowed to choose a hospital, and a large proportion favor St. Luke's. Seven dollars a week are charged for board when the beneficiary can afford it, but of the 1134 cases treated in 1876-77, 891 were gratuitous, 492 were American, 290 Irish, 181 English or Scotch, and 157 Germans or citizens of other countries. Many of the beds are endowed by church societies and private individuals in memo-

by an inclosed garden, with an ample lawn and some large shade trees and shrubbery. The material is brick painted a modest drab, and the architectural design includes a central chapel, with wards and corridors extending longitudinally from it. The chapel is abundantly lighted and ventilated, and becomes a reservoir of fresh air, which flows into the corridors, wards, and stairways, and circulates through the house. There are six wards—one for boys, one for men's medical cases, one for men's surgical, one for women's medical, one for women's surgical, and one for children. The children's ward is very pretty, and not unpleasant to visit, despite the wan faces of its little occupants, and the history it gives of pain blighting life in its very infancy. The sunshine floods the long room; bright green vines twine lovingly around the windows; autumn leaves have been combined in tasteful designs on the walls by women's hands, which have left their dainty impress in all the wards; the cheering words of the New Testament are emblazoned in illuminated



letters over the cots, and toys are scattered on the floor in an enviable profusion—toys, "the alphabet of life, through which children learn what poetry, what passion, and what property mean," as a clever anonymous writer has said. The picturesqueness of the effect is heightened by the gay little jackets worn by the patients—the scarlets, blues, and pinks, which must make some of the poor little creatures vain for the first time in their lives. A good sister is reading the marvellous history of "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," illustrated with gorgeous chromo-lithographs, to a tiny cripple, who lies in his cot with his eyes dilating and his hands clutched as his mind intently follows the growth of the bean-stalk and the intrepid mountaineering of the hero who climbed it. A Gothic castle is springing up in the middle of the floor from the industry of two young builders, who are so white and frail

are all white, the bodies all tremulous, and the eyes all pensive. A little carriage is wheeled up to us by a small invalid, who has as much as she can do to propel it; a victim of hip-disease is seated inside, and the disease has left a terrible record of its



"THE CHURCHMAN COT," ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

that their structure needs no mortar to be as strong as they are; and there, at the side of another cot, a care-worn man sits and holds the hand of his child and bends over the sad face, which stares vacantly at the ceiling. The ward may be never so sunny, and the effort made to divert and recreate its inmates never so generous, but the faces

ravages in the cadaverous cheeks, the pinched features, and the emaciated frame of the sufferer. The two have come to shake hands with Mr. Baker, the present house father and pastor, who courteously took us through the wards; indeed, the affectionate confidence manifested by the little ones in their guardians at St. Luke's, and at all the



other hospitals we visited, bespoke invariable kindness. The chapel has two galleries for the patients of the upper story wards, and is, like the other parts of the building, light, warm, and cheerful. The reading-desk holds a copy of the four Gospels, large quarto in size, each page of which has been written in a legible and handsome style by a former inmate of the institution, and the wide vellum margins are illuminated with original designs, a different one appearing on each page. The oratory of the sisters is near the chapel, and their prayers are heard earliest in the morning and late at night. While St. Luke's is distinctively a Church hospital, however, and was founded by

urday might be instituted, as in London, when collection boxes could be left in public vehicles and resorts, such as dépôts, omnibuses, and street cars, for the reception of the penny of the multitude.

Another distinctive feature of St. Luke's is the privacy allowed to patients, each bed being surrounded by exquisitely clean white cotton curtains. The cleanliness of all the wards and the purity of air are not distinctive, but they are characteristic. The laundry is fitted with the same appliances as that of the New York Hospital, and the weekly wash averages about 6000 pieces. The quiet charm of the children's ward is seen again in the adults', where pictures



THE LAUNDRY AT ST. LUKE'S.

Episcopalians, it is not sectarian in its work, for during the year 1876-77 only 324 of the patients treated were members of that body, and the remainder included 483 other Protestants, 297 Roman Catholics, and 6 Jews. The average cost for each patient during treatment was forty-eight dollars six and a half cents, and the average cost for each person a day was one dollar one and five-eighths of a cent. By the recent introduction of the admirable English custom of having an annual collection made in the churches on a specified Sunday for the benefit of the hospitals, contributions have been gathered for St. Luke's on the last Sundays of December from Episcopal churches, the result last year having been over \$5000; and in view of the non-sectarian character of the institution, collections might be made in other churches, and not for this hospital alone, but for hospitals generally; more than that, a Hospital Sat-

and other decorations, the sunny light and the gentle ministrations of the sisters, assuage the weariness of the sufferers' confinement.

The Brooklyn Homœopathic Hospital is even more home-like than St. Luke's—not that the latter is wanting either in endeavor or intention, but because it is very much larger, and because as size increases, the coziness of the domestic circle decreases. Here, also, the nursing is done by a Protestant sisterhood, whose taste and industry have made the wards look very pretty indeed. The building is on Cumberland Street, and is small and unpretentious in its architectural form; it contains some sixty or seventy beds, all of which are free. It has only been open about four years, but in those four years, aside from the fact that it is one of the first homœopathic establishments of the kind in America, it has done splendid work. At the dispensary



connected with it over 8000 patients are treated in a year without charge, and over 12,000 prescriptions issued and made up. The medicines, the board, and the nursing are all gratuitous, except to the occupants of a few private rooms, who pay a moderate

her in a boudoir that would charm the greatest ignoramus who ever slept in ignorance of Eastlake, although few of the decorations were costly, and the tasteful effects were mostly the result of home industry, like the book-shelves, which were partly made by



CONVALESCENTS, HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN.

sum per week, according to their means; and the government is as mild as that of a well-disciplined family. It is the special aim of the managers, the sisterhood, and the society of ladies in connection with it to have as little red tape and fuss and feathers about it as possible.

Our amiable *cicerone* was Dr. A. E. Sumner, president of the medical and surgical staff, who devotes himself to the work with inexhaustible enthusiasm. "You must let me introduce you to our little sister," he said, as he led us up stairs from the dispensary in the basement to the first floor; and we found her in the prettiest little room conceivable, with a plethora of books, pictures, and knickknacks lying on the tables, covering the walls, and filling *étagères*, brackets, and shelves without number. We found

her own hands; but she was not a little sister at all—that allusion to her was a pleasantry of the doctor's. One of the fullest and most beaming faces that ever left England behind, wreathing itself into constant smiles, shone under the broad white flaps of her cap and above the white lawn collar of her black dress; and her form was such a marvel of rotundity that, with the suggestions of the furniture before us, we could easily imagine her a prioress of mediæval times, and a very good prioress too, without an uncomfortable degree of asceticism in her nature. She took us through the wards, and in every corner we saw the utmost cleanliness and innumerable evidences of the thoughtful care bestowed upon the patients. The wards are scarcely larger than the bedrooms of a big country house,



and they are nearly as comfortable. In one we found a pretty young sister amusing some of her charges with a novel instrument of her own construction—an ordinary board with common pins stuck in it in rows, so arranged that a finger-nail run over them gave the sound of a popular air; and another sister sat in the midst of some convalescent women, reading to them while they

material used is principally brick. It has a central administrative department with lateral pavilions, and a large detached barrack ward, which is erected in the garden, and has no communication with the main structure, except by an open corridor. The administrative building contains the various offices; the apartments of the officers and their families; an apothecary's shop and a



THE SOUTH WINDOW, BROOKLYN HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL.

sewed. There are three sisters besides Sister Mildred, the superior, and unless gratitude grows in the hearts of the patients as well as the ivy grows around the windows and covers the dull spaces, they must be ungrateful indeed.

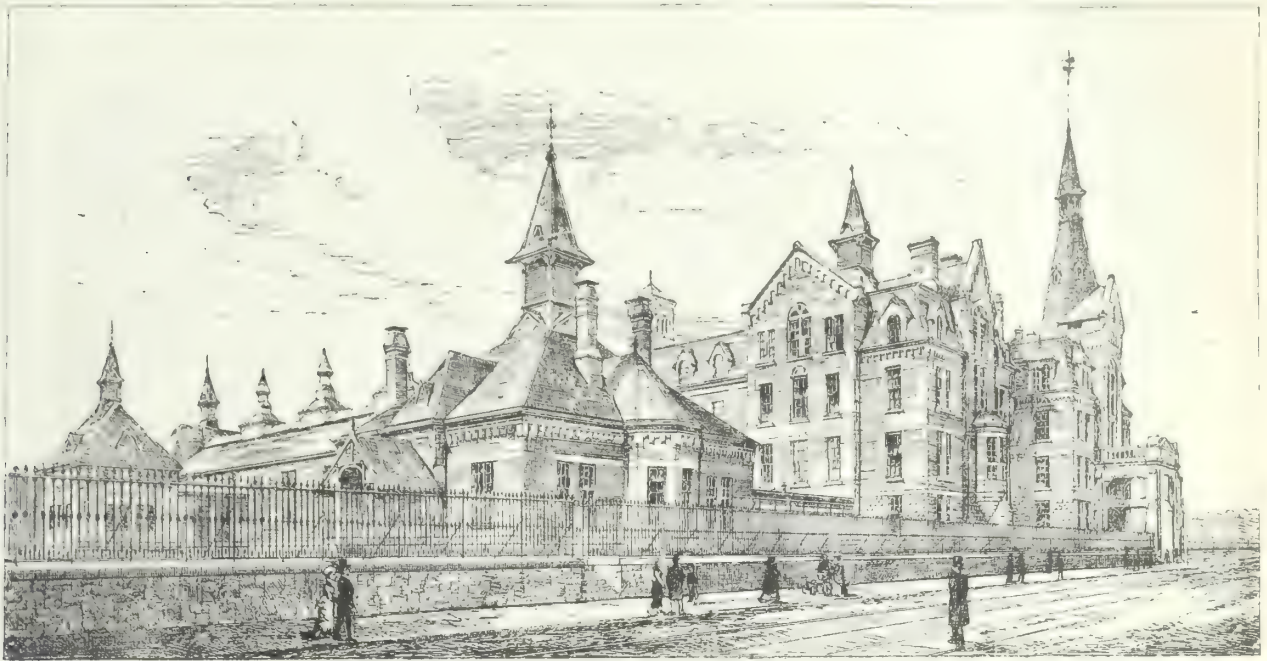
The Roosevelt Hospital, at Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York, is spoken of by the eminent English surgeon Erichsen as the most complete medical charity he has ever seen. It is near the Central Park and the Hudson River, in a situation both quiet and salubrious. The

laboratory, in which all the drugs used are prepared; a very complete operating theatre; and small wards for patients requiring special accommodations. The barrack ward is devoted solely to the reception of acute surgical cases, and contains thirty-six beds, arranged two by two on each side of the interspaces between the windows. It has an open basement, and a large ventilating space between the ceiling and the roof. Dr. Erichsen also stated, in his address on American surgery before the University College of London, that every appliance



which modern science has discovered securing ventilation, cleanliness, and warmth has been introduced into it, and he recommends the adoption of the Roosevelt model in England. The garden contains, besides the

made by atomizing a weak solution, in which his hands, instruments, sponges, are also immersed. The blood-vessels are tied by carbolized cords, the edges of the wound closed by carbolized stitches, and, finally, layers of



THE ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.

barrack ward, an isolated hut for the reception of erysipelas cases; and in summer, when the flowers and shrubs are blooming, it is much frequented by the convalescent patients. Sixteen hundred and seventeen cases were treated in 1876, 1451 of which were free; 602 were Americans, and 558 were Irish. The death rate of all the cases treated is nine per cent., or more than three per cent. less than that of Bellevue.

The hospital is particularly interesting to the profession from the fact that it was the first in this country to adopt, through the exertions of Dr. Robert F. Wier, the antiseptic method of treating wounds invented by Joseph Lister, a celebrated Scottish surgeon. This method, which has been developed by years of patient research, and has almost revolutionized surgery, is based on the experience that the inflammation which follows a wound, such as an amputation, is due to the decomposition of the discharges that are always formed on any cut surface. The substances formed by the decomposition give rise to erysipelas, hospital gangrene, etc., or they may be absorbed by the system with fatal result. Lister believes he has demonstrated that the cause of the putrefaction is due to the lodgment on the wound-secretions of minute living bodies floating in the air, and he discovered, after trying many other disinfectants, that carbolic acid would kill these germs. The principle, therefore, consists in surrounding a wound from its reception to its cure with an atmosphere charged with the vapor of the acid; and to accomplish this the surgeon operates amid a thin cloud of spray

gauze impregnated with carbolic acid and resin are bound over the wound and a considerable part of the adjoining skin, the resin causing the carbolic acid to be evolved slowly, so that the dressing need not be changed for several days. Dr. Wier considers the success of the method proven, and states that by its use the mortality resulting from serious operations has been noticeably reduced, and that under it the closure of the most serious wounds is truly wonderful.

The Roosevelt Hospital was the last gift of James H. Roosevelt to humanity. He made it the sole legatee of a princely fortune, with the exception of a few bequests to individuals; and as he left no near relatives, the heir-looms of his house are stored in the trustees' room, and his body rests under a plain monument in the garden, with the inscription over it: "Upright in his aims, simple in his habits, and sublime in his benefaction." The hospital is admirably managed by Dr. Horatio Paine, the gentlemanly superintendent; and there is no limit to the charity it dispenses, except in the extent of its funds.

We have not purposed being exhaustive, knowing that to be impossible within our space; and there are many hospitals in the city, such as the Presbyterian and the Mount Sinai, which for their extent and excellence of work deserve attention. The Fruit and Flower missions should also be remembered; but the most we have been able to do has been to describe some of the phases of hospital life by selecting representative institutions.



## OLD FLEMISH MASTERS.

## IV.—ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

"**E**L pittore cavalieresco" was the name given to Van Dyck by his jealous countrymen during his stay in Italy, and it was a name which aptly described him. He is associated in our minds with the Cavaliers, the picturesque beauties of the time of Charles I.; for his residence in England, marriage with an English beauty, his title of knighthood conferred by Charles, all combine to make him seem so much an Englishman that one is apt to forget Sir Anthony Vandyke, as the English wrote his name, was a Fleming. Even now, when we speak of the pure oval face, the pointed beard, the picturesque hat, the graceful falling collar, we describe them by the adjective "Vandyke," and all these distinctive marks are to be found in the artist's portrait of himself.

The famous painter, renowned not only for his artistic skill, but for his beauty and breeding, was the son of Francis and Marie Van Dyck, of Antwerp. His father had originally been a painter on glass, and though possessed of some talent, yet failed to earn a living; so, leaving the profession, he became a linen-draper, and in that business amassed a large fortune. His mother was famous for her embroidery, and a large piece, descriptive of the life of Susannah, wrought in silk, gained her great praise. She superintended the early education of her son, and so fostered his natural taste for painting that when only eleven years old the boy was placed under the instruction of Henry van Balen. One of his fellow-students at Balen's was Francis Snyders, the animal painter. Van Dyck staid with this master until 1615, and then entered Rubens's studio, who was not slow to perceive his superiority over the other pupils. He soon intrusted Van Dyck with the copying of his pictures, employed him in painting the sketches which he (Rubens) designed, and in finishing the works destined for the engravers. It was Van Dyck who drew the "Battle of the Amazons," afterward engraved by Vorsterman.

There is a story that one day Rubens, according to his habit, after his day's work, started on his daily ride, and the pupils, bribing the old servant Valvekien, gained access to his inner studio, desiring to see what work the master was engaged on. While eagerly crowding around the easel, Dependek, who was nearest, was accidentally jostled by his companions, and fell against the picture. The rude touch partially effaced the arm and chin of the freshly painted Virgin. They all hastily considered what was best to be done—who should repair the damage. "You are the most skillful, Van Dyck," said Jean van Hoeck;

"you must repaint it." There were still two or three hours of daylight, and Van Dyck did his best. The next morning Rubens, examining his work of the day before, said to the expectant pupils, "This arm and chin which I did yesterday were well done." A closer examination revealed what probably the master had already recognized—a strange hand. The acknowledgment from Van Dyck did not excite his anger; but he reiterated the high opinion he had of his pupil's talent. The mythical picture to which the accident happened has often been said to be Rubens's famous "Descent," but that was finished before Van Dyck became his pupil. Whether the story is apocryphal or not, Van Dyck's talents were such that in 1618, when only nineteen, he was chosen free master of St. Luke's, and it is certain no artist so young had obtained this honor before. The same year he joined a society started in Antwerp among the artists for their mutual assistance, and about this time painted his first original work of which there is any authentic information, "The Bearing of the Cross," for the church of the Dominicans at Antwerp.

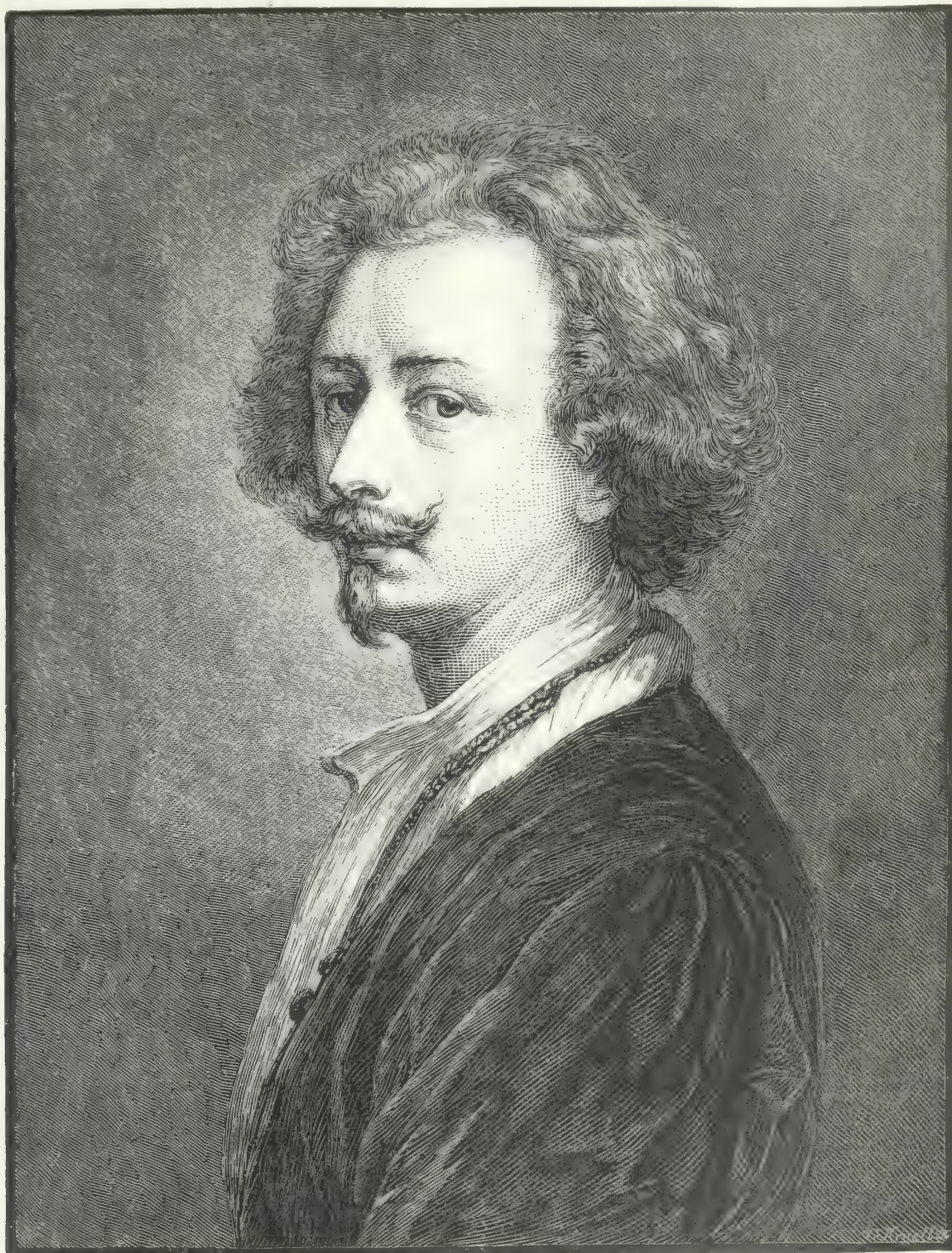
That his merit was fully recognized is apparent from the contract between Rubens and the Jesuits at Antwerp, who stipulated with the master, in March, 1620, for the decoration of their church, said decoration to consist of thirty-nine pictures, "which, after being sketched by himself, might be filled in by Van Dyck and other pupils, but retouched and finished by himself." Van Dyck is the only one of the pupils mentioned by name. In a letter written by Lord Arundel's agent at Antwerp to his master he says: "Van Dyck lives here with Rubens, and his works are beginning to be almost as much thought of as his master's. He is a young man, about twenty-two years old, with rich parents, and it will be difficult to persuade him to leave here." The agent did succeed, however, for among the Exchequer records is one dated "February, 1620. To Anthony Vandyke, the sum of 100 pounds, recompense for a special service rendered to his Majesty." What this special service was we are not told; but among the papers of the Privy Council is the mention of the passport furnished to the artist February 28, 1620, wherein Van Dyck is called "the subject of his Majesty," and given permission to be gone only eight months, though it was more than that number of years ere the artist settled in England.

Soon after his return home Van Dyck was persuaded by Rubens to go to Italy to study. It has been asserted that Rubens was not only jealous of his pupil's growing fame and talent, but that the handsome young artist



had stolen from him his wife's love, and also that his jealousy was the reason of his advising Van Dyck to perfect himself in portrait painting. There seems to be no good grounds for credence of any of these assertions. Rubens had a great admiration for the portrait painters, for of the greatest, Titian, he copied no less than twenty of his

than the young artist, could have had few if any charms for him. That the master and pupil parted on friendly terms is evident from the gifts exchanged between them. Van Dyck painted for Rubens, before he left, the portrait of Isabella, an "Ecce Homo," and "Christ in the Garden," which last Rubens so highly valued that he placed it over



ANTHONY VAN DYCK.—[AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY MANDEL FROM PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF.\*]

portraits; then from his experience he recognized the inestimable value to an artist of a residence in Italy, and was evidently anxious his favorite should profit by such a stay; and in regard to the love scandal, it rests on no foundation. The gross beauty of Isabella Rubens, who was many years older

the mantel in the grand parlor, the place of honor. And in return he furnished Van Dyck with letters, and gave him the best horse in his stables.

On the road from Antwerp to Brussels is the small village of Saventheim, and in this village lived Anna van Ophem, the guardian of the Infanta Isabella's hunting dogs—a post of honor, as she probably had naught to do with the training of the hounds. Anna

\* The engravings from which the illustrations of this paper have been made were supplied from his rare collection by F. Keppel, 243 Broadway, New York.



was one of Van Dyck's lady-loves, and he turned aside from his direct road to pay her a visit. At Tervueren there is a portrait of this young beauty surrounded by her charges. At Saventheim the artist lingered; his horse was turned out to pasture, and to please his lady-love he painted for her, besides her portrait, two other pictures—the one was an altarpiece of the Virgin for the village church, which Mensaert declares to have been a lovely picture, but is now no longer in existence; the other was the famous "St. Martin," which has had such an eventful history. St. Martin is sharing his cloak with the beggar, and in the saint we have a likeness of Van Dyck, and the horse is a study from the one given by Rubens to his pupil. Michielis declares that the artist of this picture surely needed no further instruction in Rome, Florence, or Venice, and that had he never crossed the Alps he would have ranked as a more original master, that his Italian life added nothing to his genius, and was a hinderance rather than an aid. The "St. Martin" also adorned the village church, and was the admiration of the peasants. In 1750 the curé of the parish had an offer from M. Hoet, of the Hague, for the picture, and consented to sell it for 4000 florins; unfortunately he did not gain the consent of Count Königsmark, nor, what was of more consequence, the acquiescence of the villagers, to this disposal of their treasure, nor the sanction of the municipal council. By accident the people heard of the proposed transfer, and when M. Hoet's agent appeared, they turned out in a body to do battle for their saint. The unlucky agent was pelted and stoned, and finally succeeded in breaking through the hedge of the curé's garden, and made the best of his way across the country to Brussels, and the picture remained in the church. In 1806, when the French claimed the right to enrich Paris with whatever artistic spoils they could wrench from their enemies, M. Barbier Valbone, a portrait painter, and also a lieutenant in the Fifth Hussars, recognizing the value of the picture, claimed it in the name of his government. With a few of his men he went to Saventheim, entered the church, and began to take down "St. Martin;" the villagers, not daring to openly defy the French, shut up Valbone and his men in the church, and compelled him to temporize; but in the end he sent to Brussels for a larger force, and bore away the coveted prize. "St. Martin" was one of the ornaments of the Louvre until 1815, when it was restored to the villagers, who joyfully replaced it in its old position. Michielis says that about 1850 an American, desirous of owning the picture, offered 100,000 francs for it, and men were bribed to try and secure it. They made an attempt in the night to remove the painting, but some dogs barking awoke the villagers,

and "the thieves" barely escaped their wrath. Since then a watchman has always slept in the church.

Gossip at that time as well as now had wings, and Rubens heard of his favorite's dallying at Saventheim, and sent Chevalier Nanni to urge and rouse him from his apathy. Van Dyck yielded to Nanni's persuasions, and this time halted not until he had crossed the Alps and entered Italy. He went first to Venice, and there gave much time to the study of Titian's pictures, and copied many. From Venice he journeyed to Genoa, and there painted for the Duke de Balbi the famous "Christ," and had many sitters for portraits. In 1623 he started for Rome, where he was received with great distinction by Cardinal Bentivoglio, who some years previously had been the Pope's nuncio in the Netherlands. The cardinal had the artist stay at his palace, and sat to him for the superb portrait now at Florence, which was afterward engraved by Morin. The priest ordered of him, besides other pictures, the two which now adorn the palace of Monte Cavalla—"The Adoration of the Magi" and "The Ascension." Among his friends in Rome Van Dyck numbered the heads of the houses of Colonna, Corsini, and Braschi, and his stay in Rome would undoubtedly have been prolonged had he not incurred the enmity of some of his countrymen. There were at that time in "the Eternal City" many Flemish artists of minor repute, and, like the bulk of their countrymen, their tastes were gross, they were hard drinkers, and their revels and debauches could not but disgust Van Dyck, who at that time, though a lover of luxury and pleasure, was not dissipated, and disdained the wild orgies and drinking bouts of his countrymen. It was they who, in derision, called him "el pittore cavalieresco," and finally sought a quarrel with him. He was annoyed and insulted in every possible way; schemes and plots were laid for his disgrace; and he at last determined to leave Rome, after a stay of about two years. Carpenter, in his life, thinks this resolve shows a weakness of character, and that he would have been more of a man had he defied his detractors; but evidently to Van Dyck the game was not worth struggling for, and he left Rome for Florence, then revisited Genoa, and with his friend Nanni sailed for Sicily, where he was eagerly welcomed by Philibert of Savoy, the viceroy. He painted at Palermo Philibert's portrait, and the well-known one of the Prince of Carignan; but the plague broke out in the island, and the artist returned to Genoa. He this time made the acquaintance of the celebrated Sophronisba Angosciola, the once intimate friend of Titian, and herself a skillful artist. She was now blind and old, but her rare charms in conversation remained, and the



young Fleming was fascinated by her, as were all who became acquainted with her, and he esteemed it a favor that she allowed him to paint her portrait. After a stay of some time in Genoa, Van Dyck started for home, stopping at Turin, Milan, Brescia, etc.,

of him, and congratulated him on his well-deserved fame; but Rubens was still their idol, and though ready to acknowledge and praise the merits of the pupil, they yet remained loyal to the master, and Van Dyck chafed at the comparative neglect with



CHARLES THE FIRST.—[FROM VAN DYCK'S PAINTING.]

every where leaving pictures as traces of his passage, and reached Antwerp the end of the year 1626, after a five years' absence.

He was received at home in a manner of once flattering and humiliating. He had been much esteemed before his departure, and the news of his success in Italy had reached Antwerp, and the people were proud

which his pictures were received. The story is that at Antwerp he had great difficulty in selling his works, and was sometimes sorely pinched for money; that David Teniers the elder, meeting him one day, said: "Well, how are your affairs prospering? Have your pictures begun to take? Have you many orders?"



"I am just beginning to form a *clientèle*," answered Van Dyck, "having so lately come home; still I think I might be treated with more consideration. Did you see that great brewer who just passed by? I offered to copy his burly figure for two pistoles, and he laughed in my face, and said I asked too much. If luck does not soon change, I shall not stay here long."

To a certain degree luck did change, and soon afterward the painter received an order from the brothers at Termonde to paint a "Holy Family" as an altarpiece. The price agreed upon was 400 florins; but when the picture was finished, though the prior declared himself more than satisfied, his colleagues asserted that the artist charged too much, and that they would not pay more than half the sum agreed upon. And Van Dyck, in order to gain even this amount, was obliged to present the prior with his (the prior's) portrait, for which, more than a century afterward, many times 400 florins was refused by his descendants, and the brothers still retain the "Holy Family" as an altarpiece.

Rubens, according to Michel, to whom Van Dyck complained of the treatment he received, sympathized with him, and himself became the purchaser of all the artist's finished works. The monks of St. Augustine at Antwerp ordered a picture of their patron, and Van Dyck painted the saint in ecstasy, upborne by two angels, who are showing him the glories of heaven. St. Augustine, as the central figure, was clothed in white, but the order are compelled to wear black, and when the prior saw the picture he insisted that the saint's garments should be painted black. "We should never recognize our patron: either paint the drapery black, or keep the picture." Van Dyck was obliged to spoil the picture, but even then the monks declared they could not pay him, that their treasury was empty, and he must wait for his money until a more convenient season. In order to further conciliate them, Van Dyck carved a crucifix, which he gave to "the worthy fathers in proof of his goodwill," and they then paid him part of the sum due. In the registry of the convent the following order was found: "1628. Hoc anno procurata est pictura admodum elegans, sancti Augustini in extasi contemplantis divina attributa a domino Van Dyck depicta. Constit 600 florins." When, in the next century, the picture was sold, the brotherhood realized a large amount. Peter Jode engraved the picture from the original sketch, which belongs to Lord Methuen, and the color of the saint's robe is the white so strongly objected to by the monks.

Van Dyck about this time, happily for us, was inspired with the desire to paint the portraits of the celebrities of his day, and to him we owe the famous collection of the

"Hundred Portraits;" among them not only the painters and engravers of that time, but the warriors and statesmen, for in carrying out his design he travelled extensively through all the Low Countries and into France. Among the portraits are the celebrated ones of Marie de Medicis and Gaston of Orleans, the Dukes d'Arenberg and Alva, William of Orange and his family, Erasmus, the Abbé Scaglia, the heroes of the Thirty Years' War, Wallenstein, Papenheim, Gustavus Adolphus, etc. According to Charles Blanc, it is in the "Portraits" that Van Dyck's style should be studied, because "never, perhaps, was Van Dyck stronger, more charming, more master of his genius, than here, where he could vary his surroundings, choose at his leisure the attitude of his models, their draperies, their very movements, for there are many that seem endowed with life, who all but speak and offer you their hand. Here he showed his rare talent of painting the head 'in light,' so that the character of the forehead, the marks of time, the angles of the cheek-bones, the arch of the nose, the flat parts of the cheek and chin, are clearly defined. Then, too, these portraits are studies for hands, which are here individual, and accord with the temperament of the model; for these Van Dyck painted from the life, and not, as later we find him, from certain hands of which he learned by heart the elegant proportions, the long slender fingers, the delicate joints."

Van Dyck remained in Antwerp five years, with constantly increasing reputation, and one of his last works before he left Flanders was the "Erection of the Cross," so admired at Courtray. There has always been a rumor that the monks there showed themselves as unappreciative toward the artist as did those of St. Augustine, but an autograph letter of Van Dyck to Roger Braye shows the contrary. The letter bears date, "Antwerp, May 20, 1634," and among other things he writes: "I did all in my power to please you, and (as is very agreeable to me) learn I have succeeded, and that your Reverence and the others are fully satisfied." He thanks for some cakes sent by the monks, acknowledges the receipt of the sum due—600 florins—and then adds: "Your Reverence desires as a souvenir the sketch of the picture, which I can not refuse, though I should do so much for no one else. I send the sketch to M. Van Woorsel, who will give it to you. I will now close, holding myself in readiness to serve you in any way, and begging you to accept the prayers I make to Heaven to grant you a long and happy life. Your very humble servant. A. V. D."

There is a tale that Van Dyck, just before his departure, was sent for by a bishop (whose name being Anthony, has been



wrongly supposed to be the Bishop of Trieste, a firm friend of the artist) to paint his portrait. With the insolence of his rank, the prelate, regarding the artist as he did one of his lackeys, when he came in did not rise to receive him, nor make any acknowledgment of his presence. Van Dyck had seen in the anteroom his easel and implements, which he had sent before, and vexed at his reception, without waiting for an invitation, seated himself and gazed steadily at the bishop without saying a word. As that worthy in this silent strife found he was matched by the artist, after some minutes he said, abruptly, "Have not you come to paint my portrait?" "I am at your Eminence's disposal," replied Van Dyck. The bishop waited; the painter sat immovable. "Why," cried the prelate, "don't you get your tools? do you expect me to seek for them?" "As you did not order your servants to bring them to me, I thought it possible that you intended to do me that service," answered Van Dyck, coolly. Reddening with rage, the bishop rose, and, in a wrathful tone, cried, "Anthony, you are but a little asp, but you have great venom." Van Dyck moved toward the door, and when on the threshold, at a safe distance from the burly priest, bowed mockingly, as he retorted: "Anthony, you are large enough, but, like the cinnamon-tree, the skin is the best part of you."

In the ten years since his first visit to England, Van Dyck had made for himself a reputation. His early patron, Lord Arundel, was now Prime Minister, and Charles I., anxious to have a famous court painter, and pleased with a picture by the Flemish artist presented to him by one of his gentlemen, Endymion Porter—for which, among the Treasury documents, is the following mention: "To Endymion Porter, the sum of 78 pounds for a painting representing Armida and Renand, bought by him from Mr. Van Dike, of Antwerp, and given to H. M. without any other quittance save a letter with the private seal. March 20, 1629"—sent a request to Van Dyck to come to England. Van Dyck accepted the royal invitation, then as now equivalent to a command, and reached London early in April, 1632, and was graciously received by the king. Another privy seal paper is: "Orders that you pay to our faithful and well-beloved Edward Norgate, squire, the sum of 15 shillings daily for the entertaining of Mr. A. Van Dike and his retainers, to commence from the first day of last April and continue during V. D.'s stay in the country," dated May 21, 1632.

The friend of Arundel and Lord Digby, Van Dyck soon became a favorite with the courtiers, and was every where welcomed. The king was charmed by his suavity and grace, and liked the man as well as the artist; he came frequently to his studio. In

July, 1632, he gave him the accolade, and among Charles's private memoranda is one, "To speak to Inigo Jones about building a house for V. D.," but while this plan was still in abeyance the artist was given a house at Eltham for the summer, and one at Blackfriars for the winter. During the first year of his stay Van Dyck painted the superb picture of the royal family now at Windsor, and several portraits of Charles, one of which was the one of him on horseback attended by a squire, now also at Windsor. Charles rewarded the artist with a chain, to which was attached the king's picture encircled with diamonds, gave him the title of court painter, and an annual pension of 200 pounds.

Lord Digby was a warm friend of Van Dyck's, and of his beautiful wife, Lady Venitia, the painter executed four portraits during the year 1633. One, where she is represented as Prudence, is considered one of Van Dyck's masterpieces. Venitia died young, and the last picture was painted of her after death, with a faded rose by her side, as an emblem of her fragile life.

The atmosphere of flattery and favor by which he was encircled in England was prejudicial to Van Dyck. He had no one to compete with, he was the head; and though not addicted to the grosser pleasures of his countrymen, he was yet a sensualist, and now, with an annual pension, orders in abundance, courted on all sides, he abandoned himself to dissipation. He lived luxuriously, spent money with a lavish hand, and his loves were innumerable. Margaret Lemon, of whom he painted a portrait engraved by Morin, was probably his real love, but she, later, when he married, tried to revenge herself for his desertion by cutting the nerve of his right wrist, so as to prevent his painting, but failing in her attempt, fled to Flanders.

His purse was always empty, and he contracted enormous debts. His health suffered as well as his purse from his excesses, and though he painted rapidly and worked hard, he could not keep pace with his expenses. Unlike Rubens, who declined the offer of an alchemist to teach him how to coin gold, Van Dyck lent a credulous ear to the specious proposal, and it is thought by some of his biographers, and confidently asserted by his contemporaries, that the poisonous exhalations from the crucibles over which a good deal of his time was spent during the last years of his life seriously injured his never very strong constitution. He became greedy for money, and this passion led to his doing acts and uttering sayings unworthy of his originally open nature.

Van Dyck, though a rapid worker, could not have executed all the works bearing his signature without assistance, and, after the example of Rubens, he trained several



pupils to whom he intrusted parts of the work. There were three who were his special co-laborers—Jan de Reyn, a faithful friend as well as assistant; Daniel Beek, who, though only twenty when Van Dyck died, even when a mere lad was such a rapid designer and skillful colorist that, watching him at work one day, Charles I. said, "By heavens, Beek, I believe you could paint a horse while galloping to the post!"

or finishing it; the hour over, he rose, dismissed the sitter, appointing another day and time. Then his assistants brought a fresh palette, brushes, and canvas, and he was ready for the next comer. Thus he worked at several portraits in one day. After lightly sketching the likeness, he placed his model in the attitude chosen, and on gray paper with black and white crayons he for fifteen minutes sketched the figure



ADAM VAN NOORT.—[FROM AN ETCHING BY VAN DYCK.]

and Jacques Gandy, whose portraits, almost as fine as those of Van Dyck, are to be found chiefly in Ireland, where he went in the train of Lord Ormond.

All the world—that is, the court world—wanted to be painted by Van Dyck, and, according to Piles, who claims to have had the account from Jabacli (whose likeness Van Dyck painted in three days, or rather three sittings), the artist acknowledged that early in life, when building up his reputation, he painted slowly and with great care, in order to learn how to be able to paint quickly; that "he appointed a day and hour for the sitter, and never worked longer than the hour on one picture, whether in sketching

and draperies. This was then given to one of his three co-laborers to paint after the clothes, which were at his request sent to his studio. When they had progressed as far as they dared, the master would retouch and finish their work. For the hands he had models of both sexes, which he used as he desired."

There are two portraits of Van Dyck painted by himself, one at Florence, when he was "el pittore cavalieresco," the other at the Louvre, painted toward the end of his life. The portrait on page 191 is from the latter painting. In the Florentine picture the artist's young fresh face, his fair love-locks, his dress, all show the cavalier, stu-



dious of appearance, rejoicing in his youth and strength; in the Louvre picture the lined forehead, thin cheeks, sad, sunken eyes, disordered hair, careless dress, betray the ravages years, dissipation, anxiety, and

sirous of executing works of more scope, and aspiring to emulate Rubens, he, through Sir Kenelm Digby, offered to the king to paint on the lateral walls of the dining hall at Whitehall, the ceiling of which Rubens



"THE CROWN OF THORNS."

many disappointments had wrought in the artist; and yet when the picture was painted, Van Dyck, as far as years went, was in his prime.

The troubles of King Charles were, at this time, culminating, and the shadow from them was cast also on Van Dyck; for, weary of continual portrait painting, de-

had decorated, the history of the Order of the Garter. Charles was pleased with the suggestion, and Van Dyck began his designs. His conception of the work was fine, but when he named his price, Charles, then suffering from an exhausted exchequer, was obliged to cancel the agreement. Accounts vary as to the sum the artist asked, some



estimating it at 75,000 pounds, others at 80,000; at any rate, the project was abandoned, and Van Dyck felt keenly the disappointment. It was now, in 1638, that Van Dyck painted the famous portrait of Charles in the Louvre collection, considered the finest of the many portraits he executed of Charles Stuart. An admirer of Madame Du Barry's, wishing to propitiate her, and the page who stands by the horse in the picture being a Barry or Barrymore (the picture having passed from England during the civil wars), gave the painting to her. She placed it on her table, and when Louis XV. hesitated at taking the violent step of dissolving the Parliament, she bade him look at the likeness of a king who feared *his* Parliament, and remember the result of such cowardice.

To withdraw Van Dyck from his dissipations and ruinous speculations, Charles gave him in marriage a *protégée* of the queen's, Marie Ruthven, a daughter of Dr. Patrick Ruthven, the youngest son of the famous Earl of Gowrie, and the last of his race. Though portionless, all the Gowrie estates having been confiscated by James I., Marie, through her connections, was deemed a desirable match. Soon after their marriage Van Dyck and his wife went on a visit to Antwerp, and while there, hearing that Louis meant to decorate the gallery of the Louvre, he went to Paris, hoping to get the order, at the same time that Poussin, intent on the same idea, arrived from Italy; but neither was successful, and Van Dyck, after a short absence, returned to England. Here troubles had increased; his friend Stafford was indicted; the Long Parliament had set the king at defiance; the royal family were scattered, the queen having sought refuge in France, Charles in Scotland. Saddened by the reverses of those to whom he was attached, married to a woman whom he could not love, and who made no effort to love or sympathize with him, sick, weary of struggling with his load of debt, Van Dyck's health and courage broke down.

On Charles's return from Scotland he was shocked at his favorite's state of body and mind, and promised his (the king's) physician 300 pounds if he would save Van Dyck's life; but though the most heroic treatment was used, among other remedies that of killing a cow, cutting her open, and placing the sick man inside of her, in hopes of reviving his failing strength, all efforts were fruitless, and Van Dyck died December 9, 1641, at the age of forty-four, eight days after the birth of his daughter Justinia. He was buried at St Paul's, and his will, dated the day of his child's birth, was proved at Doctors' Commons, where it can now be seen by the curious.

He divided his property between his wife, child, and sisters, but owing to the troubles

in England and Holland, it was not until 1663 that any attempt was made to carry out any of the provisions of the will, and even then there were law delays, so that it was sixty-two years after the artist's death before his estate was settled. His widow remarried one Sir John Pyne, a Puritan worthy; his daughter, when of marriageable age, chose for a husband Sir John Stepney; and her only son, Sir George Stepney, a poet of slight merit, who died in 1707, was the last descendant of the Flemish artist.

Van Dyck engraved about twenty-three pieces, which are esteemed great treasures. An account of them is given in Carpenter's life of the artist. His pictures are to be found in every gallery of note in Europe, and the principal ones only can be mentioned.

In the Louvre there are twenty-one of his paintings, among them: "Virgin and Child receiving Gifts;" "St. Sebastian;" "Venus and Cupid;" the portrait of Charles I., for which the king paid 100 pounds sterling, afterward sold by the Duke of Guise for 24,000 pounds French, now valued at 100,000 francs; portraits of Francis II. and the Duke and Duchess of Bavaria; two portraits of Francis de Moncade—one a bust, the other full size.

At Antwerp, six pictures: portrait of the Bishop of Antwerp; the rest are religious, save a likeness of Scaglia.

At Brussels, eight pictures: the finest, "St. Francis in Ecstasy."

At the Hague, the likeness of the Duke of Buckingham and his wife, and two other portraits.

In England, the National Gallery, Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle abound in his pictures; in the last-named are over thirty works.

Madrid, twenty-two pictures: "The Madonna of the Roses;" portrait of David Ryckaert; "The Musician."

Genoa: equestrian portrait of F. Balbi; a "Dead Christ;" portrait of Spinola, etc.

Rome: in the Borghese Palace the famous "Dead Christ," engraved by Vorsterman, etc.

Dresden, Munich, Berlin, Vienna, all have many, and it is rather singular that though there are so many works of his both in public and private collections, it is rarely that any one is ever offered for sale, and they always command large sums.

In 1767 "Two Men playing Cards" brought 11,000 pounds. 1777, his portrait of Thomas Parr, 600 pounds; portrait of Cromwell, 500 pounds; portrait of Langlois, the engraver, 8000 pounds; portrait of Richardt, now in the Louvre, 10,400 pounds. 1845, a "Magdalen," 18,414 francs; unknown portrait, 4320 francs. 1850, sale of William of Holland, portrait of Philip Leroy (which Van Dyck also engraved), with Madame Leroy, 144,944 francs; portrait of Martin Pepin, 9799 francs; a "Magdalen," 5697 francs.



## OWLET.

I MADE the acquaintance of Owlet while travelling on horseback through the Valley of Virginia, in the autumn of 185—. This journey was for the benefit of my health. Just two years before, at the age of twenty-one, I had begun the practice of my profession, the law; and as I was very poor and very ambitious, I had bent every energy to the work of making my way in life. The result had been gratifying in a pecuniary point of view, but not otherwise. Confinement and overwork during the summer term of this year 185— had seriously impaired my strength, and not being able to take a European tour, like people of means, for recuperation, I resolved to do the next best thing—mount a good horse and go and breathe the fresh air of the mountains. There was a further inducement to follow this particular course. I had a number of hospitable and warm-hearted relations in the Valley of Virginia, who I knew would be glad to see me; so, on the adjournment of court, which took place early in October, I set out from R—— for the uplands.

I rode an excellent little sorrel, which could make his twenty or thirty miles a day and feel all the better for it in the morning; and had provided myself with a light fowling-piece and game-bag to hunt upon the way—an amusement I was very fond of, from my country bringing up. I was otherwise in strictly “light marching order,” as they say in the army. A brown riding suit, a felt hat, and a few changes of linen in a small leathern valise strapped behind my saddle, made up my accoutrements. Of the individual who rode the small sorrel and wore the brown coat and hat, I need not say a great deal. He was just twenty-three, of average personal attractions, joyous and happy of temperament, and disposed to greet any thing that might turn up in a cheerful and interested frame of mind, all the more now from the contrast of the fresh scenery and bracing airs with the stifling atmosphere and humdrum occupations of the court-room. So I set out for the mountains, crossed the Blue Ridge into the upper part of the Shenandoah Valley, and turning into what is called the Luray Valley, rode on in the happiest frame of mind conceivable, enjoying, I remember, the very sensation of living, from the freshness and buoyancy of the October air, which made my pulses dance with pleasure. Believe me, friend, it is a good thing to be twenty-three years of age and on horseback in the Virginia mountains in the month of months, October. I was free, unencumbered, ready to interest myself in any thing or any body, and I shall show very soon that something occurred upon my way to interest me.

I pass over the early part of my journey, which was wholly without incident. About the middle of October, travelling leisurely, I had advanced down the Luray Valley beyond the village of Front Royal, and was following a country road which ran directly along the right bank of the Shenandoah River. My surroundings were beautiful, and the immediate locality in which I found myself very striking and peculiar. On my right rose abruptly the steep ascent of the mountain, clothed with evergreens, from which jutted forth at intervals huge granite shoulders, plain against the foliage; and on my left was the Shenandoah, one of the most beautiful of rivers. Sycamores of great size, often with hollow trunks, leaned their mottled boughs above the stream, and on every side the mountain, trees—oak, hickory, dogwood, and maple—seemed to be burning away in red and yellow flame. It is difficult to describe the vividness of these colors; they were like blood and molten gold, and nothing could be more picturesque than the species of bridle-path I was following. It was deeply cut in the river-bank, and resembled what I fancy Victor Hugo’s “sunken road of Ohain” must have been. The nearly overhanging bank was on one side only, however; on the other ran the shining river, overshadowed by its huge sycamores, whose gnarled roots interlaced and formed the most fantastic of frame-works.

I had reached the spot here described about sunset after a long day’s ride, and began to concentrate my mind upon a subject which is apt to absorb the thinking faculties of a weary traveller—supper and lodging. I was tired out and exceedingly hungry, and what more than all made me anxious to reach the end of my day’s ride was the condition of my horse. He had broken one of his shoes on the rocky mountain road an hour before, and now limped so painfully that it was distressing to ride him. It was plain that he would not be able to go much farther, and although I knew I was only a few miles from the residence of a favorite aunt, I felt that I would not be able to reach the house that night, except on foot. I accordingly looked round for some place of refuge. The prospect was discouraging. None whatever was to be seen; all was wildest of the wild, and as far as appearances went, I might have been in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. There was nothing to do but to continue my way, trusting to the chapter of accidents; so, dropping the bridle on my small animal’s neck, I allowed him to limp along painfully and slowly.

I was thus following the bed of the narrow road, with the river upon one side and the steep bank clothed with shrubbery on the other, when my horse suddenly uttered a loud snort, stopped abruptly, and fixed excited eyes upon some object in front of him.



I had been looking toward the river, and admiring the shadows playing on the bright surface, but now turned my head quickly. A single glance showed me the origin of my travelling companion's excitement. About twenty paces in front of me a girl was swinging to and fro on an enormous grape-vine, hanging like a huge boa-constrictor from one of the sycamores, and crooning a low song to herself.

I employ the term *girl* as a summary description of the personage, but never was there a stranger specimen of the young female human being. She seemed to be—and was, as I afterward knew—about seventeen, and tall for that age. Her costume almost defies the power of description; and I can only say that it resembled a consolidation of rags, and reached not far below her knees. She wore neither shoes nor stockings, unless a few tatters of woolen material could be dignified with the name of the latter, and even these tatters did not extend to her feet, which were small and bare. Her arms were uncovered quite to the shoulder. Surmounting this scarecrow figure was a remarkable head. The face was, merely as to the features, a beautiful one; and the eyes especially—I could see them clearly now as I pushed my horse toward her—were so large and soft that they struck me with admiration. She had fixed them intently upon me as I approached; but their expression, if they could be said to have had any, was one of supreme indifference. She sat upon the huge grape-vine, grasping it with her hands, and swinging to and fro, without taking, it appeared, the least interest in my presence, and continued to croon her low song in the sweetest voice, I think, I have ever heard. Such was the curious personage before me. But I have omitted one detail of the girl's appearance, in a picturesque point of view the most striking, perhaps, of all. Her shoulders were completely covered by a profusion of rich brown hair, shot with threads of gold by the light of evening. It was really superb, but had evidently been completely neglected. It was one mass of tangled curls, which no brush or comb seemed ever to have touched; and from this picturesque frame—for her locks nearly covered her face—looked out the large calm eyes. Beyond their undeniable beauty, there was nothing attractive in them. They were as expressionless as if they belonged to a wild animal in a state of repose. I use the word *expressionless* in the meaning of *without the expression of human intelligence*. The eyes were very far from dull or meaningless; they simply seemed to have no *mind* in them.

I rode up to within a few paces of the girl and bowed.

"Good-evening, miss," I said. "You frightened my horse."

"Did I?" was her reply, in the same voice

as that of the song she had been singing—a voice which I can only compare to the coo of a dove.

"Yes," I went on; "he quite started at seeing you swinging in front of him. Do you live near this place?"

"Yes."

"Can I get lodging and supper?"

"You can ask Daddy."

"Is he your father?"

"No—my father is dead."

"Well, miss," I said, after trying vainly to arouse my horse with the spur, "if you are going home, as I suppose you are, I will go too, as I and my horse are both tired out."

She at once leaped down from her perch at these words with the agility of a young panther, and stood erect. Her figure was as straight as an arrow, and in spite of her *outré* costume there really was something queenly in her appearance—a strange species of grace which we find in Indians and wild people as well as in saloons.

"I'll show you where Daddy lives if you want me to," said the girl, walking rapidly up a path into a sort of gorge of the mountain; and I followed her on foot, leading my horse, who was just able to mount the steep bank. Seeing that I could not follow her if she walked so fast, the girl moderated her gait, and we were side by side again.

"What is your name?" I said.

"Polly, but Daddy calls me Owlet."

"Why?" I said, smiling.

"Because my eyes are so big, he told me."

"They certainly are—and very pretty too," I added, on the spur of the moment. The compliment made no impression whatever upon her.

"How far is it to your house?" I continued.

"There it is."

I looked in the direction of her pointed finger, and saw the most rustic of habitations. It seemed to be a sort of hovel, built apparently of bark, with a roof of the same, and a log chimney. On one side was a patch of ground with corn growing, on the other an immense pine-tree, and behind was a mass of granite which seemed ready to fall and crush in the roof.

As the girl went toward the hut a large deer-hound came to meet her with long leaps, looking at me fiercely as he did so, and uttering a disagreeable growl.

"Keep quiet, Bess," the girl said, in the same cooing voice; and the hound crouched submissively, and wagging his tail, but not removing his suspicious eyes from me.

"Where's Daddy, Bess?"

The dog's head turned toward the hut, and at the moment a man came to the door. His appearance was as striking as the girl's. He seemed to be at least eighty years of age, and wore a heavy white beard which



literally reached to his waist. His hair was long, shaggy, and as white as his beard, and, between the two, little face was visible but a hawk nose and a pair of sunken eyes. He was dressed from head to foot in deer-skin.

"Daddy," said the girl, always speaking in the same purely musical voice, "here is somebody."

The old man put his open hand behind his ear, as deaf people do.

"He wants something to eat," she said, louder.

"Yes, yes; come in," was the reply of Daddy. He then came to me and said, "Shake hands."

I shook hands, and explained my condition, which he greeted with a nod, taking up my horse's foot, and examining it. He then, without speaking, drew from a pocket of his deer-skin coat a huge hunting knife, prized off the broken remnant of the shoe, carefully extracted the fragments of nails, and took off the saddle. His next proceeding was to go and pull some corn, which he placed on the ground near the large pine in a sheltered nook, tethered my horse, and then he came back to me, and led the way into his house. It had but one room, and this was furnished in the plainest and rudest manner. There was a rough table of oaken slabs, near which stood two seats, with arms constructed of gnarled boughs, and the walls were nearly covered with deer and bear skins. The fire-place was broad, and a fire was burning, on which was a frying-pan apparently containing venison, which the old man had been cooking. The apartment was not so small as I had supposed—perhaps as much as sixteen feet square—and afforded ample room for two rough mattresses which lay in the corners opposite the fire-place, covered with old tattered quilts. On the wall a long rifle was supported by pegs driven into the logs, and opposite were seen a number of fishing rods. There was but one small window, without sash, and closed only by a bear-skin tacked above, and a door, upon which I observed neither lock nor bolt.

I have given this somewhat detailed description of the curious mountain hut and its equally curious inhabitants as calculated to interest those who are only familiar with conventional scenes and people. I looked at them myself from that point of view. I had heretofore been accustomed to the life of cities, or if I visited the country, to the houses and society of persons of culture and refinement; and here all at once I had stumbled upon another world and another race of human beings, with whom life had been reduced to, or had never advanced beyond, its primitive elements. Had I been a follower of one of the schools of the present time, I might have fancied

that my host had been evolved from some aged and amiable bear, and the girl from a young panthress. To speak seriously, nothing could have surprised me more than to meet these people in this hut of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, in the nineteenth century. Twenty miles from them railway trains were speeding along freighted with well-dressed passengers reading the latest telegraphic news in the day's paper, and here were two beings who, as I soon found, could neither read nor write, and were destitute of all ideas beyond the wants of the human animal in a state of nature.

I staid all night in the hut, and was treated with perfect hospitality. When I had been five minutes in the company of my host, I felt entirely easy at the prospect of lying down disarmed in his den. He was perfectly kind, simple, and guileless; he spoke of himself with entire unreserve, telling me that his full name was Daddy Bayne, and that he had lived in this hut, supporting himself by hunting deer and other game and fishing in the river, for nearly fifty years. Had he never been married? No, he never was. Owlet was not his daughter, he said; she was the daughter of a neighbor. There he paused, as if the subject had been exhausted; but I had determined to ascertain all that I possibly could in relation to the singular-looking girl, who by this time was setting some rude plates on the table for the reception of the venison and ash-cake composing supper, and I accordingly continued my questions, which my host replied to with great simplicity and candor. Owlet, or Polly, which was her real name, he said, was the child of a neighbor of his who was dead—a Mr. Austin. Mr. Austin had come to live in a house on the river—an old house half torn down that nobody cared to own now; and at that time Owlet was a baby. He, my host, never knew where Mr. Austin had come from, nor who he was; he never had asked him any questions about it, and they had come to be friends on account of Mr. Austin's liking to hunt more than any thing else in the world. He was a sorrowful, silent man, who looked as if he had had trouble, and wanted to try and forget it by hunting—hunting all day and all night. Well, that was all. When Mr. Austin died, he, Daddy Bayne, nat'rally took Owlet home. He went one day and found her father had fell down in a fit or something on the floor, and was dead, and Owlet, who was called "little Polly" by her father, crying and beating him on his breast, and calling, "Pop-pa! pop-pa!" Well, *he* cried too, as was nat'ral; and so he took Polly home and raised her, and sometimes called her Polly, and sometimes Owlet, which was a young owl, on account of her big eyes. She was his own daughter now—all he had in the world—the very best daughter man ever had, though he didn't



pretend to understand her ways; but that might 'a been because he was what people called weak-headed. He never had been able to give her any eddication, as he had none himself, which she ought to had. They never went any where, and nobody came near them. When he died, he didn't know what would become of her; but he reckoned the Lord would provide.

"Supper's ready, Daddy," came at this moment from the girl, who had moved to and fro—I thought with averted face—and the old hunter hospitably pointed to the rude table.

The venison was appetizing to a hungry horseman, and the corn cake as sweet as a nut. The girl ate with a sharp appetite, and no appearance whatever of ceremony, or consciousness of a stranger's presence. When the meal was over, she carefully wiped the plates, put them back on the shelf, and then, stretching herself on one of the mattresses, drew an old tattered coverlet over her, and almost at once fell asleep. I attempted then to ascertain more in regard to her, and my host showed no indisposition to converse on the subject; but the result was small. He had evidently told me all that he knew about the girl and her father. It was not often, he added, with a smile as guileless as a child's, that he could put things together so clear. He was weak-headed; he had had a fall out hunting once in the mountain, and fell on his head. He and Owlet did not talk much, and then only about hunting, or trapping, or fishing, which was all he knew about, for he never was ten miles from home in his whole life. She went roaming about and talking to herself. He would die soon, and then she would live by herself; but the Lord would provide. Having repeated devoutly and with an air of child-like faith this sublime expression of his trust in God, the old mountaineer pointed to the mattress opposite that on which Owlet was asleep, and, in spite of my remonstrances, compelled me to occupy it, stretching himself, with an old coverlet over him, before the fire.

In ten minutes, worn out with my long ride, I was sound asleep.

On the evening of the next day I was at my dear old aunt Larrymore's, about eight miles distant, on the opposite side of the Shenandoah. I had been provided by my friends of the mountain with a good breakfast; then Owlet had wandered away somewhere, bestowing but one glance upon me as she did so, her face with the wondrous eyes turned over her left shoulder, with the tangled brown curls upon it as before. I had mounted my horse, whose foot now gave him very little uneasiness, and reaching a ford some miles down the river, had crossed into the beautiful almost level land beyond.

From what well-nigh resembled barbarism I had passed at one step into civilization. My aunt, Mrs. Larrymore, or "Aunt Larry," as she was affectionately called in the family, lived on a fine estate called "The Glades," and was the widow of a gentleman of some prominence in the county, who had lived very high, and died very much in debt. My aunt, however, had managed up to this time to prevent a sale of the property; and I can see still the charming, stately, sweet old lady, with her erect figure, seated knitting busily, spectacles on nose, and talking from morning till night. She almost invariably occupied her chamber on the ground-floor of The Glades—a large and very elegant house, which, in its day, had probably entertained ten thousand people at one time or another; and here I found her and received her affectionate embrace, for I was the son of her youngest and favorite sister. After a great deal of talk upon other subjects I came to my adventure in the mountain, and my aunt, putting aside a lock of gray hair with one of her knitting-needles, thereby securing the straggler beneath her frilled cap, said,

"Oh yes, I have heard a great deal during my life—it has been a long life, a very long life, my dear—about Daddy Bayne, as he is called. They say he is a very good, inoffensive man."

"Have you ever seen him, aunt?"

"Seen him? No, indeed, my dear. Few people have, I fancy. He is said to be a hermit, but a very respectable person. Poor Colonel Larrymore visited him once when he was a candidate for Congress, and canvassed the mountain—a strange set of people, he said."

"And the girl, Aunt Larry? Do you know any thing of her?"

"Nothing whatever. You give a very singular description of her, and she certainly ought not to remain there if the old man dies."

"She is really beautiful."

"Is she? Poor thing! She should have a protector."

I had brought my dear aunt to the precise point I desired. The girl had begun to haunt me. The wonderful eyes followed me, and seemed to appeal to me. I am not certain that they had not begun to make my heart beat, as I thought of them.

"Dear aunt," I said, "you certainly are the best person that ever lived—and you love me a little, don't you?"

"Love you a little? I love you a great deal, my dear. You are Maria's child, and I loved your mother more than any human being in the world."

"Well, promise me something, aunt."

"Promise you?"

"That if this old man Daddy Bayne dies, you will take this poor lonely girl home to



you—here at The Glades—and protect her. Will you promise me that, aunty?"

"Indeed I will, without a moment's hesitation, my dear," said the old lady, heartily. "I do not suppose you have lost your heart with a young mountain girl in rags; but you are very right, and show that you have a good heart. Yes, indeed! I shall not live so long now that I can afford to neglect such a plain duty. If the girl has no friends or relatives, as it seems she has not, it would

"Charley," and must, for the present, drop that youth of the downy mustache and fondness for high-priced cigars and wines as abruptly as I took him up.

Three days afterward I took my fowling-piece, mounted my horse, and crossing the Shenandoah, found myself, after an hour and a half's ride, at Daddy Bayne's. I found that he was absent hunting, and in front of a blaze in the broad fire-place, which the



AT DADDY BAYNE'S.

be to the last degree improper for her to think of remaining by herself in that lonely hut in the mountain. You say the poor girl is attractive?"

"Very much so—a remarkable face. Her eyes are superb, but have no *mind* in them at all. She should be educated."

"Who should be educated, old fellow?" here interposed a voice. "I am myself now undergoing that process at the university."

And turning round, I was greeted by my cousin Charley Larrymore, about to return to college. Charley was just twenty, light-haired, rather frivolous, but undeniably handsome. We shook hands. Charley expressed with great indifference the utmost pleasure at seeing me, for, as every body knew who knew Charley, sincerity and real warmth of character were not his strong points; and then the conversation branched forth again on a variety of subjects. I shall not inflict it on any body. I have given the title of "Owlet" to this narrative, not

bracing October air rendered far from disagreeable, Owlet, lying back in one of the rude rustic chairs, was fast asleep. I still remember the really exquisite picture. Her head, with its wealth of tangled brown curls, had dropped like a wounded bird's on her left shoulder; one bare arm, brown but round and well-shaped from wrist to shoulder, hung over the arm of the seat, and the tatters of her poor dress rose and fell with her long breathing. Another step showed me her profile, which, strange to say, was delicate and beautiful. A third, which brought me nearly to her side, woke her.

She turned her head sleepily, but had no sooner recognized me than she suddenly blushed, drew her feet under the seat, and with a rapid movement seized an old coverlet which she had used as a support for her head, and with it enveloped the entire lower portion of her person. I was at first at a loss to understand this proceeding, but the explanation was soon apparent. The poor



girl was ashamed of her bare feet, and by an instinct of womanly modesty sought to conceal them from me. I confess the conviction of this filled me with pleasure. When I had first met her swinging to and fro on the grape-vine upon the river-bank she had displayed complete indifference to the scanty amount of her clothing. Now she seemed to have realized it, and to feel a natural shame at her poor bare feet. The old coverlet had in a moment now hidden every deficiency, and she looked at me with a smile of relief. I smiled in my turn, and held out my hand.

"How do you do to-day, Owlet?" I said. "You see I have come back. But I suppose it would be more proper for me to call you *miss*, would it not?"

"Oh no; I would rather have you call me Owlet, if you please," she replied, in the low, musical voice peculiar to her, looking at me earnestly as she spoke, out of her great eyes.

"Very well, I will do so, then. It seems more friendly, and as if we had known each other longer. Then you must remember you are very young, and I am much older than yourself, Owlet. I am actually twenty-three," I laughed.

She looked at me with a puzzled expression, and said, "Is twenty-three so old?"

"It is old compared with your own age," I replied. "I suppose you are sixteen or seventeen? Do you know your age?"

An expression of great sadness came to her face, and, with a slow shake of the head, she said, in a low tone, "I don't know; I don't know any thing."

"You know your name?"

"Yes, my name is Polly."

"What else?"

"Owlet."

"But your other name?"

"Oh yes," she said, with a quick lighting up of her face, which made my heart throb, so unexpected was it, and so contrasted with her former self—"oh yes, my name is Austin."

"Do you remember your father?"

The same slow shake of the head. "I was a baby when he died."

Her head sank on her breast, and the tangled hair nearly concealed her face, to which I could see a dolorous expression slowly mounting. Memory was plainly struggling through the mist toward some foot-hold.

"I—I—"

She stopped, and I saw two big tears slowly gather in beneath the lids of her half-closed eyes. All at once she uttered a sob, which went to my heart, it was so full of passionate feeling.

"Owlet," I said, impulsively taking her hand, "I did not mean to make you cry; I am too much your friend. Never mind me. Let us talk of something else."

She drew away her hand and wiped her

cheeks. "I don't mind it; I like to talk of pop-pa." She placed the accent, I observed, baby-like, upon the first syllable. "I—I seem to remember sometimes—I don't know, it is like dreaming—that I cried when pop-pa died, and called to him."

"And you do not know from what country he came?"

Again the same slow, sad movement of the head which I had observed before, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the fire. As she sat thus, leaning back in her rude seat, her head drooping forward and resting upon her hand, the girl was the perfection of wild grace. But with this was mingled an indefinable something which puzzled me no little. With the wild grace mentioned was united a delicacy and *ladylikeness*, if I may so say, which I could not account for. I could understand the one; I could not understand the other.

"Owlet!" I suddenly exclaimed, at which she started as if from a deep reverie, and looked at me with her great eyes inquiringly—"Owlet, do you know that Daddy Bayne is a very old man?"

"Yes," she said.

"And that when he dies you will be left alone?"

"Yes."

"Without a protector?"

She had turned away her head; she now looked at me again. "What is a protector? If Daddy goes away to God, I shall live in the hut. I can set traps and plant the corn."

"Impossible. You must not stay here; you must go to some friend."

"I have no friends."

"Poor thing! But don't be afraid. You will find friends when you need them—good friends who will love you dearly. You would like to be loved, would you not, Owlet?"

"Yes."

The sound of her low voice resembled what I have often been impressed by—the whisper of the wind in the broom-straw.

"Love me—love me *dearly*?" she again murmured. A faint blush slowly came to her cheeks, and her half-closed eyes, full of vague emotion, were fixed upon the fire. Looking at her, I felt my pulse beat quicker. I really think I should have made a complete fool of myself by telling Owlet that loving her, and loving her dearly too, was not so absurd an idea as she seemed to suppose; but fortunately footsteps were heard at the moment, and soon afterward Daddy Bayne made his appearance, smiling in his guileless way, and carrying, slung across his shoulder, a huge wild turkey and a brace of ducks. We entered into conversation, and an hour afterward I was returning to The Glades, thinking persistently of a girl in rags, leaning back in a rude chair, with brown hair upon her shoulders. Was I falling in love with Owlet?

A week afterward I was on my way back



to the hut. I had begun to ask myself the above suspicious question more than ever. I confess the idea struck me as exquisitely absurd. I am not and never have been an advocate of the principle of "All for love," and it seemed quite out of the question that I should ever have more than mere friendly relations with this ragged unknown girl. But why, I found myself asking, should she persist in thus neglecting her person? It was easy to be neat, poor as she was, and I ended by finding an absolute grievance in those rags.

As I came near the gorge in which the cabin stood, I observed old Daddy Bayne busy with his fishing traps on the bank of the river, and without attracting his attention, from his deafness, made my way up to the hut. It was an exquisite October morning, I remember, and the whole face of nature was smiling. The very evergreens in which the gorge was clothed looked cheerful, and at the door of the hut Owlet was seated, actually *sewing*! But it was not her occupation which first attracted my attention; it was the girl herself. She was transformed. Her rags had disappeared, and, above all, that fearful brevity of skirt, which had begun to offend me even more than it displeased her. She had evidently cut up the best of the old calico coverlets, and fashioned it into a dress reaching fully to her feet, and by a wonder of natural female skill had made it fit her slender figure. What more than all changed her, however, and took from her the unkempt wildness of her appearance, was the care expended upon her hair. This was no longer tangled and lying in a disordered mass upon her shoulders, but combed, brushed, and confined by an old bit of ribbon behind her head. Below the knot the profuse brown curls struggled out; the part above her forehead showed beautiful brows, perfectly white from having been so long covered. Owlet was really exquisite, and all the more from the bright smile which greeted me. She had risen to her feet, and stood before me, no longer a beggar girl in appearance, but a "maiden in her charms."

I remained at the hut until evening, and in our long interview preceding the return of Daddy Bayne we talked of many things. The girl was utterly ignorant. It is impossible to convey an idea of the surprising *blank* which her mind presented, if indeed she could be said to have a mind—it was a phenomenon. Here was a human being whose intelligence was nearly a *tabula rasa* upon which nothing had been written. But I could discern just as plainly a capacity for the deepest feeling if she were once aroused from her lethargy—the vague yearning, as of a plant shut up in darkness, toward the light. This human soul had been starved. All that it wanted was food.

Going back to The Glades in the sunset, I found a thousand thoughts passing through my mind, but they all came back to this one. Suppose this beautiful beggar girl were to become—my wife? That long interview had advanced matters far, but my head was still cool enough to show me that such a marriage could hardly "come to good." It is one thing to admire the beauty of an Italian organ girl on the street corner, but quite another thing to invite the young lady to preside in your drawing-room and at the head of your table, and even at twenty-three, and with Owlet's eyes in my memory, I realized that fact.

I will not continue this rather tedious dissection of my private sentiments, but come to events. I visited Owlet two or three times afterward, and then all at once this "autumn romance" came to an end. I was summoned back to the city of R—. A case of great importance, in which I was counsel, had unexpectedly been set for the first day of the November term, and my presence was indispensable.

I faced the conviction that I would be obliged to leave Owlet, with a sinking heart. To speak without ambiguity, I had come to love the girl with almost passionate tenderness. Whether it was her beauty, her innocence—nay, her very ignorance, and consequent freshness—what it was, I could not tell; but there was the fact. The great melting eyes and the low cooing voice had become my day and night dream. I had come to no resolution, allowed myself to drift, as men will, and went to bid her good-by. The interview was dangerous, and very nearly resulted in an open declaration of my feelings. How I restrained myself I never afterward could understand, but I think I suppressed the words that were on my very lips, thinking, "I will come back soon, and then—then—" You see, friend, this old lawyer has had his romance! The end came at last, and I tore myself away from Owlet, whose face was bathed in tears. I longed to kiss them away, but I dared not. With a close pressure of her hand, and, "Don't forget me, Owlet; we will meet again some day," I left her, and on the next morning set out for R—.

After the events I have just related—which I am justified, I think, in calling "the autumn romance of a hard-worked young lawyer"—about a year passed by, during which I was kept constantly engaged by my professional avocations, and had no opportunity of revisiting The Glades—and Owlet. I had heard from the valley but once during this time, as I had no correspondents in that direction. But this one letter, which was from Aunt Larrymore, was highly interesting, and communicated unexpected intelligence. It was dated in the latter part of May, and was as follows:



"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I have kept the promise I made you, and brought your young friend of the mountain to The Glades. Her father is dead—I mean the old man Daddy Bayne. He was drowned in the great freshet recently in the Shenandoah while busy at his fish traps, it appears, and as soon as I heard of it I sent William, the coachman, with a horse and side-saddle to bring the poor girl home, telling him that he must inform her that I was your aunt. William found her, he says, crouched down in the cabin in a state of agony, and had great difficulty in persuading her to return with him until he uttered your name, when she consented to do so.

"She is very sweet. The poor thing was *fearfully* dressed, if the word 'dressed' can be used, and of course I have at once provided her with neat clothing. She certainly is very handsome, and, what is stranger, very lady-like too. She learns with amazing rapidity, and I begin to take real pleasure in teaching her. You must come and see us as soon as you can, and find how much she has improved. I shall make her my housekeeper and companion.

"We are all well. Charles graduates in the summer, and speaks of going abroad to Europe for a year, but Heaven only knows where the money is to come from. By that time the house may be sold over our heads.

"Your affectionate AUNT LARRY.

"P.S.—I forgot to mention that an old box was found at Daddy Bayne's cabin with the name 'Henry Austin' upon it, and brought here by my directions. It contained some old books and bundles of yellow letters, a number of them directed to 'Henry Austin, Esq., Fernhall, Warwick, England,' and it is plain that it was the property of Owlet's father, as she says her name is Austin. Old Daddy Bayne, no doubt, took possession of it when Mr. Austin, who seems to have been a stranger in the country, died. In one of the letters which I read I find Mr. Austin's little daughter spoken of as Pauline, which accounts for her other name, Polly. So, you see, when you come you will not meet your former friend Owlet, but Miss Pauline Austin.

"Your affectionate aunt."

So poor old Daddy Bayne is dead, I thought. What I had foreseen had happened, only in a different manner, since it was not old age, that incurable disease, which had carried him off, but the rushing current of the Shenandoah, doubtless whilst he was attempting to rescue his fish traps. Eighty, and death by drowning!—such is life. Having thus paid my debt of remembrance and regret to good old Daddy Bayne, I began to think absorbingly of Owlet and her new life, and found my heart suddenly throbbing. I had never ceased to love her

—my feeling was even stronger than ever. Now events had suddenly occurred which brought her a thousandfold nearer to me. She might be penniless, my aunt's "companion" only; but she was a lady, the daughter of Henry Austin, Esq., of Fernhall, England. I might hesitate as to the desirability of saying "I love you dearly—will you marry me?" to Owlet the ragged girl, but who could be surprised or regard it as a *mésalliance* if I were to pay my addresses to Miss Pauline Austin, the daughter of a gentleman, however poor? Whether I should have had the courage to do so if Owlet had remained in her original condition, I do not know. Worldly prudence might have restrained me, or might not; I might have listened to my heart alone, or have allowed my head to rule me. Of this I know nothing; what I did know was that for months her face and voice had haunted me, that a sudden warmth came to my breast when I thought of her, and that, whatever her condition—whether she were beggar girl or princess—I did not see how I could live without her.

It did not take me ten minutes to make up my mind that I would go back to The Glades, tell Owlet how much I loved her, and ask her to be my wife. But suddenly—and I am ashamed to say for the first time—came the question whether I should advance upon The Glades exactly to the air of "See, the conquering hero comes!" My heart suddenly grew chill at the idea that perhaps I had quite overrated Owlet's fondness for me, that it was merely a sincere friendship, and that Miss Pauline Austin would quietly tell me so. This reflection made me unspeakably miserable; I went about scowling at people. I was a great deal more in love than ever as soon as I began to be afraid of my fate. In a word, the humdrum young lawyer, addressing humdrum arguments on humdrum questions to humdrum juries intent on going home to dinner, was suffering all the pangs of a veritable hero of romance!

In October came a blessed relief—the adjournment of the courts; and on the very next morning I set off, by railway this time, for The Glades. As I had notified Aunt Larrymore of my visit, the old family carriage, with its superannuated horses and driver, awaited me at the station, and an hour afterward I hastened into the old apartment on the ground-floor, Aunt Larrymore's favorite haunt, and clasped that excellent person in my arms. She gave me, as always, the most affectionate reception, kissing me not once, but three or four times in succession, which she always said was on my mother's account; and this osculatory proceeding was still in progress when Mr. Charley Larrymore sauntered into the room and went through his part of the welcome. He was clad in the height of the fashion, as this



young gentleman never stinted himself in any thing which money or credit could buy, and was, as usual, smoking a cigar. Cigars, stimulating liquids, and billiards were Charley's weaknesses since he had the misfortune to be named Charley; and requesting me to "have a weed," which I temporarily declined, he now stretched himself with elegant ease upon a sofa, from which he did not rise in the least when another person came into the apartment.

I need not say that it was the person I longed with a beating heart to see. I turned round at her footstep—I could have told it among a thousand, I think—and took, not the hand she held out, but both her hands, and looked at her, blushing like a boy. I scarcely recognized her. She seemed whiter, taller, and more slender. Her beautiful hair was no longer on her shoulders, but arranged, in the fashion of the time, in a braid. She wore a plain, neat dress, fitting exquisitely to her figure; and the foot peeping forth from her skirt was no longer a bare foot, as in the mountain hut, I need not say, but cased in a little slipper which seemed no bigger than a child's. All was thus changed about Owlet—all but her face. That, thank Heaven! was the face of Owlet, not Miss Pauline Austin; and she looked at me with her great melting eyes, and the old faint rose-color in her face, smiling, I verily believe, from pure happiness.

How long I would have held her hands imprisoned, looking into her eyes and blushing, I don't know. All at once a burst of laughter came from the direction of the sofa, and Mr. Charley Larrymore, still recumbent, and lazily following a smoke wreath with his eyes, exclaimed,

"Well, old fellow, I think you've held that fair one's hand long enough for once! Suppose you pass it over this way."

I thought I saw a hurt expression come to Owlet's face, but she quietly sat down, saying, simply, in her old cooing voice, "I am very glad to see you."

To this I responded, in the most brilliant and disconcerted manner, that I was also glad to see *her*; and then the dialogue of commonplaces customary on such occasions duly followed. When I retired that night, I realized one fact fully—that I loved Owlet far more dearly than I had ever loved her before. The thought that the same roof sheltered us was inexpressibly delightful. I should see her and hear her voice hour after hour, and day after day—in a word, friend, I was in that state of mind which every body laughs at, and every body who has good sense covets.

The Glades stood and stands in the midst of an old English-looking park dotted with huge oaks. I was walking under the trees with Owlet on the next morning, surrounded with all the glories of October, and fan-

cied myself making an excursion through the fine country of Dream-land. But I foresee that if I go on at this rate I shall make somebody laugh at me: let me descend to *terra firma*. Owlet wore, I remember, a fawn-colored dress, displaying admirably her lithe and slender figure, and a little lace collar setting off her exquisite throat. In her appearance and movements there was no longer the least trace of the girl whom I had seen swinging on the grape-vine—it was a young lady, and a charming one, who walked beside me, looking at me frankly and earnestly with her large soft eyes when I spoke, and making no attempt to conceal her pleasure at my visit. It would be impossible to record our long conversation—a small portion only is here repeated. She had told me with tears in her eyes what a shock the death of her dear Daddy Bayne had been to her, and then spoke of my aunt's kindness.

"My own mother could not have been sweeter," she said, in her old wondrous voice. "She treats me as if I were her daughter, and has herself taught me to read and write. Did you know I could read and write too?" she added, with a wistful smile. "How ignorant I was!—at seventeen I was more ignorant than a child of seven. But I can read now, and the first use I made of it was to read papa's letters."

"In the box, Owlet? You see I can't call you Miss Pauline, yet."

"Please do not; it would sound very strangely. Yes, the letters in the box; and I believe I know a good deal now about poor papa. He was an English gentleman who came to Virginia and married mamma, who was an only child. But he became very poor, and when mamma died, went to live in an old house where Daddy first knew him. He died there—all by himself!"

The words ended with a suppressed sob. Owlet walked on for some time without speaking, and then continued:

"I ought not to tell you my distresses. Poor papa! I do not remember him at all, but I think of him sometimes for hours and hours, trying to fancy how he looked. Oh! if I had only known him—and mamma!"

"Well, Owlet, aunt will supply her place," was all I could say. "I can see that she already loves you dearly. Do you remember my telling you one day that you would find such a friend, one who would 'love you dearly?'—now you have found her."

"Yes, and I am very thankful."

"This is your home. You will remain at The Glades until you are married, and then—"

There I stopped. Owlet slowly shook her head. "I shall not marry any body," she said, with a faint blush.

"Why not? The hour comes when every young lady finds her fancy touched. You



will meet some one some day. He will tell you that he loves you—it is not so very strange that such a thing should happen—and then—”

Owlet shook her head again, and said, quietly, “No, I shall not marry.”

with its exquisite curls, thought to himself, “If they want you to!” And then came the thought that one day she would be claimed by those foreign relations and leave us, and I came very near making a fool of myself, as on that day in the mountain when I bade



“SHE WALKED ON AFTER SAYING THIS, MUSING.”

“Then you will remain, I hope, with aunt?”

“Oh yes; she says I shall, until I find whether I have any relations in England, when, if they want me to, perhaps I may go to them.”

She walked on after saying this, musing, with her eyes upon the ground; and the individual looking sidewise at the bent head,

her good-by. Nothing but abject cowardice and doubt restrained me; and after a long conversation upon a variety of subjects, which indicated to me that Owlet had assiduously cultivated her mind, we returned to The Glades.

A month afterward I was on my way back to R—, one of the most unhappy personages, perhaps, who ever lived. I had been



driven, slowly and steadily, to the conviction that Owlet was lost to me; that, forgetting our old days in the mountain and every fancied tie between us, she had given her heart to another person—my young cousin Charley. It would be tedious to record all the circumstances which, one by one, forced me to this conviction. A chain is no less strong and enduring because the links are small. Day by day it became plainer to me that the indifference which I had supposed to exist between these two wholly dissimilar persons was entirely in my fancy. Not to prose on upon so disheartening a subject, I will only add that I had supposed my young cousin far too worldly to think seriously of marrying an unknown and penniless girl—a mere lady's companion and house-keeper—and Owlet as unlikely to find in so frivolous a person any point whatever of sympathy. But there was the fact before my eyes. He treated her with undisguised attention and admiration, and Owlet neither repelled the one nor seemed averse to the other. Was it merely the thoughtless instinctive attraction of the sexes for each other?—of two young persons shut up together in a country house, and thrown hourly into each other's society? Had the handsome, if rather effeminate, face of my young cousin touched the fancy, as often happens, of an inexperienced young girl of eighteen, not deeply read in human character? and had the extraordinary beauty of the girl made the young man lose sight of all the dictates of worldly prudence, and resulted in making him her suitor? I could not tell. There was the obstinate fact. One thing alone was certain, and that was very certain—that my cousin lavished on Owlet every attention, and that she received his advances with far more pleasure, apparently, than any exhibitions of regard from myself.

The result of all this had been what I suppose it always will be in the case of a man of great pride and strong feelings who places his love where it is slighted. I said nothing, and resolved to retire. It is true, the resolution caused me unspeakable anguish, for I loved the girl now far more than ever, but I none the less resolved to go. "As she prefers him," I said to myself, bitterly, "let her marry him, and be the lady of the lord of The Glades. I will go back to my lonely lodgings and my work." And I went. No explanation whatever took place between Owlet and myself. Not a "dangerous" word ever passed between us. What I saw before my eyes quite froze in me any propensity to gush forth romantically; and simply shaking the young lady's hand as I would have shaken the hand of a mere friend, and kissing my aunt, I left The Glades. Only two things I noticed on this last morning: the expression of ill-concealed, almost laughing triumph on my cousin's

face, and the blushes and moist eyes of Owlet, through whose figure I thought I saw a slight tremor pass. This afforded me no satisfaction whatever. It was natural that she should be moved at seeing her old friend of the old days leave her, perhaps forever. And as to the young gentleman's laughter, I despised it, as I must say I despised the person himself. On the next day I reached R——, and plunged into work, blessed work! which soothes so many wounded hearts, and for many months afterward I knew no more of what was taking place at The Glades than if it had been situated in the heart of Africa.

In certain careers, outside of novels, there is no *dénouement*; in others there is. Mine was to have a *dénouement*, and an unexpected one. One morning in the spring succeeding my visit to The Glades I took up a newspaper, and my eye fell upon the following:

HENRY AUSTIN, ESQ., FORMERLY OF FERNHALL, Warwick, England. If this gentleman or any of his representatives will communicate with the subscriber, he or they will hear something to their advantage. Mr. Austin left England for the United States about the year 1838, and, if not dead, is supposed to be living somewhere in the State of Virginia, to which he was traced.

The signature to this advertisement was that of an attorney of Lincoln's Inn, London, and on the very same day I wrote to the attorney, stating all the circumstances contained in the foregoing pages of my narrative in reference to Owlet. I took this step as obviously proper and called for in me. I was a lawyer; the young lady was my friend; and if there was any thing to be heard to her advantage as her father's representative, it was my duty to see that she heard it. A month afterward I had the reply of the London attorney. It was brief, but very much to the point. If it could be shown, he wrote, that the young lady referred to in my letter was the daughter of Henry Austin, of Fernhall, Warwick, and he had had no other issue, and was dead, she was entitled, under the last testament of Mr. Austin's brother, to investments in London amounting in the aggregate to somewhat more than £70,000. The only difficulty, the writer added, would be to show that the young lady was really the daughter, in lawful wedlock, of Henry Austin, of Fernhall, who had been an erratic and thriftless gentleman, had run through his estate, and wandered away from England, leaving his family, with whom he was on indifferent terms, entirely ignorant of his whereabouts.

The way was now straight before me. All that was necessary was to prove two circumstances—the first, that Henry Austin had been lawfully married; and the second, that Owlet was the issue of the marriage. Of the identity between Henry Austin, of



Fernhall, England, and the friend of Daddy Bayne, the letters in the box taken from the house on the Shenandoah left no doubt whatever. The marriage of the father and the paternity of the daughter once shown, it would only be necessary to proceed with the papers to England to establish Owlet's claim.

I set out at once for The Glades to examine the papers. I remember very well my queer sensations on the way. I was putting myself to a considerable amount of trouble to effect—what? To provide a magnificent marriage portion for Mrs. Charles Larrymore! that and nothing else. I was neglecting my own affairs, going to the serious expense of a voyage to England, and entering heart and soul into an undertaking whose success would smooth any possible obstacle in the pathway of my successful rival. My sensations were curious, I repeat, and I must say I felt very much as if I were the dupe of events; but I did not allow my mortification to affect my resolution, and with some agitation—an agitation I could not suppress—got out at the station near The Glades and made my way on foot toward the old country house. The thought that I should see Owlet again in an hour or two, and the triumphant Mr. Charley Larrymore beside her in the character of an accepted lover, was almost too much for me. Outraged pride, bitterness, indignation, and the old love slumbering under the *cineri doloso*, had their turn at me; but I set my teeth together and doggedly followed the winding country road, skirted with the rich foliage of summer, until at last The Glades appeared, and I passed through the old park where I had walked with Owlet that day, and entered the door of the hall. A moment afterward I was in Aunt Larry's chamber, and her arms were round my neck, the dear good old lady's succession of warm kisses on my lips.

"What a delightful surprise, my dear! Why did you come without giving me notice to send the carriage? You do not look well, my dear; indeed, you are quite pale. I do trust you are not sick; but if you are, you have done very right, my dear, to come home."

This is a specimen of my dear old aunt's affectionate greeting. I spare the reader the rest. Half an hour afterward I had ascertained one circumstance which afforded me inexpressible relief. Owlet had gone on a short visit to a lady in the neighborhood who had taken a great fancy to her, and Mr. Charley Larrymore had found it convenient to escort her in the carriage.

"I am *very* sorry dear Pauline went just before you came," said Aunt Larry, knitting away. "She would certainly have declined the invitation if she had dreamed of your coming."

"Do you think so?" I said, rather bitterly.

"But I have something important to tell you, aunt—very important, indeed, to Miss Austin."

"Miss Austin! How long is it, my dear, since you began calling my Pauline Miss Austin? I thought she was Owlet with you?"

"She was at one time, my dear aunt, but many changes take place in this world. I suppose I ought to be sorry not to see Miss—Owlet, but it gives me a better opportunity to talk to you and tell you why I came."

I then informed my aunt of the advertisement, the letter I had written, and the reply, winding up with the request that she would produce the box with the papers. I have never seen an exhibition of greater amazement. My dear aunt's busy knitting-needles for once stood still, and her thin white hands lay motionless in her lap, as she looked at me with eyes twice their ordinary size. A torrent of questions, comments, surmises, and exclamations generally ensued, after which, pointing to a closet, she informed me that the box was there. I went at once to the closet, drew forth the box, and opening it, emptied its entire contents upon the floor. I then captured my Aunt Larry's favorite cricket, sat down, and subjected the books and papers to a close examination. The former were of nondescript character, but I was delighted to find contained the name and coat of arms of "Henry Austin, of Fernhall, England." But the crowning discovery was an old Bible in which was recorded, under date of September 15, 1840, the marriage of Henry Austin with Ann Francis, of Albemarle County, Virginia, and about one year afterward the birth of his daughter Pauline Austin, and the death of her mother. The whole array of proof now lay before me. The letters left no doubt of the identity between Henry Austin, Esq., of Fernhall, and old Daddy Bayne's friend; Owlet was his daughter. All that remained now was to obtain a copy of the record of his marriage.

On the very same evening, against the repeated protests and remonstrances of my affectionate old aunt, who declared that her dear Pauline would be distressed to death at not having seen me, I left The Glades and set out for the railway station, this time on horseback, followed by a servant. On my person I had the letters, a volume or two containing Mr. Austin's coat of arms and name, and the Bible. Nothing remained to be done now but to proceed to Albemarle County and procure a certified copy of the record of Mr. Austin's marriage, which I had no doubt existed in the clerk's office of the county. In this I found I was not mistaken. Under date of September 15, 1840, was found an entry of the marriage of Henry Austin, of England, to Ann Francis, spinster, and of this I obtained an attested copy from



the clerk. I then proceeded to R——, where the signature of the county officer was officially certified to under the State seal; and fifteen days afterward I was in London. The proof that Pauline was the daughter of Henry Austin, Esq., of Fernhall, was overwhelming. My friend the attorney accordingly, after subjecting every document to microscopic examination, and listening with the closest attention to my statement of the case, replied that there seemed to be no reason whatever to doubt that the proof established the claim of Miss Austin to the large sum left by her uncle to her father or his representatives; and having seen that the proper legal proceedings were instituted, I returned to the United States.

It will not be necessary to add many pages to my narrative now. In October of the same year—that month seemed to have some occult connection with every prominent incident of my life—I was on my way again to The Glades. As before, I drew near the old manor-house with strangely conflicting emotions; but—for what reason I know not—I was on this occasion much calmer than before. Misery deadens the heart, I think, in course of time, and admits of the entrance therein of such commonplace consolations as at first are indignantly rejected. At least Owlet will not come a portionless bride to her husband, I thought.

I had notified my dear old aunt of my intended arrival, and the superannuated coach, with its superannuated African driver, awaited me duly at the station. I shook hands cordially with old William, got into the carriage, and it rolled off with decorous deliberation toward The Glades.

I have spoken of the fine old park-like grounds around The Glades, dotted with century oaks. The county road skirts this park for a considerable distance, and you enter the grounds by a tall gate below the hill. As I now came to the extremity of the grounds, I looked toward a knoll at some distance from the house, on which grew the largest of all the oaks, and where Owlet and myself had sat down to talk on that first visit of mine after old Daddy Bayne's death. There, under the very oak, I now saw the gleam of a young lady's dress in the orange light of sunset, and a moment afterward I had leaped from the vehicle, climbed the inclosure, and was hastening toward—Owlet.

She had been seated on a huge gnarled root. As I approached she rose, and stood tall and queen-like in the light of sunset. Save the erect carriage of the beautiful figure, however, there was nothing regal about her. Her exquisite head drooped forward, with its wealth of brown hair; her cheeks burned with blushes; and with a movement as unconscious, I could see, as that of

a child, she held both hands toward me. What would you have done, friend? I know what I did. I caught her in my arms and pressed her to my heart, covering her face with kisses; and ten minutes afterward her head was resting on my breast, and she was crying, but not for grief. In that little insignificant space of the insignificant thing called time every thing had been explained—by exclamations, it is true, and broken words, but not the less sufficiently for two hearts to understand. She had loved me from the day almost when I first met her in the mountain; had blushed for the first time at her rags because *I* had seen her in them; had toiled to clothe herself decently, and when Aunt Larry took her home, had looked forward to my coming with a throbbing heart. I had come—and had chilled her. I seemed to avoid her. She had cared nothing at all for my cousin, who had taken a malicious pleasure, she believed, in paying her attention, suspecting that I felt something more than friendship for her; and he had really cared nothing for *her*, since he took no notice of her after my departure. But all that was so far away now! How could I ever have misconstrued her? How could I *dream* that she preferred any one to myself? Her whole heart was my own, and had been so long—from the moment almost she first saw me. She dared not tell me so, or even let me see it; but now she could speak, since I had spoken. She would be my own—all my own—if I would have her!

Red sunset of the bright October evening, you were fortunate! You never touched a face more tender, or lit up eyes more womanly and true than those turned to my own from where the fair head with its rich brown curls was resting.

In the spring I was married to Miss Pauline Austin, and a year or two afterward—no doubt to the extreme disgust of the gentlemen of the long robe at so irregular a proceeding—the entire sum of more than seventy thousand pounds sterling left by her uncle was transferred to Owlet. It was a very large fortune for such poor people as ourselves; but it enabled us to indulge in one luxury, namely, to release The Glades from every incumbrance upon the property.

Charley, I am happy to say, declined visiting Europe on Owlet's money, and is long married and settled—as my dear Owlet and myself are at The Glades, which we purchased on my dear old aunt's death.

Twice we have crossed the Shenandoah on horseback, and Owlet has drawn rein, with an expression of deep sadness, in front of the deserted cabin where Daddy Bayne and herself lived once. On the last occasion we rode on up the river, and Owlet smiled, pointing to the bank above us.

"There is the very grape-vine!" she said.





GRAND RALLY OF THE INFANTRY.

## OLD TIME MILITIA MUSTERS.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

"The country rings around with loud alarms,  
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;  
Mouths without hands, maintained at vast expense,  
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense;  
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,  
And ever but in times of need at hand:  
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,  
Drawn up in rank and file, they stood prepared  
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,  
Then hasten to be drunk—the business of the day."  
—DRYDEN.

**I**T is said that the Anglo-Saxon race has derived its traditions of militia musters and muffins from the great and wise King Alfred. After a thousand years of battles and breezes, the muffin still holds its place of honor among the domestic institutions of that hardy race; but the militia system, succumbing to the open contempt of military martinets and secret jealousy of gownsmen and politicians, has long been a favorite butt for wits and artists, and in latter years seems to have fallen into universal disrepute.

Acknowledging the natural spirit of emulation as pertaining to the children of men as well as to quadrupedal puppies, cubs, and whelps, all civilized communities have en-

deavored to provide in some form or other for its legitimate and innocent gratification. To this end all manner of shows, parades, ceremonies, circuses, gladiatorial combats, tournaments, bull-fights, autos-da-fé, jollifications, fairs, festivals, theatres, lotteries, donkey races, and competitive games have been instituted, and myriads of prizes, medals, purses, brevets, principalities, ginger-cakes, diplomas, titles, distinctions, and rewards distributed from time immemorial, to the unspeakable gratification of humanity.

But of all the safety-valves invented to relieve the body-politic, surcharged with deleterious gases engendered by peace and prosperity, nothing was better adapted to the wants and idiosyncrasies of our own people than the old militia system as it existed in Virginia fifty years ago.

While it must be confessed that its "war record" had not grown much brighter since Dryden wrote his satirical verses, yet what philosophic statesman has failed to note the calming and conservative influence of its fuss-and-feather parades and harmless titles on a society wriggling with petty



political aspiration, and aristocratic traditions still swelling and surging against the levelling process of democratic legislation? How many a petty fomentor of county vexation has been choked into silence by the State's seal on a captain's commission! how many an ambitious dunderhead kept out of the public councils by the waving feather and gilt epaulets of a coloneley in the militia! how many an aspirant even for Congress, who there might have played "Samson" with the people's money and the nation's honor, has been lulled into contented silence with the sonorous title of general!

The Romans classified their popular entertainments under three heads—Sacred, Honorary, and Ludicrous. According to the best of our recollection, the sacred element was not obtrusively apparent on general muster day; but all that we could conceive of the honorary and ludicrous was there present—a happy combination of the "Triumph," with its martial pageantry, and the "Saturnalia," with its license and merriment; some reminiscences of the Olympian, Nemean, and Pythian games; a peppering of the gladiatorial shows, spiced with thimble-rigging, whiskey, and other ingredients quite unknown to the ancients.

For weeks before the great annual parade society was in a ferment. We don't mean that silly little aquarium called Society which lives in a glass box, but the great roaring popular ocean, and the denizens thereof, from the polliwog that wiggles in its muddy profundities to the proud halcyon that skims its crested waves. Every body had more or less interest in the general muster, and shared in its glorifications, expenditures, absurdities, and enthusiasms.

At length, about the year 1850, weak-witted reformers and jealous gownsmen closed the show; and all this cheap ambition and turbulent ignorance, deprived of its accustomed gratification, is turned on politics, to decide the most intricate and important questions of government, and swell the dangerous power of demagogues. Since that day history has been busy noting the results.

But it was not for the purpose of retailing this chapter of stale philosophy, or suggesting a doubtful solution of our political conundrum, that we have summoned the spirit of the old Sixty-seventh Regiment Virginia Militia from its peaceful rest to pass again in shadowy review before this cynical and conceited generation. No; ours has been a less pretentious motive, but perhaps not less respectable: a simple yearning to recall, with the memories of this once venerated institution, the gushing days of our boyhood—a time when old Murquhart's stale ginger-cakes surpassed in flavor the most delicate confections of modern luxury; when Molly Miller's molasses beer foamed with a

zest more exquisite than the choicest wines of France or Germany have since yielded; when the martial "Reveille," squeaked on a wry-necked fife, accompanied by Hez Kerns's drum, stirred our young blood as the wild chant of the "Marseillaise" was wont to arouse revolutionary Frenchmen; when the mellifluous notes of Blondel's bugle held our senses with a mastery never since accorded to the genius of Mozart, Rossini, or even Richard Wagner. [And here we may be permitted to observe between parenthetical brackets that in our opinion "the music of the future" will never impress the average soul like "the music of the past."]

We were enrolled as a raw recruit in the Virginia infantry soon after the close of our last war with Great Britain.

That spirited but brief and superficial contest had served rather to stimulate than exhaust the military ardor of the people, especially in the mountain districts where there was no danger of invasion. We had, nevertheless, furnished our quota of heroes for the occasion. Our people had also marched with St. Clair against the Indians to swell the carnage of that fatal day—

"The fourth of November, in the year of ninety-one—"

and of the few who returned some were still living. Besides, there yet lingered several stately veterans with queues and knee-breeches who could show certificates of membership in the "Order of the Cincinnati," and whose aristocratic bearing appeared already a little old-fashioned in the republic of equality they had fought so long and valiantly to establish.

So the men of "'12" and the men of "'91" and the men of "'76" had their long war talks together over their wine and their punch, while we boys clustered around, eagerly imbibing, not the strong liquors, but the more intoxicating stories, until we fell asleep and were carried up to bed, to dream until morning of battles, sieges,

"Of moving accidents by flood and field,

Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

Thus nurtured, it is not surprising that we grew to regard the colonel's white plume as the highest of human dignities, and the annual parade, with its herds of such raw material as soldiers are made of, its drums and banners and attendant excitements, as the most important and imposing of earthly pageants.

Under the old militia laws all able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were liable to military duty, to be organized and drilled after the system of the Baron Steuben, adopted by act of Congress, 1792, for the regular army and militia. This was superseded in 1821 by the "General Regulations," compiled by Major-General Scott. Company officers were elected by the en-





1812.

rolled privates of their respective districts, regimental officers by the company officers, and general officers by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth.

Each regimental district was allowed four volunteer companies—one of artillery, one of cavalry, and two of riflemen or light infantry, armed by the State, and uniformed according to fancy, and at their individual expense. These companies paraded as often as was convenient, and were our reliance on the Fourth of July and all public occasions.

The "rude militia" companies, according to law, met twice a year at their respective head-quarters for a day's drill and instruction. The regiment was assembled once a year, usually in the month of May, at the county town, where it was manœuvred and instructed rather after Dryden's system than either of those prescribed by Congress.

Preparatory and for three days immediately preceding the general muster, the officers of all arms were assembled and drilled together as a light infantry company, commanded by their field-officers. They were instructed in the manual of arms, company tactics, regimental manœuvres, and wound up by a ceremonious rehearsal of the part they were to play in the grand review next day.

Although this company exhibited the *élite* of our regimental splendors, glittering with tinsel and flaunting with feathers, a more heterogeneous and unsoldierly parade could scarcely be imagined. There were the elect from the mountains, who sometimes marched to the rendezvous barefoot, carrying their boots and soldier clothes in a bundle—the ambitious cobblers, tailors, and ploughboys from cross-road hamlets and remote rural districts, short, tall, fat, skinny, bow-legged, sheep-shanked, cock-eyed, hump-shouldered, and sway-backed—equipped by art as economically, awkwardly, and variously as they were endowed by

nature, uniformed in contempt of all uniformity, armed with old flint-lock muskets, horsemen's carbines, long squirrel rifles, double-barrelled shot-guns, bell-muzzled blunderbusses, with side-arms of as many different patterns, from the old dragoon sabre that had belonged to Harry Lee's Legion, to the slim basket-hilted rapier which had probably graced the thigh of some of our French allies in the Revolution. The officers of the volunteer companies, on the other hand, were generally selected for their handsome appearance and martial bearing, and shone with a certain elegance of equipment, each in the uniform pertaining to his company. There was also a sprinkling of ex-veterans of 1812, recognizable by a certain martinet precision in their deportment, and a shadow of contempt for their crude comrades, but quick to resent any extraneous comment derogatory to the service. A city dandy who undertook to ridicule the old-fashioned way in which some officers carried their swords, was silenced by the snappish reply: "Young man, I've seen the best troops of Great Britain beaten by men who carried their swords in that way."

This harlequinade of equipment, costume, and character was duly paraded twice a day, marched through the streets, and put through its manœuvres on the green common adjoining our village, much to the satisfaction of all emancipated school-boys,



EN ROUTE.

negroes, ragamuffins, idlers, tavern-keepers, and cake and beer vendors, and somewhat, perhaps, to the weariness of our Quaker element, industrious mechanics who had apprentices to manage, and busy housewives



who depended on little negroes for help. Then came the great day of days, when all vulgar industry was for the time suspended, and all hopes of domestic discipline deferred. Even the law students were constrained to close their commentaries on Blackstone, and as they met at the "bar" would learnedly observe (between a glass of whiskey and a quid of tobacco), "Inter arma silent leges."

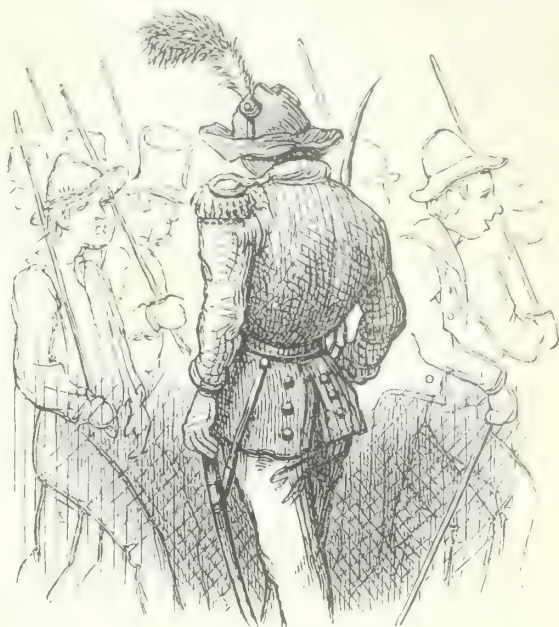
But how we school-boys leaped at the first tap of the reveille, eager for the realization of our golden dreams! How hopefully we scanned the eastern horizon for assurance of a clear day! With what miserly delight we counted over our stock of coppers, hoarded for the occasion, and calculated their equivalent in cakes, beer, and sticks of taffy! How doubtfully we considered the worn effigy of "Georgius Rex" on a coin we had found in a dirt pile, and wondered if we could pass it on old Murchart for a "gunger!" Then how we watched the dusty roads as the wild mountaineers came trooping in to swell the buzzing swarms already gathered around the taverns, groceries, and street corners! And with what sublime emotion we mingled with the crowd, saw the plumed heroes hurrying to and fro, as with ceaseless rub-a-dub-dubbing, sound of bugles, waving of banners, flashing of swords, with "the thunder of the captains and the shouting," this incoherent and refractory mob was at length marshalled into some semblance of a line of battle! Then the march afield, with its exciting accidents and incidents, several hours of tactical manœuvres, such as we might imagine Sitting Bull and staff would execute with a herd of buffaloes. Then the return of the dusty, thirsty veterans of the day's campaign, and the final resolution of martial organization into a storm of drunken anarchy and fisticuff fights. For besides the prescribed military duties, it was well understood that general muster day, being reckoned among the *dies non* in civil law, afforded the people a convenient opportunity for settling all the standing accounts, jealousies, rivalries, quarrels, horse trades, and swindles of the current year, after their own fashion; and the solution of these difficulties by whiskey and judicial combat was considered quite as satisfactory as a resort to lawyers, and far more economical. For all in all, it was a day worthy of six months' eager anticipation and six months of pleasant remembrance.

Jake Swingletree was the son of a respectable but unambitious farmer—

"a frugal swain,  
Whose only care was to increase his store,  
And keep J. S., his only son, at home."

But in due time Jake was enrolled in the militia, and shouldering his corn stalk, cheerfully marched to the field, where he acquitted himself with honor. He had carried a

militiaman's full ration of whiskey without visible perturbation, and after the muster had thrashed his lieutenant in a fair fight. These qualities of head and pluck so commended him to his comrades that, on the first vacancy, he was elected captain of the



A LIEUTENANT.

Cross-roads company. Hitherto our hero had gloried in the goad; his principal talk had been of bullocks, and his mind concentrated on making clean furrows. His native modesty (the inseparable companion of merit) might have induced him to shirk the dazzling responsibilities of the position, but Jake was in love.

Melindy was pretty and smart, and a reputed heiress. Consequently our hero had plenty of rivals. The feller that stood in the store at the Cross-roads was a mighty peart chap—spry in his dress, and notably liberal with his calico and snuff when trading with her or any of the family. The young Methodist circuit-rider, who preached there once a month, always put up at her father's, although the "old hoss" was by no means the most devout hearer of the Word nor the most urgent in his hospitality. There were divers other pretenders of inferior note, but these two our hero very justly regarded as his most formidable competitors. Store clothes and nice manners are potent allies in all enterprises against the female heart.

Jake Swingletree was leaning against a favorite ox, with his arm thrown affectionately across its broad back. The ox was ruminating. So was Jake, but upon a very different subject. "The school of the soldier is also the school of the gentleman." "Yes," he exclaimed, slapping its shining flank with an energy that made the beast wince—"yes, I'll be captain if I hev to sell Brindle to git the fixin's!"

In due time he had the Guvner's commission in his pocket, and provided the needful fixin's with a judicious regard both for show



and economy. When, at home, he first donned his new regimentals, and belted his sword on the wrong side, he began to realize the awkwardness of his position. In attending the trainings in the capacity of private he had picked up half a dozen words of command and military phrases without a clear idea of their meaning or proper application, while the study of a tactical work he had borrowed only served to muddle the little knowledge he had supposed he possessed. But mammy and his sisters declared he looked like a colonel, and that put him in heart again. So he commenced a rehearsal, uttering words of command and strutting up and down the porch with drawn sword in hand. The household stood admiring and delighted. "Now watch me do this," said the cap-

tain, his career of glory. On the appointed day the company was assembled at the Cross-roads for instruction and discipline under its new captain. We feel for raw sportsmen shivering with the buck ague, for timorous tyros and modest maidens at their first ball or presentation in society; we perspire sympathetically with juvenile orators or play-actors at their first appearance on any stage; but of all the excruciating tests to which "modest merit" can be subjected, nothing can equal the agony of a greenhorn in soldier's clothes at his first attempt to drill his company in public, in face of all the brazen loafers, giggling girls, critical exempts, and guffawing negroes usually attendant on a village parade.

The bravery of his cheerful swagger and new regimentals could hardly conceal the tremor of our hero's soul. Had it been physically possible, he would at that hour have esteemed it a mercy to have been allowed to creep into a rat-hole. But all the world was waiting, and there was Melindy standing on the store porch laughing and commenting with that impudent counter-hopper.

Love stimulates courage, and despair sometimes suggests resources. Our hero had marked among the spectators an individual past military age whose critical eye and ribald tongue he of all others most dreaded. Captain Jack was the martial celebrity of the locality. He was one of the few who could boast of having smelled gunpowder in actual service, and of having "looked in danger's Gorgon face" in



A BACKSET.

tain: "Tention, company! Advance three paces backward—march!" At the third step the captain suddenly disappeared, the last seen of him being the heels of his boots. The spectators held their breath in amazement. A heavy splash and vocal expletives of a decidedly military character were heard issuing from the open door of the cellar.

"Good gracious!" screamed the old lady, looking down, "he's fell plump into the sour-tub!"

Jake marched up the steps looking white all over and thoroughly soured.

"Why, sonny," inquired she, anxiously, "are ye hurt?"

"Go in and mind yer business," replied the captain. "What do women know about war?"

This rather mortifying backset did not cool our neophyte's martial ardor nor check

the form of a column of British grenadiers.

In 1814 he had had the luck to draw a prize in the thirty days' draft, and marched valiantly to the defense of our national capital. He had stood shoulder to shoulder with other heroes on the classic field of Bladensburg, and when the Vandal foe appeared he was one of the first to appreciate the situation, and although profoundly ignorant of Xenophon, Moreau, or other writers on conservative tactics, he instinctively initiated that masterly manœuvre whereby much precious bacon was saved to the country. Hastily divesting himself of all those enfeebling superfluities which the warlike Romans called "impedimenta"—musket, cartridge-box, knapsack, coat, and hat—he executed a retrograde march of eighty miles in twenty-four hours. Having reached his na-



tive mountains with a whole skin, he rallied his forces, and lay in ambush to surprise the enemy in case he might venture so far from his shipping.

At the end of a week the old woman who had been his acting commissary during his concealment informed him the cowardly foe had retreated, and the coast was clear. So he made a sortie from his ambush (the old woman said it was an ivy bush, but of course she knew nothing of tactics).

His term of service being by this time expired, he sheathed his sword and drew his pay, established his head-quarters at the Cross-roads, and discoursed on battles, retreats, and feats of arms and legs during the rest of his life.

His admiring and grateful fellow-loungers rewarded his services by the honorary brevet of captain, which title he adhered to with contumacious dignity. In time the captain became the recognized authority on the art of war and all questions concerning military etiquette, although his reputation for profundity on these points may have been exaggerated by the shallowness of his surroundings.

"Mais l'honneur sans argent n'est qu'une maladie."

The captain's income was limited; and as it depended mainly on the credit system and the slipshod good nature of the numerous *habitués* of the tavern, his dividends were annually becoming smaller and more precarious.

In view of the muster, the mean-spirited landlord had that morning hung a placard over his counter to this effect: "Trust is dead—Bad Pay killed him." With the instinctive delicacy of a gentleman and high sense of honor which characterizes the military profession, the captain regarded this as a base insinuation amounting to a personal insult. He stood apart gloomy, thoughtful, and tormented with a sanguinary thirst.

The grim veteran received Captain Swingletree's awkward accost with a contemptuous and discouraging glance. But the word our hero whispered in his ear acted as promptly as did the "open, sesame," of Ali Baba on the stony portals of the robbers' cave.

They walked together into the tavern, a bottle was set out, glasses clinked cordially, and words were spoken not intended for the public ear. Presently the ancient re-appeared, decorated with a red sash, and armed with a rusty sabre (the same weapon which had put to flight the British grenadiers at Bladensburg).

He was commissioned to act as adjutant, aid-de-camp, and prompter-in-chief to the commanding officer, and gave his orders in a stentorian voice, "Fall in, men—fall in! Come out of that d——d whiskey shop!—Music!"

The drum beat the "appel," the fife squeaked, the men with tumultuous hilarity took their places in line, while Captain Jack, by dint of swearing, flourishing his weapon, collaring and hauling them here



CAPTAIN JACK.

and there, at length got the company formed; then with a salute he delivered it to the captain in command, and, taking his place by his side, continued to indicate by nods, winks, and stage whispers the proper orders to follow:

"Attention! Shoulder arms; present arms; shoulder arms; order arms. Now we'll call the roll," said Captain Jack, authoritatively.

But Captain Swingletree was getting both red and restive under the undisguised prominence assumed by his subaltern, and was anxious to get his command beyond the reach of certain eyes, which he felt were critically observing the present performances. So he suddenly started on his own hook. "Right face! Forward—march!" Rub-a-dub-dub, and a rub-a-dub-dub. Away they marched like a flock of geese.

"Halt! stop! you cursed fools!" shouted the veteran, in a frenzy. "How can men march with ordered arms?"

Captain S. retorted triumphantly by calling attention to the fact: "Don't you see they're a-doing of it? Go ahead, boys." And, in truth, as the arms of the company consisted of crab sticks, corn stalks, hoe handles, grain-cradle teeth, umbrellas, and the like, the execution of the order appeared both easy and natural, and the boys went ahead.

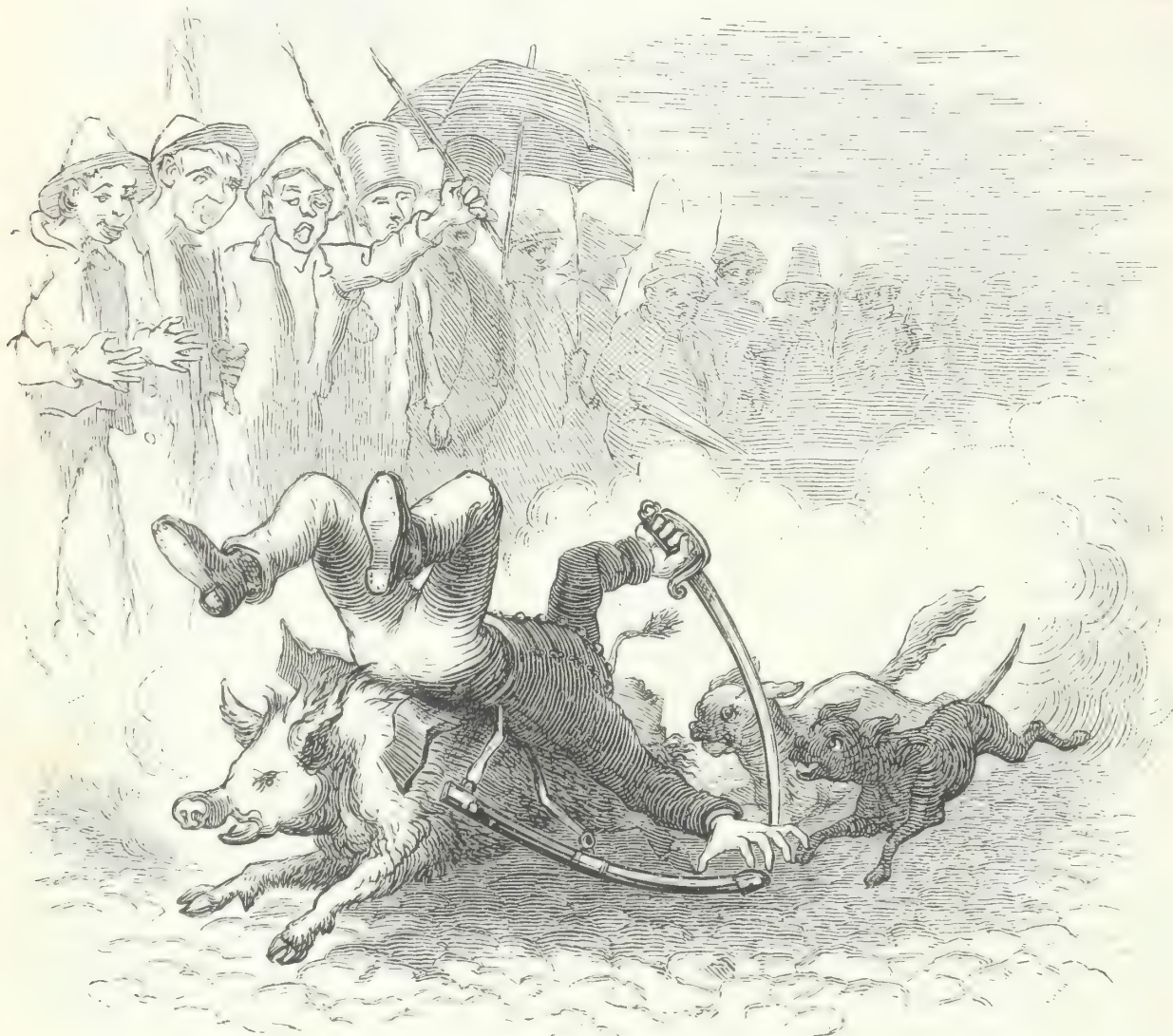
But the veteran, shocked at this outrage on tactics and open contempt of his instructions, declared he would not tarnish his military reputation by marching any longer with such a drove of jackasses.

Captain S. said he might "go dry" for aught he cared; he wasn't beholden to him. As the quarrel waxed fiercer and hotter, the company and following began to take sides with one or the other, and the whole parade soon became completely demoralized.



Just at this crisis a 300-pounder hog, set upon by some snappish dogs, ran at full speed against our hero's legs, upset him, and carried him the length of the line ere it dropped him in the dirt. This overthrow was greeted with shrieks of laughter and roars of applause. For the same mob which stares at, admires, and flatters the hero on his feet, will clap its hands and shout still louder to see his feathers trailing in the dust.

Captain Jack's early experience had taught him that "an infantry soldier's most reliable weapons were his legs," but he was getting old and stiff, and felt less confidence in his prowess in that regard. Moreover, he was alarmed at the intimation that he might "go dry." So he gathered up his commander's cast-off paraphernalia, dusted them, and obsequiously assisted in rehabilitating him in his robes of authority, at the same time



A PLEASING INCIDENT TO THE BOYS.

But Captain Swingletree was not a man to let swine run over him with impunity. Hastily regaining his feet, he unclasped his entangling belts and cast aside his silly sword; his dusty muster coat followed. Then, rolling up his shirt sleeves, he struck his fists together with frightful vehemence, and declared he could lick the whole company, single file, beginning with the adjutant. Strangely enough, while arrayed in his war panoply and armed with trenchant steel, our captain seemed so despicable a figure that the very boys laughed at him; now, in his simple manhood, flourishing the brawny arms with which nature had endowed him, he was terrible to behold. He collared the tall file-leader, who shook like a willow wand in his grasp, and without a blow the company was reformed and the mutiny quelled.

explaining his humility by an audible aside to the company: "I tell you what, boys—squally times; we'd better look out. Disrespect or resistance to an officer, you know, means a drum-head court-martial, and death, or something worse."

"But our captain will not mistake a little harmless fun for a breach of discipline."

The commanding officer was appeased, and thereafter the muster was conducted so much to the satisfaction of every body that, on the eve of dismissing the parade, Captain Jack took off his hat and proposed three cheers for Captain Swingletree.

The cheers were given with a will, and re-echoed from the following of boys and negroes, the store porch, the tavern benches, to remoter groups of spectators; by barking dogs, bellowing cattle, and gobbling turkeys, prolonged to three times three.



The fair Melindy heard these shouts with conscious blushes and fluttering heart, and from that night our hero wore a feather in his hat well worth the wearing.

To avoid the temptation of wandering away in flowery paths leading from the main highway of our subject, we here discreetly drop the curtain on the first act of our drama, and beg our complaisant audience to imagine twenty years have elapsed between this and the next paragraph.

Colonel Swingletree had become a man of substance and of family, noted for industry and thrift among the independent yeomanry of his county; yet time had in no wise abated his patriotic ardor nor his zeal in the military service. During these years he had been punctilious in his attendance on all the musters prescribed by law, and on all national high days and holidays, barbecues, funerals, and other jollifications where the military element could with propriety be introduced.

Like all distinguished careers, his had been checkered with failures and difficulties. For several successive years at the officers' training the standing committee of rowdy boys had awarded him the rusty knife as the first prize of awkwardness in the salute. His efforts to substitute "right and left wheel" instead of gee and whoa were stupidly and persistently ignored by his oxen and horses. He lost six fat pigs in a rash attempt to force his drove across a narrow foot-bridge with the order, "By the right flank; by file left—march!" But when he tried to introduce martial law in his household, he found his domestic adjutant and company of infantry more hopelessly unmanageable than all the rest of creation put together.

Yet "the world belongs to the persistent," and at length our hero received the reward of his long and faithful services, and stood upon the summit of his earthly ambition. He was elected colonel of the regiment.

Now it seemed rather provoking that as he had ascended the difficult ladder of promotion, the prestige and popularity of the service itself were going down.

The reasons therefor were various and manifold. Druggists, quarrymen, and others of a scientific turn of mind believed that percussion, gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, and the like, would make war so destructive that it would have to be abandoned alto-

gether. The general tendency of our young men to shirk useful occupations and go into the legal profession encouraged the peace societies to assert that "international and other courts of arbitration" would be established which would render wars, fist fights, and all other controversies quite unnecessary, if not impracticable. A religious re-



A FEATHER IN HIS HAT.

vival at Hard-scrabble and other portentous signs induced some to hope the millennium would dawn upon the world before the Governor got another chance to order out the militia.

Then the Mexican war yielded its crop of romantic heroes, whose blood-stained laurels quite overshadowed the peaceful honors of our homespun warriors. In short, that overgrown baby, the Public, was getting tired of its cheap bauble, and wanted something more costly. So they wrote against it in the newspapers, spoke against it in public assemblies, ridiculed that respectable "bull-work of a free State" by abominable travesties which paraded the streets to the delight of the negroes, wags, and rowdies. The militiamen themselves elected Captain Bobadils and Colonel Plucks to command them, then turned their officers into ridicule, and mutinously pelted them with apple cores, clods, and other ignominious missiles plentiful enough on the cow pastures where they held their parades.

A zeal less fervent or a feebler spirit might have quailed before these adverse signs of the times; but our hero entered the field with a determination to redeem the decaying prestige of the service, and raise it again to the level of his own ambition. On his face the proud motto of "Vic-



tory or Death" might be easily read by the dullest physiognomist. He spent half a year's income in fitting himself out for the occasion. Never had a sash of such silken redness, a feather so tall and gracefully waving, epaulets of such dazzling splendor, a sword so richly hilted and scabbarded, appeared at the officers' parade of the old Sixty-seventh.

Owing partly to the fame of the new colonel, but chiefly to his indefatigable personal urgency, the turn-out was larger and better equipped than had been seen for a number of years.

The oldest captain, acting as adjutant, had formed the parade, brought it to a "pre-

commander backward and forward as their efforts alternately prevailed; but the more they pulled and the more the crowd laughed, shouted, and advised, the more inextricably inextricable was the case in hand. At length, with one mighty pull all together, the colonel was lifted off his feet and rolled in the dust.

"Stop, you pesky fools!" he exclaimed, "I forgot about that patent fixin'." So, rising like Antæus from the earth, he pressed a spring just under the guard, and, lo!

"The mighty brand  
Leaped into his hand."

The crowd gave three cheers, the music struck up, and the troops marched gallantly away.

From the day that Jake Swingletree had carried a corn stalk as private at the regimental muster his aspiration had been to ride as colonel of the old Sixty-seventh. That day had at length dawned, and promised a brilliant realization of our hero's long-cherished wishes. But, as usual, one thing was wanting. It was a cavalry escort. The old regulation company of horse had worn out its uniforms and disbanded in disgust some years before; and on this, the opportunity of his life, how could our colonel agree to resign this essential complement to all his martial glory? He declared the muster should be dismissed and go home; he wouldn't appear on the streets without an escort. To avert so



THE SALUTE.

sent arms," and stood with his sword at a salute.

The colonel acknowledged the compliment with a haughty air, advanced to take command, and seized the hilt of his sword with a rattling flourish which would have done honor to a French fencing-master. The movement was a failure, and the sword didn't appear. He tugged again and again, and the harder he pulled the harder it stuck in the scabbard.

At once the obsequiousness of human nature toward all bedecked and betitled greatness manifested itself. Twenty spectators and half the parade rushed forward to offer assistance. The lucky parties were an old negro and a 'prentice boy, who respectively seized the hilt and point of the scabbard, while the colonel straddled the insubordinate weapon, and held it firmly between his knees. The eager volunteers worried like two dogs at a bone, dragging the enraged

appalling a catastrophe his aids bestirred themselves, and in half an hour a full squadron of mounted volunteers was drawn up in front of the colonel's quarters.

Reviewing them through a window, he saw the company was composed of farmers' boys, dressed rough and hap-hazard, but good horsemen, and fairly mounted; and about every other animal was followed by a sucking colt.

This was undignified and decidedly unmilitary. The colonel said it wouldn't do. His indefatigable staff cleared the parade, and hived the colts in a vacant lot hard by. Pleased with the alacrity with which his commands had been obeyed, the colonel emerged like the sun from behind a cloud, mounted his impatient war steed, and "parted like a thunder-bolt," followed by his clattering troop.

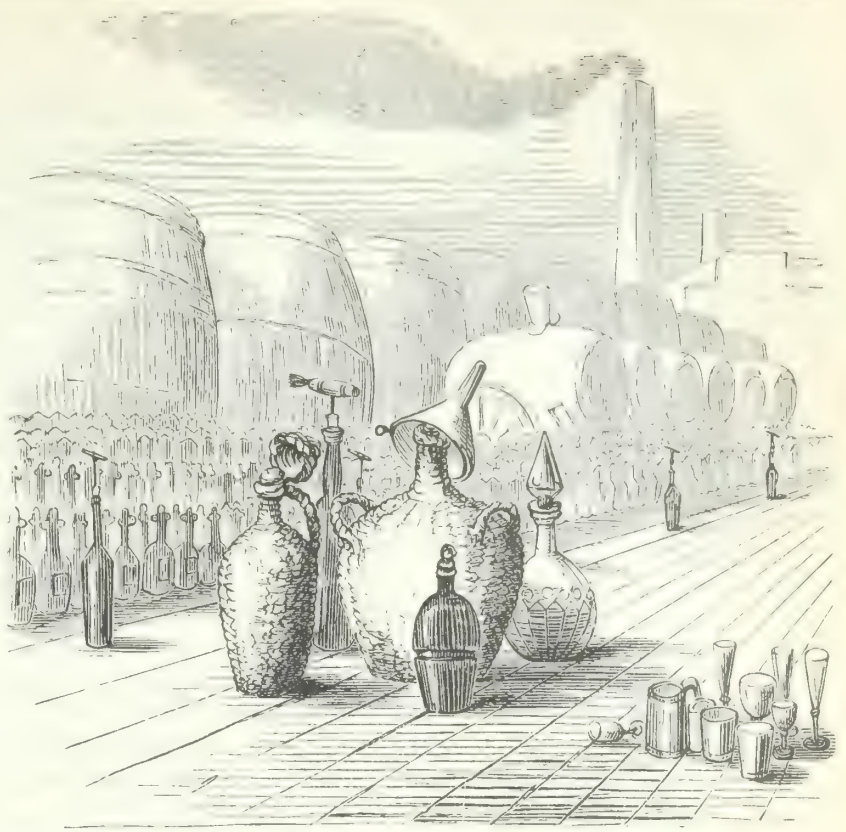
"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."



His appearance on the field was a stunning success, while the manœuvres and grand review which followed, we may safely assert, were never surpassed by any thing in that line before or since. After about four hours' steady marching and drilling, the regiment was formed in a hollow square, facing inward, and inclosing the colonel, staff, and escort. Commanding "Attention, regiment!" in a voice worthy of the occasion, the colonel took off his hat, wiped his dusty brow, and began a speech which he had conned over for a month beforehand.

"Fellow-soldiers!" said he—then hemmed and hawed and perspired in an agony of impotence. He couldn't remember what came next. "Attention, fellow-soldiers!"

and he smote his empty forehead in vain. At that moment a sound of rushing feet and a whirlwind of dust swept across the field, moving directly on the colonel's position. His military instinct was alert and equal to the emergency, and he shouted in trumpet tones, "Right about face! Prepare to receive cavalry! Charge bagnets!" But the feeble ranks broke and scattered like chaff before the rush of the Light Brigade. The colts had got loose, and their arrival raised such a storm of whinnying, screaming, and horse laughter that the colonel was obliged to dismiss the escort for refreshment.



THE ENEMY.

Recovering his equanimity, he then turned to the regiment. "Soldiers, I was going to make you a speech, but with all this noise and foolishness I lost it out of my head. All I've got to say now is—up in that big booth are two barrels of whiskey for you to drink your colonel's health. About face! The enemy is before you! Charge!" Never was an order executed with greater alacrity. The booth was carried gallantly, and the slaughter immense. Your educated martinet might remark, "C'était magnifique, mais ce n'était pas la guerre."

Very well, Sir Cynic. Who ever said it was?





## JUGGERNAUT.

IN times so old as to antedate all human records, yet so new as to be only yesterday in the history of the globe, the waves of the Bay of Bengal dashed against the foot of a range of hills which extended, fold upon fold, far inland. From these uplands issued two great rivers, bringing down every hour burdens of earth and sand washed away from a thousand mountain-peaks and hill-sides. This earth and sand, deposited upon the shore, slowly formed itself into dry land, encroaching more and more upon the waters of the bay, until a strip of alluvial land has been formed, 150 miles long, with an average width of 50 miles, sometimes greater, and sometimes diminishing to a narrow beach. This strip of alluvial territory is the province of Orissa, which fell into the hands of the British in 1803. It is divided into three districts, Puri, Cuttack, and Balasor, having an area of 7723 square miles, a little less than that of the State of New Jersey, with a population in 1870 of 2,119,192, being 274 to the square mile. The density of the population is about half-way between that of England (347 to the square mile) and France (177 to the square mile). The region is naturally a poor one. Rice is its main production, and the chief food of its inhabitants. In good years the product of food is adequate for the population, but at intervals of a few years a drought causes a famine. In the great famine which occurred in 1866, fully a third of the people died of starvation. Besides the three districts above named, nineteen tributary states are generally included in Orissa. These have an area of 16,184 square miles, and a population of a little more than 1,000,000. So that in the widest sense Orissa is about half as large as the State of Pennsylvania, and has nearly as many inhabitants.

The sandy strip which constitutes Orissa Proper is the sacred land of the Hindoos. It is the land of pilgrimage for all sects and faiths. For more than 2000 years the sacred city of Puri, the abode of Juggernaut, has been to them more than Mecca is to the Mohammedans, or than Jerusalem was to the Christians. The city contains only about 25,000 inhabitants; but every year the temple of Juggernaut is visited by 300,000 pilgrims from every part of India. At the festival in June or July there are regularly 90,000.

Juggernaut—properly Jagannáth, “the Lord of the World,” an incarnation of Vishnu—is of comparatively modern date as the deity worshipped in Orissa. His first historical appearance was in the year 318 A.D.; but the legends respecting him go back for millions of years, running thus:

Far back in the golden age the great King

Indradyumna ruled at Malwa. Vishnu, the Preserver, had vanished from the earth, and the king sent Brahmans in every direction to find the deity. Those who went to the north and the east and the west came back with no tidings. The one sent to the south returned not. He had journeyed through the great jungle till he came to Orissa. There he became the guest of Básu, a fowler of the wilderness, who, thinking it a great honor to have a Brahman in his tribe, gave him his daughter for wife, and detained him in honorable captivity. Básu was a servant of Jagannáth, and daily went into the jungle to offer fruits and flowers to his god. The Brahman at length prevailed upon his father-in-law to conduct him to the holy place. His eyes were blindfolded as he went. When they were uncovered he beheld the deity in the form of a shapeless mass of blue stone lying at the foot of the sacred fig-tree. Básu went away to gather flowers, when a voice from heaven fell upon the ears of the Brahman: “Go and carry to thy king the good news that thou hast found the Lord of the World.” The fowler came back with his offering of fruits and flowers; but the deity did not, as was his wont, appear to receive them; only a voice was heard, saying, “Oh, faithful servant, I am wearied of thy jungle fruits and flowers, and crave for cooked rice and sweetmeats. No longer shalt thou see me in the form of thy blue god. Hereafter I shall be known as Jagannáth, the Lord of the World.”

The Brahman returned to Malwa with the good tidings that he had found the Lord of the World. King Indradyumna gathered an army of 1,300,000 footmen, and wood-cutters without number to hew a way through the vast jungle. After journeying eight hundred miles they came to the spot, and beheld the blue stone under the sacred fig-tree. The monarch's heart swelled with pride. “Who is like unto me,” he said, “whom the Lord of the World has chosen to build his temple?” A voice from the sky replied, “O king! thou shalt indeed build my temple, but me thou shalt not behold. When it is finished, then shalt thou seek anew for thy god.” Then the blue stone vanished forever from the earth. The king built the temple, and it was consecrated by Brahmá.

We have not space to give more than an outline of the steps by which the worship of Vishnu, the Preserver, has in Orissa, and so to a great extent throughout India, superseded the worship of Siva, the Destroyer. “In the twelfth century,” says Mr. Hunter,\* “a curious movement began. Vishnuism

\* *Orissa*. By W. W. HUNTER: London, 1872. Vol. i, p. 89 *et seq.*



began to throw itself upon the people. Sivaism had enlisted their ignorant terrors; Vishnuism was soon to appeal to the eternal instinct of human liberty and equality. The first stirring of the waters commenced in Southern India. There Rámánuja, about 1150 A.D., persecuted from city to city, proclaimed the unity of God under the title of Vishnu, the cause and the creator of all. The preacher made converts from every class, but it was reserved for his successors formally to enunciate equality of caste before God as an article of the Vishnuvite faith."

In the mean time the great temple of Jagannáth was built. In 1174 King Anang Bhim Deo ascended the throne of Orissa, his kingdom extending from the Hooghly to the Godavery, from the forests of Sonpur to the Bay of Bengal. But in the height of his greatness he had the mishap to kill a Brahman, and the rest of his life was devoted to the expiation of his guilt. Tradition doubtless greatly exaggerates his works of penitence. He is said to have built 60 stone temples, bridged 10 broad rivers, dug 40 great wells, constructed 152 flights of stairs on river-banks, founded 450 colonies of Brahmans, and excavated 1,000,000 water-tanks. To him appeared the Lord Jagannáth in a dream, and commanded him to journey to the sands of Puri, and there to call upon his name. He devoted all his treasures to the erection and endowment of the great temple, which was completed in 1198, having occupied fourteen years in building. The reformation begun by Rámánand was carried on by his successors, and reached the sands of Puri about the end of the fourteenth century. Kabir, one of the twelve disciples of Rámánand, undertook to gather into one fold all the people of India, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan. He taught not merely the unity of God, but the oneness of all the gods. Allah and Brahma and Siva were all one, and that one was Vishnu, whose universal name was "The Inner." Kabir anticipated almost the words of Pope's "Universal Prayer:"

"Father of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

"If the Creator dwell in tabernacles," says Kabir, "whose dwelling is the universe? The city of the Hindoo god is to the east, the city of the Mussulman god to the west; but explore your own heart, for there is the God both of the Mussulmans and of the Hindoos. Behold but One in all things. He to whom the world belongs, he is the father of the worshippers alike of Alí and of Ráma. He is my guide; he is my priest."

The moral code of Kabir is as beautiful as his doctrine. Virtue consists in truthfulness, humanity, retirement, and obedience to one's spiritual guide. Among the five

thousand sákhís or proverbs of Kabir are some that have a strangely familiar sound: "When the master is blind, what is to become of the scholar?" "When the blind leads the blind, both will fall into the well." "In the heart where truth abides, there dwells God." All classes and creeds and castes of India claim Kabir as sprung from them. At his death, so runs the legend, both Mussulmans and Hindoos claimed the body, to be disposed of according to their respective rites. One wished to bury it, the other to burn it. While they were wrangling over the corpse, Kabir himself appeared, and commanding them to look under the shroud, suddenly vanished from before their eyes. They looked, and saw only a heap of beautiful flowers. One-half was given to the Hindoos, by whom it was burned; the other half was buried in the Mussulman monastery at Puri; and to this day the pilgrims from Upper India beg a spoonful of rice water from that monastery.

The labors of Kabir are placed between 1380 and 1420 A.D. The next great preacher was Chaitanya, who was born in 1485. His birth was miraculous, and his life attended with signs and wonders. For twelve years he labored to extend the worship of Jagannáth, and then vanished from earth at the age of forty-two. His cardinal doctrine was that all men are capable of faith, and that by faith all castes become equally pure. In reading his writings one might fancy himself going over the pages of Madame Guyon. He tries to mark out the steps through which the human spirit must pass to attain a perfect communion with God. The first is *Sánti*, indifference to the world; then come *Dásya*, the active service of God; *Sákhya*, personal friendship for the Deity; *Vátsalya*, tender affection for Him, like that of a child for its parent; and lastly, *Mádhurya*, a passionate love. Chaitanya is the apostle of the common people of Orissa. There are in the province five hundred temples devoted to the joint worship of him and of Vishnu, of which three hundred are in the most sacred district of Puri.

Orissa has for twenty centuries been the holy land of the Hindoos. Its Sanskrit name, *Utkala-désa*, signifies "the Glorious Country." It is "the land that taketh away sin," "the realm established by the gods." "Its happy inhabitants live secure of a reception into the world of spirits; and even those who visit it, and bathe in its sacred rivers, obtain remission of their sins, though they may weigh like mountains." Orissa is divided into four great regions of pilgrimage. From the moment the pilgrim passes the Baitarani River, a hundred miles from Puri, he treads on holy ground. Behind him lies the world with all its cares; before him spreads the promised land, the place of preparation for heaven. On crossing the stream he enters



Jáipur, the City of Sacrifice, sacred to Párváte, the wife of the all-destroying Siva. To the southeast is the region of pilgrimage sacred to the sun, now scarcely visited. To the southwest is the region sacred to Siva, with its city of temples, which once numbered seven thousand, grouped around the holy lake. Beyond this, nearly due south, is the region of pilgrimage beloved of Vishnu, known to every hamlet throughout India, and to every civilized people upon earth, as the abode of Jagannáth, the Lord of the World. Every town is filled with temples;

leaf, until the men have gone into the field, and then makes a round of visits among the women. He works alike upon their hopes and fears, their piety and their folly. The older ones long to look upon the face of the merciful god who will remit the sins of a life. The younger ones are allured by the prospect of a journey through strange lands. Widows catch at any thing to relieve the tedium of their blighted existence; childless wives long to pick up the berries from the child-giving banyan which grows in the sacred inclosure. In a few days the mission-



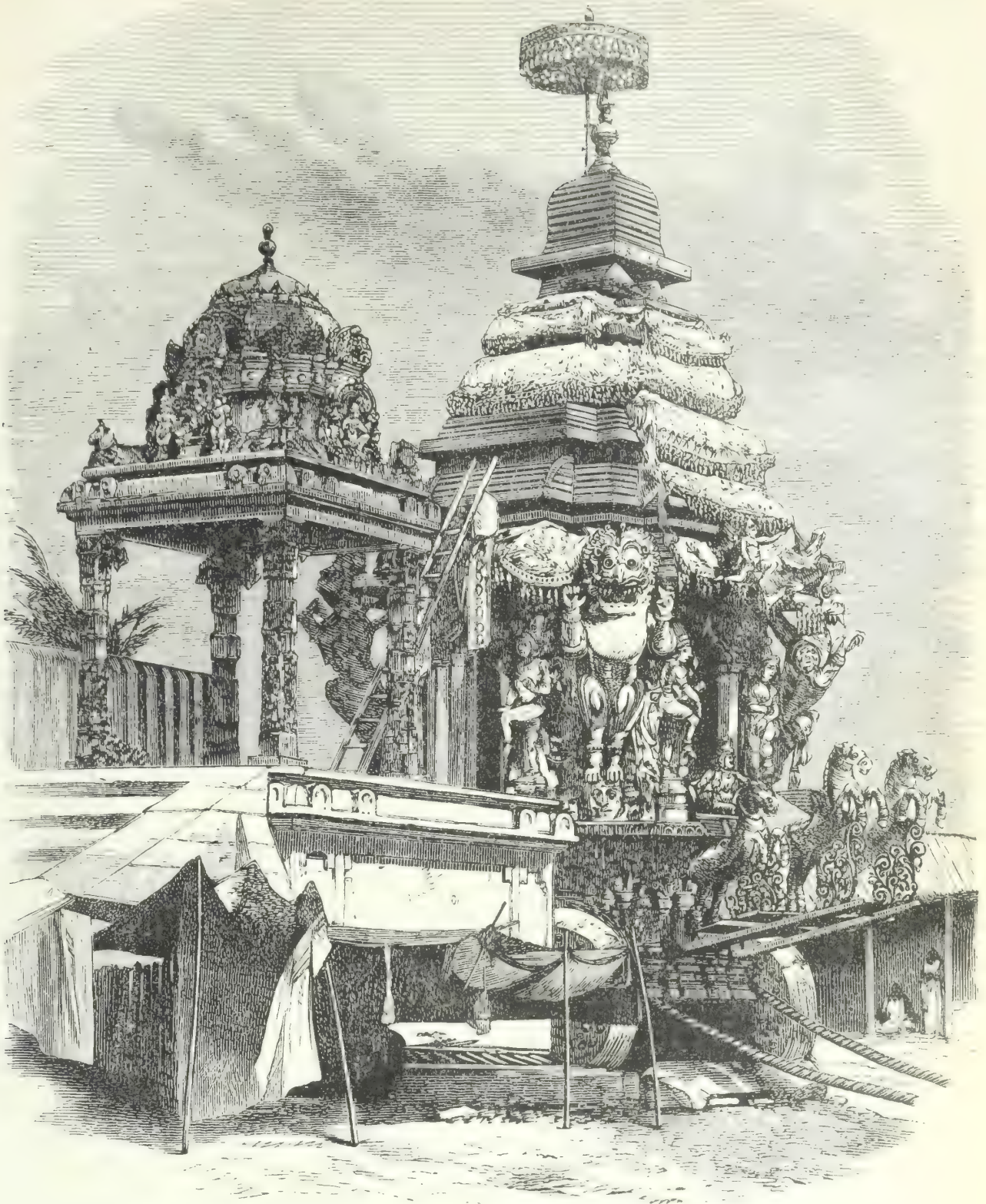
TEMPLE OF SIVA.

every village has its monastery; every hill-top far up the mountain-sides is crowned with a shrine.

Mr. Hunter gives a vivid picture of these pilgrimages. Day and night, through every month of the year, troops of devotees arrive at Puri, and for three hundred miles along the great Orissa road every village has its encampment. At the time of the great festivals the bands follow so closely that they form a continuous procession miles upon miles in length. They march in orderly companies, each under its leader or guide. These guides may properly be called the missionaries of Jagannáth. About six thousand of them are attached to the temple from which they take their departure for every section of the country. The arrival of one of these pilgrim-hunters is a memorable event in the still life of a Hindoo village. He is known by his half-shaven head, coarse tunic, knapsack, and palm-leaf umbrella. He waits, patiently chewing his narcotic

ary has picked up a band of pilgrims. Fully nine out of ten are women, and when the bands come together on the great Orissa road they present a motley spectacle. Here are a company of white-clothed, slender women from Lower Bengal, limping wearily along. Next a train, clad in bright red or blue, with noses pierced with rings, trudges stoutly forward: they are the rugged peasantry of Northern India. Now and then is a lady from near Delhi, ambling along upon a little pony, while her husband walks by her side. A bullock cart creaks past upon its wooden wheels. A long train of palanquins conveys a Calcutta banker and his family. Sometimes there is a great north country rajah, with a whole caravan of elephants, camels, and horses. But ninety-five out of a hundred of the pilgrims are on foot. Mingled with all are devotees of every sort, some covered with ashes, some nearly naked, with matted hair stained yellow. Almost all have their foreheads streaked with red





TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

and white paint, a string of beads around their necks, and a stout staff in their hands.

So this great spiritual army marches hundreds of miles along burning roads, across unbridged rivers, through pestilent jungles and swamps. Many perish by the way; all are weary and foot-sore. But no sooner are they within sight of the holy city than all the miseries of the journey are forgotten. They hurry across the ancient bridge with shouts and songs, and rush to one of the great artificial lakes and plunge beneath the sacred waters. The dirty bundles which they have carried all the long way are opened, and

yield forth their treasures of spotless cotton, and the pilgrims, refreshed and cleanly clad, proceed to the temple to partake of the sacred rice which has been cooked within its walls—that sacred rice for which the Lord of the World longed in his old jungle home, and of which he now partakes four times a day in his temple.

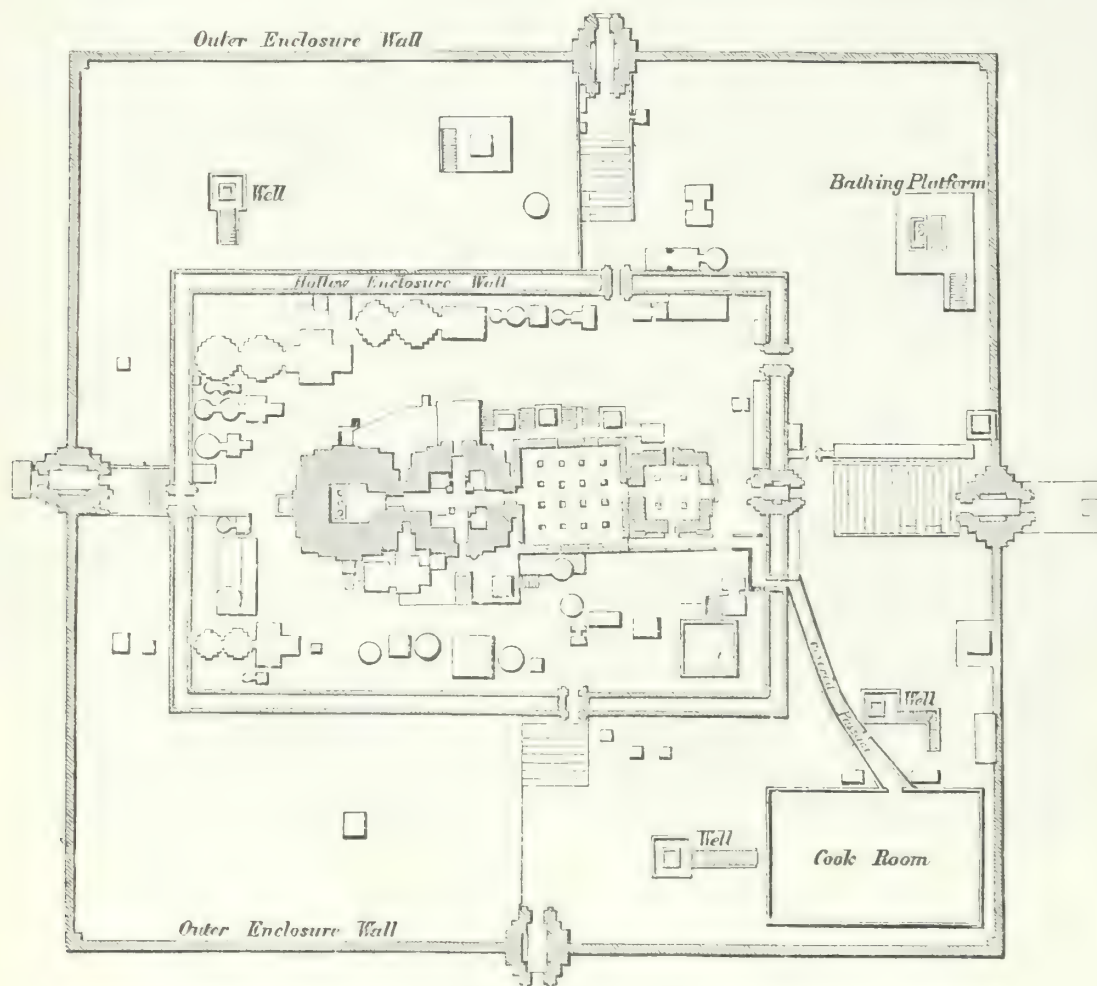
The sacred inclosure is nearly in the form of a square, 652 feet long by 630 wide, surrounded by a massive stone wall. Within it are 120 temples dedicated to the various forms in which the Hindoo mind has imagined its deity. Among these are about a



score dedicated to Siva and his wife, and one to the sun. The central and chief pagoda is that of Jagannáth. Its tower, rising like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf, black with time, to the height of 192 feet, is surmounted by the mystic wheel and flag of Vishnu. In front of the main entrance is an exquisite pillar, the shaft of a single stone, forty-five feet high. It is of pentagonal form, and is beyond all doubt the most graceful monumental column ever raised by man. The temple consists of four halls opening into each other. The first is the Hall of Offering, where the bulkier oblations are made. The second is the pillared hall for the musicians and dancing-girls. The third is the Hall of Audience, where the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the god. The fourth, beneath the lofty tower, is the Sanctuary, wherein in jewelled state are seated Jagannáth, his brother Balabhadra, and his sister

ceremonies at special seasons of the year. The offerings are only fruits, flowers, and simple articles of food, such as rice, pulse, butter, milk, salt, vegetables, cocoa-nuts, and ginger, which are offered up to the images, and then eaten by the priests. The entire value of them is put down at £4 8s. 4d. a day, or £1572 a year. Four times a day the gates are closed while the god is at his meals, attended by a few of his most favored servants. At the door stand a group of ascetics singing his praises, while in the pillared hall the dancing-girls amuse him with voluptuous gyrations.

Contrary to what has been almost uniformly asserted, the worship of Jagannáth is absolutely bloodless. The spilling of blood in any way pollutes the whole edifice, and a special troop of servants is at hand to remove any sacrificial food which may have been thus profaned. Yet so catholic is Vish-



PLAN OF TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

Subhadrá. The images are rude logs coarsely fashioned from the waist up in human form—the same carved by Vishnu himself. On certain festivals golden hands are fastened to the short stumps which project from the shoulders of Jagannáth. The priests give a spiritual significance to the lack of limbs. "The Lord of the World," they say, "needs neither hands nor feet to work his purposes among men."

The service of the temple consists of a daily round of oblations, and of sumptuous

nuism to all forms of belief that within the sacred inclosure is a temple to Bimalá, one of the wives of Siva, who is worshipped with midnight orgies and bloody sacrifices. But various obscenities have crept into the system, some of which rival the lascivious mysteries of ancient Babylon. Mr. Hunter calculates that the annual revenue of the temple and abbeys amounts to £68,000.

There are twenty-four high festivals in the year, each occupying several days, or even weeks. At the Red Powder Festival,



occurring about Easter, and lasting three weeks, a boat procession is formed on the sacred lake. At the Bathing Festival the images are brought down to the lake, and a proboscis is fastened to their noses, so as to give them the appearance of Ganesa, the elephant-god of the aboriginal tribes. But the Car Festival is the great event of the religious year. This falls in the month of June or July, according as the months of the Hindoo calendar fall. Its object is to convey Jagannáth, with his brother and sister, from the temple to his country house, a mile distant.

For weeks before the time, the pilgrims come trooping to Puri at the rate of thousands a day. The great car has been slowly building; by this time it has reached its full height of forty-five feet. The temple cooks have made their calculations for feeding 90,000 mouths; for the doctrine is studiously inculcated that no food must be cooked except in the temple kitchen. Each image has a separate car. That of Jagannáth is thirty-five feet square, with wheels sixteen feet in diameter; the others are smaller. When the sacred images are placed in their chariots, the multitude fall on their knees and bow their foreheads in the dust. Then they lay hold of the ropes, and drag the heavy cars down the broad street. Before and behind drums beat and cymbals clash, while from the cars the priests shout, harangue, and sing songs, not always of the most decent character, which are received with shouts and roars of laughter. And so the dense mass, tugging, sweating, singing, praying, and swearing, drag the cars slowly along. The journey is but a mile, yet it takes several days to accomplish it. Once arrived at the country house, the enthusiasm of the pilgrims subsides. They drop exhausted upon the burning sand, or block up the lanes with their prostrate bodies. When they have slept off their fatigue, they rise refreshed, and ready for another of the strong excitements of the religious season. Lord Jagannáth is left to get back to the temple as best he may. He would never do this but for the aid of the professional pullers, a special body of 4200 peasants of the neighboring region.

All this is bad enough. But the story, so often repeated, of "thousands of pilgrims sacrificing their lives in the hope of attaining eternal bliss by throwing themselves under the wheels of the chariot," appears to be a sheer fabrication. Mr. Hunter says:

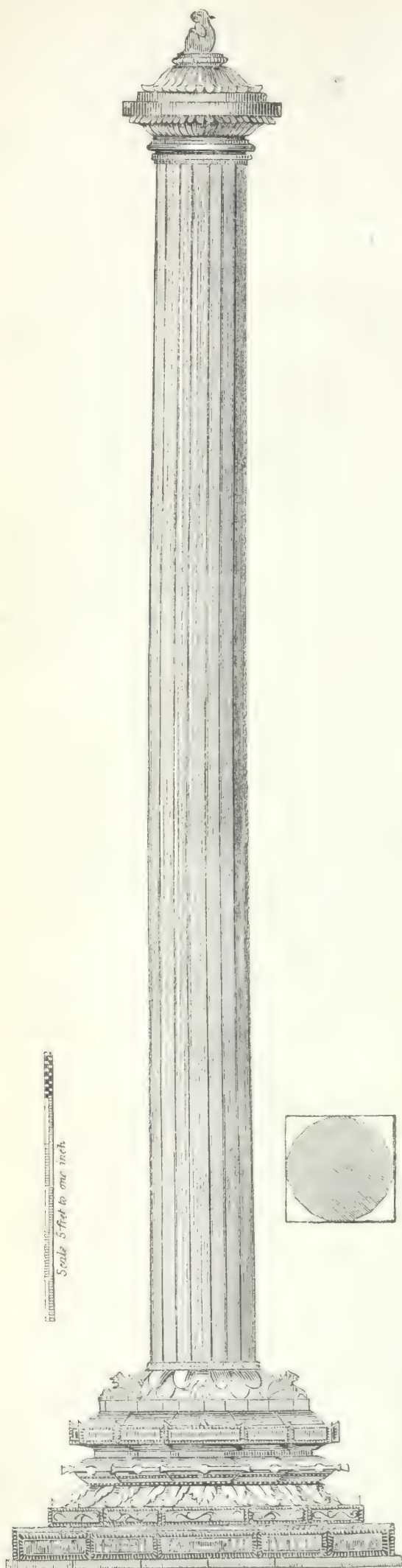
"In a closely packed, eager throng of a hundred thousand men and women, many of them unaccustomed to exposure or hard labor, and all of them tugging and straining to the utmost under the blazing tropical sun, deaths must occasionally occur. There have, doubtless, been instances of pilgrims throwing themselves under the wheels in a frenzy of religious excitement. But such

instances have always been rare, and are now unknown. At one time several unhappy people were killed or injured every year, but they were almost invariably cases of accidental trampling. The few suicides that did occur were for the most part cases of diseased and miserable persons, who took this means to put themselves out of pain. The official returns put this beyond doubt. Indeed, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Vishnu worship than self-immolation."

But in another aspect the victims of Jagannáth far exceed the numbers ascribed to them by fiction. Puri is, perhaps, the filthiest city on earth. It contains 6363 houses, and a resident population of about 25,000. But there are often 90,000 strangers at a time who must have lodgings. At certain seasons of the year the pilgrims sleep out-of-doors. In dry weather the streets of Puri look like a great encampment destitute of tents. The spiritual army slumbers in regiments and battalions. The same cotton garment which they wear by day serves to wrap them from head to foot at night. The soaking dews are unwholesome enough, but as long as the people can spend the night outside, some check exists to the overcrowding of pilgrims. But the Car Festival, the great ceremony of the year, falls at the beginning of the rainy season, when the water pours down in almost solid sheets. Every lane and alley becomes a torrent or a stinking canal. The pilgrims must seek the lodging-houses, and five houses out of six are lodging-houses, compared with which our poorest tenement-houses are palaces of health and comfort. The situation of Puri, on a low level, cut off from the sea by sandy ridges, renders drainage difficult. Every house is built on a mud platform about four feet high. In the centre of the platform is a drain which receives the filth of the household, and discharges it in the form of a black fetid ooze into the street. The mud platform becomes in time soaked through with this pestiferous slime. In many cases a deep open cess-pool is sunk in the centre, and the wretched inmates eat and sleep around this perennial fountain of death. As a rule, the houses consist of two or three cells opening into each other, without so much as a window, or any ventilation through the roof. And this in a country where for seven months of the year the thermometer ranges from 85° to 105°. One can imagine the stench which must pervade a city of 6000 houses, of which 5000 are of just this kind.

One of the most beautiful features of pilgrim institutions in Puri also becomes a means of death. This is the almost sacramental ceremony of eating the sacred rice. Portions of cooked rice are sanctified by being brought into the presence of Jagannáth. This food is so holy that it wipes away all distinctions of caste or sect. The





SUN PILLAR AT ORISSA.

highest may eat it with the lowest. A priest will not refuse it from a Christian. This is the common food of all pilgrims. When freshly cooked, it is not unwholesome; but only a small part of it is eaten fresh, and not a grain of it must be thrown away. In twenty-four hours putrefactive fermentation sets in, and in forty-eight hours it becomes a loathsome mass of putrid matter unfit for human use—dangerous to a person in robust health, and deadly to the wayworn pilgrims.

What wonder that the cholera makes its regular appearance! And even when the disease does not become epidemic the mortality is fearful, especially on the return journey. The estimates of the number of deaths among the pilgrims to Jagannáth vary from 12,000 to 50,000 a year.

Many reasons may be assigned for the tenacious hold which the worship of Jagannáth has for so long maintained over the Hindoo race, especially among the lower castes. Foremost of all is the fact that he is the god of the people. His missionaries penetrate to every hamlet of Hindostan, preaching the great central doctrine of the holy food. As long as his towers rise from the distant sands of Orissa, there will be a perpetual and visible protest of the equality of all men before God. The poorest outcast knows that there is a city far away in which high and low eat together. In his own village, if he touches the garment of a man of good caste, he has committed a crime. In Southern India, by the old law, no one of the degraded class might enter a village before nine in the morning or after four in the evening, lest the slanting rays of the sun should cast his shadow upon the path of a Brahman. But in the presence of the Lord of the World, Brahman and Pariah are equal. What wonder, then, that the name of Jagannáth draws pilgrims from a hundred provinces to visit his shrine—that they should long to gaze upon the places where he has dwelt, halt beneath the trees which have overshadowed him, and bathe in the waters which have laved his incarnate frame!

It is not a little strange that the great revivals of Vishnuvism in Hindostan coincide almost exactly in time with the great modern revivals in Christendom. Kabir was contemporary with John Huss, Chaitanya with Luther. Nor has the influence of the Hindoo reformers been less extensive than that of the German. Who shall dare affirm that a people capable of being converted in a generation from Sivaism to Vishnuvism may not in some generation, perhaps not far distant, be converted from Vishnuvism to Christianity?

"The ascending Day-star, with a bolder eye,  
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn;  
But not for that, if wise, shall we decry  
The spots and struggles of their timid Dawn,  
Lest so we tempt the coming Noon to scorn  
The clouds and painted shadows of our Morn."



## A FIRST WEEK IN ENGLAND.



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE, CHESTER.

**I**T is astonishing what a vast amount of rational enjoyment may be extracted from seven days; how they may be made to compensate for the untold miseries of a long sea-voyage, and, in fact, may obliterate even the remembrance of the pain and suffering, fears and terrors, which one endures while tossing among storms and fogs at the mercy of the winds.

It was wise in Dr. Johnson to advise men to see England thoroughly before seeking the antiquities of older countries. It is not only a better education for the mind, but gives a fuller appreciation of those historic associations which are modern compared with Rome and the Eastern world. Men

who have seen the Coliseum, the Acropolis, the Pyramids, and the ruins of Baalbec have quite worn off that freshness of enthusiastic feeling which is at first aroused by the old stones of England.

In Chester are Roman walls, Saxon remains, a Norman fortress, and an ancient cathedral, each bearing the impress of its builders' hands, and each preserving individual memories of the marked phases of England's national life. The Roman walls in Italy tell a story widely different from the same great structure in this outpost of her once gigantic empire; and the Saxon gateway and Norman tower guarding the entrance to the Dee, inclose a fragment of history of far greater interest to us of English descent than the ancient ruins on the banks of the Elbe and the Seine. Here, too, are pictures of delicious and magic beauty; and if one is an enthusiastic loyalist, with an admiration for the martyred Stuart, he may stand on the old ivy-grown Water Tower, above the Roman gate, from which that monarch watched the defeat of his army on the plain below; and from there he will see a valley of peace—a rich green fertile vale, through which the silver Dee winds its graceful lines—the same quiet stream as when, centuries ago, the Saxon Edgar was rowed in great magnificence up to the old monastery gate by his eight royal rowers. From this same grand look-out, if the day is clear, the eye may gather up pictures of the Clywiddian, "Mother of Hills," and the far-off misty mountains of Wales; while near, and in the same range of vision, stands the melancholy old tower of St. John's, look-

ing dark and gloomy in its decayed grandeur. Within the Roman walls antiquated buildings nestle close to each other with that kind of mutual protection which seems to tell of a long life together. Their architecture dates back many centuries, and the rows and galleries, supported by old oaken pillars, lean forward with a tired, worn-out air, and give one a sensation of falling beams and rafters, until we remember they have stood in this attitude for hundreds of years, and many hundreds more may pass over them without removing the heavy stone walls and solid masonry. Coming from a new country where houses are often flimsily built, and where homes scarcely



bear the date of half a century, every thing in Chester seems grandly and substantially old. Walking in and out among the rectangular streets and narrow ways, one comes upon the ancient churches, gray and ivy-grown, and which, even after the weather beatings of centuries, look like the everlasting hills, so still and quiet and

umns or piers at irregular distances." Our illustration (taken from Rimmer's book) represents those outside the city, which differ from those inside in that they resemble similar structures at Berne, Totness, and other places.

After Chester that which was most captivating in our touring plan was the old castle of Ludlow. The

The intervening country is full of interest, and takes in Shrewsbury, that place of past grandeur and princely memories, with its ancient Uriconium, its Shakspearean associations of Falstaff's ragged crew, its hard-fought battle-fields, and heroic deeds of Harry Hotspur and young Prince Hal. The ride, too, is charming, skirting as it does the territory of Wales, with its boundary of dark, rugged mountains, from which the misty head of Snowdon rises into the low clouds. Even the windows of a railway carriage afford one glimpses of the many valleys and narrow passes



OLD HOUSES IN CHESTER.

immovable. Chester seems to hoard her antiquities with a love which defies the modern spirit of destructiveness, and the innovations upon manners, customs, and styles are so rare, there is about the place a certain picturesqueness which is quite obliterated in those parts of England where the associations of the past have been destroyed by the spirit of progress. The longer one remains here, the more does it seem that certain customs now prevailing might have had their origin in the days of the Romans, and we would not be much surprised to see the form of an ancient Briton pass slowly and gloomily under the crumbling walls of his Roman conqueror.

The distinguishing feature of Chester is "The Rows." "These," says Alfred Rimmer, in his *Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England*, "are long, covered arcades of unknown origin and antiquity. In familiar language, they resemble such a space as would be formed by removing the story over the ground-floor of a row of buildings through the entire length of the street, and supporting the upper chambers with col-

which wind between the steep hills, and give inspiring views of the secluded dells, shady groves, and sweet hermit-like lodges of the Vale of Llangollen.

From Shrewsbury to Ludlow the road passes through the Golden Valley of Shropshire, which is a part of the pastoral and harvest land of England. It is bounded on one side by the famed hills of Church Stretton, with whose downs of living green those who know rural England have long ago been made familiar; but no one can understand that tender color of a sloping down until he has seen, on an English afternoon, the cool shadows of uneven clouds break in upon the rich golden sunlight. The whole interest of Ludlow centres in the old castle; not, perhaps, because of its associations with Prince Arthur and Queen Catharine, or that it stood sieges by King Stephen or Simon de Montfort, or that in one of its old turrets Butler wrote cantos of his satirical and many-colored "Hudibras," but because it was the birth-place of the immortal Milton's "Comus"—that long dream of musical melodies and magical loveliness, the mirror of his young



mind and the "sun fancies of his youth"—before the days of sorrow and gloom which produced the "Controversies" and "Paradise Lost." Some one has said, "A poet's memory is indestructible, and clings for evermore to every thing he touches;" and though Milton did not live here, and only came at the in-

river-banks, the deep tangled forest and emerald meadow glades,

"From which a soft and solemn breathing sound  
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfume,  
And stole upon the air."

How real the images appear as one sits on the river-bank, under the branching trees,



THE ROWS, CHESTER.

itation of the Earl of Bridgewater, and wrote but a part of the poem in one of the small rooms of the tower, and saw it acted in the baronial hall, his spirit still haunts the old place, and has outlived the memories of kings. It is easy to imagine that many parts of the poem were written here, in the cool shadows of the leafy woods, where the dewy morning and the fragrant evening and all the laughing scenery of rural nature suggested the sweet images it contains. Here are the lanes, the alleys green, the bushy dell, dingle, and bosky bourn of that deep wood which made the daily walk and ancient neighborhood of Comus. There are the lovely streams and

beside the gray majestic ruin, and recalls one and another of the exquisite lines with which the poem abounds! It is no longer a visionary dream or poet's sweet imagining, but a transcript of the scenes which the eye beholds, peopled by his fancy and humanized by his genius. There is a peculiar charm in thus localizing poetic scenes and fancies, and which is known only to those who have made pilgrimages to the homes of the singers of the world. Whether in the palaces of the great, the Inns of the Temple, or in the low cottage by the banks of the Doon, they are all alike the memorials of genius, and one does not envy that man "who can stand unmoved on any spot re-

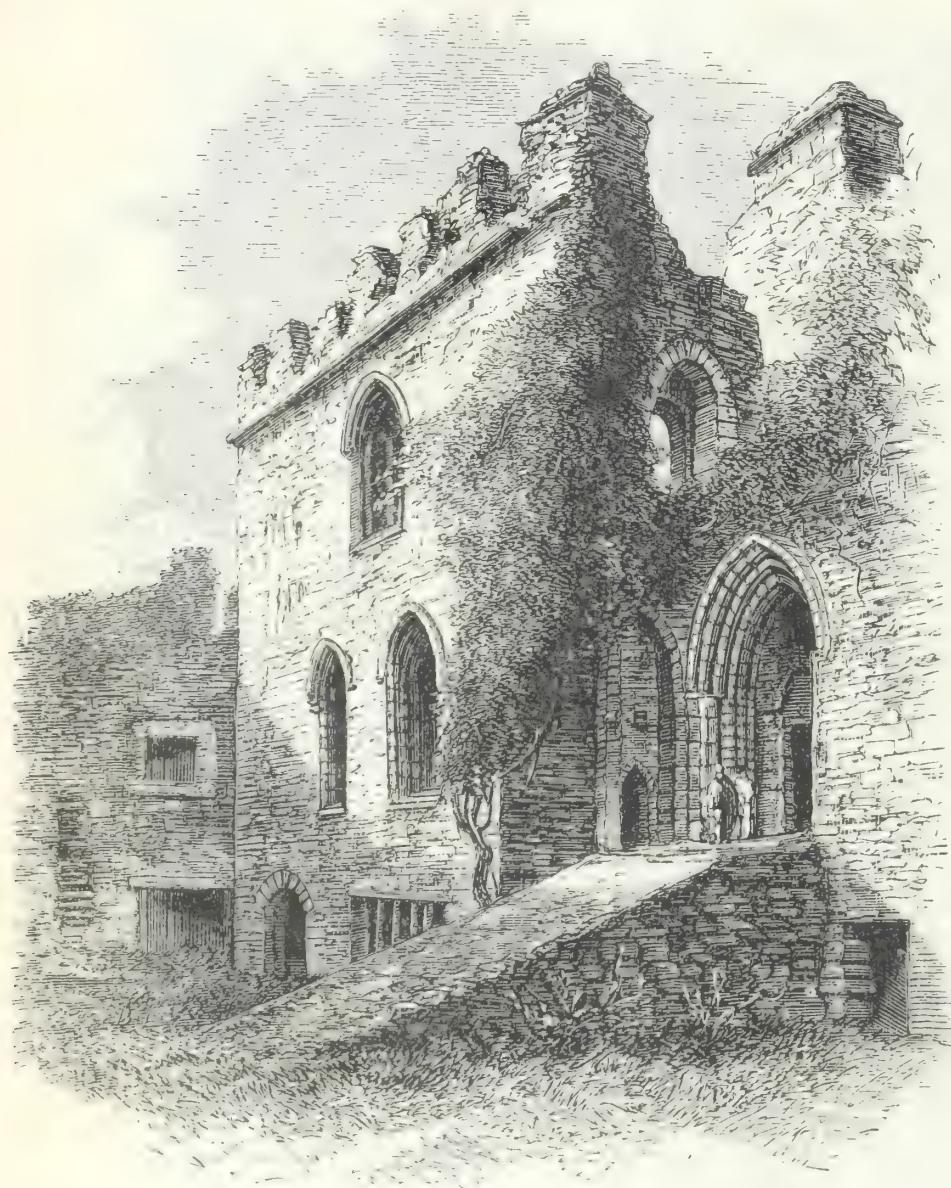


dered sacred by a great memory, or who does not feel his love and veneration for all that was good confirmed and strengthened, and himself elevated and ennobled."

The castle of Ludlow has gone to decay since the days of the poet, but its bold and

the castle. Within a short walk of the inn, and in sight of the ruins, is an abbey church, its lantern tower still entire, its vaults and shrines and ancient porch bearing features which the poet, maybe, had in his mind when he wrote reverently of the

sacred things of antiquity, before he became the renowned Image-Breaker of England. Outside the church the grassy graves lie solemnly within the shade of the dark old yews; and so venerable and secluded is the place, Wordsworth and the aged vicar might have rested here among the graves, and talked their solemn philosophic talk about the immortality of life. Here are no flaunting monuments of broken columns and sculptured busts, and all that vain parade and show which mark the public cemeteries of the dead; but plain, simple stones, upright sometimes, but often, as in those quiet homes of the dead among the Moravians, lying upon the grassy mound — to show that in death there are no distinctions, and God gathers all



ENTRANCE OF LUDLOW CASTLE.

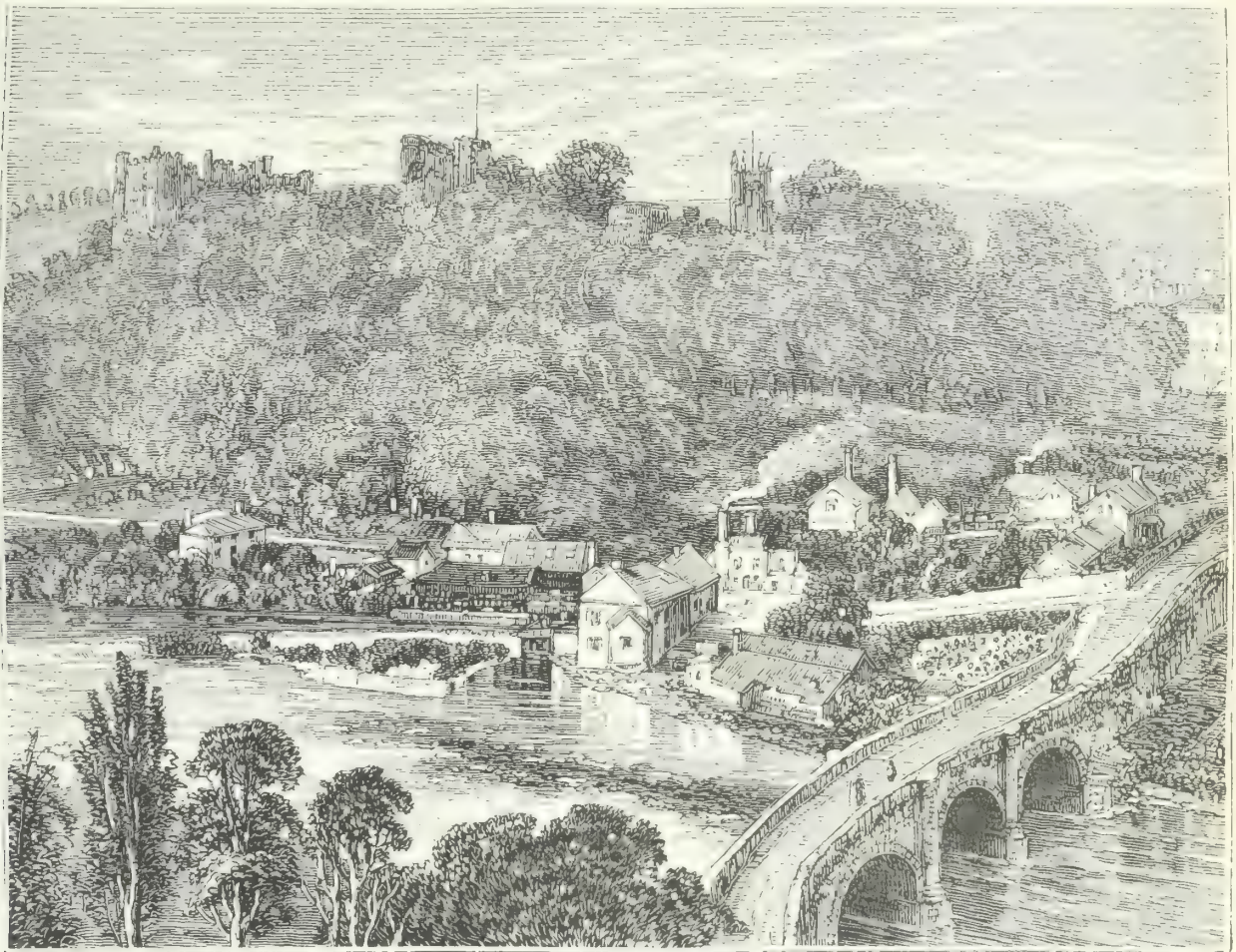
lofty site, its towering keep, and its embattled walls are proofs of a former strength departed. The baronial hall in which "Comus" was acted is still entire—a spacious ruin covered with English ivy; its floor a smooth green carpeting of grass, and its open windows filled with creeping vines. Yet one may imagine the gay group of lords and ladies, the music, mirth, and festal banquet, on that Michaelmas-day in the times of the brilliant King Charles. Ludlow itself is a pretty picture of an English town, settled quietly down in this lovely valley. Its inn is one of those we have long been familiar with in English novels, where travellers feast on eggs and bacon, South Down mutton and Herefordshire beef, and sit quietly before a bright fire in the oaken wainscoted sitting-room, where are treasures of carvings which doubtless once adorned the walls of

men alike to their eternal resting-places. In all the world there is nothing more peaceful and beautiful than an English church-yard, shaded, as they often are, by long rows of weeping-elms, between which generations of worshippers have passed to morning and evening service, and, when life was done, have been laid quietly to rest under the shadows of the trees, by the chimings of the same old bell which called them to daily worship. It was sweet comfort which the poet Gray wrote his mother in her bereavement at the death of a sister: "The church-yard through which she passed to her Sabbath devotions was a grateful earnest of eternal peace;" and it was a natural wish in Allan Cunningham that "he should not be built over, but be buried where the wind should blow and the daisies grow over his grave."



The country about Ludlow is very picturesque, and one can scarcely go amiss for beautiful walks and drives. The road leading to Hereford passes through the flourishing towns of Pembridge, Weobly, and Knighton, taking in a part of the Golden Vale of Duffen Dur, giving views, on the west, of the black mountains of Wales, and to the north and east, the lower hills of Malvern. The Dour, a stream almost as sleepy as the Leam, runs through the Golden Valley. Its banks are covered with shade trees, and

attest a Roman settlement, and doubtless the old Saxon King Offa, bred in his humbler abode, accepted willingly the remaining grandeur of his luxurious predecessor. The place still retains its old romantic story, and whether true or not, we ask ourselves no questions, as it is always charming to find these little patches of romance among the gray old ruins. The story runs thus: The handsome King Ethelbert was invited by the great Offa to his court, under pretense of marrying his daughter, who was



DISTANT VIEW OF LUDLOW CASTLE.

as the day was warm and full of sunshine, the large, white-faced Hereford cattle were every where lying within the long shadows.

The country from Ludlow to Hereford is rich, too, in association. It was formerly called "the Hundred of Wigmore," from which the Earl of Oxford first took his title of baron. On gradually ascending slopes stand the two castles of Brampton Brian and Wigmore, the homes of once mighty earls, whose titles were as old as the ruined walls, and remained in the blood long after the devastating war, which demolished not only homes, but left in many cases scarcely a vestige of the ancient families.

The most interesting place between Ludlow and Hereford is Kenchester, the ancient Ariconium of the Romans, three miles from the newer city of Hereford. From these ruins, as from the Uriconium of Shrewsbury, Hereford was built. The mosaics, baths, and other remains gathered in the neighborhood

famed throughout the kingdom of Mercia and East Anglia as the most beautiful of Saxon maidens, and from revenge or from fear, Offa caused him to be murdered before the marriage day. Years afterward he was enshrined in Hereford Cathedral, and so numerous were the miracles performed over his grave, Offa became repentant, and, to palliate his guilt, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and subjected his kingdom to the payment of Peter's-pence, then built a magnificent tomb over the body of Ethelbert, and bequeathed a tenth of all his possessions to the Church. The beautiful Ethelwilda, grieved and terrified at the horrible deed, gave herself up to a holy life, and lived in seclusion in a neighboring nunnery, going into the world only for alms-giving and works of mercy. Yearly she came to say her prayers and make her offerings at the shrine of the saint, passing whole days in sacrificial penance, that her father's soul



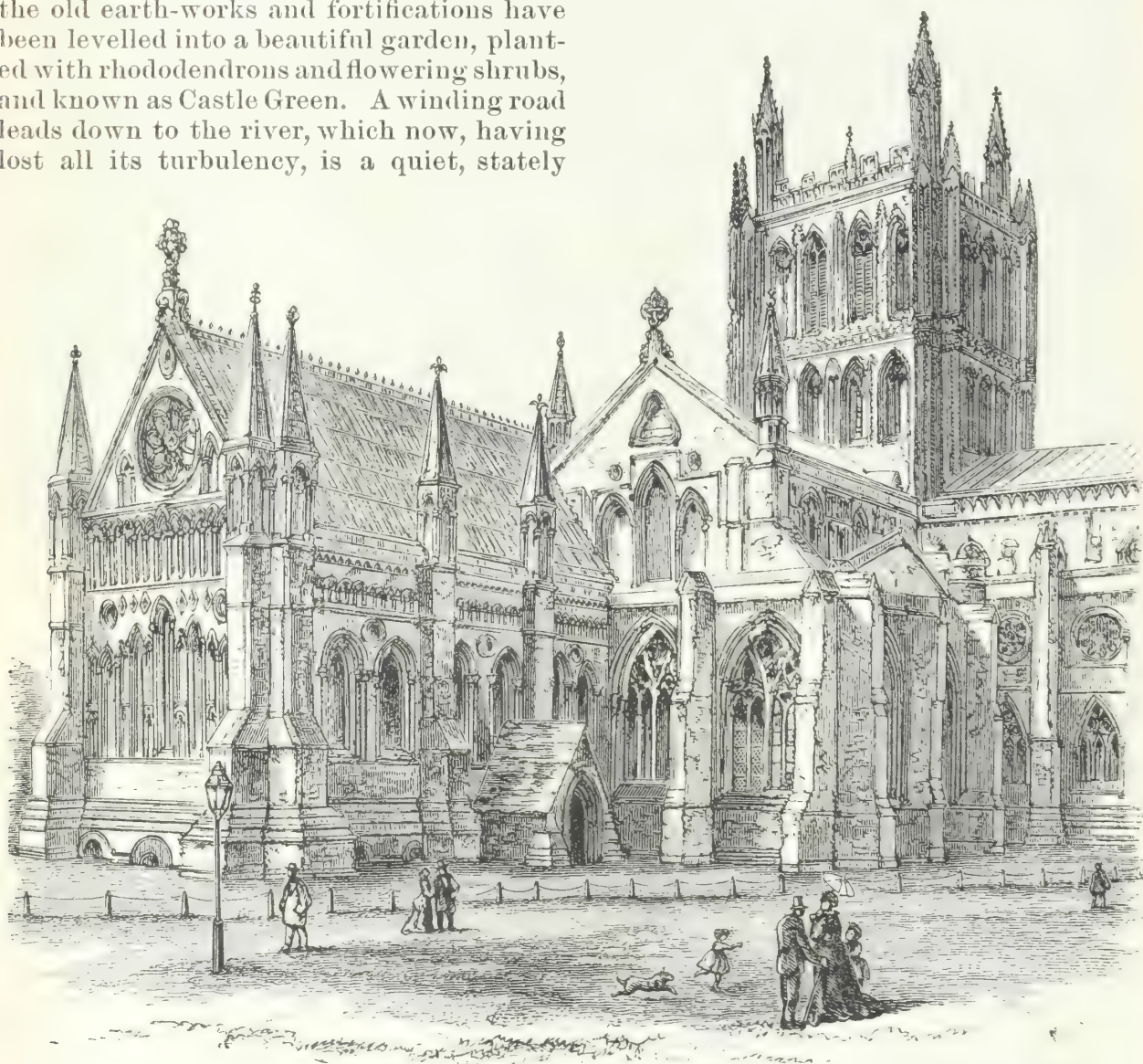
might be saved from purgatorial punishment.

We were now in a country made famous by the enchanting descriptions of Gilpin and the poetry of Gray, and settled down for a few days in the old city of Hereford, to enjoy the quiet and beauty which are found every where throughout the country of the Wye.

Hereford stands on the left bank of this most picturesque river. It is entered through narrow, winding streets, which, like those of Shrewsbury, still retain their ancient character of being built for defense. The name is said to signify the ford of an army, and doubtless was derived from an incident in the days of border warfare, when incursions were frequent in this part of the country. The Welsh call it Heernford, in the old way, and the beech-trees which grow along the Wye give it the romantic name of Trefawaith. Its marks of ancient strength and grandeur have almost disappeared, and the old earth-works and fortifications have been levelled into a beautiful garden, planted with rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, and known as Castle Green. A winding road leads down to the river, which now, having lost all its turbulency, is a quiet, stately

one may learn something of the general character of the Hereford people: old ladies with maids or companions, young ladies and elderly matrons, soldiers in red uniform, retired officers in suits of gray, men of trades, professions, or leisure—all classes of society and all types of men and women, which in England are more clearly marked than in any other nation. One soon learns, even after a small amount of observation, not to confuse this well-arranged classification.

Besides all the interesting out-door scenes of Hereford, there is an ancient cathedral and some remains of antiquity not to be despised. This great Gothic structure stands in the centre of a large close—a feature peculiar to England; and truly they are different from any thing else in the world, and seem like still meadows through which one sometimes enters a deep, solemn wood. The cathedrals on the Continent lack this freedom of outside space, and grand archi-



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

stream, upon which barges and smaller craft bring up their produce from Monmouth and the Forest of Dean. The garden and the river-bank afford lovely walks for the inhabitants, and here, on a bright evening,

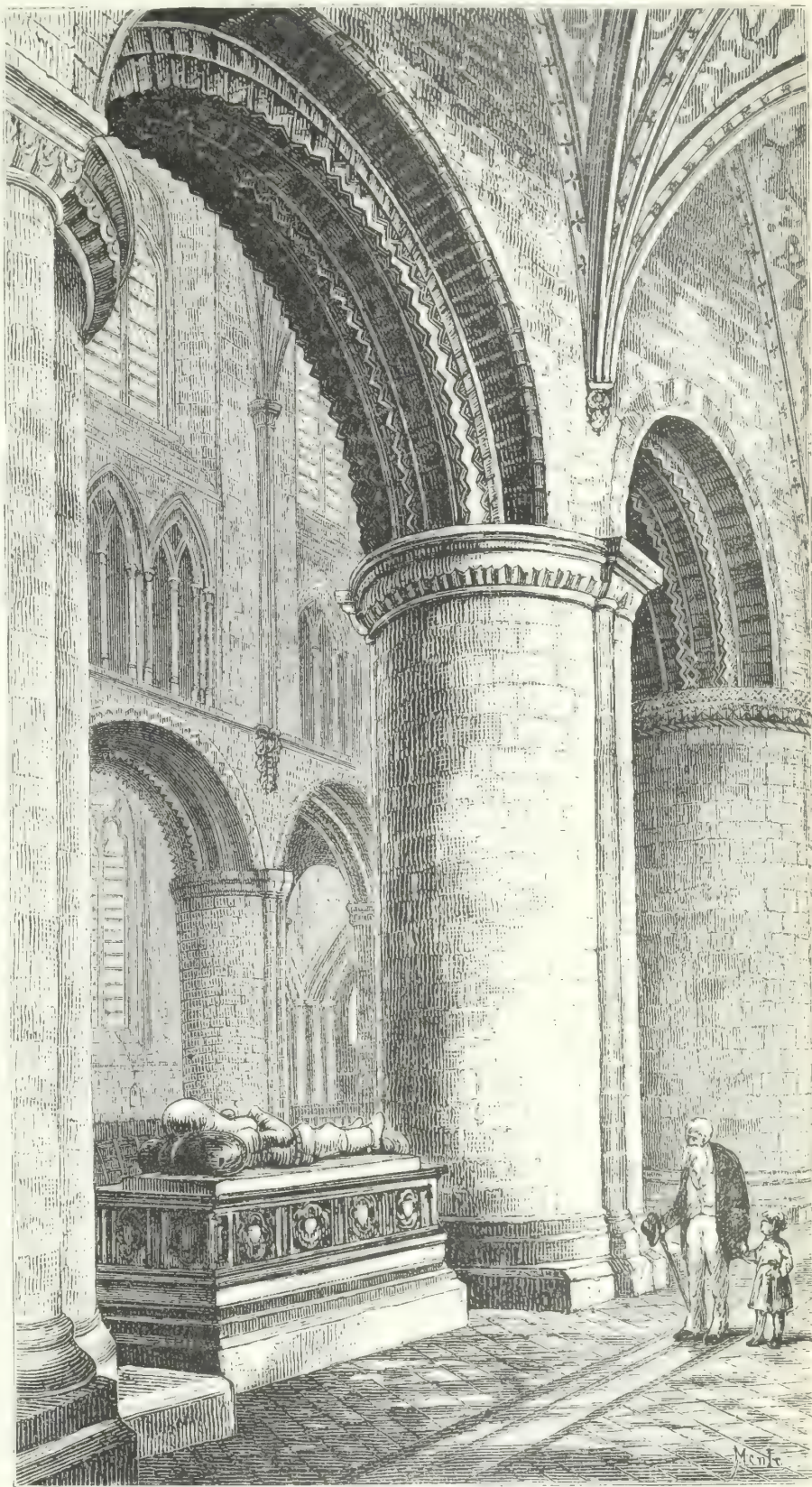
tectural effects are often lost in consequence of old walls and buildings which hem them in. Think of the grandeur of Cologne in the centre of an English close, or the majesty of Notre Dame standing in a



rich meadow glade of turf! Nothing can be more solemn or more venerable than these grand old churches. We sat down a while to rest under the shadow of the ancient walls, then walked silently into the nave through the western porch. Except Chester, this was the first cathedral I had seen. Since then I have lingered in Winchester, Salisbury, Lincoln, Ely, Westminster, Durham, and York, but never yet have entered the venerable walls without an overpowering sense of awe of what must always seem to me to be the most beautiful and the most perfect production in the world of art. The more familiar we become with its wonders, the more does it seem like a grand religious poem wrought in stone, touching the imagination by the multitude of its forms, and appealing to the soul through its spiritual interpretations. Scarcely a thought, sentiment, or aspiration is left untouched, and one stands in silent wonder, transported and overcome by its meaning and its power. Think of the gigantic pillars, the majestic roof, the numberless interlacings, the multitude of arches, the rich windows, and delicate tracing, all blending in the mysteries of light and shadow, which are so captivating to the imagination, and we have a very imperfect idea of the beauty and grandeur of this wonder of art.

The cathedral in its proportions and detail is inferior to many in England, and the most beautiful part of the whole structure is the Lady Chapel, at the east end of the great church. Bold, angular buttresses rise from massive bases, and numerous large mouldings run round the wall. The long and lancet-shaped windows are separated from each other by clusters of small columns "receding perspectively," and support-

ing arches with foliage and open-work of singular lightness and elegance. Pointed arcades and lozenge-shaped panels give fullness of ornament to the whole exterior. Within, the chapel is distinguished by great



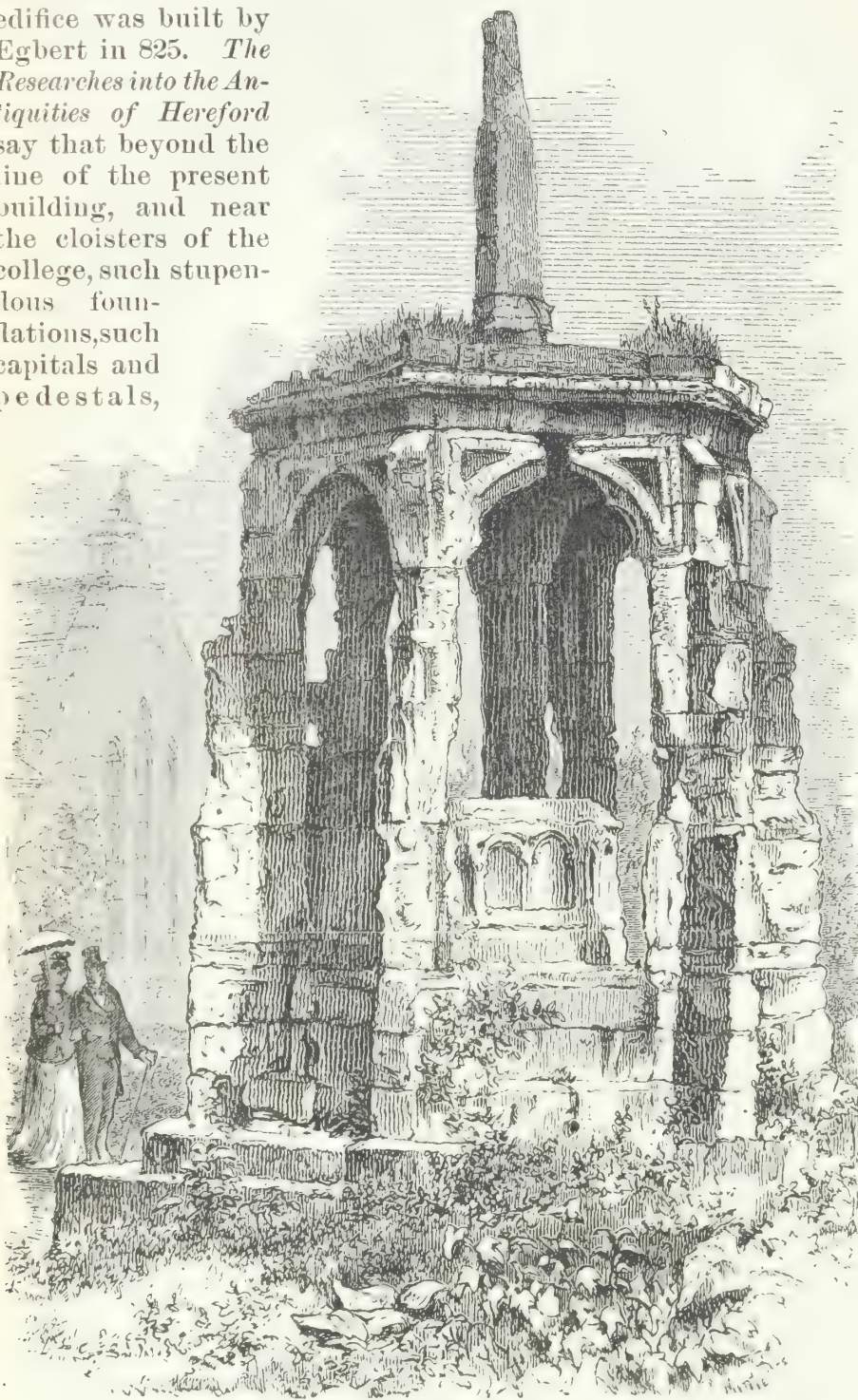
INTERIOR OF HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

simplicity of outline and great beauty and richness of detail, and, since its restoration, is made attractive by pure harmonies of color and renewed decorations of tracery. When the building was in its glory, each stone niche was a shrine from which a saint looked down in ghostly silence upon his votaries, but they all disappeared in



the revolutions which did their savage work so effectually upon the cathedrals and abbeys of England.

The cloisters, quadrangle, and crypt still retain their ancient character, though, doubtless, much smaller in dimensions, since the first stone edifice was built by Egbert in 825. *The Researches into the Antiquities of Hereford* say that beyond the line of the present building, and near the cloisters of the college, such stupendous foundations, such capitals and pedestals,



THE OLD PREACHING CROSS OF BLACK-FRIARS.

grand bases and arches, and such rare carvings and mouldings, leave little doubt that they were foundations and ruins of a church destroyed by the Welsh in the year 55 after the Conquest.

The most interesting feature of Hereford, after the cathedral, is the monastery of Black-friars, now called the Redcoat Hospital of Coningsby. In our walks we came suddenly upon it, without knowing of its existence. There is a peculiar pleasure in thus stumbling upon these bits of antiqui-

ty. One likes to poke in and out among the narrow streets, under the old walls, peer into the low houses, watch the people, and sometimes have a word or two with them. It is wonderful what treasures of things may be picked up, and what a fund

of information may be gained. We knocked at the ancient portal, and it was opened by one of the aged brethren. On going in we found the others, twelve in number, at work in their small gardens. The monkish aspect of the place is worn off, and there is nothing to remind us that this monastery had once been among the wealthiest religious houses of England. It has gone through many phases: had once been occupied by an order of Templars of St. John, and was founded in the time of Richard the First. On the suppression of the order, not later than 1340, the property was given to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, at whose expulsion by Queen Elizabeth it was granted to Devereaux, father of the celebrated Earl of Essex, who sold it to the Coningsby family; and Sir Thomas Coningsby, Knight of Hampton Court, converted it into a retreat for superannuated soldiers. It has now, with Hampton Court, passed into the hands of Richard Arkwright, who, according to the provisions of

the founder, is obliged to continue the donations; but the guide added, as he finished his story, "The donations have fallen off, and there is not much generosity." It was easily seen the old soldier had his peculiar ideas about hereditary rights, ancient families, and landed nobility, and he would rather receive his charities from the lords and ladies of Coningsby than from a prosperous Manchester merchant, whose princely wealth alone, he thought, afforded him the means of living in princely halls. According to



the foundation laws, the brethren were provided with butter, cheese, meal, ale, and fagots, with dinners for Sundays, festivals, and Christmas. Upon admission each soldier was given a ginger-colored suit of fustian, and every third year a scarlet cloak and a white hat with black bands. This latter uniform is always worn on Sundays, in chapel or church, on festivals, or state occasions. The old man took us into his little narrow room, and threw on his red cloak that we might see it, and then walked with us through the monastic ruins. It was a picturesque sight: his aged form, wrapped in the color of royal kings, the same costume which had been provided for him in the days of Essex and Sydney, standing in the shadow of the ivy-covered cross from which monks had preached before the times of Wycliffe. He sat down in the refectory, and gave us some details of his own long life of nearly a century, of the lives of the founder and his descendants, told us stories of monks and friars and the more ancient inhabitants of the monastery. It was in this now dilapidated hall that Edward the Third, and his son, the Black Prince, together with bishops and archbishops, and members of the nobility—the Warwicks and Yorks and Pembrokes of ancient times—dined in great magnificence just before the wars with France.

The form of the building is quadrangular, with all the doors facing the inside of the

square. A very small part of it is entire, the ancient chapel and abbot's apartment having gone to decay when the days of monkish luxury were ended. Each tenement has two rooms, neat and comfortable, though entirely without the charm which surrounds Leicester and St. Cross. It is evident that very little is done by the present owner to repair or keep the hospital in order, and doubtless, from being a work of beneficence and charity, is now an incumbrance upon the estate of Hampton Court.

From this old monastery and its ancient occupants we drove about two miles out of the city to the new monastic establishment of the Dominicans. The building is new, the monks are young, and all the surroundings most unpicturesque. It is astonishing what an amount of poetry and romance gathers around the old system, and how bare and unattractive it is in its undress.

After walking through the gardens, the refectory, and the chapels, and listening to this young ascetic's enthusiastic account of the works of charity done by the brethren of the order, we left the monastery, and drove home at evening along the beautiful hedge-row lanes, the neighboring hills of Brynmawr and Dinedor full in view, and all around a quiet landscape of orchards and meadows, grassy knolls and wooded hollows, through which the smooth and placid waters of the Wye run in graceful, undulating lines.



RUINS OF OLD WATER TOWER, CHESTER.

BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
LIB.



## DADDY WILL. A GLIMPSE OF ANCIENT DIXIE.

### I.

WITH the institution of slavery, one of its gentlest, tenderest, and most beautiful social outgrowths, the old-time favored and trusted family domestic, is rapidly fading out of sight and mind. To fix upon the memory some faint traces of the dusky but kindly visage of one of these relics of a by-gone day, and of an institution once co-extensive with the Union, but now utterly and forever swept away, is the object of this unpretending sketch.

Though a slave, the old negro family domestic was more than a servant, and was often a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. In both sexes they were as intrinsically a part of the family household as if they were knit to it by closest ties of blood and kinship. They shared its joys and divided its griefs; they participated in its prosperity and helped it carry the burden of adversity; they were identified with all its feelings, prejudices, hopes, and fears, with its pride, its friendships, its loves, and hates; and they were made the safe repositories of its most carefully guarded secrets—trustees whom no blandishments could seduce nor offers of reward corrupt.

In the early part of the present century two adjacent plantations in one of the lower tier of Middle States were owned by families whose members were connected by a friendship which was the closer for having been a traditional heir-loom for many generations. Colonel Dater and Major Duncan, the heads of these families, were old comrades in arms, who had encountered perils together in which each had risked life for the other; and their friendship was kept cheerily burning by the interchange of a thousand spontaneous acts, as thoughtful as they were loving, on every ordinary or extraordinary event of their lives: on anniversaries of births and deaths and marriages; in memorial of military promotions and civic advancements; of battles in which they had been engaged, or of perils from which one had been rescued by the other; of the planting of a favorite tree or the foaling of a favorite colt. So it happened that on the birth of a son, Colonel Dater, as was the usage with many slave-holding families, assigned to the young heir for his own peculiar servant the child of one of his most trusty slaves, a bright negro lad of six or seven, named Will; and in like manner, when, a few months later, a son was also born to his friend Major Duncan, he gave the young stranger another of the same stanch and trusty stock, Will's twin sister Betty, to be the little fellow's nurse and attendant.

The sons of the old comrades perpetuated

and cemented the inherited family friendship by a companionship that grew closer and became more essential to the happiness of each with increasing years. Like their fathers, they embraced the profession of arms, and when the Mexican war broke out they entered into it with ardor, emerging from it with a high reputation for skill and valor, and each with the well-earned rank of colonel. Will had accompanied his young master to Mexico as a body-servant, and in that capacity had shared the young officer's dangers, and accompanied him in all his daring exploits, approving himself, and being estimated by Colonel Dater throughout the whole of that campaign, as well as of the longer one of life, the truest and most devoted of friends. Although he had been given his freedom by Colonel Dater when they were both young men, Daddy Will, as he came to be invariably called by his master's children and their children after them, remained with the Dater family, who placed unbounded trust in his fidelity and sagacity. When Colonel Dater died he left a comfortable provision for his old friend, who was then verging toward threescore, and in his will charged his son sedulously to care for him in his declining years—a trust which young Mr. Dater gladly accepted and reverentially performed, receiving in return the most loyal and affectionate service.

But if Mr. Dater inherited the legacy of Daddy Will's unswerving fidelity, the faithful old man transferred to his master's daughter Kate the devoted attachment which he had concentrated in his earlier years on her grandfather, Colonel Dater. No knight was ever more chivalrous in his devotion to his leal lady than was Daddy Will to this beautiful girl from the time when he first beheld her lying on her mother's bosom, a babe a few days old. With the poetical instinct which is often strong in men of his race, he had then knelt down by Mrs. Dater's bedside to kiss the helpless babe, and as he did so, he silently vowed to his dead friend and master that he would "stan' by" his grandchild while life should last. Then, turning to happy Mrs. Dater, and lifting her delicate white hand to his lips with the grace of a courtier, he ejaculated, "De dear little apple blossom!" And from that hour "Little Apple Blossom," as he uniformly called Kate, except on rare occasions, had no more abject slave or loving worshipper than Daddy Will; and the young girl requited his love by an affection as frank and unreserved as his own.

It was very beautiful to see these two as Kate blossomed from infancy into girlhood. Daddy Will was a man of great stature, and despite his growing years still held himself erect, and preserved the soldierly gait and bearing which he had acquired during his military life. He was exceedingly scrupu-



lous in his toilet, which was invariably a suit of black broadcloth, the coat being of the inevitable swallow-tail cut, almost universally worn half a century ago, but now consigned to the isolation of full dress, and his shirts and ample cravats of many folds were of the finest and whitest materials, contrasting strongly with the swart hue of his face and hands.

Long before Kate was able to walk, Daddy Will had constituted himself her keeper, if he might not be in all respects her nurse. Whenever she was out of her mother's care she was certainly to be seen cradled in his capacious arms, where she seemed a mere speck of white and pink resting against the black outlines of his broad chest. He would walk thus with her to and fro for hour after hour, conversing with her for months before she could lisp a word, and taking for satisfactory reply the understanding gaze of her great round unwinking eyes. And the companionship of the pair continued without interruption, changing only in its character as the babe developed into girlhood and womanhood, to each of which stages the old man adjusted himself with instinctive nicety.

Mrs. Dater had wisely encouraged Daddy Will's devotion to her daughter, and for a double reason: she had the highest respect for his simple but acute wisdom, for his unbending probity, and for his stanch family attachment and allegiance; and she knew that Kate's budding frame and growing intelligence would be strengthened by just such training and exercise as the vigorous old soldier would insure to both. And Mrs. Dater's sagacity was not at fault, as was shown on at least one occasion, the incidents of which seem worth reciting.

When Kate was eight years old she was very lovely in person and disposition; but withal, as a child in perfect health ought to be, as active and mischievous as a monkey. She was naturally loving and docile; but one day, in a moment of vexation or disappointment caused by some direction of her mother's which she did not relish, she rushed out of the room in a gust of passion, looking like a little fury. In an instant, however, she was arrested conscience-stricken by the sight of Daddy Will standing before her, and looking very grave and sorrowful. He had been an unobserved spectator of her ebullition, and when she was stopped in her headlong course by his accusing face, she was filled with remorse. She felt that Daddy Will did not approve of her, did not even pity or excuse her; and as the two stood for a brief instant in dead silence, she seemed, in her pretty self-abasement—her head bowed and her arms hanging listlessly at her side—the impersonation of shame springing into life at the touch of conscience, but without any stain of guilt.

Daddy Will broke the silence which was

so dreadful to poor Kate. "Miss Cath'rine!" he exclaimed.

He had never before called her by any other name than "Little Apple Blossom," the pet one he had given her when she lay new-born in her mother's arms; and at the unwonted formality she burst into tears.

"Miss Cath'rine!" he repeated, in a tone of reproachful astonishment, at the same time taking her hand, and with frigid politeness leading her, an unresisting culprit, into the room known as her "Grandfather's Library." His first words after arriving there somewhat re-assured the little criminal, though his tones relaxed nothing of their formal severity.

"Miss Cath'rine," he said, "will please fetch old master's big prayer-book."

There it lay on the library table, the large Book of Common Prayer that had belonged to Colonel Dater, and was a treasured family memento of its venerated owner. With noiseless and timorous steps Kate obeyed, and returning with the volume, placed it on the old man's knee, as he sat in his master's great arm-chair and motioned her beside him.

"Miss Cath'rine will please find de Ten Comman'ments," he said.

Silently and deftly, for, like all children reared in the Protestant Episcopal Church, she was perfectly familiar with every part of its unrivalled prayer-book, Kate turned to the office for the Holy Communion, and laid it open before them.

"Miss Cath'rine will please to read here," he resumed, placing his forefinger on the page, where, to the quickened fancy of the self-convicted child, it seemed a huge exclamation point denoting reproach and condemnation.

Tremulously she began: "'God spake these words, and said—'"

"WHO spoke dese words?" gravely interrupted Daddy Will.

"God!" said Kate, in a low whisper.

"Jis so," he reverently rejoined; "de Lord God A'mighty said 'em. Please put your finger 'longside o' mine, Miss Cath'rine, under dose words of de Lord."

The child's tiny pearl and rose forefinger stole meekly alongside of Daddy Will's great dark index; and then the two fingers moved slowly together downward over the page, to the first commandment, where they stopped, and the child again read the inspired words.

"Who spoke dese words?" again asked Daddy Will.

"God," Kate devoutly replied.

"Jis so; de Lord said 'em," he responded. And so with each of the commandments, until the fifth was reached, when he put the question once more with special emphasis: "Who spoke dese words?" receiving again the same response from the absorbed child.



"Jis so; 'God spake dese words, and said'— Read 'em with me, Miss Cath'rine."

In low and reverent tones the two read the commandment aloud together, Daddy Will emphasizing certain of the words as they read, thus: "Honor thy father *and* thy mother, that *thy days may be long in the land* which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The little pink finger and the huge black index came to a full stop under this com-

Blossom," said the old man, relaxing into tenderness on the instant. "De Lord's ears are allers open to hear de cries of His sorrowful children. Let us ask Him to help us."

And the old man and the child knelt together beside the dead colonel's chair, with the prayer-book open before them, and joined in the petition, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."



"THE LITTLE PINK FINGER AND THE HUGE BLACK INDEX CAME TO A FULL STOP UNDER THIS COMMANDMENT."

mandment, and Daddy Will, like a relentless fate, resumed:

"Dat's what de Lord promises dose children who honor their father *and* their mother—their days shall be long in de land. But, Miss Cath'rine, He makes no sich promises to dem children who do *dishonor* to their father or their *mother*."

Here the full enormity of her iniquity rushed upon Kate's mind, and she sobbed out, in an agony of penitence, "Oh, Daddy Will, I did not mean to do dishonor to mamma. I am very sorry. Do you think God will forgive me?"

"In *course* He will, my dear Little Apple

Then, kissing her on the forehead with a kiss that seemed like a benediction to the softened little one, Daddy Will rose from his knees, and said, "Now de Little Apple Blossom will run to mamma, and ask her to kiss and forgive her sorry little daughter."

How lightly the little one sped to her mother, and how tearfully she fell upon her bosom, or how gladly the mother whispered sweet words of love and forgiveness, which were sealed with fond kisses, we shall not describe; but from that day forward the mother, the child, and the faithful negro became closer and dearer friends than ever before.



## II.

When Kate was about eighteen years old, her father's family made their customary summer flitting from the heated city, and, in company with a party of friends, settled down in the comfortable quarters of the Clear View House, within full view of one of the most beautiful lakes of Northern New York and its encircling hills. Early one evening, shortly after their arrival, their party had gathered together on the spacious veranda to enjoy the soft air and the calm of the twilight hour, when Kate began to describe a charming spot which she had discovered during the day while taking a ramble with Daddy Will for her cavalier.

"It was a tongue of green meadow, papa," she said, "which was fringed with tall forest trees, and shut in on the land side by densely wooded hills. A point of it jutted far out into the water, and from there we had an unbroken view of the receding green shores of the lake, and of at least a dozen fairy islands that rose from its wind-rippled bosom, while the far-off hills framed a picture that was always changing and yet remained ever the same. Oh, papa! it was seclusion in the midst of Nature's busiest workings, for every thing was alive and active—leaf and water and cloud and sunshine and shadow—though a Sunday stillness filled the air and rested on the distant hills. Why, papa, I could hear my heart beat, all was so quiet, and whichever way I turned I saw beauty every where."

"Why, Kate, the gods have made thee poetical, as Touchstone says in the play," interposed her uncle, Mr. Brotherton, laughing.

"Oh no, Uncle Miles," she gayly responded. "You know very well that I am the most prosaic of women, if I may presume to call myself a woman without incurring your ridicule. If, then, my description of this delightful spot seems at all poetical, it is because not even a directory-maker could catalogue its charms without saying some pretty things of it, it is so supremely lovely."

"What does Daddy Will say about it?" quietly asked Mrs. Dater, turning to our old friend, who stood behind his young mistress's chair, watching her slightest motions with benignant approval.

"Well, Miss Har'yet," he replied, "I've seen *wuss* places."

The equivocal reply of the old man caused a burst of merriment at Kate's expense, and she sprang from her chair, confronting her old friend and ally with a reproachful look, and exclaimed:

"Why, Daddy Will, is that all you have to say for my pet nook by the lake-side, after my enthusiastic description? If you desert me in this fashion, they will all think that, like other explorers, I too am given to painting my discoveries in richer colors than they deserve."

As the young girl stood before him, erect, elastic, radiant with health and spirits, and her bright beauty softened by the gathering twilight, Daddy Will regarded her with loving pride, and a twinkle of humor sparkled in his eyes as she proceeded with her remonstrance. But before he could reply, Mrs. Dater's quiet voice again interposed:

"Daddy Will, we are waiting for your account of Kate's latest discovery. You say you have seen worse places?"

"Jis so, Miss Har'yet," he replied, bowing with punctilious deference to Kate's mother. "I've seen lots of 'em a deal wuss. De fac' is, Miss Har'yet, when we first came to dat spot, it burst on us so suddint like as a'most to take away our breaths, and de furder we went de prettier it was. Miss Kate was so d'lighted dat she went over de ground like a bird, but bime-by my old legs got all in a twitter, and I was bleeged to stop a minute under a tree to freshen up a bit and wipe de pe'sp'ration off of my face, for you see, Miss Har'yet, de sun was gittin' tol'ble high, and I was drefful hot. And then, when Miss Kate saw I was gittin' pretty well tuckered out, she began to blame herself for totin' me around so fast, and declared I shouldn't move another step, but should sit down on de grass, where I could rest agin de tree and keep an eye on her at de same time, while she reconnoitred de rest of de ground by herself. You can't have no idee, Miss Har'yet, how amazin' soft de grass was under dat tree, and how terrible cool and pleasant it felt in de shade after comin' out of de br'ilin' sun! For sure, when I leaned back agin de tree, and looked up at de white clouds a-floatin' silently over de blue sky, and a-castin' their shadows on de meadow and on de lake, and a-restin' on de tops of de way-off hills, and when I heard de leaves a-rus'lin', and de birds a-twitterin', and de water a-rippin' agin de pebbles, and saw Miss Kate a-standin' where a track of sunlight fell on de grass and stretched out over de lake and away up into de hills on de other side, like a road all paved with gold, I declar' I felt jis like I was in heaven! And dat's all I know about Miss Kate's diskivery, Miss Har'yet."

"Bravo, Daddy Will!" cried Mr. Brotherton, when the old man had concluded. "Kate will have to look out for her laurels, now that you too have grown poetical."

"Daddy Will has painted a glowing picture," said Kate, with a demure glance and a deprecating shake of the head at her old friend, "but I am afraid I shall be obliged to add a few touches to it."

"Don't have no pity on me, Miss Kate," he replied, with a shrug and a complacent chuckle. "I've allers said you was born to make some man mis'able, and you might as well begin with me. Go on with your 'few touches,' missy."



"You must know, then, mamma, that when I returned to the tree under which I left Daddy Will to recover from the effects of the heat, I found him enjoying a delightful nap, and snoring most melodiously in the refreshing shade."

"I declar', Miss Har'yet," he hastily interjected, "I only jis dropped off for half a wink."

"Yes, mamma, Daddy Will's intentions were excellent, no doubt, as he was on the point of dropping off; but then his 'half a wink' lasted a good half hour at the least, and so I fear that all the pretty things he has been saying about the clouds, and the leaves, and the birds, and the golden road in which he saw me standing, must be set down as the 'baseless fabric of a dream.'"

"See!" exclaimed Mr. Brotherton, striking an attitude and spreading his hands in melodramatic style toward Kate and Daddy Will—"see! 'of what stuff our dreams are made.'"

"All right, Uncle Miles," she replied; "you are never so harmless as when you are histrionic. And now, mamma, if you and papa will consent to leave me to my own devices for to-morrow, I will devote the rest of the evening to the task of making up a party of young people to test the capabilities of my newly found nook of the world for a picnic. What say you, mamma? Yes? And, Daddy Will, we shall want you and your violin, for there must be a dance, of course."

"As our star performer for the evening has pronounced the epilogue," said Mr. Brotherton, rising, "I presume the play is ended, and the audience may disperse;" after which the family group dissolved, Kate to make her selections and combinations for the ensuing field-day, and the others to mingle with their many friends and acquaintances assembled under the hospitable roof of the Clear View House.

### III.

The picnic which we saw planned on the veranda of the Clear View House led to an adventure the many consequences of which its fair projector little dreamed of. While it was at its height, and when the young excursionists whom Kate had enlisted were in the heyday of their enjoyment, they were suddenly startled by the approach of a wild tempest of wind and rain, from which they were rescued by a chance encounter with a gentleman who was himself hurrying homeward, and who insisted on their accepting the shelter of his hospitable roof. Arrived there, a delightful surprise awaited Kate, for in the mother of their host she discovered the daughter of her grandfather's old comrade, Colonel Duncan. Since the death of the ancient friends the families had been separated by the vicissitude which marks our American social life. Kate's grandfa-

ther had removed to New York, where her father still resided; and Colonel Duncan, at the close of the Mexican war, had sold his plantation in Virginia, and early in the movement to California had transplanted his family tree on its virgin soil. Here he had added to his already ample wealth, and lived to see his only child and daughter married. After the death of her parents and husband she had returned to "the States," and settled on the beautiful and secluded spot to which Kate and her friends had been introduced by stress of weather. The Paxton household consisted of the lady herself; her son, Colonel Hugh Paxton, who had served with distinction in the late war; an ancient negro woman, who was no other than Daddy Will's sister, Aunt Betty, who had remained staunch to the Duncans as had Daddy Will to the Daters, like him had been honored and trusted for two generations, and was now the factotum of the household of Mrs. Paxton, whom she had nursed when an infant, as she had her father before her; and Sergeant O'Dale, a veteran of the Mexican war, who had served under Colonel Hugh in the late war, and between whom a strong attachment subsisted, which was based on important services mutually rendered in critical emergencies.

When Daddy Will parted with his young mistress, all unexpectant of the revelation that awaited them, he was led by honest Sergeant O'Dale to another part of the Paxton mansion; and on their way thither it soon transpired that they had both served in the Mexican campaigns, and had been engaged in several of the same battles. This was introduction enough for the veterans, and they were speedily on the footing of old comradeship. Sergeant O'Dale had a vivid recollection of the stories that were rife in the army of the gallant Colonel Dater and his famous black body-servant, who was always with his master in his most daring enterprises; and he had heard various tales of their attachment to each other and of their exploits, which had gained considerably in color and volume, as such tales are wont to do under the magnifying inspiration of camp story-telling.

The sergeant had heard the young mistress of his aged companion address him as "Daddy Will," and giving him an additional handle to his name, hastened him forward out of the storm, exclaiming, as he did so, "By the powers, Misther Daddy Will, wet's no word for what ye are. Let's get out of this, and be afther seeing what Aunt Betty can do for us."

"Aunt Betty!" ejaculated the old man, "who's she?"

"It's no lie I'm tellin'," replied the sergeant, "when I say she's the motherliest old nagur in all my sarele of acquaintances;" saying which he reached the boundaries of



Aunt Betty's dominions, quite prepared for the greeting that met him from the old lady, who, without looking around from a great kettle over which she was bending, recognized his familiar step at the threshold, and exclaimed, "Sergeant O'Dale will bleege me by wipin' de mud off of his boots befo' he steps on my clean flo'."

While the men stop on the threshold in obedience to this injunction, which, however polite in form, was decidedly peremptory in its tone, we have an opportunity to scan Aunt Betty and the department over which she ruled with undisputed sway. The kitchen was a noble one in its proportions. Its ceiling was of unpainted oak, great beams of which, faultlessly white and free from dust and cobwebs, traversed its ample breadth. A wainscoting of the same substantial wood ran nearly breast-high around the apartment, protecting its walls from spot or stain; and the floor, also of oak, had become as white and smooth as polished ivory from repeated scourings. Capacious dressers revealed rows of vessels of copper, brass, and other metals, conspicuous among them being an innumerable array of great and small pewter platters and block-tin covers which shone like silver. Two tidy young negro girls, their heads picturesquely bound turban-wise with immaculate white kerchiefs, stood beside a table chattering and laughing while industriously preparing for an approaching meal; and a little removed from them, at another table, was a sedate matron of the same race, her head similarly adorned, busy upon some elaborate creation in pastry. At the farther end of the apartment, opposite the door where we left the sergeant and Daddy Will, before the mouth of a cavernous fire-place whose dark recesses were garnished with a tangle of sooty iron cranes of different heights and sizes, and from which dangled black festoons of chains and pot-hooks and trammels terminating in pots that sent forth a savory steam, stood the sovereign of this culinary sphere. Aunt Betty was a personage at whom one would look twice even when her back was turned, as was now the case. Tall, lean, muscular as a man, and straight as a pine, her grizzled head surmounted by a party-colored turban of generous proportions, and made of some stuff in which yellow and bright red largely predominated, as she bent over a mighty caldron, the steam from which enveloped her like a mist as she stirred its boiling contents with a ladle of prodigious length, it required only a slight effort of the imagination to convert her into one of those weird beings who first gave form to Macbeth's criminal ambitions.

So intent was the sergeant upon getting on the right side of Aunt Betty—whom he evidently regarded with some trepidation—

that he was entirely unobservant of the remarkable effect produced on Daddy Will by the sound of her voice. The old man stood spell-bound, and, made oblivious of all save her by some strong emotion, stood stiff and motionless a step behind the sergeant, gazing intently on the old woman. The younger women were quick to notice the singular action of the venerable negro, and, dropping their work, scanned him with open-eyed curiosity. Of all this by-play Sergeant O'Dale was unconscious, and, intent on conciliating Aunt Betty, he replied to her salutation: "Thru enough for you, Misthress Betty, the divil a right has a dirty fut to put itself on your ilegant clane flure, and so I'll just be afther taking off my boots and promenadin' on it in my bare stockin's."

"Git out, sergeant," responded Aunt Betty, perceptibly mollified by the compliment to her floor, but without desisting from her occupation or turning round, "you'll allers be a-crackin' your jokes; but I guess on de hull if you serapes your boots and wipes 'em off keerfully, dey'll be a mighty sight cleaner 'n your stockin's."

"All right, auntie," replied the sergeant, with invincible good humor; "and now that your feelin's are relieved, I'll inthrojuce this ould gintleman that you've kept standin' at the dure till his venerable bones ache for an aisy-chair."

It was plain from the effect of this speech on Aunt Betty that she was totally unconscious of the presence of his companion, for, upon learning that he was not alone, she turned round quickly and confronted her visitors, her ample ladle still in hand. At first a lurking smile at the sergeant's expense was playing over her honest but hard features, but it was soon chased away by a gaze bent so fixedly on Daddy Will that it seemed almost to convert her dark visage into stone. She stood like a statue, not a limb moving, her lips parted but uttering no sound, and then, dropping the ladle from her nerveless hand, her tall figure swayed toward Daddy Will, who strode past the astonished sergeant with a celerity that heightened the veteran's amazement, and mutually ejaculating, "Bet!" "Will!" the two old negroes locked themselves in each other's arms and sobbed like children.

Prompted by delicacy, the sergeant was stealing away, when Aunt Betty, rousing from her emotion, urged him to stay. Then summoning the matron whom we saw at the pastry board, and resigning to her the great ladle and the charge of the caldron into whose depths she had been plunging it, she motioned her visitors to be seated, and was about to draw a chair beside them for herself, when her ruling habit of vigilant domestic oversight led her first to cast her eyes around to see that every thing was going on as it should. Her searching glance detected



the younger women still standing with their work neglected, and gaping upon the scene before them. Raising her voice to a pitch with which they were evidently familiar, and which sharply broke the spell of their idle wonder, and set them at work even more industriously than before, she called out, "What's dem young niggers a-lookin' at now, wid deir eyes as big as sassers? Guess dey 'xpect de dinner 'll git itself, de way dey stan' around doin' noffin'." Then turning to her companions, with a grim smile of satisfaction illumining her face as she observed the sudden industry of her help-mates, she added, "Young gals is mighty cur'ous, dar very heels is allers eachin' to see what's goin' on."

The two aged negroes sat for some time in eloquent silence. Their thoughts were too busy with many memories for speech, and their eyes wandered over the lines that time had furrowed in their faces, as if by gazing they might penetrate behind the veil that years had woven. And so it happened to them, as it has to a thousand others, that as they prolonged their inspection each seemed less changed than they had thought at first. The alterations that time had made, and which struck them so appallingly when they met, gradually faded away, and beneath the furrows and wrinkles of age they descried once more the old fadeless and familiar lineaments of their youthful days.

Aunt Betty was the first to speak. With a softness of voice and manner that was in marked contrast with the strident tone of her rebuke to the young girls, she said, with tremulous emotion, "De Lord is massiful, Will, to 'low me to see your face agin befo' I die, arter all dese long years of waitin'."

"De Lord is *allers* massiful, Bet," he responded, in the same suppressed tone; and, their simple hearts too full for utterance, they again relapsed into silence.

After the surprise of the recognition had subsided, the sergeant felt himself "left out in the cowl," as he afterward phrased it. His buoyant and mercurial temperament incapacitated him for a silent or inactive spectator, and he grew more and more restive under his enforced taciturnity. Accordingly he was about to retire on some pretext, when Aunt Betty, shrewdly divining the truth, again urged him to stay, adding in an audible aside to Daddy Will, "You needn't mind de sergeant, Will; he b'longs to de fam'ly."

"You niver spoke a more sinsible word nor that in all your life, Misthress Betty," interposed the vivacious Irishman, "since it's precious little there'd be of John O'Dale this blissid minute, outside of the churchyard, if it hadn't been for that same fam'ly. Sure an' it was a lucky day intirely, Misther

Daddy Will, when ould Betty adopted me into the fam'ly, barrin' that I was on my last legs with the faver from an ould wound I got in one of Colonel Hugh's scrimmages. Oh, thim long, long days, an' thim weary nights, an' the burnin' thirsts, an' the sore pains, an' the wake body that ould mawther here watched over so tinderly an' nursed so gently! Bedad, it's every bit her fault that I'm not reposin' very quietly with my toes to the daisies at this prisint, instid of sittin' brisk and comfortable forninst ye here, waitin' for the splendid bowl of tay that Aunt Betty intends to brew for the two of us."

Aunt Betty did not remain long unresponsive to the artful hint with which the sergeant wound up his tribute to her kindness, but, like all the Eves, whether white or black, who have flourished for the happiness of man from the time of Adam and of Mungo Park to this hour, she was speedily "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the oft-replenished bowls of fragrant "tay" which she supplied caused the time to pass unregarded by the trio, who had so much to tell and to hear. At length a side door of the kitchen opened, and Mrs. Paxton entered. The men rose and bowed instinctively, bending again and again before her stately but gentle presence with studied and profuse old-school politeness. Of the two it was clear that Daddy Will felt the most at home before the lady. Nor was this remarkable, since for all his life, when not in the army, he had been a favored household servant, and was versed in all the social observances. The sergeant, on the contrary, felt much more ill at ease than if he were heading a file on the battle-field, but his shrewd tact enabled him to conceal the awkwardness he felt. Both, however, were chivalrous in their devotion to woman, and in their simple, honest minds there was a ready and unreserved acknowledgment of her gentle supremacy. It was in their hearts to have acted all that poets have sung or chroniclers recorded of noble deeds done in defense of womanly purity and excellence.

When Mrs. Paxton had greeted the sergeant with a gracious word of salutation, she looked inquiringly at Daddy Will, and then turned to Aunt Betty, as if for explanation. But that ancient dame's countenance was as impenetrable as the Sphinx, and revealed nothing. "Ah! Aunt Betty," the lady exclaimed, "I see you have put on one of your inscrutable looks, but you can not mystify me this time. I am sure this is Uncle Will;" and as she spoke she held out her hand to him.

It needed not the mute testimony afforded by the relaxation of Aunt Betty's iron visage to assure Mrs. Paxton that she was right, for the old man, taking her proffer-



ed hand, raised it to his lips, and said, "Ah! Miss Milly, I see de Duncans never forget."

These simple words were a parable full of meaning to Mrs. Paxton, for "Milly," the diminutive of Millicent, was the name she bore in the days of her happy girlhood, and "The Duncans never forget" was the well-remembered and cherished motto of her father's family. Here, too, was the "Uncle Will" who had figured so largely in the joys of her childhood, and his presence revived a thousand slumbering memories of that happy time, and of incidents connected with the traditional family friendship of the Duncans and the Daters. After enjoying these pleasing recollections for some minutes, during which she asked Daddy Will many questions about the old times so dear to them both, she explained to Aunt Betty that the object of her visit was to give her some directions relative to the continuation of the interrupted picnic, which Miss Kate, not to be diverted from her plans by the storm, had determined, with Mrs. Paxton's connivance, should come off in-doors. As Mrs. Paxton gave Aunt Betty her instructions, into the details of which the venerable dame entered with great zest, Daddy Will indulged in one of his complacent chuckles, and when the conference was concluded he said, "I see, Miss Milly, you've l'arned to give in to Miss Kate, jis like all de rest of de folks. Well, well, she *does* carry a good many guns; and when she steals her little hand on to your arm with a touch as light as a baby's bref, dar ain't no use tryin' to hold out agin her; it's onpossible. I 'xpect you've l'arned dat lesson a'ready?"

In response Mrs. Paxton laughed gayly, so gayly for her that Aunt Betty exclaimed, in delight at the unwonted demonstration, "Dat laugh does my ole heart good, honey. De Lord bless de young lady dat brings de sunshine into dis house with her!"

Nodding a kindly acknowledgment to her old nurse, Mrs. Paxton replied to Daddy Will, "Yes, Uncle Will, your young mistress is very charming, and to fall in love with her has been a very sweet and easy lesson for me."

"Jis so, Miss Milly," the old man responded; "it's allers so."

#### IV.

Our latest glimpse of Daddy Will was a brief one—only a momentary reflection of his honest face in the mirror of memory. It happened some months after his unexpected meeting with Aunt Betty; and the scene had shifted from the summery shores of the beautiful lake near which the Paxton mansion nestled in green seclusion, to a broad street in the suburbs of our greatest city. It is a clear, cold, star-lit winter night. The ground is covered with a soft

fleece of new-fallen snow, as white and pure as the robe of an angel. The deep blue ground of the sky is bestudded with stars which sparkle like so many celestial diamonds. We hear the chime of the coming and going sleigh-bells—now faint and low in the distance, now rising clear and merrily on the ear, and now receding like fairy music. Before us is a stately New York mansion, every window of which, from roof to basement, is ablaze with light, and from which issue the hum of gay voices, ripples of musical laughter, and the sound of light footfalls tripping the measured cadence of the dance. Suddenly the hall door is thrown wide open, and a flood of light pours out upon the night, revealing a capacious sleigh in waiting, which is piled with warm rugs and furs, and whose impatient bays are chafing to be gone. Stamping back and forth on the sidewalk, a well-coated footman is slapping his sides and shoulders with his swinging arms to keep his fingers warm; and a coachman sits stiff and motionless on the sleigh box expectantly holding the reins. Soon a group of ladies and gentlemen crowd the doorway, there are sounds of smothered words and kisses, and the group dissolves; a portion of it, foremost among whom we desery Colonel Hugh Paxton and his bride of an afternoon—our winsome, bright-haired Kate—descend the steps, and are attended to the sleigh by Mr. Dater and Uncle Miles, while Mrs. Dater and Mrs. Paxton, with others hovering in the rear, remain behind. As the pair pass down the steps, low-voiced and loving greetings come to them from old household friends and servants who are ranged on each side, and conspicuous among whom we recognize the tall figures of Daddy Will and Aunt Betty, the latter wearing a turban of magnificent proportions and brilliant hues in honor of the occasion. Sergeant O'Dale is also there, and touches his hat with a military salute as the colonel and his bride pass by. At length the sleigh is reached, the robes and comforters are carefully wrapped round Kate by Hugh and her father, the footman ceases whipping his sides and mounts the box, the coachman relaxes from his statue-like rigidity, "Good-by, papa," "Good-by, mamma," "Good-by, Daddy Will," come from behind the pile of furs, and the sleigh dashes off into the crisp and star-lit night amid a shower of lucky shoes and a peal of good wishes from the crowded porch. Daddy Will and the sergeant linger behind till all the others have re-entered the house, and when at last they too turn to follow, we overhear the faithful old man remark, with an exultant chuckle, to his friend the sergeant, "I allers said our Miss Kate was born to make some man mis'able, and I ain't disappointed."



## MACLEOD OF DARE.

## CHAPTER XX.

## OTTER-SKINS.

"A H, pappy," said Miss Gertrude White to her father—and she pretended to sigh as she spoke—"this is a change indeed!"

They were driving up to the gate of the small cottage in South Bank. It was the end of October. In the gardens they passed the trees were almost bare, though such leaves as hung sparsely on the branches of the chestnuts and maples were ablaze with russet and gold in the misty sunshine.

"In another week," she continued, "there will not be a leaf left. I dare say there is not a single geranium in the garden. All hands on deck to pipe a farewell.

'Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,  
Ihr sonnigen Weiden  
Der Senne muss scheiden,  
Der Sommer ist hin.'

Farewell to the blue mountains of Newcastle, and the sun-lit valleys of Liverpool, and the silver water-falls of Leeds; the summer is indeed over; and a very nice and pleasant summer we have had of it."

The flavor of sarcasm running through this affected sadness vexed Mr. White, and he answered, sharply:

"I think you have little reason to grumble over a tour which has so distinctly added to your reputation."

"I was not aware," said she, with a certain careless sauciness of manner, "that an actress was allowed to have a reputation—at least, there are always plenty of people anxious enough to take it away."

"Gertrude," said he, sternly, "what do you mean by this constant carping? Do you wish to cease to be an actress? or what in all the world do you want?"

"To cease to be an actress?" she said, with a mild wonder, and with the sweetest of smiles, as she prepared to get out of the open door of the cab. "Why, don't you know, pappy, that a leopard can not change his spots, or an Ethiopian his skin? Take care of the step, pappy. That's right. Come here, Marie, and give the cabman a hand with this portmanteau."

Miss White was not grumbling at all—but on the contrary was quite pleasant and cheerful—when she entered the small house and found herself once more at home.

"Oh, Carry," she said, when her sister followed her into her room, "you don't know what it is to get back home after having been bandied from one hotel to another hotel, and from one lodging-house to another lodging-house, for goodness knows how long."

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Carry, with such

marked coldness that her sister turned to her.

"What is the matter with you?"

"What is the matter with *you*?" the younger sister retorted, with sudden fire. "Do you know that your letters to me have been quite disgraceful?"

"You are crazed, child—you wrote something about it the other day; I could not make out what you meant," said Miss White; and she went to the glass to see that the beautiful brown hair had not been too much disarranged by the removal of her bonnet.

"It is you are crazed, Gertrude White," said Carry, who had apparently picked up from some melodrama the notion that it was rather effective to address a person by her full name: "I am really ashamed of you—that you should have let yourself be bewitched by a parcel of beasts' skins. I declare that your ravings about the Highlands, and fairies, and trash of that sort have been only fit for a penny journal—"

Miss White turned and stared—as well she might. This indignant person of fourteen had flashing eyes and a visage of wrath. The pale, calm, elder sister only remarked, in that deep-toned and gentle voice of hers:

"Your language is pretty considerably strong, Carry. I don't know what has aroused such a passion in you. Because I wrote to you about the Highlands? Because I sent you that collection of legends? Because it seemed to me, when I was in a wretched hotel in some dirty town, I would rather be away yachting or driving with some one of the various parties of people whom I know, and who had mostly gone to Scotland this year? If you are jealous of the Highlands, Carry, I will undertake to root out the name of every mountain and lake that has got hold of my affections."

She was turning away again, with a quiet smile on her face, when her younger sister arrested her.

"What's that?" said she, so sharply, and extending her forefinger so suddenly, that Gertrude almost shrank back.

"What's what?" she said, in dismay—fearing perhaps to hear of an adder being on her shoulder.

"You know, perfectly well," said Miss Carry, vehemently, "it is the Macleod tartan."

Now the truth was that Miss White's travelling dress was of an unrelieved gray, the only scrap of color about her costume being a tiny thread of tartan ribbon that just showed in front of her collar.

"The Macleod tartan?" said the elder sister, demurely. "And what if it were the Macleod tartan?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself,



Gerty! There was quite enough occasion for people to talk in the way he kept coming here; and now you make a parade of it; you ask people to look at you wearing a badge of servitude; you say, 'Oh, here I am, and I am quite ready to be your wife when you ask me, Sir Keith Macleod.'

There was no flush of anger in the fair and placid face; but rather a look of demure amusement in the downcast eyes.

"Dear me, Carry," said she, with great innocence, "the profession of an actress must be looking up in public estimation when such a rumor as that could even get into existence. And so people have been so kind as to suggest that Sir Keith Macleod, the representative of one of the oldest and proudest families in the kingdom, would not be above marrying a poor actress who has her living to earn, and who is supported by the half crowns and half sovereigns of the public? And indeed I think it would look very well to have him loitering about the stage-doors of provincial theatres until his wife should be ready to come out; and would he bring his gillies, and keepers, and head foresters, and put them into the pit to applaud her? Really, the rôle you have cut out for a Highland gentleman—"

"A Highland gentleman!" exclaimed Carry. "A Highland pauper! But you are quite right, Gerty, to laugh at the rumor. Of course it is quite ridiculous. It is quite ridiculous to think that an actress whose fame is all over England—who is sought after by every body, and the popularest favorite ever seen—would give up every thing and go away and marry an ignorant Highland savage, and look after his calves and his cows and hens for him. That is indeed ridiculous, Gerty."

"Very well, then, put it out of your mind, and never let me hear another word about it," said the popularest favorite, as she undid the bit of tartan ribbon; "and if it is any great comfort to you to know, this is not the Macleod tartan, but the MacDougall tartan, and you may put it in the fire if you like."

Saying which she threw the bit of costume which had given so great offense on the table. The discomfited Carry looked at it, but would not touch it. At last she said,

"Where are the skins, Gerty?"

"Near Castle Dare," answered Miss White, turning to get something else for her neck, "there is a steep hill, and the road comes over it. When you climb to the top of the hill and sit down, the fairies will carry you right to the bottom, if you are in a proper frame of mind. But they won't appear at all unless you are at peace with all men. I will show you the skins when you are in a proper frame of mind, Carry."

"Who told you that story?" she asked, quickly.

"Sir Keith Macleod," the elder sister said, without thinking.

"Then he has been writing to you?"

"Certainly."

She marched out of the room. Gertrude White, unconscious of the fierce rage she had aroused, carelessly proceeded with her toilet, trying now one flower and now another in the ripples of her sun-brown hair, but finally discarding these half-withered things for a narrow band of blue velvet.

"Threescore of nobles rode up the king's ha',"

she was humming thoughtlessly to herself as she stood with her hands uplifted to her head, revealing the beautiful lines of her figure,

"But bonnie Glenogie's the flower o' them a';  
Wi' his milk-white steed and his coal-black e'e:  
Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me!"

At length she had finished, and was ready to proceed to her immediate work of overhauling domestic affairs. When Keith Macleod was struck by the exceeding neatness and perfection of arrangement in this small house, he was in no wise the victim of any stage effect. Gertrude White was at all times and in all seasons a precise and accurate house-mistress. Harassed, as an actress must often be, by other cares; sometimes exhausted with hard work; perhaps tempted now and again by the self-satisfaction of a splendid triumph to let meaner concerns go unheeded; all the same she allowed nothing to interfere with her domestic duties.

"Gerty," her father said, impatiently, to her a day or two before they left London for the provinces, "what is the use of your going down to these stores yourself? Surely you can send Jane or Marie. You really waste far too much time over the veriest trifles: how can it matter what sort of mustard we have?"

"And indeed I am glad to have something to convince me that I am a human being and a woman," she had said, instantly; "something to be myself in. I believe Providence intended me to be the manager of a Swiss hotel."

This was one of the first occasions on which she had revealed to her father that she had been thinking a good deal about her lot in life, and was perhaps beginning to doubt whether the struggle to become a great and famous actress was the only thing worth living for. But he paid little attention to it at the time. He had a vague impression that it was scarcely worth discussing about. He was pretty well convinced that his daughter was clever enough to argue herself into any sort of belief about herself, if she should take some fantastic notion into her head. It was not until that



night in Manchester that he began to fear there might be something serious in these expressions of discontent.

On this bright October morning Miss Gertrude White was about to begin her domestic inquiries, and was leaving her room humming cheerfully to herself something about the bonnie Glenogie of the song, when she was again stopped by her sister, who was carrying a bundle.

"I have got the skins," she said, gloomily. "Jane took them out."

"Will you look at them?" the sister said, kindly. "They are very pretty. If they were not a present, I would give them to you to make a jacket of them."

"I wear them?" said she. "Not likely!"

Nevertheless she had sufficient womanly curiosity to let her elder sister open the parcel; and then she took up the otter-skins one by one, and looked at them.

"I don't think much of them," she said.

The other bore this taunt patiently.

"They are only big moles, aren't they? And I thought mole-skin was only worn by working people."

"I am a working person too," Miss Gertrude White said; "but in any case I think a jacket of these skins will look lovely."

"Oh, do you think so? Well, you can't say much for the smell of them."

"It is no more disagreeable than the smell of a seal-skin jacket."

She laid down the last of the skins, with some air of disdain.

"It will be a nice series of trophies, anyway—showing you know some one who goes about spending his life in killing inoffensive animals."

"Poor Sir Keith Macleod! What has he done to offend you, Carry?"

Miss Carry turned her head away for a minute; but presently she boldly faced her sister.

"Gerty, you don't mean to marry a beauty man!"

Gerty looked considerably puzzled; but her companion continued, vehemently:

"How often have I heard you say you would never marry a beauty man—a man who has been brought up in front of the looking-glass—who is far too well satisfied with his own good looks to think of any thing or any body else! Again and again you have said that, Gertrude White. You told me, rather than marry a self-satisfied coxcomb, you would marry a misshapen ugly little man, so that he would worship you all the days of your life for your condescension and kindness."

"Very well, then!"

"And what is Sir Keith Macleod but a beauty man?"

"He is not!" and for once the elder sister betrayed some feeling in the proud tone of her voice. "He is the manliest-looking

man that I have ever seen, and I have seen a good many more men than you. There is not a man you know whom he could not throw across the canal down there. Sir Keith Macleod a beauty man! I think he could take on a good deal more polishing, and curling, and smoothing without any great harm. If I was in any danger, I know which of all the men I have seen I would rather have in front of me—with his arms free; and I don't suppose he would be thinking of any looking-glass! If you want to know about the race he represents, read English history, and the story of England's wars. If you go to India, or China, or Africa, or the Crimea, you will hear something about the Macleods, I think!"

Carry began to cry.

"You silly thing, what is the matter with you?" Gertrude White exclaimed; but of course her arm was round her sister's neck.

"It is true, then."

"What is true?"

"What people say."

"What do people say?"

"That you will marry Sir Keith Macleod."

"Carry!" she said, angrily. "I can't imagine who has been repeating such idiotic stories to you. I wish people would mind their own business. Sir Keith Macleod marry me!"

"Do you mean to say he has never asked you?" Carry said, disengaging herself, and fixing her eyes on her sister's face.

"Certainly not," was the decided answer; but all the same Miss Gertrude White's forehead and cheeks flushed slightly.

"Then you know that he means to—and that is why you have been writing to me, day after day, about the romance of the Highlands, and fairy stories, and the pleasure of people who could live without caring for the public. Oh, Gerty, why won't you be frank with me, and let me know the worst at once?"

"If I gave you a box on the ears," she said, laughing, "that would be the worst at once; and I think it would serve you right for listening to such tittle-tattle, and letting your head be filled with nonsense. Haven't you sufficient sense to know that you ought not to compel me to speak of such a thing—absurd as it is? I can not go on denying that I am about to become the wife of Tom, Dick, or Harry; and you know the stories that have been going about for years past. Who was I last? The wife of a Russian nobleman who gambled away all my earnings at Homburg. You are fourteen now, Carry; you should have more sense."

Miss Carry dried her eyes, but she mournfully shook her head. There were the otter-skins lying on the table. She had seen plenty of the absurd paragraphs about her sister which good-natured friends had cut



out of provincial and foreign papers, and forwarded to the small family at South Bank. But the mythical Russian nobleman had never sent a parcel of otter-skins. These were palpable, and not to be explained away. She sorrowfully left the room, unconvinced.

And now Miss Gertrude White set to work with a will; and no one who was only familiar with her outside her own house would have recognized in this shifty, practical, industrious person, who went so thoroughly into all the details of the small establishment, the lady who, when she went abroad among the gayeties of the London season, was so eagerly sought after, and flattered, and petted, and made the object of all manner of delicate attentions. Her father, who suspected that her increased devotion to these domestic duties was but part of that rebellious spirit she had recently betrayed, had nevertheless to confess that there was no one but herself whom he could trust to arrange his china and dust his curiosities. And how could he resent her giving instructions to the cook, when it was his own dinner that profited thereby?

"Well, Gerty," he said, that evening after dinner, "what do you think about Mr. ——'s offer? It is very good-natured of him to let you have the ordering of the drawing-room scene; for you can have the furniture and the color to suit your own costume."

"Indeed I shall have nothing whatever to do with it," said she, promptly. "The furniture at home is enough for me. I don't wish to become the upholsterer of a theatre."

"You are very ungrateful, then. Half the effect of a modern comedy is lost because the people appear in rooms which resemble nothing at all that people ever lived in. Here is a man who gives you *carte blanche* to put a modern drawing-room on the stage; and your part would gain infinitely from having real surroundings. I consider it a very flattering offer."

"And perhaps it is, pappy," said she; "but I think I do enough if I get through my own share of the work. And it is very silly of him to want me to introduce a song into this part too. He knows I can't sing—"

"Gerty!" her sister said.

"Oh, you know as well as I. I can get through a song well enough in a room; but I have not enough voice for a theatre; and although he says it is only to make the drawing-room scene more realistic, and that I need not sing to the front, that is all nonsense. I know what it is meant for—to catch the gallery. Now I refuse to sing for the gallery."

This was decided enough.

"What was the song you put into your last part, Gerty?" her sister asked. "I saw something in the papers about it."

"It was a Scotch one, Carry; I don't think you know it."

"I wonder it was not a Highland one," her sister said, rather spitefully.

"Oh, I have a whole collection of Highland ones now. Would you like to hear one? Would you, pappy?"

She went and fetched the book, and opened the piano.

"It is an old air that belonged to Scarba," she said; and then she sang, simply and pathetically enough, the somewhat stiff and cumbrous English translation of the Gaelic words. It was the song of the exiled Mary Macleod, who, sitting on the shores of "seaworn Mull," looks abroad on the lonely islands of Scarba, and Islay, and Jura, and laments that she is far away from her own home.

"How do you like it, pappy?" she said, when she had finished. "It is a pity I do not know the Gaelic. They say that when the chief heard these verses repeated, he let the old woman go back to her own home."

One of the two listeners, at all events, did not seem to be particularly struck by the pathos of Mary Macleod's lament. She walked up to the piano.

"Where did you get that book, Gerty?" she said, in a firm voice.

"Where?" said the other, innocently. "In Manchester, I think it was, I bought it."

But before she had made the explanation, Miss Carry, convinced that this too had come from her enemy, had seized the book and turned to the title-page. Neither on title-page nor on fly-leaf, however, was there any inscription.

"Did you think it had come with the otter-skins, Carry?" the elder sister said, laughing; and the younger one retired, baffled and chagrined, but none the less resolved that before Gertrude White completely gave herself up to this blind infatuation for a savage country and for one of its worthless inhabitants, she would have to run the gauntlet of many a sharp word of warning and reproach.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### IN LONDON AGAIN.

ON through the sleeping counties rushed the train—passing woods, streams, fertile valleys, and clustering villages all palely shrouded in the faint morning mist that had a sort of suffused and hidden sunlight in it: the world had not yet awoken. But Macleod knew that ere he reached London people would be abroad, and he almost shrank from meeting the look of these thousands of eager faces. Would not some of them guess his errand? Would he not be sure to run against a friend of hers—an acquaint-



ance of his own? It was with a strange sense of fear that he stepped out and on to the platform at Euston Station; he glanced up and down: if she were suddenly to confront his eyes! A day or two ago it seemed as if innumerable leagues of ocean lay between him and her, so that the heart grew sick with thinking of the distance; now that he was in the same town with her, he felt so close to her that he could almost hear her breathe.

Major Stuart has enjoyed a sound night's rest, and was now possessed of quite enough good spirits and loquacity for two. He scarcely observed the silence of his companion. Together they rattled away through this busy, eager, immense throng, until they got down to the comparative quiet of Bury Street; and here they were fortunate enough to find not only that Macleod's old rooms were unoccupied, but that his companion could have the corresponding chambers on the floor above. They changed their attire; had breakfast; and then proceeded to discuss their plans for the day. Major Stuart observed that he was in no hurry to investigate the last modifications of the drying-machines. It would be necessary to write and appoint an interview before going down into Essex. He had several calls to make in London: if Macleod did not see him before, they should meet at seven for dinner. Macleod saw him depart without any great regret.

When he himself went outside it was already noon, but the sun had not yet broken through the mist, and London seemed cold, and lifeless, and deserted. He did not know of any one of his former friends being left in the great and lonely city. He walked along Piccadilly, and saw how many of the houses were shut up. The beautiful foliage of the Green Park had vanished, and here and there a red leaf hung on a withered branch. And yet, lonely as he felt in walking through this crowd of strangers, he was nevertheless possessed with a nervous and excited fear that at any moment he might have to quail before the inquiring glance of a certain pair of calm, large eyes. Was this, then, really Keith Macleod who was haunted by these fantastic troubles? Had he so little courage that he dared not go boldly up to her house and hold out his hand to her? As he walked along this thoroughfare, he was looking far ahead; and when any tall and slender figure appeared that might by any possibility be taken for hers, he watched it with a nervous interest that had something of dread in it. So much for the high courage born of love!

It was with some sense of relief that he entered Hyde Park, for here there were fewer people. And as he walked on, the day brightened. A warmer light began to suf-

fuse the pale mist lying over the black-green masses of rhododendrons, the leafless trees, the damp grass-plots, the empty chairs; and as he was regarding a group of people on horseback who, almost at the summit of the red hill, seemed about to disappear into the mist, behold! a sudden break in the sky; a silvery gleam shot athwart from the south, so that these distant figures grew almost black; and presently the frail sunshine of November was streaming all over the red ride and the raw green of the grass. His spirits rose somewhat. When he reached the Serpentine the sunlight was shining on the rippling blue water; and there were pert young ladies of ten or twelve feeding the ducks; and away on the other side there was actually an island amid the blue ripples; and the island, if it was not as grand as Staffa nor as green as Ulva, was nevertheless an island, and it was pleasant enough to look at, with its bushes, and boats, and white swans. And then he bethought him of his first walks by the side of this little lake—when Oscar was the only creature in London he had to concern himself with—when each new day was only a brighter holiday than its predecessor—when he was of opinion that London was the happiest and most beautiful place in the world. And of that bright morning, too, when he walked through the empty streets at dawn, and came to the peacefully flowing river.

These idle meditations were suddenly interrupted. Away along the bank of the lake his keen eye could make out a figure, which, even at that distance, seemed so much to resemble one he knew that his heart began to beat quick. Then the dress—all of black, with a white hat and white gloves—was not that of the simplicity that had always so great an attraction for her? And he knew that she was singularly fond of Kensington Gardens; and might she not be going thither for a stroll before going back to the Piccadilly Theatre? He hastened his steps. He soon began to gain on the stranger; and the nearer he got, the more it seemed to him that he recognized the graceful walk and carriage of this slender woman. She passed under the archway of the bridge. When she had emerged from the shadow she paused for a moment or two to look at the ducks on the lake; and this arch of shadow seemed to frame a beautiful sun-lit picture—the single figure against a background of green bushes. And if this were indeed she, how splendid the world would all become in a moment! In his eagerness of anticipation he forgot his fear. What would she say? Was he to hear her laugh once more? And take her hand? Alas! when he got close enough to make sure, he found that this beautiful figure belonged to a somewhat pretty mid-



dle-aged lady, who had brought a bag of scraps with her to feed the ducks. The world grew empty again. He passed on in a sort of dream. He only knew he was in Kensington Gardens, and that once or twice he had walked with her down those broad alleys in the happy summer-time of flowers and sunshine and the scent of limes. Now there was a pale blue mist in the open glades, and a gloomy purple instead of the brilliant green of the trees; and the cold wind that came across rustled the masses of brown and orange leaves that were lying scattered on the ground. He got a little more interested when he neared the Round Pond; for the wind had freshened, and there were several handsome craft out there on the raging deep, braving well the sudden squalls that laid them right on their beam ends, and then let them come staggering and dripping up to windward. But there were two small boys there who had brought with them a tiny vessel of home-made build, with a couple of lug-sails, a jib, and no rudder; and it was a great disappointment to them that this nondescript craft would move, if it moved at all, in an uncertain circle. Macleod came to their assistance—got a bit of floating stick, and carved out of it a rude rudder, altered the sails, and altogether put the ship into such sea-going trim that, when she was fairly launched, she kept a pretty good course for the other side, where, doubtless, she arrived in safety and discharged her passengers and cargo. He was almost sorry to part with the two small ship-owners. They almost seemed to him the only people he knew in London.

But surely he had not come all the way from Castle Dare to walk about Kensington Gardens? What had become of that intense longing to see her—to hear her speak—that had made his life at home a constant torment and misery? Well, it still held possession of him; but all the same there was this indefinable dread that held him back. Perhaps he was afraid that he would have to confess to her the true reason for his having come to London. Perhaps he feared he might find her something entirely different from the creature of his dreams. At all events, as he returned to his rooms and sat down by himself to think over all the things that might accrue from this step of his, he only got further and further into a haze of nervous indecision. One thing only was clear to him. With all his hatred and jealousy of the theatre, to the theatre that night he would have to go. He could not know that she was so near to him—that at a certain time and place he could certainly see her and listen to her—without going. He bethought him, moreover, of what he had once heard her say, that while she could fairly well make out the people in the galleries and boxes, those who were sit-

ting in the stalls close to the orchestra were, by reason of the glare of the foot-lights, quite invisible to her. Might he not, then, get into some corner where, himself unseen, he might be so near her that he could almost stretch out his hand to her, and take her hand, and tell by its warmth and throbbing that it was a real woman, and not a dream, that filled his heart?

Major Stuart was put off by some excuse, and at eight o'clock Macleod walked up to the theatre. He drew near with some apprehension; it almost seemed to him as though the man in the box-office recognized him, and knew the reason for his demanding one of those stalls. He got it easily enough; there was no great run on the new piece, even though Miss Gertrude White was the heroine. He made his way along the narrow corridors; he passed into the glare of the house; he took his seat with his ears dinning by the loud music, and waited. He paid no heed to his neighbors; he had already twisted up the programme so that he could not have read it if he had wished; he was aware mostly of a sort of slightly choking sensation about the throat.

When Gertrude White did appear—she came in unexpectedly—he almost uttered a cry; and it would have been a cry of delight. For there was the flesh-and-blood woman, a thousand times more interesting, and beautiful, and lovable than all his fancied pictures of her. Look how she walks—how simply and gracefully she takes off her hat and places it on the table! Look at the play of light and life and gladness on her face—at the eloquence of her eyes! He had been thinking of her eyes as too calmly observant and serious: he saw them now, and was amazed at the difference—they seemed to have so much clear light in them, and pleasant laughter. He did not fear at all that she should see him. She was so near—he wished he could take her hand, and lead her away. What concern had these people around with her? This was Gertrude White—whom he knew. She was a friend of Mrs. Ross's; she lived in a quiet little home, with an affectionate and provoking sister; she had a great admiration for Oscar the collie; she had the whitest hand in the world as she offered you some salad at the small, neat table. What was she doing here—amid all this glaring sham—before all these people? "*Come away quickly!*" his heart cried to her. "*Quick—quick—let us get away together: there is some mistake—some illusion: outside you will breathe the fresh air, and get into the reality of the world again; and you will ask about Oscar, and young Ogilvie; and ere might hold your hand—your real warm hand—and perhaps hold it tight, and not give it up to any one whatsoever!*" His own hand was trembling with excitement. The eagerness of delight with which he listened



to every word uttered by the low-toned and gentle voice was almost painful; and yet he knew it not. He was as one demented. This was Gertrude White—speaking, walking, smiling, a fire of beauty in her clear eyes, her parted lips when she laughed letting the brilliant light just touch for an instant the milk-white teeth. This was no pale Rose Leaf at all—no dream or vision—but the actual laughing, talking, beautiful woman, who had more than ever of that strange grace and witchery about her that had fascinated him when first he saw her. She was so near that he could have thrown a rose to her—a red rose full blown and full scented. He forgave the theatre—or rather he forgot it—in the unimaginable delight of being so near to her. And when at length she left the stage, he had no jealousy at all of the poor people who remained there to go through their marionette business. He hoped they might all become great actors and actresses. He even thought he would try to get to understand the story—seeing he should have nothing else to do until Gertrude White came back again.

Now Keith Macleod was no more ignorant or innocent than any body else; but there was one social misdemeanor—a mere peccadillo, let us say—that was quite unintelligible to him. He could not understand how a man could go flirting after a married woman; and still less could he understand how a married woman should, instead of attending to her children and her house and such matters, make herself ridiculous by aping girlhood and pretending to have a lover. He had read a great deal about this, and he was told it was common; but he did not believe it. The same authorities assured him that the women of England were drunkards in secret; he did not believe it. The same authorities insisted that the sole notion of marriage that occupied the head of an English girl of our own day was as to how she should sell her charms to the highest bidder; he did not believe that either. And indeed he argued with himself, in considering to what extent books and plays could be trusted in such matters, that in one obvious case the absurdity of these allegations was proved. If France were the France of French playwrights and novelists, the whole business of the country would come to a stand-still. If it was the sole and constant occupation of every adult Frenchman to run after his neighbor's wife, how could bridges be built, taxes collected, fortifications planned? Surely a Frenchman must sometimes think—if only by accident—of something other than his neighbor's wife? Macleod laughed to himself, in the solitude of Castle Dare, and contemptuously flung the unfinished paper-covered novel aside.

But what was his surprise and indigna-

tion—his shame, even—on finding that this very piece in which Gertrude White was acting was all about a jealous husband, and a gay and thoughtless wife, and a villain who did not at all silently plot her ruin, but frankly confided his aspirations to a mutual friend, and rather sought for sympathy; while she, Gertrude White herself, had, before all these people, to listen to advances which, in her innocence, she was not supposed to understand. As the play proceeded, his brows grew darker and darker. And the husband, who ought to have been the guardian of his wife's honor? Well, the husband in this rather poor play was a creation that is common in modern English drama. He represented one idea at least that the English playwright has certainly not borrowed from the French stage. Moral worth is best indicated by a sullen demeanor. The man who has a pleasant manner is dangerous and a profligate; the virtuous man—the true-hearted Englishman—conducts himself as a boor, and proves the goodness of his nature by his silence and his sulks. The hero of this trumpery piece was of this familiar type. He saw the gay fascinator coming about his house; but he was too proud and dignified to interfere. He knew of his young wife becoming the by-word of his friends; but he only clasped his hands on his forehead, and sought solitude, and scowled as a man of virtue should. Macleod had paid but little attention to stories of this kind when he had merely read them; but when the situation was visible—when actual people were before him—the whole thing looked more real, and his sympathies became active enough. How was it possible, he thought, for this poor dolt to fume and mutter, and let his innocent wife go her own way alone and unprotected, when there was a door in the room, and a window by way of alternative? There was one scene in which the faithless friend and the young wife were together in her drawing-room. He drew nearer to her; he spoke softly to her; he ventured to take her hand. And while he was looking up appealingly to her, Macleod was regarding his face. He was calculating to himself the precise spot between the eyes where a man's knuckles would most effectually tell; and his hand was clinched, and his teeth set hard. There was a look on his face which would have warned any gay young man that when Macleod should marry, his wife would need no second champion.

But was this the atmosphere by which she was surrounded? It is needless to say that the piece was proper enough. Virtue was triumphant; vice compelled to sneak off discomfited. The indignant outburst of shame and horror and contempt on the part of the young wife, when she came to know what the villain's suave intentions really



meant, gave Miss White an excellent opportunity of displaying her histrionic gifts; and the public applauded vehemently; but Macleod had no pride in her triumph. He was glad when the piece ended—when the honest-hearted Englishman so far recovered speech as to declare that his confidence in his wife was restored, and so far forgot his stolidity of face and demeanor as to point out to the villain the way to the door instead of kicking him thither. Macleod breathed more freely when he knew that Gertrude White was now about to go away to the shelter and quiet of her own home. He went back to his rooms, and tried to forget the precise circumstances in which he had just seen her.

But not to forget herself. A new gladness filled his heart when he thought of her—thought of her not now as a dream or a vision, but as the living and breathing woman whose musical laugh seemed still to be ringing in his ears. He could see her plainly—the face all charged with life and loveliness; the clear bright eyes that he had no longer any fear of meeting; the sweet mouth with its changing smiles. When Major Stuart came home that night he noticed a most marked change in the manner of his companion. Macleod was excited, eager, talkative; full of high spirits and friendliness; he joked his friend about his playing truant from his wife. He was anxious to know all about the major's adventures, and pressed him to have but one other cigar, and vowed that he would take him on the following evening to the only place in London where a good dinner could be had. There was gladness in his eyes, a careless satisfaction in his manner; he was ready to do any thing, go any where. This was more like the Macleod of old. Major Stuart came to the conclusion that the atmosphere of London had had a very good effect on his friend's spirits.

When Macleod went to bed that night there were wild and glad desires and resolves in his brain that might otherwise have kept him awake but for the fatigue he had lately endured. He slept, and he dreamed; and the figure that he saw in his dreams—though she was distant, somehow—had a look of tenderness in her eyes, and she held a red rose in her hand.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### DECLARATION.

NOVEMBER though it was, next morning broke brilliantly over London. There was a fresh west wind blowing; there was a clear sunshine filling the thoroughfares; if one were on the look-out for picturesqueness even in Bury Street, was there not a

fine touch of color where the softly red chimney-pots rose far away into the blue? It was not possible to have always around one the splendor of the northern sea.

And Macleod would not listen to a word his friend had to say concerning the important business that had brought them both to London.

"To-night, man—to-night; we will arrange it all to-night," he would say; and there was a nervous excitement about his manner for which the major could not at all account.

"Sha'n't I see you till the evening, then?" he asked.

"No," Macleod said, looking anxiously out of the window, as if he feared some thunder-storm would suddenly shut out the clear light of this beautiful morning. "I don't know—perhaps I may be back before—but at any rate we meet at seven. You will remember seven?"

"Indeed I am not likely to forget it," his companion said; for he had been told about five-and-thirty times.

It was about eleven o'clock when Macleod left the house. There was a grateful freshness about the morning even here in the middle of London. People looked cheerful; Piccadilly was thronged with idlers come out to enjoy the sunshine; there was still a leaf or two fluttering on the trees in the squares. Why should this man go eagerly tearing away northward in a hansom, with an anxious and absorbed look on his face, when every body seemed inclined to saunter leisurely along, breathing the sweet wind, and feeling the sunlight on their cheek?

It was scarcely half past eleven when Macleod got out of the hansom, and opened a small gate, and walked up to the door of a certain house. He was afraid she had already gone. He was afraid she might resent his calling at so unusual an hour. He was afraid—of a thousand things. And when, at last, the trim maid-servant told him that Miss White was within, and asked him to step into the drawing-room, it was almost as one in a dream that he followed her. As one in a dream, truly; but nevertheless he saw every object around him with a marvellous vividness. Next day he could recollect every feature of the room—the empty fireplace, the black-framed mirror, the Chinese fans, the small cabinets with their shelves of blue and white, and the large open book on the table, with a bit of tartan lying on it. These things seemed to impress themselves on his eyesight involuntarily; for he was in reality intently listening for a soft footfall outside the door. He went forward to this open book. It was a volume of a work on the Highland clans—a large and expensive work that was not likely to belong to Mr. White. And this colored figure? It was the representative of the Clan Macleod; and



this bit of cloth that lay on the open book was of the Macleod tartan. He withdrew quickly, as though he had stumbled on some dire secret. He went to the window. He saw only leafless trees now, and withered flowers, with the clear sunshine touching the sides of houses and walls that had in the summer months been quite invisible.

There was a slight noise behind him; he turned, and all the room seemed filled with a splendor of light and of life as she advanced to him—the clear, beautiful eyes full of gladness, the lips smiling, the hand frankly extended. And of a sudden his heart sank. Was it indeed of her,

“The glory of life, the beauty of the world,”

that he had dared to dream wild and impossible dreams? He had set out that morning with a certain masterful sense that he would face his fate. He had “taken the world for his pillow,” as the Gaelic stories say. But at this sudden revelation of the incomparable grace, and self-possession, and high loveliness of this beautiful creature, all his courage and hopes fled instantly, and he could only stammer out excuses for his calling so early. He was eagerly trying to make himself out an ordinary visitor. He explained that he did not know but that she might be going to the theatre during the day. He was in London for a short time on business. It was an unconscionable hour.

“But I am so glad to see you,” she said, with a perfect sweetness, and her eyes said more than her words. “I should have been really vexed if I had heard you had passed through London without calling on us. Won’t you sit down?”

As he sat down, she turned for a second, and, without any embarrassment, shut the big book that had been lying open on the table.

“It is very beautiful weather,” she remarked—there was no tremor about her fingers, at all events, as she made secure the brooch that fastened the simple morning dress at the neck—“only it seems a pity to throw away such beautiful sunshine on withered gardens and bare trees. We have some fine chrysanthemums, though; but I confess I don’t like chrysanthemums myself. They come at a wrong time. They look unnatural. They only remind one of what is gone. If we are to have winter, we ought to have it out and out; the chrysanthemums always seem to me as if they were making a pretense—trying to make you believe that there was still some life in the dead garden.”

It was very pretty talk all this about chrysanthemums, uttered in the low-toned and gentle and musical voice; but somehow there was a burning impatience in his heart, and a bitter sense of hopelessness; and he felt as though he would cry out in his despair. How could he sit there and

listen to talk about chrysanthemums? His hands were tightly clasped together; his heart was throbbing quickly; there was a humming in his ears as though something there refused to hear about chrysanthemums.

“I—I saw you at the theatre last night,” said he.

Perhaps it was the abruptness of the remark that caused the quick blush. She lowered her eyes. But all the same she said, with perfect self-possession,

“Did you like the piece?”

And he, too: was he not determined to play the part of an ordinary visitor?

“I am not much of a judge,” said he, lightly. “The drawing-room scene is very pretty. It is very like a drawing-room. I suppose those are real curtains, and real pictures?”

“Oh yes, it is all real furniture,” said she.

Thereafter, for a second, blank silence. Neither dared to touch that deeper stage question that lay next their hearts. But when Keith Macleod, in many a word of timid suggestion, and in the jesting letter he sent her from Castle Dare, had ventured upon that dangerous ground, it was not to talk about the real furniture of a stage drawing-room. However, was not this an ordinary morning call? His manner—his speech—every thing said so but the tightly clasped hands, and perhaps, too, a certain intensity of look in the eyes, which seemed anxious and constrained.

“Papa, at least, is proud of our chrysanthemums,” said Miss White, quickly getting away from the stage question. “He is in the garden now. Will you go out and see him? I am sorry Carry has gone to school.”

She rose. He rose also, and he was about to lift his hat from the table, when he suddenly turned to her.

“A drowning man will cry out—how can you prevent his crying out?”

She was startled by the change in the sound of his voice, and still more by the almost haggard look of pain and entreaty in his eyes. He seized her hand; she would have withdrawn it, but she could not.

“You will listen. It is no harm to you. I must speak now, or I will die,” said he, quite wildly, “and if you think I am mad, perhaps you are right, but people have pity for a madman. Do you know why I have come to London? It is to see you. I could bear it no longer—the fire that was burning and killing me. Oh, it is no use my saying that it is love for you—I do not know what it is, but only that I must tell you, and you can not be angry with me—you can only pity me and go away. That is it—it is nothing to you—you can go away.”

She burst into tears, and snatched her hand from him, and with both hands covered her face.



"Ah!" said he, "is it pain to you that I should tell you of this madness? But you will forgive me—and you will forget it—and it will not pain you to-morrow or any other day. Surely you are not to blame! Do you remember the days when we became friends—it seems a long time ago; but they were beautiful days, and you were very kind to me, and I was glad I had come to London to make so kind a friend. And it was no fault of yours that I went away with that sickness of the heart; and how could you know about the burning fire, and the feeling that if I did not see you I might as well be dead? And I am come—and I see you—and now I know no more what is to happen when I go away. And I will call you Gertrude for once only. Gertrude, sit down now—for a moment or two—and do not grieve any more over what is only a misfortune. I want to tell you. After I have spoken, I will go away, and there will be an end of the trouble."

She did sit down; her hands were clasped in piteous despair; he saw the tear-drops on the long beautiful lashes.

"And if the drowning man cries?" said he. "It is only a breath. The waves go over him, and the world is at peace. And oh! do you know that I have taken a strange fancy of late— But I will not trouble you with that; you may hear of it afterward; you will understand, and know you have no blame, and there is an end of trouble. It is quite strange what fancies get into one's head when one is—sick—heart-sick. Do you know what I thought this morning? Will you believe it? Will you let the drowning man cry out in his madness? Why, I said to myself, 'Up, now, and have courage! Up, now, and be brave, and win a bride as they used to do in the old stories.' And it was you—it was you my madness thought of. 'You will tell her,' I said to myself, 'of all the love and the worship you have for her, and your thinking of her by day and by night; and she is a woman, and she will have pity. And then in her surprise, why—' But then you came into the room: it is only a little while ago, but it seems for ever and ever away now—and I have only pained you—"

She sprang to her feet, her face white, her lips proud and determined. And for a second she put her hands on his shoulders, and the wet, full, piteous eyes met his. But as rapidly she withdrew them—almost shuddering—and turned away; and her hands were apart, each clasped, and she bowed her head. Gertrude White had never acted like that on any stage.

And as for him, he stood absolutely dazed for a moment, not daring to think what that involuntary action might mean. He stepped forward, with a pale face and a bewildered air, and caught her hand. Her

face she sheltered with the other, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"Gertrude," he said, "what is it? What do you mean?"

The broken voice answered, though her face was turned aside:

"It is I who am miserable."

"You who are miserable?"

She turned and looked fair into his face, with her eyes all wet, and beautiful, and piteous.

"Can't you see? Don't you understand?" she said. "Oh, my good friend! of all the men in the world, you are the very last I would bring trouble to. And I can not be a hypocrite with you. I feared something of this; and now the misery is that I can not say to you, 'Here, take my hand; it is yours; you have won your bride.' I can not do it. If we were both differently situated, it might be otherwise."

"It might be otherwise!" he exclaimed, with a sudden wonder. "Gertrude, what do you mean? Situated? Is it only that? Look me in the face, now, and as you are a true woman tell me—if we were both free from all situation—if there were no difficulties—nothing to be thought of—could you give yourself to me? Would you really become my wife—you who have all the world flattering you?"

She dared not look him in the face. There was something about the vehemence of his manner that almost terrified her. But she answered bravely, in the sweet, low, trembling voice, and with downcast eyes:

"If I were to become the wife of any one, it is your wife I would like to be; and I have thought of it. Oh, I can not be a hypocrite with you when I see the misery I have brought you! And I have thought of giving up all my present life, and all the wishes and dreams I have cherished, and going away and living the simple life of a woman. And under whose guidance would I try that rather than yours? You made me think. But it is all a dream—a fancy. It is impossible. It would only bring misery to you and to me."

"But why—but why?" he eagerly exclaimed; and there was a new light in his face. "Gertrude, if you can say so much, why not say all? What are obstacles? There can be none if you have the fiftieth part of the love for me that I have for you. Obstacles!"—and he laughed with a strange laugh.

She looked up in his face.

"And would it be so great a happiness for you? That would make up for all the trouble I have brought you?" she said, wistfully; and his answer was to take both her hands in his, and there was such a joy in his heart that he could not speak at all. But she only shook her head, somewhat sad-



ly, and withdrew her hands, and sat down again by the table.

"It is wrong of me even to think of it," she said. "To-day I might say, 'yes,' and to-morrow? You might inspire me with courage now, and afterward—I should only bring you further pain. I do not know myself. I could not be sure of myself. How could I dare drag you into such a terrible risk? It is better as it is. The pain you are suffering will go. You will come to call me your friend; and you will thank me that I refused. Perhaps I shall suffer a little too," she added, and once more she rather timidly looked up into his face. "You do not know the fascination of seeing your scheme of life, that you have been dreaming about, just suddenly put before you for acceptance; and you want all your common-sense to hold back. But I know it will be better—better for both of us. You must believe me."

"I do not believe you, and I will not believe you," said he, with a proud light in his eyes; "and now you have said so much, I am not going to take any refusal at all. Not now. Gertrude, I have courage for both of us; when you are timid you will take my hand. Say it, then! A word only! You have already said all but that!"

He seemed scarcely the same man who had appealed to her with the wild eyes and the haggard face. His look was radiant and proud. He spoke with a firm voice; and yet there was a great tenderness in his tone.

"I am sure you love me," she said, in a low voice.

"You will see," he rejoined, with a firm confidence.

"And I am not going to requite your love ill. You are too vehement. You think of nothing but the one end to it all. But I am a woman, and women are taught to be patient. Now you must let me think about all you have said."

"And you do not quite refuse?" said he.

She hesitated for a moment or two.

"I must think for you as well as for myself," she said, in a scarcely audible voice. "Give me time. Give me till the end of the week."

"At this hour I will come."

"And you will believe I have decided for the best—that I have tried hard to be fair to you as well as myself?"

"I know you are too true a woman for any thing else," he said; and then he added: "Ah, well, now, you have had enough misery for one morning: you must dry your eyes now and we will go out into the garden; and if I am not to say any thing of all my gratitude to you—why? Because I hope there will be many a year to do that in, my angel of goodness."

She went to fetch a light shawl and a hat; he kept turning over the things on the ta-

ble, his fingers trembling, his eyes seeing nothing. If they did see any thing, it was a vision of the brown moors near Castle Dare, and a beautiful creature, clad all in cream-color and scarlet, drawing near the great gray stone house.

She came into the room again; joy leaped to his eyes.

"Will you follow me?"

There was a strangely subdued air about her manner as she led him to where her father was; perhaps she was rather tired after the varied emotions she had experienced; perhaps she was still anxious. He was not anxious. It was in a glad way that he addressed the old gentleman who stood there with a spade in his hand.

"It is indeed a beautiful garden," Macleod said, looking round on the withered leaves and damp soil: "no wonder you look after it yourself."

"I am not gardening," the old man said, peevishly. "I have been putting a knife in the ground—burying the hatchet, you might call it. Fancy! A man sees an old hunting knife in a shop in Gloucester—a hunting knife of the time of Charles I., with a beautifully carved ivory handle—and he thinks he will make a present of it to me. What does he do but go and have it ground and sharpened and polished until it looks like something sent from Sheffield the day before yesterday!"

"You ought to be very pleased, pappy, you got it at all," said Gertrude White; but she was looking elsewhere—and rather absently, too.

"And so you have buried it to restore the tone?"

"I have," said the old gentleman, marching off with the shovel to a sort of out-house. Macleod speedily took his leave.

"Saturday next at noon," said he to her, with no timidity in his voice.

"Yes," said she, more gently, and with downcast eyes.

He walked away from the house—he knew not whither. He saw nothing around him. He walked hard, sometimes talking to himself. In the afternoon he found himself in a village in Berkshire, close by which, fortunately, there was a railway station; and he had just time to get back to keep his appointment with Major Stuart.

They sat down to dinner.

"Come, now, Macleod, tell me where you have been all day," said the rosy-faced soldier, carefully tucking his napkin under his chin.

Macleod burst out laughing.

"Another day—another day, Stuart, I will tell you all about it. It is the most ridiculous story you ever heard in your life!"

It was a strange sort of laughing, for there were tears in the younger man's eyes. But Major Stuart was too busy to notice; and



presently they began to talk about the real and serious object of their expedition to London.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### A RED ROSE.

FROM nervous and unreasoning dread to overweening and extravagant confidence there was but a single bound. After the timid confession she had made, how could he have any further fear? He knew now the answer she must certainly give him. What but the one word "*yes*"—musical as the sound of summer seas—could fitly close and atone for all that long period of doubt and despair? And would she murmur it with the low, sweet voice, or only look it with the clear and lambent eyes? Once uttered, anyhow, surely the glad message would instantly wing its flight away to the far North, and Colonsay would hear, and the green shores of Ulva would laugh, and through all the wild dashing and roaring of the seas there would be a soft ringing as of wedding bells. The Gometra men will have a good glass that night; and who will take the news to distant Fladda, and rouse the lonely Dutchman from his winter sleep? There is a bride coming to Castle Dare!

When Norman Ogilvie had even mentioned marriage, Macleod had merely shaken his head and turned away. There was no issue that way from the wilderness of pain and trouble into which he had strayed. She was already wedded—to that cruel art that was crushing the woman within her. Her ways of life and his were separated as though by unknown oceans. And how was it possible that so beautiful a woman, surrounded by people who petted and flattered her, should not already have her heart engaged? Even if she were free, how could she have bestowed a thought on him—a passing stranger, a summer visitor, the acquaintance of an hour?

But no sooner had Gertrude White, to his sudden wonder and joy and gratitude, made that stammering confession, than the impetuosity of his passion leaped at once to the goal. He would not hear of any obstacles. He would not look at them. If she would but take his hand, he would lead her and guard her, and all would go well. And it was to this effect that he wrote to her day after day, pouring out all the confidences of his heart to her, appealing to her, striving to convey to her something of his own high courage and hope. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it was not quite fair that he should thus have disturbed the calm of her deliberation. Had he not given her till the end of the week to come to a decision? But when in his eagerness he thought of some further reason, some further appeal, how

could he remain silent? With the prize so near, he could not let it slip from his grasp through the consideration of niceties of conduct. By rights he ought to have gone up to Mr. White and begged for permission to pay his addresses to the old gentleman's daughter. He forgot all about that. He forgot that Mr. White was in existence. All his thinking from morning till night—and through much of the night too—was directed on her answer, the one small word filled with a whole worldful of light and joy.

"If you will only say that one little word," he wrote to her, "then every thing else becomes a mere trifle. If there are obstacles and troubles and what not, we will meet them one by one, and dispose of them. There can be no obstacles if we are of one mind; and we shall be of one mind, sure enough, if you will say you will become my wife; for there is nothing I will not consent to; and I shall only be too glad to have opportunities of showing my great gratitude to you for the sacrifice you must make. I speak of it as a sacrifice; but I do not believe it is one: whatever you may think now, and whatever natural regret you may feel, you will grow to feel there was no evil done you when you were drawn away from the life that now surrounds you. And if you were to say, 'I will become your wife only on one condition—that I am not asked to abandon my career as an actress'—still I would say, 'Become my wife.' Surely matters of arrangement are mere trifles—after you have given me your promise. And when you have placed your hand in mine (and the motto of the Macleods is *Hold Fast*) we can study conditions, and obstacles, and the other nonsense that our friends are sure to suggest, at our leisure. I think I already hear you say 'Yes;' I listen and listen until I almost hear your voice. And if it is to be 'Yes,' will you wear a red rose in your dress on Saturday? I shall see that before you speak. I will know what your message is, even if there are people about. One red rose only."

"Macleod," said Major Stuart to him, "did you come to London to write love-letters?"

"Love-letters!" he said, angrily; but then he laughed. "And what did you come to London for?"

"On a highly philanthropic errand," said the other, gravely, "which I hope to see fulfilled to-morrow. And if we have a day or two to spare, that is well enough, for one can not be always at work; but I did not expect to take a holiday in the company of a man who spends three-fourths of the day at a writing-desk."

"Nonsense!" said Macleod, though there was some tell-tale color in his face. "All the writing I have done to-day would not



fill up twenty minutes. And if I am a dull companion, is not Norman Ogilvie coming to dinner to-night to amuse you?"

While they were speaking, a servant brought in a card.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Macleod said, and then he turned to his companion. "What an odd thing! I was speaking to you a minute ago about that drag accident. And here is Beauregard himself."

The tall, rough-visaged man—stooping slightly as though he thought the doorway was a trifle low—came forward and shook hands with Macleod, and was understood to inquire about his health, though what he literally said was, "Hawya, Macleod, hawya?"

"I heard you were in town from Paulton—you remember Paulton who dined with you at Richmond? He saw you in a hansom yesterday; and I took my chance of finding you in your old quarters. What are you doing in London?"

Macleod briefly explained.

"And you?" he asked, "what has brought you to London? I thought you and Lady Beauregard were in Ireland?"

"We have just come over, and go down to Weatherill to-morrow. Won't you come down and shoot a pheasant or two before you return to the Highlands?"

"Well, the fact is," Macleod said, hesitatingly, "my friend and I—by-the-way, let me introduce you—Lord Beauregard, Major Stuart—the fact is, we ought to go back directly after we have settled this business."

"But a day or two won't matter. Now let me see. Plymley comes to us on Monday next, I think. We could get up a party for you on the Tuesday; and if your friend will come with you, we shall be six guns, which I always think the best number."

The gallant major showed no hesitation whatever. The chance of blazing away at a whole atmosphereful of pheasants—for so he construed the invitation—did not often come in his way.

"I am quite sure a day or two won't make any difference," said he, quickly. "In any case, we were not thinking of going till Monday, and that would only mean an extra day."

"Very well," Macleod said.

"Then you will come down to dinner on the Monday evening. I will see if there is no alteration in the trains, and drop you a note with full instructions. Is it a bargain?"

"It is."

"All right. I must be off now. Good-by."

Major Stuart jumped to his feet with great alacrity, and warmly shook hands with the departing stranger. Then, when the door was shut, he went through a pan-

tomimic expression of bringing down innumerable pheasants from every corner of the ceiling, with an occasional aim at the floor, where an imaginary hare was scurrying by.

"Macleod, Macleod," said he, "you are a trump. You may go on writing love-letters from now till next Monday afternoon. I suppose we shall have a good dinner, too?"

"Beauregard is said to have the best *chef* in London; and I don't suppose they would leave so important a person in Ireland."

"You have my gratitude, Macleod—eternal, sincere, unbounded," the major said, seriously.

"But it is not I who am asking you to go and massacre a lot of pheasants," said Macleod; and he spoke rather absently, for he was thinking of the probable mood in which he would go down to Weatherill. One of a generous gladness and joy, the outward expression of an eager and secret happiness to be known by none? Or what if there were no red rose at all on her bosom when she advanced to meet him with sad eyes?

They went down into Essex next day. Major Stuart was surprised to find that his companion talked not so much about the price of machines for drying saturated crops as about the conjectural cost of living in the various houses they saw from afar, set amid the leafless trees of November.

"You don't think of coming to live in England, do you?" said he.

"No—at least not at present," Macleod said. "Of course one never knows what may turn up. I don't propose to live at Dare all my life."

"Your wife might want to live in England," the major said, coolly.

Macleod started and stared.

"You have been writing a good many letters of late," said his companion.

"And is that all?" said Macleod, answering him in the Gaelic. "You know the proverb—*Tossing the head will not make the boat row*. I am not married yet."

The result of this journey was that they agreed to purchase one of the machines for transference to the rainy regions of Mull; and then they returned to London. This was on a Wednesday. Major Stuart considered they had a few days to idle by before the *battue*; Macleod was only excitedly aware that Thursday and Friday—two short November days—came between him and that decision which he regarded with an anxious joy.

The two days went by in a sort of dream. A pale fog hung over London; and as he wandered about he saw the tall houses rise faintly blue into the gray mist; and the great coffee-colored river, flushed with recent rains, rolled down between the pale embankments; and the golden-red globe of the sun, occasionally becoming visible through the mottled clouds, sent a ray of



fire here and there on some window-pane or lamp.

In the course of his devious wanderings—for he mostly went about alone—he made his way, with great trouble and perplexity, to the court in which the mother of Johnny Wickes lived; and he betrayed no shame at all in confronting the poor woman—half starved and pale and emaciated as she was—whose child he had stolen. It was in a tone of quite gratuitous pleasantry that he described to her how the small lad was growing brown and fat; and he had the audacity to declare to her that as he proposed to pay the boy the sum of one shilling per week at present, he might as well hand over to her the three months' pay which he had already earned. And the woman was so amused at the notion of little Johnny Wickes being able to earn any thing at all, that, when she received the money, and looked at it, she burst out crying; and she had so little of the spirit of the British matron, and so little regard for the laws of her country, that she invoked Heaven knows what—Heaven does know what—blessings on the head of the very man who had carried her child into slavery.

"And the first time I am going over to Oban," said he, "I will take him with me, and I will get a photograph of him made, and I will send you the photograph. And did you get the rabbits?" said he.

"Yes, indeed, Sir, I got the rabbits."

"And it is a very fine poacher your son promises to be, for he got every one of the rabbits with his own snare, though I am thinking it was old Hamish was showing him how to use it. And I will say good-bye to you now."

The poor woman seemed to hesitate for a second.

"If there was any sewing, Sir," said she, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "that I could do for your good lady, Sir—"

"But I am not married," said he, quickly.

"Ah, well, indeed, Sir," she said, with a sigh.

"But if there is any lace, or sewing, or any thing like that you can send to my mother, I have no doubt she will pay you for it as well as any one else—"

"I was not thinking of paying, Sir, but to show you I am not ungrateful," was the answer—and if she said *ungrateful*, what matter? She was a woman without spirit: she had sold away her son.

From this dingy court he made his way round to Covent Garden Market, and he went into a florist's shop there.

"I want a bouquet," said he to the neat-handed maiden who looked up at him.

"Yes, Sir," said she; "will you look at those in the window?"

"But I want one," said he, "with a single rose—a red rose—in the centre."

This proposition did not find favor in the eyes of the mild-mannered artist, who explained to him that something more important and ornate was necessary in the middle of a bouquet. He could have a circle of rose-buds, if he liked, outside; and a great white lily or camellia in the centre. He could have—this thing and the next. She showed him how she could combine the features of this bouquet with those of the next. But the tall Highlander remained obdurate.

"Yes," said he, "I think you are quite right. You are quite right, I am sure. But it is this that I would rather have—only one red rose in the centre, and you can make the rest what you like, only I think if they were smaller flowers, and all white, that would be better."

"Very well," said the young lady, with a pleasing smile (she was rather good-looking herself), "I will try what I can do for you if you don't mind waiting. Will you take a chair?"

He was quite amazed by the dexterity with which those nimble fingers took from one cluster and another cluster the very flowers he would himself have chosen, and by the rapid fashion in which they were dressed, fitted, and arranged. The work of art grew apace.

"But you must have something to break the white," said she, smiling, "or it will look too like a bride's bouquet;" and with that—almost in the twinkling of an eye—she had put a circular line of dark purple-blue through the cream-white blossoms. It was a splendid rose that lay in the midst of all that beauty.

"What price would you like to give, Sir?" the gentle Phillis had said at the very outset. "Half a guinea—fifteen shillings?"

"Give me a beautiful rose," said he, "and I do not mind what the price is."

And at last the lace paper was put round; and a little further trimming and setting took place; and finally the bouquet was swathed in soft white wool and put into a basket.

"Shall I take the address?" said the young lady, no doubt expecting that he would write it on the back of one of his cards. But no. He dictated the address; and then laid down the money. The astute young person was puzzled—perhaps disappointed.

"Is there no message, Sir?" said she; "no card?"

"No; but you must be sure to have it delivered to-night."

"It shall be sent off at once," said she, probably thinking that this was a very foolish young man who did not know the ways of the world. The only persons of whom she had any experience who sent bouquets without a note or a letter were husbands,



who were either making up a quarrel with their wives or going to the opera, and she had observed that on such occasions the difference between twelve and sixpence and fifteen shillings was regarded and considered.

He slept but little that night; and next morning he got up nervous and trembling—like a drunken man—with half the courage and confidence that had so long sustained him gone. Major Stuart went out early. He kept pacing about the room until the frightfully slow half hours went by; he hated the clock on the mantel-piece. And then, by a strong effort of will, he delayed starting until he should barely have time to reach her house by twelve o'clock, so that he should have the mad delight of eagerly wishing the hansom had a still more furious speed. He had chosen his horse well. It wanted five minutes to the appointed hour when he arrived at the house.

Did this trim maid-servant know? Was there any thing of welcome in the demure smile? He followed her; his face was pale, though he knew it not; in the dusk of the room he was left alone.

But what was this, on the table? He almost uttered a cry as his bewildered eyes fixed themselves on it. The very bouquet

he had sent the previous evening; and behold!—behold!—the red rose wanting! And then, at the same moment, he turned; and there was a vision of something all in white—that came to him timidly—all in white but for the red star of love shining there. And she did not speak at all; but she buried her head in his bosom; and he held her hands tight.

And now what will Ulva say; and the lonely shores of Fladda; and the distant Dutchman, roused from his wintry sleep amid the wild waves? Far away over the white sands of Iona—and the sunlight must be shining there now—there is many a sacred spot fit for the solemn plighting of lovers' vows; and if there is any organ wanted, what more noble than the vast Atlantic rollers booming into the Bourg and Gribun caves? Surely they must know already; for the sea-birds have caught the cry; and there is a sound all through the glad rushing of the morning seas like the sound of wedding bells. *There is a bride coming to Castle Dare.* The islands listen; and the wild sea calls again; and the green shores of Ulva grow greener still in the sunlight. *There is a bride coming to Castle Dare; and the bride is dressed all in white—only she wears a red rose.*

#### ANECDOTES OF VOLTAIRE AMONG THE SWISS.

MORLEY'S book on Voltaire is a brilliant essay, notwithstanding his formidable style, and any objections we may have to his moral stand-point. But it is no biography; it is an abstract, a philosophical generalization of a life and an era. Its last chapter, on "Voltaire at Ferney," is its most interesting one—the only one, in fact, which is thoroughly intelligible to "common readers," who may not be familiar with the literature and history of the eighteenth century. Even this chapter fails of the most illustrative data of the period. We can hardly suppose that the author was unaware of Gaberel's *Voltaire et les Gênois*, but he has not availed himself of its original and singularly interesting materials. Gaberel is an *ancien pasteur* of Geneva, and has probably known old men who knew Voltaire. He at least knew old Swiss families which preserved collections of the correspondence of the "patriarch" with their ancestors, and records of his conversations and local doings. To these his influential functions as *pasteur* gave him ready access—papers of Dr. Condet, Mouchon, Vernes, Professor De Roches, the naturalists Bonnet and Candolle, of Picot, and Voltaire's celebrated medical friend Tronchin—names still familiar in Geneva. The good *ancien pasteur* searched thoroughly these "sources," and making out a striking and somewhat amus-

ing history of Voltaire's relations to the Genevese during a quarter of a century, treated his fellow-citizens to a course of public lectures on the subject, and at last gave them to the public in one of the most entertaining little volumes of the whole Voltairian literature. The book is scarcely tinged with the professional feeling which we might expect from the writer; it is pervaded by candor and a quiet good humor. Taken with the author's similar work on *Rousseau et les Gênois*, with the *Correspondance* of Grimm and Diderot, and especially with the *Correspondance Générale* of Voltaire, it gives us a thorough insight into the most remarkable intellectual life on record.

We can take here but cursory glances of this marvellous picture of literary life through a quarter of a century; for marvellous it was in not a few of its aspects. Whether for good or for evil, or for both, Voltaire was, as Morley says, "a stupendous power." His "life and character constitute in themselves a new and most prodigious era." He was the greatest worker in literary history, giving at Ferney fourteen hours a day to labor, though much of the time sick in his bed. There has hardly been an equal centre of literary power in Europe, not excepting Weimar, under Goethe's intellectual reign. He wrote there many of those works which fill, in Baudouin's first edition, nine-



ty-seven volumes. His most telling correspondence emanated thence—most of those seven thousand published letters, which, his editor says, are but half the number written, every sentence of which, as Morley remarks, is characteristic, alive with the mental vitality of the man. Thence, too, as the greatest wit of his age, he kept all Europe flashing with his epigrams and sarcasms. There he fought out, as probably no other man then living could have done, his great battles for toleration, in the memorable cases of the Calas family, of Sirven, and of La Barre—victorious contests, in which his “orthodox” neighbors, the “venerable company of pastors of Geneva,” good though grim men, were proud to fight under his banner—that banner which, Morley says, “was ever in the front and centre of the fight; that was many a time rent, but was never out of the field.” Strange, scoffing, unscrupulous, yet humane old man, let him have his due! He was called by the devout Calvinists of Geneva the *vieux diable de Ferney*—“the old devil of Ferney;” but there is a generous proverb which teaches us to “give the devil his due.”

The most marvellous thing about Voltaire’s “relations with the Swiss” is that he ever pitched his tent among them at all. He may not have felt safe elsewhere, for he had memories of the Bastille. The court at Versailles was hostile, the Sorbonne was inexorable. Satan himself abroad, with unmistakable hoof, horn, and tail, could hardly have been more alarming to the Catholic doctors; but then the irrepressible satirist had the freedom of most of Europe. He had lived and written for years at Cirey with Madame Du Châtelet, he was a favorite at the little court of Lunéville, the Elector Palatine, Charles Theodore, wished to impress him into the court of Mannheim, and several of the German princes were ambitious to possess him. The Low Countries were as good a refuge for literary free-thinkers as Switzerland was for the theologians. Spinoza had died in peace in the former; Servetus had died at the stake in the latter. The public executioner still burned proscribed books before the Hôtel de Ville of Geneva, and was yet to burn there the works of Rousseau and of Voltaire himself. Yet the gay old man turned away from all the rest of Europe for the Swiss boundary. Whatever was his chief motive for going thither, we can hardly avoid suspecting that there was mixed with it a spice of the humorous mischievousness which characterized him. He would not only seek an asylum with the grave and metaphysical Swiss, but also try his hand with them, as he had with the Jesuits and Jansenists at Paris. At all events, wherever he found the one, he could not help attempting the other. It was “in his nature” to do so.

Carlyle has told, fully enough, the story of his rupture with Frederick the Great, and his escape from the court of Berlin, where his humor was more supreme than Frederick’s royalty; and of the diatribe of “the doctor Akakia,” which, in overwhelming poor Maupertuis, the head of Frederick’s Academy, raised to its climax the ire of the monarch. Collini, the secretary of Voltaire, has told naïvely the story of the journey to the Swiss frontier; the fantastic scenes at Frankfurt with Frederick’s representative, in which the fury of the philosopher became superlatively comical; and the slow passage onward in his own carriage, “which was large, commodious, well suspended, garnished every where with pockets and magazines,” abundance of baggage behind and in front, several portfolios within full of manuscripts, and a strong-box for his gold, letters of exchange, and other precious effects; two domestics on the *banc*; the philosopher, his niece, Madame Denis, and the secretary in the interior—the whole wheeling along the highway in a sort of state, drawn by four, sometimes by six, horses; the philosopher speeding the hours with inexhaustible humor, and writhing and jesting at the pinches of “his sciatica.” On his way he is greeted by the famous book-publisher of Geneva, Gabriel Cramer, who comes to propose an edition of his entire works—a noble-looking personage, who makes a good first impression on the philosopher. “You are a printer?” exclaimed Voltaire. “I should have taken you for a field-marshal.” He ever afterward, says Pastor Gaberel, cherished a lively affection for the “distinguished-looking bookseller.” Voltaire was a warm friend of booksellers. He esteemed their craft next to that of book-makers. Except the *Henriade*, which had been published in London by subscription, he gave away to his publishers his almost innumerable productions. Many a fortune has been made through his liberality to them.

Arriving at Geneva, he began negotiations for a beautiful property, as a summer “hermitage,” not far from the confluence of the Arve and the Rhone, afterward known as the Délice; for his winter home he chose Monrion, near Lausanne; and meanwhile secured a “magnificent house” in Lausanne, and two estates in the immediate neighborhood of the Genevan frontier, one at Tournay, the other at Ferney—the famous châteaux which are still a Mecca to literary pilgrims. “Here,” he writes from Monrion to D’Alembert, “I see from my bed this glorious lake, which bathes a hundred gardens at the foot of my terrace; which forms, on right and left, a stream of a dozen leagues, and a calm sea in front of my windows, and which waters the fields of Savoy, crowned with the Alps in the distance.” “I have,” he again writes, “a droll little kingdom of



my own in a Swiss valley. I am as the Old Man of the Mountain; with my four estates [the *Délice* being not yet secured] I am on my four paws. Monrion is my little cabin, my winter palace, sheltered from the cruel north wind. I wish you were with me in this delicious abode. There is no more beautiful prospect in the world; the Point of the Seraglio at Constantinople is not finer." Though he was always complaining that he had "no stomach," he now exults over his good fare. "Allez!" he exclaims, "we need no sympathy; we have the good wine of La Côte, the excellent wine of Lavaux; we eat fat young pullets, grouse, and trout of twenty pounds weight."

Forthwith he began his experiment of reforming the Swiss. He would Parisianize them. He archly hints at his design of "perverting" the "pedantic" community "who preserve the good memory of their reformers, submit to the tyrannical laws of Calvin, and believe in their preachers." He made hearty acquaintance with the *élite* citizens of Lausanne, and with the Bernese gentry, who were then masters of the Canton de Vaud. He kept open doors and a luxurious table. His facile French manners were irresistible even to the solid magistrates. His mansion became the resort of the grave and the gay; and though now above sixty years old, he was the gayest of the gay. His uncontrollable humor kept up a vivid sensation from Lausanne to Berne on the one hand, and to Geneva on the other—such a sensation as fairly bewildered and bewitched the hitherto sober, cultivated Swiss circles. As the best means of their emancipation, he attempted theatrical entertainments, and extemporized a theatre in his own house. He was surrounded, says Gaberel, with a numerous circle of men of talents and women of intelligence, and soon had them playing his most recent dramatic creations, to the astonishment of themselves and the whole canton. *Adelaide du Guesclin*, *L'Enfant prodigue*, and *Zaire* were triumphant. He called these dramas "my birds of Lake Lemman." The theatre had hitherto been a foreign profanity, inadmissible in the Protestant cantons. It had the charm of novelty, and the Vaudois nobles, women as well as men, gave themselves enthusiastically to the study of their rôles, as assigned by Voltaire. He was astonished at their aptness in the histrionic art. "Your Parisian actors," he wrote, "are ice compared with these. All the company play with ardor. We have a beautiful theatre, an assembly which melts into tears. Visitors run to us from thirty leagues around; and this beautiful country has become the asylum of the arts, of the pleasures, and of taste. The actors form themselves; they are fruits which the Alps and Jura never before bore. Cæsar foresaw not, when he came to ravage this little cor-

ner of the world, that there would be one day here more spirit than at Rome."

For a time he seemed to carry every thing before him. It appeared quite possible for him to "Parisianize" Lausanne; but while his humor generally charmed, his sarcasms hurt, and he could forego no opportunity of satirizing his best friends. He was on the best terms with the Bernese rulers; but most of these honest functionaries had no great claims to culture, and their officious friendship afforded him irresistible opportunities of ridicule. "Eh, why the deuce, Monsieur Voltaire," said one of them to him, "are you all the time making so many verses? For what good, I pray you? All this leads to nothing. With your talent, you could soon become something in this country. Behold me. I am a bailiff!" Voltaire kept his table, with sometimes fifty *convives* at it, roaring with this and similar stories; for however poor the story, he could give it overwhelming effect by his fantastic humor. The grave men of Lausanne soon became shy of him, and the gay ones began to look askance at him and at one another; for who could tell who might be next flayed alive by the unconquerable satirist? Haller—"Le grand Haller"—the commanding Swiss intellect of the day, seemed alone to hold him in check. Voltaire respected the genius of this eminent *savant*, and coveted his favorable opinion. Haller heard *Zaire*, and gave to an enthusiastic fellow-auditor no flattering criticism upon it. "Eh! Monsieur De Voltaire," said the hearer, "you praise strongly Haller, who speaks of you in a very different tone." "You have reason to be surprised, my friend," replied the ever-ready humorist; "but it is quite possible, you know, that we may both be mistaken."

Voltaire's experiment at Lausanne was evidently failing; his wit was too reckless; his irreverence for religion too free. He quarrelled with the city *savants* and disputed with the clergy; he saw, at last, that it was time to decamp. Shooting some Parthian arrows, he escaped to Geneva, where the *Délice* had been preparing for him; and not far off, almost shaded by the Jura, Ferney offered him shelter, just within the French boundary. To remove to Geneva was "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire," yet he set himself down before the venerable city of Calvin with a sort of hilarious expectation of what might follow. The little commonwealth was still an independent republic, and remained such till 1815. It would seem to have been the last place on the planet for the greatest humorist and skeptic of the age. But the incompatibility between the man and the place was perhaps one of its attractions to him. It piqued his self-confident humor. Geneva retained yet its old "orthodoxy." It had no theatre, and had never had one, except



as an occasional indulgence to foreign ambassadors and their retinues. It possessed many wealthy and highly cultivated families; but though the French language was its vernacular, the French manners, and especially the French skepticism of the eighteenth century, had hardly penetrated the city. The successive issues of the *Encyclopædia* were received there with extraordinary interest, and even caused a sort of intellectual *émeute*, as they did, indeed, generally in Europe, by the prodigious scheme, ability, and bold speculations of that notable work; but the Genevese discriminated between its science and its skepticism, and remained firm to their religious traditions. D'Alembert's famous article on "Geneva," in which he pronounced the preachers of the city Socinians, was clamorously resented. It called forth formal protests of their orthodoxy, and strengthened the loyalty of the people to their old faith and Church. At Voltaire's arrival the "venerable company of pastors" had still powerful sway, and the more than Spartan *régime* of Calvin had been but slightly modified. All citizens, high and low, were required by that *régime* to be out of bed at four o'clock A.M. in summer, and at six in winter. "The lodging, the nourishment, the clothing, the diversions, the expenses of the people were," says Pastor Gaberel, "determined by inflexible regulations." The "Consistoire" was an ecclesiastical tribunal which watched with Argus eyes the manners as well as the morals of the citizens, making no distinction between the social classes, censuring or punishing with equal severity the highest magistrate and the humblest citizen, the millionaire and the peasant, the military chief and the simple soldier. The citizens had furniture only of ordinary wood. The law required that they "should have on their tables, on ordinary days, only two dishes, one of animal, the other of vegetable food, without pastry." The *savants* of the commonwealth (and they were comparatively numerous) were as "orthodox" as the "venerable company of pastors." Voltaire could expect no sympathy from them. Abauzit ranked foremost among them; Voltaire and Rousseau both revered him. "I have been," said an eminent visitor to Ferney, "a long time travelling in order to see a superior man." "You have been, then, to Geneva to see Abauzit," rejoined Voltaire. Rousseau said the age had produced but one philosopher, "the wise and virtuous Abauzit." But Abauzit was profoundly Christian. Equally so were the great physicians, geologists, botanists, etc., who then rendered the city famous throughout Europe—Deluc, De Saussure, Bonnet, Trembley, Odier, Tingry, Vieusseux, and Tronchin. Bonnet published a *Defense of Christianity*, which is remarkable for its ability.

It is improbable that there ever has been another European city the *élite* minds of which were so uniformly and profoundly religious. D'Alembert acknowledged, in the *Encyclopædia*, that "all the *savants* at Geneva are distinguished from their *confrères* of France and Germany by a complete adhesion to the evangelical dogmas." Voltaire was amazed at the fact, but confronted it with defiant humor. He found a small yet rampant party of the citizens who were restless under the prevailing puritanical *régime*—men and women who had been to Paris and had brought home "liberal" ideas. These he hoped to enlist as his first recruits, and with them overthrow and conquer the solid *savants* and stolid pastors.

He repeated the tactics he had attempted at Lausanne, particularly histrionic entertainments. An extemporized theatre was ready at the Délice even before the mansion itself was completed. Many rich families accepted with eagerness his invitations, and "the poet," says Pastor Gaberel, "had nothing more pressing on his hands than to get up some comedies, by which he expected to subdue the Genevan society." The young barbers and perruquiers of the city had already been preparing the way for him, by acting in private *Mahomet*, *Cinna*, *Le Mort de César*, etc. The "Consistoire" had censured them, and exhorted them to "observe better the orders of their superiors, and attend to their business, without stopping for play or any other excess." But these remonstrances had little effect. The higher classes, men of wealth and women of *esprit*, resorted to the Délice, and turned actors and actresses for the nonce. The city council and the pastors became alarmed, and warned the intractable philosopher. He retreated a few miles, and constructed another theatre on his estate at Tournay, on the Genevese frontier, where he had fuller liberty, and where he presented on the boards some "artists" from the Comédie Française, of Paris, whom his friend Lekain had brought to the Délice as guests. Lekain was the chief actor, the Talma of the times, and entered heartily into the philosopher's design of subduing the "pedantic city." The city councillors met, and passed admonitory resolutions, and invited "messieurs the pastors to visit the persons to whom Monsieur Voltaire had distributed rôles, and engage them to abstain." The warning applied particularly to the Délice; but when the crafty innovator betook himself and his tempting gayeties to Tournay, the council, at the instance of the alarmed pastors, repeated and enlarged its prohibition, "expressly forbidding all subjects of the state to assist in the representation of pieces, whether within its territory or its environs."

Voltaire resented these proceedings as a



challenge. He resolved to return to the *Délice*, and re-open there the contest in sight of the city. "We will play our comedies at the *Délice*," he wrote to Paris; "we will play them in spite of these Genevan perruques." He was determined now to make a demonstration; he sent again to Paris for Lekain. "I expect Lekain," he wrote to D'Argental; "he will declaim verses to the children of Calvin. Their manners are much softened; they would no more burn Servetus." His humor became audacious, for there was a fascination to him in this rencontre with the dignities and gravities of the little commonwealth. Travellers of our day know well "Calvin's chair" in the old cathedral, the scene of his pulpit labors. On Sundays it is still in the pulpit for the preacher; but on other days it stands below for the reverent eyes of the visitors, few of whom fail to gratify their self-complacency by sitting on it. Voltaire writes: "Apropos of Calvin, I intend to play a joke which will startle the Genevese. I shall procure an old arm-chair which was used by their reformer; I will use it on the boards in the conversation between Augustus and Cinna. What a hubbub this will make when the preachers hear of it!" Some days later he wrote: "*Eh bien!* I have triumphed; I have made all the council of Geneva weep. Lekain has been sublime, and I corrupt the youth of this pedantic city." He alludes to the charge of the pastors and councillors against theatres, that they corrupt the popular morals. He dictated to D'Alembert, who was now with him, a part of the article of the *Encyclopedia* on "Geneva," which contends that "by right legal regulations the city could have dramatic spectacles, and yet preserve its morals. Theatrical representations would form the taste of the citizens, would give them a finesse of tact, a delicacy of sentiment, which it is difficult to acquire without this aid." Rousseau heard, at the distance of Paris, of the struggle going on between his native city and his great rival, and though himself a writer for the theatre, he now entered the lists against it. He boasted on all his title-pages that he was a "citizen of Geneva," for he was proud of the republic. He sent forth his famous treatise (of 200 pages) against the introduction of the drama among his Spartan fellow-citizens, predicting that it would despoil them of their democratic virtues. It is the most powerful argument ever written against the theatre. It was not difficult to convince the pastors and the *savants* of the city, for though they knew that the Athenian tragedies—the immortal remains of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides—are the most religious documents which remain to us from the Greek literature, they knew also that Aristophanes was their more pop-

ular companion. Rousseau's essay enraged Voltaire, but did not discourage him. "The Consistoire," says Pastor Gaberel, "joined itself to Rousseau, and promoted his remonstrance." But Voltaire, always gleeful in fight, announced with great noise the opening of a theatre at the *Châtelaine*, not far from the *Délice*. The "company of pastors" rose as one man against the audacity of the philosopher, and ordered a general pastoral visitation of all the parishes, in order to "obtain pledges of abstinence from the citizens." They obtained them so numerous that it was believed the actors would have to play to empty benches. Voltaire brought Lekain again into the field, and made diligent preparations for a triumph. A good citizen, M. Mouchon, who could not resist the temptation, wrote a letter to his brother, a parson at Basle, describing Voltaire's victory. "The day for the opening was fixed," he says; "the true patriots, friends of religion and the country, had promised not to place a foot within the building; they had given the actors over to abandonment and mortification; they stood stiffly erect, and resolved to fight down the temptation; but, alas! the day arrived, and toward evening all the world was on the way to *Châtelaine*. It was as a procession. They went in a furor." They could not resist Lekain. Three times a week he played three pieces of Voltaire's, and fairly dazzled the little community. Carriages were hired at unheard-of prices. The city could not furnish enough for the demand. Old hacks were brought in from the neighboring towns of Chêne and Carouge. "As for myself," confesses the writer, "I was carried away with the general folly; I could not resist it." The enthusiasm rose so rapidly that at last he had to be in his seat by eleven o'clock in the morning, and at that early hour he found by his side an old magistrate as infatuated as himself. "I saw things sublime," he says, "in the acting of Lekain; but not the least part of the spectacle was Voltaire himself, seated against the first coulisse, in view of all the spectators, applauding as one possessed, striking the floor with his cane, and shouting aloud his plaudits, or helping the tragic effect with his handkerchief at his eyes." At the end of one of the scenes the exultant poet ran after Lekain on the stage, seized his hand, and embraced him before the excited people. He resembled an old man "*de comédie*," for he was "clothed in the costume of the good old times, and could sustain his trembling limbs only by the aid of his cane; his face wore all the traces of decay; his cheeks were hollow and wrinkled, his nose long, his eyes sunk, but full of fire." The scene, as more fully described by Mouchon, was thoroughly Voltairian. The triumph of the old humorist was com-



plete. The Châtelaine theatre was kept open till 1766, when the performances were transferred within the walls of the city. "The theatre," wrote Voltaire, "is within the city. In vain has Jean Jacques played the part of a fool in this affair." Some two years later, however, the building was burned down. Many of the good people arriving at the place with their buckets full of water emptied them in the street, exclaiming, "*Eh bien!* it is only the theatre. Let those who will extinguish the fire." Voltaire, indignant, cried out, "Ah, this Geneva! when one believes he holds it, all escapes him. Perruques and little wigs, it is all one!" He could not be defeated, however. He reopened the Châtelaine, and at last re-entered the city, where the theatre has ever since remained, and is to-day one of the most conspicuous public edifices.

He now sought new occasions for his humorous warfare against "the *dévots fantasques* and clergy at Geneva." He delighted to provoke and humble the Consistoire, the tribunal by which the pastors maintained their rigorous censorship. If he could break its power, he would "modernize," "civilize," as he thought, the whole commonwealth. One Robert Covelle, a citizen of somewhat "violent character," was cited before this assembly, to be reprovved for some bad example. Its president ordered him to kneel down and penitently receive the reprimand. For two hundred years this humble attitude had been customary before the venerable ecclesiastical body. The most eminent sinners had reverently conformed to it, happy to escape severer humiliation; but Covelle stoutly refused, and asked two weeks for reflection on the demand. Meanwhile Voltaire wrote for him a *mémoire* of "remarkable ability" against it. Covelle re-appearing before the hitherto inexorable tribunal, obstinately continued to decline its demand, and threatened to publish "this essay against genuflection." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Covelle's *mémoire* was published, and he soon had the whole community by the ears. He became a sort of religious hero protesting against a judicial profanation. The affair took the proportions of a public question. The "fierce démocratie" of Geneva were ever ready for any such question. They argued that however long this humiliating formality had been inscribed in the municipal ordinances, the times had changed, and the city should change the "painful custom;" that it was a fag-end of popery; that repentance is an affair between the conscience and the Divine Judge; that man should kneel only before God, and Christ taught that this duty should be performed in profound secrecy, without witnesses; that no priest or other man should intervene between the creature who

repents and the Creator who pardons. For some time the astonished Consistoire, seldom or never before challenged since the day of Calvin, would not yield. The question was not only discussed with ever-increasing heat in the streets, the wine-shops, and the homes of the people, but the press teemed with pamphlets about it. These collected publications made three great volumes, which, says the good *ancien pasteur* Gaberel, "are most indigestible reading." Voltaire was in his glory amid this "confusion worse confounded," of popular and clerical dialectics. His ironical humor had never had a better field. He published his famous *Guerre de Genève* (war of Geneva). He struck with his satiric scourge right and left, front and rear, against the traditional notions and customs of the city. He rained pleasantries on the clergy, some of which Pastor Gaberel admits "are very *spirituelle*." He dealt freely and even grossly in calumnies; he scarified Rousseau, and Paris echoed back to Geneva his Olympian laughter. The whole affair, so religiously grave at first, had taken an aspect of ridicule, and suddenly subsided after Voltaire's poem. The city council abolished the custom of kneeling before the venerable Consistoire, the obstinate Covelle escaped his reprimand, and Voltaire was exultant. Covelle even demanded to be admitted again to the eucharist, then one of the highest conditions of citizenship in Geneva. The Consistoire required him to show his fitness for it by denying twelve letters written and published in his home by Voltaire, and by renouncing a pension of 300 francs a year settled on him by the philosopher. Covelle refused all their requisitions. They gave up the useless struggle; "and," says Gaberel, naïvely, "the Consistoire decided not to occupy itself any more with this individual; which was certainly the wisest course it could take." This fracas about a matter of ancient ceremony was really the beginning of that declension of the power and censorship of the Consistoire which is to-day complete. No clergy is more respected, no laity more free, than those of Geneva, and we doubt whether either regrets the victory of the unexemplary Covelle and the "democratic patriarch." But we delay too long with Voltaire at the Délice; let us follow him to Ferney.

It is less than five miles from Geneva, at the foot of the Jura, with the Alps towering in the background. He could still overlook his favorite field of battle. "When I shake my wig," he said, "its powder dusts the whole republic." A beautiful refuge had the old man prepared here for his declining years; and in a letter to Madame Du Deffand he declares that he is at last thoroughly happy. The mansion is invisible from the highway; a long avenue



shaded by superb trees leads to it, passing within a rod from its front the stone chapel built by the philosopher for the villagers, and bearing still the notable inscription "Deo Erexit Voltaire" (erected to God by Voltaire). The theatre, which stood on the opposite side of the avenue, has disappeared. The mansion itself is simple, but not inelegant; it looks down cheerfully on its front flower garden, inclosed by a lofty grilled fence. Behind it extend terraced walks, with arbors, a fountain, and umbrageous colonnades of trees planted by the "patriarch," under the shelter of which he composed many of his works. All within the château wears an aspect of snug comfort and simple elegance. Certain rooms are kept as he left them; there is his sleeping-room, with its bed and prim embroidered chairs intact; his little adjacent sitting-room, with his marble cenotaph, designed by the Marchioness de Villette to enshrine his heart. The walls are covered with paintings—oil portraits of his royal correspondents, Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia, of Madame Du Châtelet and the actor Lekain; and numerous engravings of Washington, Franklin, Newton, D'Alembert, Helvetius, Diderot, and other notabilities of his times. Voltaire really founded Ferney; when he went there it consisted of a few huts; he left it finally with more than 1200 inhabitants and a flourishing business. He was lavish with his money in aiding his villagers, and they were gratefully attached to him. He was rich; for, like most first-rate men of intellect—Shakspeare, Goethe, Walter Scott, etc.—he never believed that pecuniary recklessness or incapacity is an essential attribute of genius. Though he gave away his copyrights, he managed skillfully his early resources, and died with an annual income of nearly two hundred thousand livres. This was enormous wealth for a man whose whole work was literary, and money then was worth more than twice its present value. He was an adroit dealer in the public stocks. Bungener says that at one time he had two or three millions of capital in "a prodigious chaos of small papers—letters of exchange, contracts, bills of every form and every value"—in his portfolio. But he loved to wander in this forest of scraps and figures. There was not, however, a particle of avarice in his nature. He sought wealth that he might be independent of patrons and of the public, and might speak out more bravely his opinions in the face of kings and people. "I was so mortified," he says, "with the humiliations that dishonor letters, that, to relieve my disgust, I resolved to make what scamps call a great fortune." Having got it, he took skillful care of it, but gave liberally on all proper occasions. He lived sumptuously, spending

profusely on his lands, driving into Geneva in his stately coach drawn by six horses, keeping open doors and a bountiful table. His house was often crowded with guests—fifty at a time—representatives of the literature, the beauty, the nobility, of the times. For nearly a quarter of a century he was, as he said, the *aubergiste*—the innkeeper in general—for Europe. Ferney was one of the most powerful courts on the Continent, and Grimm tells us that its domestic affairs interested, more or less, every court of Europe. During the twenty years that Voltaire occupied it he kept most of the Continent, from St. Petersburg to Berlin, from Berlin to Paris, from Paris to Rome, in excited expectation, and the ruling, and especially the ecclesiastical, classes in anxious apprehension of what next should come from his never-resting pen. Kings and priests dreaded his sarcasms. When nearly two generations of authors who had been his contemporaries had passed away, he was still controlling the public mind—the latest and freshest writer, incessantly sending forth something new which commanded attention by its ability, though it provoked anathemas by its heresy. "It seemed at last," wrote Grimm, "that the old man, always sick, was never to die." Unquestionably he and his correspondent, Frederick the Great, were, as Morley represents them, the two most powerful men then extant on the Continent. Both did immense evil, but, let us hope, greater good. "Voltaire and Frederick," says Morley, "were the two leaders of the two chief movements then going on in the great work of transforming the old Europe into the new."

But let us return to our "incidents" or "anecdotes," for these, after all, are the truest indices of a life or an era, if biographers and historians would only consider the fact. Herodotus was the greatest of story-tellers, and Herodotus was "the Father of History."

The venerable *ancien pasteur* Gaberel speaks with his usual candor and kindness of Voltaire's good deeds at Ferney. He has gathered not a few local accounts of his charities, and might have added many more from the books of the period. Collini, his simple-hearted secretary, especially speaks of his "humane and compassionate heart." Collini had to leave him, while they resided at the *Délice*, for reasons not very creditable to the secretary; but he departed with deep emotion, and in his old age, nearly a half century later, recalled the *Délice* as the scene of his best happiness. Voltaire obtained for him a good resting-place for the remainder of his life as court librarian at Mannheim, and before his departure conversed freely with him through an hour in his study. "Have you money enough?" asked the patriarch. "Enough for my journey and some time after it," replied Collini.



Without rejoining he went to his bureau, and drawing out a rouleau of louis, said, "Take this: one knows not what may happen." "He embraced me, and I quitted with tearful eyes the mansion of the Délice." A poor laborer of Ferney was imprisoned for a debt of 7500 francs. Voltaire ordered it all to be paid in his own name. His agent replied that it would be lost, as the prisoner was too poor ever to repay it. "So much the better," rejoined the philosopher: "one never loses in restoring a father to his family, a citizen to the state." A widow of the neighborhood, with two children, was oppressed by her creditors. Voltaire not only advanced her money without interest, but aided her to raise more by a mortgage on her little property. Still later he helped her by purchasing the property at a price much higher than its value. One of his villagers, who owed him 600 livres, was reduced to distress by the loss of his cattle. Voltaire sent him two good cows and a quittance of his entire debt. An agriculturist was ruined by having lost a case in court. Voltaire procured his papers and had them examined by a lawyer at Geneva, who reported that the poor man was condemned unjustly. Returning him the papers, Voltaire handed him also 1000 écus, saying, "There, my friend, is enough to repair the wrongs of the court. A new trial will only torment you; don't attempt it. If you wish to establish yourself on my lands, I will take care of your fate." The Jesuits at Ornex wished to enlarge their estate by acquiring, at a miserably depreciated valuation, the property of some minors which was mortgaged for 15,000 francs, but valued at four times that amount. The ruin of the family seemed inevitable, when Voltaire heard of the danger. His humanity as well as his detestation of the Jesuits led him to interpose. He furnished the 15,000 francs necessary for the release of the property from its mortgage; and its proprietors (the family De Prez of Crassier) had so well improved his aid that, at the subsequent expulsion of the Jesuits by France, they were able to purchase all the real estate of the order at Ornex.

He especially sympathized with literary or educated sufferers. Arnaud de Baculard received large sums from him while struggling in his dramatic career. At his first success he wished to repay his benefactor, but Voltaire would accept nothing. "A child," he said, "returns not the sugar-plums which his father has given him." Thiriot, who had done business for him as notary clerk, was reduced to deep distress. Voltaire sheltered him a year at Ferney, procured him a profitable appointment as literary correspondent of Frederick the Great, and, aiding him to pack his trunk, concealed in it fifty louis. His charitable interest

for the niece of Corneille is well known. He found her in wretched poverty, gave her a home in his château, adopted and educated her, made known her condition to all Europe, and issued a new and annotated edition of Corneille's works for her dowry. The edition brought 90,000 francs, and the niece of the poet was happily married. Subsequently he loaned the family 12,000 francs. At the birth of their first child he called to congratulate the young mother, and left on her table an elegant silver vase, in which they found a quittance of the whole loan. This certainly was handsomely done. And it is only just to say that it was characteristic of the *vieux diable de Ferney*, whatever diabolism characterized him in other respects.

Meanwhile his irreverent humor could not be repressed in the retirement of Ferney. He kept Geneva astir with his publications. The pastors and magistrates denounced them, and the booksellers were reprimanded and fined. His *Candide* and *Dictionnaire philosophique* were publicly burned by the executioner. But he hired at considerable cost a troop of colporteurs, who insinuated the obnoxious books into families, into the schools, and even into the churches. The pastors had to organize a counter system of colportage, and for some time all Geneva was in fermentation. The *octrois*, or custom-houses at the gates of the city, watched particularly against the introduction of the proscribed works; but the crafty "patriarch" and his friends were a match for the perplexed magistrates. He sent to the council word that he had been informed that on a certain day some pernicious books, maliciously attributed to him, would be smuggled into the city through a particular gate—"follies which I despise," he said. "I believe it my duty to make this fact known to you, and you will do well to repress such refractions of the public order and peace." This was but a ruse. The attention of the bewildered authorities being concentrated at one of the gates, the books were successfully brought in at another—"a large cargo of them."

He maintained the Roman Catholic worship for his villagers in the chapel on his premises, and kept in his châteaux two curés for the purpose; one of whom was his famous "Père Adam," who was for years his almoner and his evening companion at chess, and of whom he wrote to a friend: "It is necessary not to deceive yourself about him—he is not the greatest man in the world." The neighboring Savoyard clergy preached stoutly against the philosopher as Antichrist, and their rustic parishioners dreaded his very shadow. Their terror became a pleasantry to him. Seeing a number of them together at work, he donned his theatrical costume of Mahomet, and,



plunging in among them, launched at them the imprecations of the Arabian conqueror. The "poor Savoyards flew away," says Pastor Gaberel, "with all their legs, and the identity of Voltaire and Satan was very solidly established on the left bank of the Rhone. Nevertheless he wished, as he said, to be "exemplary" before his own immediate and confiding people; for Ferney was a feudal seignior, and he was their lord. He therefore made his Easter confession to Father Adam, and the next day marched in procession, with his priests and household, followed by the villagers with halberds, muskets, tambours, and trumpets, to the little chapel, where he received the communion. But a more surprising scene followed. At the moment for the preaching, Voltaire, waving aside his curé, mounted the pulpit, and delivered a fiery sermon against theft, for a peasant had recently stolen one of his cows. He believed the thief would be present on so remarkable an occasion; he denounced him and apostrophized him, exhorting him to make forthwith confession to Father Adam, and be thankful to Providence that he escaped hanging. He waxed so warm in his harangue that the curé, alarmed at the irregularity of the scene, and thinking of his bishop, rushed out of the building; the peasants precipitated themselves after him, and left the "patriarch" to finish his sermon and his ire at his leisure. The Bishop of Annecy sent him a grave remonstrance; he replied that "it is not sufficient to rescue one's vassals from the horrors of poverty, and contribute as much as possible to their temporal happiness; it is necessary also to edify them; and it would indeed be extraordinary that a seigneur of a parish could not do, in a church which he himself has built, what all the pretended reformers do in theirs."

Whether from fear of him or for other reasons, high papal ecclesiastics seemed disposed to conciliate him. Some of them were merry guests at Ferney. The Pope accepted the dedication of his *Mahomet*, and deigned even to correspond with him and send him a relic for his chapel. His seignior was in the district of Gex; the Capuchin order of monks had a house there; and Voltaire, to the astonishment of all Europe, and the special amusement of the "philosophers" of Paris, actually obtained by patent from the general of the order at Rome the appointment of temporal head of the brotherhood. "Smile not," he wrote La Harpe; "I am a Capuchin, father temporal of the convent of Gex; I have the right to wear the costume, and I have received the patent from our venerable father, the General D'Alembella." To the Duchesse de Choiseul he wrote: "I receive the cord of St. Francis, which I fear will hardly restore the vigor of my youth; meanwhile deign to receive

the paternal respects and the prayers of *Brother François, unworthy Capuchin*." His letters, as preserved by Grimm and Diderot, are ebullient with humor over the dignities and prerogatives of his new office, with his offers of benediction, of absolution, of indulgences, or threats of excommunication and perdition. "Capuchin as I am," he writes to D'Alembert, "I extend my mercy even over Geneva. I am father temporal of the Capuchins of my little country. I will give you my malediction if you write me not, and if you send me not whatever you know of the assembly of the clergy. Your brother V., unworthy Capuchin." An Irish lord, on his way to Rome, called at Ferney. "Have you no commission for the Holy Father, monsieur?" asked the guest. "Yes, my lord," replied Voltaire; and writing hastily on a card, said, "Hand him this." The guileless Irishman, who knew not a word of French, scrupulously acquitted himself of the commission at his first audience. The card read: "His Holiness is entreated to send to the philosopher of Ferney the ears of the Inquisitor-General in scented paper." Clement XIV., a liberal-minded pontiff, took no offense at the joke, but wrote on the reverse of the card: "His Holiness is very sorry that he can not execute your commission, but under the present pontificate the Grand Inquisitor has neither eyes nor ears." This complaisance was not, however, universal among Catholics. The Sorbonne and the French ecclesiastics generally anathematized the Capuchin patriarch. Nicolandot, an ultramontane writer, is indignant at the indulgence shown him. "Ferney," he says, "has been for twenty years the capital of intellect. All monarchs have been eager to recognize this principality; they salute it as the centre of civilization; they send to the king of civilization weekly couriers; they give orders to their ambassadors to respect all his fantasies. Parliaments have burned with desire to serve against the court of Ferney, but the court of France has let it alone; the Bishop of Annecy has menaced it with his thunders, but the city of the Vicar of Jesus Christ has tolerated its continual insolence and gross outrages. Floods of strangers flow without ceasing to Ferney—dukes, marshals, Academicians, priests, journalists. All roads lead to Ferney, as to Rome. It has been the aristocratic capital of *esprit* in an age when all the world has piqued itself of having *esprit*."

But some good things came out of Ferney, beneficent and splendid things, which, amidst the jesting humor that they spread over Europe, could not fail to associate with them an ever-enduring sentiment of veneration. We have alluded to the cases of Calas, Sirven, La Barre, etc., in which Voltaire undertook the bravest fight for toleration and religious liberty which has occurred in France since



the armed struggles of the Huguenots, and in which the pastors of Geneva were proud to rally around him, in spite of the vexations he had so long occasioned them. They wended their way to Ferney in those processions of pilgrims which flocked thither, as devotees on the highways to Rome; they dined at the "patriarch's" table and slept under his roof, that they might discuss with him more fully the wrongs of their Protestant brethren in France, and direct his labors in their behalf; they acted as his agents to procure documentary evidence, proceedings of courts, etc., for they knew that the pen of no man could tell these sad facts more effectively than his. The frank-hearted *ancien pasteur* waxed eloquent over the old man's services for humanity and toleration. "In Voltaire's time Frenchmen who rejected the papal authority were still chained in the galleys with thieves and assassins; their wives were imprisoned in infected dungeons; their children were forced into the schools of the monks, and taught to curse before the cross the religion of their fathers. The mountains concealed yet in their fastnesses the hunted Protestants, pursued like brigands by the royal troops. The high dignitaries of the Church blessed God when they received news of these sanguinary persecutions. Some remonstrances were published, but hitherto without effect. The 'philosophers' themselves, bent on the overthrow of Romanism, seemed careless of these individual sufferings. Suddenly, in the face of this indifference of the materialists, of the judges who punished the crime of Protestant worship with exile, the galleys, or the scaffold, of parliaments which let the policy of Rome have its way, of ministers of state who bowed before the persecuting priesthood, and of the reckless libertine on the throne, arose one man, philosopher, historian, poet, and satirist, whose fame filled Europe, who corresponded with most of its sovereigns, whom even the Pope tolerated, though he trampled under foot the papal dogmas and power—a man whose writings all the academies, all the journals, all the *salons*, all the theatres, all the people discussed—this one man advanced into the field for religious liberty, and by his immense influence and activity compelled the arrest of fanaticism by the same laws and the same tribunals which had thus far sanctioned it."

The younger Coquerel has given us the story of the Calas family—a story which Voltaire made familiar all over Europe. Calas was a devout Protestant, and a respectable merchant at Toulouse. One of his sons turned Roman Catholic; another was dissipated, a gambler and a drunkard. The latter had threatened to renounce his faith for popery, but read books on suicide, and was at last discovered hung over a gateway of his home. The father, broken by

the infirmities of nearly seventy years, and incapable of even lifting the gigantic youth, who was more than six feet in height, was immediately accused by the Catholics of murdering his son to prevent his change of faith. His aged wife and his daughters were also implicated in the charge. The priests harangued their people from the pulpits against the family; the monks said masses for the soul of the dead young man, and displayed a picture representing him as a martyr with a palm branch in his hand. The whole Catholic population of the city was excited to frenzy by the ecclesiastics, and the Protestants generally were accused of murdering their children when they showed a disposition to join the Catholics. A Catholic magistrate prosecuted the case with relentless zeal, till the court condemned the old man to the "ordinary" and "extraordinary" torture, and then to be broken on the wheel, and at last consumed at the stake. Lacerated by the torture, the venerable man was driven in an open cart through the streets of the city, shoeless and clothesless, except his shirt, and was made to kneel on the pavement in front of the Catholic church. Thence he was carted again through the city to the place of execution. He met his frightful fate with meek heroism. Stretched on a cross, his limbs were broken in twelve places by an iron bar. At the first blow a single exclamation escaped him; the remainder he bore in silence. A mangled, quivering wreck of humanity, he was extended on the wheel, with his face upward, that he might, according to the atrocious sentence, thus "repent through whatever hours of life it might please God yet to give him." The stake meanwhile was ready by his side. During two hours he still suffered, when the executioner strangled him, and casting his mangled remains among the fagots, reduced them to ashes.

Such was the story with which Voltaire appalled Europe. He sent for the family of the Protestant martyr, and protecting them under his own roof, learned the facts from their own lips. He wept, says Pastor Guberel, "hot tears, and his frame trembled with emotion." He resolved to fight all the priesthood of France, if need be, to obtain an *éclatante réhabilitation*—"a splendid rehabilitation"—of the heroic old martyr. He corresponded with many of the sovereigns of Europe about it incessantly; he roused all his "philosophic" friends at Paris and elsewhere; he kept the journals ringing with it; he had friends at the court of Versailles who were not allowed to rest till they did their utmost; he reduced the evidence of the case to brief and pungent "memoirs," which could not fail to be read with compassion and horror. Nearly four years he spent thus battling for toleration and liberty of conscience in the name of a burned-up old



man. At last the king was compelled to act; the court at Versailles ordered a revision of the case at Toulouse, over, as it were, the ashes of the martyr. The Church trembled for the result; but it had found its match in a single man, whose pen in the right was mightier than all its crosiers in the wrong. The judicial revision broke the sentence, vindicated the innocence and honor of the father and his family, and stamped with the implied guilt of murder the fanaticism of the papists. The Catholic magistrate who had been most active in the persecution committed suicide. The king gave the widow 36,000 livres, and "France," says Pastor Gaberel, "received the greatest lesson in toleration which has ever struck the heart of a people." Voltaire afterward published an essay on religious liberty which fortified his victory.

The case of Calas was not yet finished when the pastors of Geneva brought to him another sufferer, Sirven, from a small town of Languedoc. His young daughter had been shut up in a nunnery by the authority of an official *lettre de cachet*, under pretense that she was inclined to be a Catholic. The sisters found her to be an intractable catechumen. She escaped at night, and, making her way homeward, fell into an unguarded well and was drowned. The Catholics accused her parents of murdering their child. The father and mother had to flee, for the yet undetermined case of their fellow-Protestants at Toulouse warned them. They made their way toward Geneva, but on the heights of the Cevennes the broken-hearted mother perished in the snows; the father reached the city of refuge. Voltaire "shuddered at the story of the physical torture and moral suffering of this afflicted man." As soon as the Calas case would allow him, he undertook this new one with redoubled energy. Again all Europe rang with his remonstrances and denunciations. To the pastor Moulton, who was his most intimate co-laborer in this and the Calas affair, he wrote: "I am sick, but I should die content with the hope of seeing toleration established; intolerance dishonors human nature; we have too long been below the Jews and Hottentots. I embrace you tenderly; come and sleep at my house; let us converse more." The battle was again a long one, but Voltaire never wavered. At last he received private word from the President of the Parliament of Languedoc that the case was about concluded, and he wrote to Moulton: "It is no more doubtful that this family will be re-established in its honor and property, and that the infamous arrest which condemned it to death will be broken like that of Calas. It required but two hours to condemn this virtuous family to death, but it has cost us nine years to obtain justice for them." He next took in hand with equal vigor the case

of the Chevalier de la Barre. One of those crucifixes which stud the highways of Catholic Europe was found mutilated on the bridge at Abbeville. A citizen, who was an enemy of the father of La Barre, sought evidence among the lowest people by which to accuse his son, who was but eighteen years old. The bishop stirred up the popular fanaticism by processions to the insulted crucifix, and at his instance La Barre and D'Étallonde, his companion, about the same age, were sentenced to have their tongues and right hands cut off, and then be burned alive. The sentence was changed by the Parliament of Paris to decapitation, which was inflicted on La Barre, but D'Étallonde escaped, and found shelter with Voltaire, who provided for his education, and induced Frederick of Prussia to appoint him lieutenant of engineers in his army. The evidence against these youths was altogether unreliable and quite frivolous. Voltaire was appealed to by the father of La Barre to vindicate the honor of his dead boy and of his family. The letter, says Voltaire, was such as to "rend my heart." He was old and sick, and, after his other contests, needed rest, as he wrote to Moulton; but in the case of La Barre and his comrade, "his tenacity," says Morley, "was still more amazing and heroic than in those of Calas and Sirven." Through twelve years he struggled for the rehabilitation of La Barre, and if he did not obtain a revision of the case from the court, he obtained it from the greater tribunal of the public opinion of all Europe.

These are not the only examples of his heroic devotion to tolerance and humanity. During most of the remainder of his life he was busy seeking redress for similar wrongs. The last one ended only with his death. It was that of General Lally, who had lost the French dominion in India to England, and was executed at Paris—a sacrifice to party policy, a parallel of the sacrifice of Byng in England. Voltaire struggled down to his eighty-fifth year, along with Lally's son, for a revision of the trial and a reversion of the sentence. The news of his success came to him when he was on his death-bed. Five days before he expired he wrote his last letter; it was to Lally's son. "Dying I revive," he said, "at this great news. I embrace you tenderly. I die content." Even Bungenier relents over this letter, though not without an invidious reflection. "One likes," he says, "to allow himself to be moved at the death-bed of Voltaire by these words, evidently sincere and felt. But the affair was not the less commenced with an indignation which he never felt." Lord Brougham (*Voltaire et Rousseau*) is more generous. "While blaming his errors, so grave and so constant," says Brougham, "we must admit, nevertheless, that it would be thrusting very far injustice and ingratitude to for-



get for a moment the immense services rendered to the world by Voltaire; a glory durable and universal is due to him for that war, so long and so persevering, which he sustained against tyranny of the most odious form, against the persecution of opinions and the violation of the sacred right of human reason. To no writer since Luther does the spirit of free inquiry owe equal gratitude; none has done more to deliver human intelligence from ecclesiastical tyranny."

In 1778, Voltaire, after an absence from Paris of nearly thirty years, left Ferney for the brilliant metropolis, which during all his exile he had kept vividly excited by his writings, and where he was to be received with ovations such as have hardly had a parallel in literary history. He thus passes from the purview of our article, which is limited to his life on the Swiss frontier.

What can we, finally, say of such a man? Much that is good, as our pages show, but more that is bad. Hardly any literary character has been treated with less impartiality. His friendly critics have too much palliated his faults; Morley, one of the most candid, is not altogether an exception. His hostile critics have been generally perversely blind to what was really commendable in his character and services; nearly every page of Bungener's elaborate volumes is saturated with prejudice, worse, if possible, than the *odium theologicum*.

Voltaire was a born humorist. His first view of any subject was its ludicrous side, if it had any; and if it had none, its very gravity or solemnity seemed to evoke his innate humor.

He appeared incapable of the sentiment of reverence; all religions were to him but superstitions, morbid excesses of the mind. Born a Roman Catholic, educated by the Jesuits, and habitually in contact with popery, he always confounded Christianity with it. The Genevan pastors found it impossible to make him discriminate between their Protestantism and Romanism.

He was thoroughly unscrupulous. Carlyle shows that in his fracas at Berlin he could not only indulge in downright falsehoods, but swear to them. He was saved from heedless perjury only by the excessive politeness of a magistrate in foregoing the oath. If craniology teaches that the conscience has a local organ in the brain, the skull of Voltaire must have shown a cavity rather than a boss over the place of that faculty. He habitually played off falsehoods on the Genevan magistrates and the "venerable company of pastors." He constantly disowned his most flagrant publications, and sometimes affected fiercely to denounce them.

Meanwhile he was not without generous qualities, as we have seen. He had a quick

sympathy for all human sufferings. He was liberal with his money. He made gallant fight against superstition, and did more than any other man of the eighteenth century to break down intolerance in Europe. No such judicial flagrancies as he grappled with have been able to re-appear in France since his day. He opposed Christianity, but as decidedly opposed the atheism that prevailed among his philosophical friends in Paris.

The leader, if not the originator, of the so-called philosophy of the time, he had not a single attribute of the philosophic character. He laughed at its dignities or severities. He had no system of his own, but was content with Newton in physics and Locke in metaphysics. He familiarized these great Englishmen on the Continent. His supreme idea was the emancipation of the human race by the advancement of its intelligence; the supreme difficulty of the task, as he believed, was traditional religions. His supreme method against these was historical criticism and sarcastic humor. He denounced the writings of D'Olbach, Helvetius, and his other speculative atheistic friends at Paris; and insisted that his fellow-*Encyclopedists* should shun metaphysics, and deal exclusively in positive facts and humorous satire. Nothing but truth can stand ridicule. Voltaire knew well the fact, however egregiously he misapplied it.

To estimate adequately his character, the facts of nearly two-thirds of his life, antecedent to the beginning of our sketch, must be given, and many of them could hardly be decorously given in a publication like the present. Even in this age of the "rehabilitation" of notable characters—of Mohammed, of Cromwell, of Mary Queen of Scots, of Spinoza, and even of Lucrezia Borgia—it is absolutely inconceivable that Voltaire can be effectively "rehabilitated." His most ardent disciples must abandon that hope; but meanwhile they can claim for him many brilliant and many salutary things. They can assert his sympathy with suffering men, his pecuniary charity, his outright courage (so rare) against the occupants of the high places of church and state, in the conflict for toleration and religious liberty. They can claim for him high rank, almost sovereign rank, take him all in all, as a *littérateur*; that no man ever made the pen a more effective power; that he was, as Morley says, the "very genius of correctness, elegance, and grace" in style; that he was the greatest satirist of his age; the founder of the modern, the best, school of historical writing, and ranks next to Corneille and Racine in French tragedy, though—odd fact for the greatest humorist of his time—he failed in comedy; that in his twenty-eight tragedies are some of the best passages of French lit-



erature, though his dozen or more comedies place him in no proximity whatever to Molière. Above all these merits, infinitely above them, they can claim that he introduced a new era—the era of toleration—in France, which, with whatever occasional oscillation, has continued to advance, and by which the ecclesiastical oppressions and juridical atrocities of his own day have passed away, and the faiths of Protestants and even Jews are now recognized, protected, and salaried as parts of the national religion. They put forth still larger claims for him, but with less concession from Christian critics—that he led the way in the emancipation of the intellectual classes of France, and indeed of Europe generally, from Romish traditions and bigotry—an emancipation which continues and grows in spite of the sacrifice by the priesthood of Bossuet's "Gallic Liberties," and which, while, as natural in such reactions, it has gone to the opposite skeptical extreme, will, it is hoped, show in time

the equally natural reaction toward salutary religious principles. And finally they claim that he was a chief agent in bringing on the first French Revolution, which, in spite of its stupendous enormities, is now recognized by historical critics as the epoch of modern, or at least current, European history, and is still developing beneficial and immeasurable results. His writings afforded not a single sanction of the atrocities which attended that great event. And, indeed, if the "philosophers" who brought it on are negatively responsible for its crimes by failing to provide the necessary moral preventions, the ruling and ecclesiastical classes were positively responsible for them by the benighted and demoralized condition to which they had reduced the people. But on these last two claims of Voltaire's friendly critics we can not enlarge; they would require too much qualification, and we must here take leave of him, with no little respect for his abilities, and as much regret for his faults.

## THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

### BOOK THIRD.

The man and his scheme are fully described; and he begins his work. But a rencounter leads to emotions which hamper his plans, and cause a sharp divergence of opinion, ultimately committing him to an irretrievable step which a few months earlier he did not dream of.

#### CHAPTER I.

"MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS."

IN Clym Yeobright's face could be dimly seen the typical countenance of the future. Should there be a classic period to art hereafter, its Phidias may produce such faces. The spirit of sufferance, replacing that zest for existence which was so intense in early civilizations, must ultimately enter so thoroughly into the constitution of the advanced races that its facial expression will become accepted as a new artistic departure. Beauty which is beauty for no material reason, but because of its eloquence as an index of some chastened spiritual life, must be increasingly appreciated as the world advances in introspection. People already feel that a man who lives without disturbing a curve of feature or setting a mark of mental concern any where upon himself is too far removed from modern perceptiveness to be a modern type. Physically beautiful men—the glory of the race when it was young—are almost an anachronism now; and we may wonder whether, at some time or other, physically beautiful women may not be an anachronism likewise.

It has been said that the capacity to enjoy is at bottom identical with the capacity to produce; and the civilized world's lack of power to prolong in new combina-

tions of art the old special beauties of men and gods would imply that its sympathies lie secretly in other directions, despite any transient fashion. We have lost the true Hellenic eye, for this requires behind it the Hellenic idea of life; and a long line of disillusionive centuries has permanently displaced that. The solecisms of ancient thought are the grammar of modern. What the Greeks only suspected, we know well; what their Æschylus imagined, our nursery children feel. That old-fashioned revelling in the general situation grows less and less possible as we uncover the defects of cosmic laws, and see the quandary that man is placed in by their operation.

The lineaments which will get embodied in ideals based upon this modern recognition will probably be akin to those of Yeobright. The observer's eye was arrested, not by his face as a picture, but by his face as a page; not by what it was, but by what it recorded. His features were attractive in the light of symbols, as sounds intrinsically common become attractive in language, and as shapes intrinsically simple become interesting in writing.

He was a man of whom something was expected. Beyond this all was chaos. That he would be successful in an original way, or that he would go to the dogs in an original way, seemed equally probable. The only absolute certainty about him was



that he would not stand still in the circumstances to which he was born.

Hence, when his name was casually mentioned by neighboring yeomen, the listener said, "Ah, Clym Yeobright: what is he doing now?" When the instinctive question about a person is, What is he doing? it is felt that he will not be found to be, like most of us, doing nothing in particular. There is an indefinite sense that he must be invading some region of the unusual, good or bad. The devout hope is that he is doing well. The secret faith is that he is making a mess of it. Half a dozen comfortable market-men, who were habitual callers at the "Quiet Woman" as they passed by in their carts, were partial to the topic. In fact, though they were not Egdon men, they could hardly avoid it while they sucked their long clay tubes and regarded the heath through the window. Clym had been so invoven with the heath in his boyhood that hardly any body could look upon it without thinking of him. So the subject recurred: if he were making a fortune and a name, so much the better for him; if he were making a tragical figure in the world, so much the better for their narratives.

The fact was that Yeobright's fame had spread to an awkward extent before he left home. It is bad when your fame outruns your means, said the Spanish Jesuit Gracian. At the age of six he had asked a Scripture riddle: "Who was the first man known to wear breeches?" and applause had resounded from the very verge of the heath. At eight he painted the Battle of Waterloo with tiger-lily pollen and black-currant juice, in the absence of water-colors. By the time he reached twelve he had in this manner been heard of as artist and scholar for at least two miles round. An individual whose fame spreads three or four thousand yards in the time taken by the fame of others similarly situated to travel six or eight hundred, must of necessity have something in him. Possibly Clym's fame, like Homer's, owed something to the accidents of his situation: nevertheless, famous he was.

He grew up and was helped out in life. That waggery of fate which started Ney and Cortez on lawyers' stools, Copernicus as a priest, Mendelssohn as a trader, Clive as a writing clerk, Gay as a linen-draper, Keats as a surgeon, and a thousand others in a thousand other odd ways, banished the wild and perceptive heath lad to be shop-man to a jeweller.

The details of this choice of a business for him it is not necessary to give. At the death of his father a neighboring gentleman had kindly undertaken to give the boy a start; and this assumed the form of sending him to the shop in Budmouth above mentioned. Yeobright did not wish to go there, but it

was the only feasible opening. Thence he went to London; and thence, shortly after, to Paris, where he had remained till now.

Something being expected of him, he had not been at home many days before a great curiosity as to why he staid on so long began to arise in the heath. The natural term of a holiday had been passed, yet he still remained. On the Sunday morning following the week of Thomasin's marriage a discussion on this subject was in progress at a hair-cutting before Fairway's house. Here the local barbering was always done at this hour on this day; to be followed by the great Sunday wash of the inhabitants at noon, which in its turn was followed by the great Sunday dressing an hour later. On Egdon Heath Sunday proper did not begin till dinner-time, and even then it was a somewhat battered specimen of the day.

These Sunday-morning hair-cuttings were performed by Fairway, the victim sitting on a chopping-block in front of the house, without a coat, and the neighbors gossiping round, idly observing the locks of hair as they rose upon the wind after the snip, and flew away out of sight to the four quarters of the heavens. Summer and winter the scene was the same, unless the wind were more than usually blusterous, when the stool was shifted a few feet round the corner. To complain of cold in sitting out-of-doors, hatless and coatless, while Fairway told true stories between the cuts of the scissors, would have been to pronounce yourself no man at once. To flinch, exclaim, or move a muscle of the face at the small stabs under the ear received from those instruments, or at scarifications of the neck by the comb, would have been thought a gross breach of good manners, considering that Fairway did it all for nothing. A bleeding about the poll on Sunday afternoons was amply accounted for by the explanation, "I have had my hair cut, you know."

The conversation on Yeobright had been started by a distant view of the young man rambling leisurely across the heath before them.

"A man who is doing well elsewhere wouldn't bide here two or three weeks for nothing," said Fairway. "He's got some project in's head—depend upon that."

"Well, 'a can't keep a shop here," said Sam.

"I don't see why he should have had them two heavy boxes home if he had not been going to bide; and what there is for him to do here, the Lord in heaven knows."

Before many more surmises could be indulged in Yeobright had come near, and seeing the hair-cutting group, he turned aside to join them. Marching up, and looking critically at their faces for a moment, he said, without introduction, "Now, folks, let me guess what you have been talking about."



"Ay, sure, if you will," said Sam.

"About me."

"Now it is a thing I shouldn't have dreamed of doing, otherwise," said Fairway, in a tone of integrity; "but since you have named it, Master Yeobright, I'll own that we were talking about 'ee. We were wondering what could keep you home here molly-horning about when you have made such a world-wide name for yourself in the knickknack trade—now that's the truth o't."

"I'll tell you," said Yeobright, with unexpected earnestness; "I am not sorry to have the opportunity. I've come home because, all things considered, I can be a trifle less useless here than any where else. But I have only lately found this out. When I first got away from home I thought this place was not worth troubling about. I thought our life here was contemptible. To oil your boots instead of blacking them, to dust your coat with a switch instead of a brush: was there ever any thing more ridiculous? I said."

"So 'tis; so 'tis!"

"No, no—you are wrong; it isn't."

"Beg your pardon; we thought that was your maning."

"Well, this became very depressing as time went on. I found that I was trying to be like people who had hardly any thing in common with myself. I was endeavoring to put off one sort of life for another sort of life which was not better than the life I had known before. It was simply different."

"True; a sight different," said Fairway.

"Yes, Paris must be a taking place," said Humphrey. "Grand shop-winders, trumpets, and drums; and here be we out-of-doors in all winds and weathers—"

"But you mistake me," pleaded Clym. "All this was very depressing. But not so depressing as something I next perceived—that my business was the silliest, flimsiest, most effeminate business that ever a man could be put to. That decided me: I would give it up, and try to follow some rational occupation among the people I knew best, and to whom I could be of most use. I have come home; and this is how I mean to carry out my plan: I shall keep a school as near to Egdon as possible, so as to be able to walk over here and have a night school in my mother's house. But I must study a little at first to get properly qualified. Now, neighbors, I must go."

And Clym resumed his walk across the heath.

"He'll never carry it out in the world," said Fairway. "In a few weeks he'll learn to see things otherwise."

"'Tis good-hearted of the young man," said another. "But for my part, I think he had better mind his business."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NEW COURSE CAUSES DISAPPOINTMENT.

YEOBRIGHT loved his kind. He had a conviction that the want of most men was knowledge of a sort which brings wisdom rather than affluence. He wished to raise the class at the expense of individuals, rather than individuals at the expense of the class. What was more, he was ready at once to be the first unit sacrificed.

In passing from the bucolic to the intellectual life the intermediate stages are usually two at least, frequently many more; and one of these stages is almost sure to be worldly advance. We can hardly imagine bucolic placidity quickening to intellectual endeavor without imagining social endeavor as the transitional phase. Yeobright's local peculiarity was that in aiming at high thinking he still cleaved to plain living—nay, wild and meagre living in many respects, and brotherliness with clowns.

He was a John the Baptist who took ennoblement rather than repentance for his text. Mentally he was in a provincial future, that is, he was in many points synchronous with the central town thinkers of his date.

In consequence of this relatively advanced position, Yeobright might have been called unfortunate. The rural world was not ripe for him. A man should be only partially before his time; to be completely to the vanward in aspirations is fatal to fame. Had Philip's warlike son been intellectually so far ahead as to have attempted civilization without bloodshed, he would have been twice the god-like hero that he seemed, but nobody would have heard of an Alexander.

In the interests of renown the forwardness should lie chiefly in the capacity to manipulate. Successful propagandists have succeeded because the doctrine they bring into form is that which their listeners have for some time felt without being able to shape.

A man who advocates æsthetic effort and deprecates social effort is only likely to be understood by a class to which social effort has become a stale matter. To argue upon the possibility of culture before luxury to the bucolic world may be to argue truly, but it is an attempt to disturb a sequence to which humanity has been too long accustomed to readily renounce. Yeobright preaching to the Egdon eremites that they might rise to a serene comprehensiveness without going through the process of enriching themselves, was not unlike arguing to ancient Chaldeans that in ascending from earth to the pure empyrean it was not necessary to pass first into the heaven of ether.

Was Yeobright's mind well proportioned?



No. A well-proportioned mind is one which shows no particular bias; one of which we may safely predicate that it will never cause its owner to be confined as a madman, tortured as a heretic, or crucified as a blasphemer. Also, on the other hand, that it will never cause him to be applauded as a prophet, revered as a priest, or exalted as a king. Its usual blessings are happiness and commonplace. It produces the poetry of Rogers, the paintings of West, the statecraft of North, the spiritual guidance of Sumner; enabling its possessors to find their way to affluence, to wind up well, to step with dignity off the stage, to die comfortably in their beds, and to get the decent monument which, in many cases, they deserve. It never would have allowed Yeobright to do such a ridiculous thing as throw up his business to benefit his fellow-creatures.

He walked along toward home without attending to paths. If any one knew the heath well, it was Clym. He was permeated with its scenes, with its substance, and with its odors. He might be said to be its product. His eyes had first opened thereon; with its appearance all the first images of his memory were mingled; his estimate of life had been colored by it; his toys had been the flint knives and arrow-heads which he found there, wondering why stones should "grow" to such odd shapes; his flowers the purple bells and yellow gorse; his animal kingdom the snakes and croppers; his society its human haunters. Take all the varying hates felt by Eustacia Vye toward the heath, and translate them into loves, and you have the heart of Clym. He gazed upon the wide prospect as he walked, and was glad.

To many persons this place was one which had slipped out of its century generations ago, to intrude as an uncouth object into this. It was an obsolete thing, and few cared to study it. How could this be otherwise in the days of square fields, plashed hedges, and meadows watered on a plan so rectangular that on a fine day they look like silver gridirons? The farmer, in his ride, who could smile at artificial grasses, look with solicitude at the coming corn, and sigh with sadness at the fly-eaten turnips, bestowed upon the distant upland of heath nothing better than a frown. But as for Yeobright, when he looked from the summits on his way, he could not help indulging in a barbarous satisfaction at observing that in some of the attempts at reclamation from the waste, tillage, after holding on for a year or two, had receded again in despair, the ferns and furze tufts stubbornly re-asserting themselves.

He descended into the valley, and soon reached his home at Blooms End. His mother was snipping dead leaves from the win-

dow plants. She looked up at him as if she did not understand the meaning of his long stay with her; her face had worn that look for several days. He could perceive that the curiosity which had been shown by the hair-cutting group amounted in his mother to concern. But she had asked no question with her lips, even when the arrival of his trunks suggested that he was not going to leave her soon. Her silence besought an explanation of him more loudly than words.

"I am not going back to Paris again, mother," he said. "At least in my old capacity. I have given up the situation."

Mrs. Yeobright turned in pained surprise. "I thought something was amiss, because of the boxes. I wonder you did not tell me sooner."

"I ought to have done it. But I have been in doubt whether you would be pleased with my plan. I was not quite clear on a few points myself. I am going to take an entirely new course."

"I am astonished, Clym. How can you want to do better than you've been doing?"

"Very easily. But I shall not do better in the way you mean; I suppose it will be called doing worse. But I hate that business of mine, and I want to do some worthy thing before I die. As a school-master I think to do it—a school-master to the poor and ignorant, to teach them what nobody else will."

"After all the trouble that has been taken to give you a start, and when there is nothing to do but to keep straight on, you say you will be a poor man's school-master. Your fancies will be your ruin, Clym."

Mrs. Yeobright spoke calmly, but the force of feeling behind the words was but too apparent to one who knew her as well as her son did. He did not answer. There was in his face that hopelessness of being understood which comes when the objector is constitutionally beyond the reach of a logic that, even under favoring conditions, is almost too coarse a vehicle for the subtlety of the argument.

No more was said on the subject till the end of dinner. His mother then began, as if there had been no interval since the morning. "It disturbs me, Clym, to find that you have come home with such thoughts as those. I hadn't the least idea that you meant to go backward in the world by your own free choice. Of course I have always supposed you were going to push straight on, as other men do—all who deserve the name—when they have been put in a good way of doing well."

"I can not help it," said Clym, in a troubled tone. "Mother, I hate the namby-pamby business. Talk about men who deserve the name, can any man deserving the name waste his time in that coddling way, when he sees half the world going to ruin



for want of somebody to buckle to and teach 'em how to breast the misery they are born to? I get up every morning and see the whole creation groaning and travelling in pain, as St. Paul says; and yet there am I, selling trinkets to women and fops, and pandering to the meanest vanities—I who have health and strength enough for any thing. I have been troubled in my mind about it all the year, and the end is that I can not do it any more."

"Why can't you do it as well as others?"

"I don't know, except that there are many things other people care for which I don't; and that's partly why I think I ought to do this. For one thing, my body does not require much of me. I can not enjoy delicacies; good things are wasted upon me. Well, I ought to turn that defect to advantage, and by being able to do without what other people require, I can spend what such things cost upon any body else."

Now Yeobright, having inherited some of these very instincts from the woman before him, could not fail to awaken a reciprocity in her through her feelings, if not by arguments, disguise it as she might for his good. She spoke with less assurance: "And yet you might have been a gentleman if you had only persevered. I suppose you will be like your father; like him, you are getting weary of doing well."

"No," said her son, "I am not weary of that, though I am weary of what you mean by it. Mother, what is doing well?"

Mrs. Yeobright was far too thoughtful a woman to be content with ready definitions, and, like the "What is wisdom?" of Plato's Socrates, and the "What is truth?" of Pontius Pilate, Yeobright's burning question received no answer.

The silence was broken by the clash of the garden gate, a tap at the door, and its opening. Christian Cantle appeared in the room in his Sunday clothes.

It was the custom on Egdon to begin the preface to a story before absolutely entering the house, so as to be well in for the body of the narrative by the time visitor and visited stood face to face. Christian had been saying to them while the door was leaving its latch, "To think that I, who go from home but once in a while, and hardly then, should have been there this morning!"

"'Tis news you have brought us, then, Christian?" said Mrs. Yeobright.

"Ay, sure, and ye must overlook my time o' day; for, says I, I must go and tell 'em, though they won't have half done dinner. I assure ye it made me shake like a driven leaf. Do ye think any harm will come o't?"

"Well—what?"

"This morning at church we was all standing up, and the passon said, 'Let us pray.' 'Well,' thinks I, 'one may as well

kneel as stand;' so down I went; and more than that, all the rest were as willing to oblige the man as I. We hadn't been at it more than a minute when a most terrible screech sounded through church, as if somebody had just gied up their heart's blood. All the folk jumped up, and then we found that Susan Nunsuch had pricked Miss Vye with a long stocking needle, as she had threatened to do as soon as ever she could get the young lady to church, where she don't come very often. She've waited for this chance for weeks, so as to draw her blood and put an end to the bewitching of Susan's children that has been carried on so long. Sue followed her into church, sat next to her, and as soon as she could find a chance, in went the stocking needle into my lady's arm."

"Good Heaven, how horrid!" said Mrs. Yeobright.

"Sue pricked her that deep that the maid fainted away; and as I was afeard there might be some tumult among us, I got behind the bass-viol, and didn't see no more. But they carried her out into the air, 'tis said; but when they looked round for Sue, she was gone. What a scream that girl gied, poor thing! There were the passon in his surplice, holding up his hand and saying, 'Sit down, my good people, sit down!' But the deuce a bit would they sit down. Oh, and what d'ye think I found out, Mrs. Yeobright? The passon wears a suit of clothes under his surplice! I could see his black sleeve when he held up his arm."

"'Tis a cruel thing," said Yeobright.

"Yes," said his mother.

"The nation ought to look into it," said Christian. "Here's Humphrey coming, I think."

In came Humphrey. "Well, have ye heard the news? But I see you have. 'Tis a very strange thing that whenever one of Egdon folk goes to church, some rum job or other is sure to go on. The last time one of us was there was when Neighbor Fairway went, in the fall; and that was the day you forbade the banns, Mrs. Yeobright."

"Has this cruelly treated girl been able to walk home?" said Clym.

"They say she got better, and went home very well. And now I've told it, I must be moving homeward."

"And I," said Humphrey. "Truly now we shall see if there's any thing in what folks say about her."

When they were gone into the heath again, Yeobright said, quietly, to his mother, "Do you think I have turned teacher too soon?"

"It is right that there should be schoolmasters, and missionaries, and all such men," she replied. "But it is right too that I should try to lift you out of this life into something higher, and that you should not



come back again, and be as if I had not tried at all."

Later in the day Sam the turf-cutter entered. "I've come a-borrowing, Mrs. Yeobright. I suppose you have heard what's been happening to the beauty on the hill?"

"Yes, Sam; half a dozen have been telling us."

"Beauty?" said Clym.

"Yes, tolerably well favored," Sam replied. "Lord, all the country owns that 'tis one of the strangest things in the world that such a woman should have come to live up there."

"Dark or fair?"

"Now, though I've seen her twenty times, that's a thing I can not call to mind."

"Darker than Tamsin," murmured Mrs. Yeobright.

"A woman who seems to care for nothing at all, as you may say."

"She is melancholy, then?" inquired Clym.

"She mopes about by herself, and don't mix in with the people."

"Is she a young lady inclined for adventures?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Doesn't join in with the lads in their games, to get some sort of excitement in this lonely place?"

"No."

"Mumming, for instance?"

"No. Her notions be different. I should rather say her thoughts were far away from here, with lords and ladies she'll never know, and mansions she'll never see again."

Observing that Clym appeared singularly interested, Mrs. Yeobright said, rather uneasily, to Sam, "You see more in her than most of us do. Miss Vye is to my mind too idle to be charming. I have never heard that she is of any use to herself or to other people. Good girls don't get treated as witches, even on Egdon."

"Nonsense—that proves nothing either way," said Yeobright.

"Well, of course I don't understand such niceties," said Sam, withdrawing from a possibly unpleasant argument; "and what she is we must wait for time to tell us. The business that I have really called about is this, to borrow the longest and strongest rope you have. The captain's bucket has dropped into the well, and they are in want of water; and as all the chaps are at home to-day, we think we can get it out for him. We have three cart ropes already, but they won't reach to the bottom."

Mrs. Yeobright told him that he might have whatever ropes he could find in the out-house, and Sam went out to search. When he passed by the door Clym joined him, and accompanied him to the gate.

"Is this young witch-lady going to stay long at Mistover?" he asked.

"I should say so."

"What a cruel shame to ill-use her! She must have suffered greatly—more in mind than in body."

"'Twas a graceless trick—such a handsome girl, too! You ought to see her, Mr. Yeobright, being a young man come from far, and with a little more to show for your years than most of us."

"Do you think she would like to teach children?" said Clym.

Sam shook his head. "Quite a different sort of body from that, I reckon."

"Oh, it was merely something which occurred to me. It would, of course, be necessary to see her and talk it over—not an easy thing, by-the-way, for my family and hers are not very friendly."

"I'll tell you how you might see her, Mr. Yeobright," said Sam. "We are going to grapple for the bucket at six o'clock to-night, and you could lend a hand. There's five or six coming, but the well is deep, and another might be useful, if you don't mind appearing in that shape. She's sure to be walking round."

"I'll think of it," said Yeobright; and they parted.

He thought of it a good deal; but nothing more was said about Eustacia inside the house at that time. Whether this romantic martyr to superstition, and the melancholy mummer he had conversed with under the full moon, were one and the same person, remained as yet a problem.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FIRST ACT IN A TIME-WORN DRAMA.

THE afternoon was fine, and Yeobright walked on the heath for an hour with his mother. When they reached the lofty ridge which divided the valley of Blooms End from the valley of Shadwater, they stood still and looked around. The Quiet Woman Inn was visible on the low margin of the heath in one direction, and afar on the other hand rose Mistover Knap.

"You mean to call on Thomasin?" he inquired.

"Yes. But you need not come this time," said his mother.

"In that case I'll branch off here, mother. I am going to Mistover."

Mrs. Yeobright turned to him inquiringly.

"I am going to help them get the bucket out of the captain's well," he continued. "As it is so very deep, I may be useful. And I should like to see this Miss Vye—not so much for her good looks as for another reason."

"Must you go?" his mother asked.

"I thought to."

And they parted. "There is no help for



it," murmured Clym's mother, gloomily, as he withdrew. "They are sure to see each other. I wish Sam would carry his news to other houses than mine."

Clym's retreating figure got smaller and smaller as it rose and fell over the hillocks on his way. "He is tender-hearted," said Mrs. Yeobright to herself while she watched him; "otherwise it would matter little. How he's going on!"

He was, indeed, walking with a will over the furze, as straight as a line, as if his life depended upon it. His mother drew a long breath, and turned to go back by the way she had come. The evening films began to make nebulous pictures of the valleys, but the highlands still were raked by the declining rays of the winter sun, which glanced on Clym as he walked forward, eyed by every rabbit and fieldfare around, a long shadow advancing in front of him.

On drawing near to the furze-covered bank and ditch which fortified the captain's dwelling, he could hear voices within, signifying that operations had been already begun. At the side entrance gate he stopped and looked over.

Half a dozen able-bodied men were standing in a line from the well mouth, holding a rope which passed over the well roller into the depths below. Fairway, with a piece of smaller rope round his body, made fast to one of the standards to guard against accidents, was leaning over the opening, his right hand clasping the vertical rope that descended into the well.

"Now silence, folks," said Fairway.

The talking ceased, and Fairway gave a circular motion to the rope, as if he were stirring batter. At the end of a minute a dull splashing reverberated from the bottom of the well; the helical twist he had imparted to the rope had reached the grapnel below.

"Haul!" said Fairway; and the men who held the rope began to gather it over the wheel.

"I think we've got sommat," said one of the haulers in.

"Then pull steady," said Fairway.

They gathered up more and more, till a regular dripping into the well could be heard below. It grew smarter with the increasing height of the bucket, and presently a hundred and fifty feet of rope had been pulled in.

Fairway then lit a lantern, tied it to another cord, and began lowering it into the well beside the first. Clym came forward and looked down. Strange humid leaves, which knew nothing of the seasons of the year, and curious-natured moss, were revealed on the well side as the lantern descended, till its rays fell upon a confused mass of rope and bucket dangling in the dank dark air.

"We've only got en by the edge of the

hoop—steady, for God's sake!" said Fairway.

They pulled with the greatest gentleness, till the wet bucket appeared about two yards below them, like a dead friend come to earth again. Three or four hands were stretched out, then jerk went the rope, whizz went the wheel, the two foremost haulers fell backward, the beating of a falling body was heard, receding down the sides of the well, and a thunderous uproar arose at the bottom. The bucket was gone again.

"D—— the bucket!" said Fairway.

"Lower again," said Sam.

"I'm as stiff as a ram's horn, stooping so long," said Fairway, standing up and stretching himself till his joints creaked.

"Rest a few minutes, Timothy," said Yeobright. "I'll take your place."

The grapnel was again lowered. Its smart impact upon the distant water reached their ears like a kiss, whereupon Yeobright knelt down, and, leaning over the well, began dragging the grapnel round and round as Fairway had done.

"Tie a rope round him—it is dangerous," cried a soft and anxious voice somewhere above them.

Every body turned. The speaker was a woman, gazing down upon the group from an upper window, whose panes blazed in the ruddy glare from the west. Her lips were parted, and she appeared for the moment to forget where she was.

The rope was accordingly tied round his waist, and the work proceeded. At the next haul the weight was not heavy, and it was discovered that they had only secured a coil of the rope detached from the bucket. The tangled mass was thrown into the background; Humphrey took Yeobright's place, and the grapnel was lowered again.

Yeobright retired to the heap of recovered rope in a meditative mood. Of the identity between the lady's voice and that of the melancholy mummer, he had not a moment's doubt. "How thoughtful of her?" he said to himself.

Eustacia, who had reddened when she perceived the effect of her exclamation upon the group below, was no longer to be seen at the window, though Yeobright scanned it wistfully. While he stood there, the men at the well succeeded in getting up the bucket without a mishap. One of them then went to inquire for the captain, to learn what orders he wished to give for mending the well tackle. The captain proved to be away from home; and then Eustacia appeared at the door and came out. She had lapsed into an easy and dignified calm, far removed from the intensity of life in her words of solicitude for Clym's safety.

"Will it be possible to draw water here to-night?" she inquired.

"No, miss; the bottom of the bucket is



clane knocked out. And as we can do no more now, we'll leave off, and come again to-morrow morning."

"No water," she murmured, turning away.

"I can send you up some from Blooms End," said Clym, coming forward and raising his hat as the men retired.

Yeobright and Eustacia looked at each other for one instant, as if each had in mind those few moments during which a certain moon-lit scene was common to both. With the glance the calm fixity of her features sublimated itself to an expression of refinement and warmth; it was like garish noon rising to the dignity of sunset in a couple of seconds.

"Thank you; it will hardly be necessary," she replied.

"But if you have no water?"

"Well, it is what I call no water," she said, blushing, and lifting her long-lashed eyelids as if to lift them were a work requiring consideration. "But my grandfather calls it water enough. This is what I mean."

She moved away a few yards; Clym followed. When she reached the corner of the inclosure, where the steps were formed for mounting the boundary bank, she sprang up with a lightness which seemed strange after her listless movement toward the well. It incidentally showed that her apparent languor did not arise from lack of force.

Clym ascended behind her, and noticed a circular burnt patch at the top of the bank. "Ashes?" he said.

"Yes," said Eustacia. "We had a little bonfire here last fifth of November, and those are the marks of it."

On that spot had stood the fire she had kindled to attract Wildeve.

"That's the only kind of water we have," she continued, tossing a stone into the pool, which lay on the outside of the bank, like the white of an eye without its pupil. The stone fell with a flounce, but no Wildeve appeared on the other side, as on a previous occasion there. "My grandfather says he lived for more than twenty years at sea on water twice as bad as that," she went on, "and considers it quite good enough for us here on an emergency."

"Well, as a matter of fact there are no impurities in the water of these pools at this time of the year. It has only just rained into them."

She shook her head. "I am managing to exist in a wilderness, but I can not drink from a pond," she said.

Clym looked toward the well, which was now deserted, the men having gone home. "It is a long way to send for spring water," he said, after a silence. "But since you don't like this in the pond, I'll try to get you some myself." He went back to the

well. "Yes, I think I could do it by tying on this pail."

"But since I would not trouble the men to get it, I can not in conscience let you."

"I don't mind the trouble at all."

He made fast the pail to the long coil of rope, put it over the wheel, and allowed it to descend by letting the rope slip through his hands. Before it had gone far, however, he checked it.

"I must make fast the end first, or we may lose the whole," he said to Eustacia, who had drawn near. "Could you hold this a moment, while I do it—or shall I call your servant?"

"I can hold it," said Eustacia; and he placed the rope in her hands, going then to search for the end.

"I suppose I may let it slip down?" she inquired.

"I would advise you not to let it go far," said Clym. "It will get much heavier, you will find."

However, Eustacia had begun to pay out. While he was tying, she cried, "I can not stop it!"

Clym ran to her side, and found he could only check the rope by twisting the loose part round the upright post, when it stopped with a jerk. "Has it hurt you?" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

"Very much?"

"Very much." She opened her hands. One of them was bleeding; the rope had dragged off the skin. Eustacia wrapped it in her handkerchief.

"You should have let go," said Yeobright. "Why didn't you?"

"You said I was to hold on. This is the second time I have been wounded to-day."

"Ah, yes! I have heard of it. I blush for my native Egdon. Was it a serious injury you received in church, Miss Vye?"

There was such an abundance of sympathy in Clym's tone that Eustacia slowly drew up her sleeve and disclosed her round white arm. A bright red spot appeared on its smooth surface, like a ruby on Parian marble.

"There it is," she said, putting her finger against the spot.

"It was dastardly of the woman," said Clym. "Will not Captain Drew get her punished?"

"He is gone from home on that very business. I did not know that I had such a magic reputation."

"And you fainted," said Clym, looking at the scarlet little puncture as if he would like to kiss it and make it well.

"Yes, it frightened me. I had not been to church for a long time. And now I shall not go again for ever so long—perhaps never. I can not face their eyes after this. Don't you think it dreadfully humiliating?"



I wished I was dead for hours after, but I don't mind now."

"I have come to clean away these cobwebs," said Yeobright. "Would you like to help me—by high class teaching? We might benefit them much."

"I don't quite feel anxious to. I have not much love for my fellow-creatures. Sometimes I quite hate them."

"Still I think that if you were to hear my scheme you might take an interest in it. There is no use in hating people; if you hate any thing, you should hate what produced them."

"Do you mean Nature? I hate her already. But I shall be glad to hear your scheme at any time."

The situation had now worked itself out, and the next natural thing was for them to part. Clym knew this well enough, and Eustacia made a move of conclusion; yet he looked at her as if he had one word more to say. Perhaps if he had not lived in Paris it would never have been uttered.

"We have met before," he said, regarding her with rather more interest than was necessary.

"I do not own it," said Eustacia, with a suppressed, still look.

"But I may think what I like."

"Yes."

"You are lonely here."

"I can not endure the heath, except in its purple season. The heath is a cruel taskmaster to me."

"Can you say so?" he asked. "To my mind it is most exhilarating, and strengthening, and soothing. I would rather live on these hills than any where else in the world."

"It is well enough for artists; but I never could learn to draw."

"And there is a very curious Druidical stone just out there." He threw a pebble in the direction signified. "Do you often go to see it?"

"I was not even aware that there existed any such curious Druidical stone. I am aware that there is a parade at Budmouth."

Yeobright looked thoughtfully on the ground. "That means much," he said.

"It does indeed," said Eustacia.

"I remember when I had the same longing for town bustle. Five years of London or Paris would be a perfect cure for that."

"Heaven send me such a cure! Now, Mr. Yeobright, I will go in-doors and plaster my wounded hand."

They separated, and Eustacia vanished in the increasing shade. She seemed full of many things. Her past was a blank; her life had begun. The effect upon Clym of this meeting he did not fully discover till some time after. During his walk home his most intelligible sensation was that his

scheme had somehow become glorified. A beautiful woman had been intertwined with it.

On reaching the house he went up to the room which was to be made his study, and occupied himself during the evening in unpacking his books from the boxes, and arranging them on shelves. From another box he drew a lamp and a can of oil. He trimmed the lamp, arranged his table, and said, "Now I am ready to begin."

He rose early the next morning, read two hours before breakfast by the light of his lamp, read all the morning, all the afternoon. Just when the sun was going down his eyes felt weary, and he leaned back in his chair.

His room overlooked the front of the premises, and the valley of the heath beyond. The lowest beams of the winter sun threw the shadow of the house over the palings, across the grass margin of the heath, and far up the vale, where the chimney outlines and those of the surrounding tree-tops stretched forth in long dark prongs. Having been seated at work all day, he decided to take a turn upon the hills before it got dark, and going out forthwith, he struck across the heath toward Mistover.

It was an hour and a half later when he again appeared at the garden gate. The shutters of the house were closed, and Christian Cantle, who had been wheeling manure about the garden all day, had gone home. On entering he found that his mother, after waiting a long time for him, had finished her meal.

"Where have you been, Clym?" she said, immediately. "Why didn't you tell me that you were going away at this time?"

"I have been on the heath."

"You'll meet Eustacia Vye if you go up there."

Clym paused a minute. "Yes, I met her this evening," he said, as though it were done under the sheer necessity of preserving honesty.

"I wondered if you had."

"It was no appointment."

"No; such meetings never are."

"But you are not angry, mother?"

"I can hardly say that I am not. Angry, no. But when I consider the usual nature of the drag which causes men of promise to disappoint the world, I feel uneasy."

"You deserve credit for the feeling, mother. But I can assure you that you need not be disturbed by it on my account."

"When I think of you and your new crotchets," said Mrs. Yeobright, with some emphasis, "I naturally don't feel so comfortable as I did a twelvemonth ago. It is incredible to me that a man accustomed to the attractive women of Paris and elsewhere should be so easily worked upon by



a girl in a heath. You could just as well have walked another way."

"I had been studying all day."

"Well, yes." She added, more hopefully: "I have been thinking that you might get on as a school-master, and rise that way, since you really are determined to hate the course you were pursuing."

Yeobright was unwilling to disturb this idea, though his scheme was far enough removed from one wherein the education of youth should be made a mere channel of social ascent. He had no desires of that sort. He had reached the stage in a young man's life when the grimness of the general human situation first becomes clear, and the realization of this causes ambition to halt a while. In France it is not uncustomary to commit suicide at this stage; in England we do much better or much worse, as the case may be.

The love between the young man and his mother was strangely invisible now. Of love it may truly be said, the less earthly the less demonstrative. In its absolutely indestructible form it reaches a profundity in which all exhibition of itself is painful. It was so with these. Had conversations between them been overheard, people would have said, "How cold they are to each other!"

His theory and his wishes about devoting his future to teaching had made an impression on Mrs. Yeobright. Indeed, how could it be otherwise when he was a part of her—when their discourses were as if carried on between the right and the left hands of the same body? He had despaired of reaching her by argument; and it was almost as a discovery to him that he could reach her by a magnetism which was as superior to words as words are to yells.

Strangely enough, he began to feel now that it would not be so hard to persuade her who was his best friend that comparative poverty was essentially the higher course for him, as to reconcile to his feelings the act of persuading her. From every provident point of view his mother was so undoubtedly right that he was not without a sickness of heart in finding he could shake her.

She had a singular insight into life, considering that she had never mixed with it. There are instances of persons who, without clear ideas of the things they criticise, have yet had clear ideas of the relations of those things. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth, could describe visual objects with accuracy; Professor Sanderson, who was also blind, gave excellent lectures on color, and taught others the theory of ideas which they had and he had not. In the social sphere these gifted ones are mostly women; they can watch a world which they never

saw, and estimate forces of which they have only heard. We call it intuition.

What was the great world to Mrs. Yeobright? A multitude whose tendencies could be perceived, though not its essences. Communities were seen by her as from a distance; she saw them as we see the throngs which cover the canvases of Sallaert, Snayers, Van Alsloot, and others of that school—vast masses of beings, jostling, zigzagging, and processioning in definite directions, but whose features are indistinguishable from the very comprehensiveness of the view.

One could see that, as far as it had gone, her life was very complete on its reflective side. The philosophy of her nature, and its limitations by circumstance, were almost written in her movements. They had a majestic foundation, though they were far from being majestic; and they had a groundwork of assurance, but they were not assured. As her once springy walk had become deadened by time, so had her natural pride of life been hindered in its blooming by her necessities.

The next slight touch in the shaping of Clym's destiny occurred a few days after. A barrow was opened on the heath, and Yeobright attended the operation, remaining away from his study during several hours. In the afternoon Christian returned from a journey in the same direction, and Mrs. Yeobright questioned him.

"They have dug a hole, and they have found things like flower-pots upside down, Mis'ess Yeobright; and inside these be real charnel bones. They have carried 'em off to men's houses; but I shouldn't like to sleep where they will bide. Dead folks have been known to come and claim their own. Mr. Yeobright had got one pot of the bones, and was going to bring 'em home—real skellington bones—but 'twas ordered otherwise. You'll be relieved to hear that he gave away his, pot and all, on second thoughts; and a blessed thing for ye, Mis'ess Yeobright, considering the wind o' nights."

"Gave it away?"

"Yes. To Miss Vye. She has a cannibal taste for such church-yard furniture seemingly."

"Miss Vye was there too?"

"Ay, 'a b'lieve she was."

When Clym came home, which was shortly after, his mother said, in a curious tone: "The urn you had meant for me you gave away."

Yeobright made no reply; the current of her feeling was too pronounced to admit it.

The early weeks of the year passed on. Yeobright certainly studied at home, but he also walked much abroad, and the direction of his walk was always toward some point of a line between Mistover and Blackbarrow.



The month of March arrived, and the heath showed its first faint signs of awakening from winter trance. The awakening was almost feline in its stealthiness. The pool outside the bank by Eustacia's dwelling, which seemed as dead and desolate as ever to an observer who moved and made noises in his observation, would gradually disclose a state of great animation when silently watched a while. A timid animal world had come to life for the season. Little tadpoles and efts began to bubble up through the water, and to race along beneath it; toads made noises like very young ducks, and advanced to the margin in twos and threes; overhead, bumble-bees flew hither and thither in the thickening light, their drone coming and going like the sound of a gong.

On an evening such as this, Yeobright descended into the Blooms End valley from beside that very pool, where he had been standing with another quite silently and quite long enough to hear all this puny stir of resurrection in nature; yet he had not heard it. His walk was rapid as he came down, and he went with a springy tread. Before entering upon his mother's premises he stopped and breathed. The light which shone forth on him from the window revealed that his face was flushed and his eye bright. What it did not show was something which lingered upon his lips like a seal set there. The abiding presence of this impress was so real that he hardly dared to enter the house, for it seemed as if his mother might say, "What red spot is that glowing upon your mouth so vividly?"

But he entered soon after. The tea was ready, and he sat down opposite his mother. She did not speak many words, and as for him, something had been just done and some words had been just said on the hill which prevented him from beginning a desultory chat. His mother's taciturnity was not without ominousness, but he appeared not to care. He knew why she said so little, but he could not remove the cause of her bearing toward him. These half-silent sittings were far from uncommon with them now. At last Yeobright made a beginning of what was intended to strike at the root of the whole matter.

"Five days have we sat like this at meals, with scarcely a word. What's the use of it, mother?"

"None. But there is only too good a reason."

"Not when you know all. I have been wanting to speak about this, and I am glad the subject is begun. The reason, of course, is Eustacia Vye. Well, I confess I have seen her lately, and have seen her a good many times."

"Yes, yes; and I know what that amounts to. It troubles me, Clym. You are wasting

your life here; and it is solely on account of her. If it had not been for that woman, you would never have entertained this teaching scheme at all."

Clym looked hard at his mother. "You know that is not it," he said.

"Well, I know you had decided to attempt it before you saw her; but that would have ended in intentions. It was very well to talk of, but ridiculous to put in practice. I fully expected that in the course of a month or two you would have seen the folly of such self-sacrifice, and would have been by this time back again to Paris in some business or other. I can understand objections to the jewelry trade—I really was convinced that it was inadequate to the life of a man like you. But now I see how mistaken you are about this girl, I doubt if you could be correct about other things."

"How am I mistaken in her?"

"She is lazy and dissatisfied. But that is not all of it. Supposing her to be as good a woman as any you can find, which she certainly is not, why do you wish to connect yourself with any body at present?"

"Well, there are practical reasons," Clym began, and then almost broke off under an overpowering sense of the weight of argument which could be brought against his statement. "If I take a school, an educated woman would be invaluable as a help to me."

"What! you really mean to marry her?"

"It would be premature to state that plainly. But consider what obvious advantages there would be in doing it. She—"

"Don't suppose she has any money. She hasn't a farthing."

"She is excellently educated, and would make a good matron in a boarding-school. I candidly own that I have modified my views a little in deference to you; and it should satisfy you. I no longer adhere to my intention of giving with my own mouth rudimentary education to the lowest class. I can do better. I can establish a good private school for farmers' sons, and without stopping the school I can manage to pass examinations. Then I can take orders. By this means, and by the assistance of a wife like her—"

"Oh!"

"I shall ultimately, I hope, be at the head of one of the best schools in the county."

Yeobright had enunciated the word "her" with a fervor which, in conversation with a mother, was absurdly indiscreet. Hardly a maternal heart within the four seas could, in such circumstances, have helped being irritated at that ill-timed betrayal of feeling.

"You are blinded, Clym," she said, warmly. "It was a bad day for you when you first set eyes on her. And your scheme is merely a castle in the air, built on purpose to justify this folly which has seized you,



and to salve your conscience on the irrational situation you are in."

"Mother, that's not true," he firmly answered.

"Can you maintain that I sit and tell untruths, when all I wish to do is to save you from sorrow? For shame, Clym. But it is all through that woman—a lussy!"

Clym reddened like fire, and rose. He placed his hand upon his mother's shoulder and said, in a tone which hung strangely between entreaty and command: "I won't hear it. I may be led to answer you in a way which we shall both regret."

His mother parted her lips to begin some other vehement truth, but on looking at him she saw that in his face which led her to leave the words unsaid. Yeobright walked once or twice across the room, and then suddenly went out of the house. It was eleven o'clock when he came in, though he had not been further than the precincts of the garden. His mother was gone to bed. A light was left burning on the table, and supper was spread. Without partaking of any food he secured the doors and went up stairs.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AN HOUR OF BLISS AND MANY HOURS OF SADNESS.

THE next day was gloomy enough at Blooms End. Yeobright remained in his study, sitting over the open books; but the work of those hours was miserably scant. Determined that there should be nothing in his conduct toward his mother resembling sullenness, he had occasionally spoken to her on passing matters, and would take no notice of the brevity of her replies. With the same resolve to keep up a show of conversation, he said, about seven o'clock in the evening: "There's an eclipse of the moon to-night. I am going out to see it." And putting on his overcoat he left her.

The low moon was not as yet visible from the front of the house, and Yeobright climbed out of the valley until he stood in the full flood of her light. But even now he walked on, and his steps were in the direction of Blackbarrow.

In half an hour he stood at the top. The sky was clear from verge to verge, and the moon flung her rays over the whole heath, but without appreciably lighting it, except where paths and water-courses had laid bare the white flints and glistening quartz sand, which made streaks upon the general shade. After standing a while he stooped and felt the heather. It was dry, and he flung himself down upon the barrow, his face toward the moon, which depicted a small image of herself in each of his eyes.

He had often come up here without stat-

ing his purpose to his mother; but this was the first time that he had been ostensibly frank as to his purpose while really concealing it. It was a moral situation which, three months earlier, he could hardly have credited of himself. In returning to labor in this sequestered spot he had anticipated an escape from the chafing of social necessities; yet behold, they were here also. More than ever he longed to be in some world where personal ambition was not the only recognized form of progress—such perhaps as might have been the case at some time or other in the silvery globe then shining upon him. His eye travelled over the length and breadth of that distant country—over the Bay of Rainbows, the sombre Sea of Crises, the Ocean of Storms, the Lake of Dreams, the vast Walled Plains, and the wondrous Ring Mountains—till he almost felt himself to be voyaging bodily through its wild scenes, standing on its hollow hills, traversing its deserts, descending its vales and old sea-bottoms, mounting to the edges of its craters.

While he watched the far-famed landscape, a tawny stain grew into being on the lower verge: the eclipse had begun. This marked a preconceived moment: the remote celestial phenomenon had been pressed into sublunary service as a lovers' signal. Yeobright's mind flew back to earth at the sight; he arose, shook himself, and listened. Minute after minute passed by; perhaps ten minutes passed, and the shadow on the moon perceptibly widened. He heard a rustling on his left hand, a cloaked figure with an upturned face appeared at the base of the barrow, and Clym descended. In a moment the figure was in his arms, and his lips upon hers.

"My Eustacia!"

"Clym, dearest!"

Such a situation had less than three months brought forth.

They remained long without a single utterance, for no language could reach the level of their condition: words were as the rusty implements of a by-gone barbarous epoch, and only to be occasionally tolerated.

"I began to wonder why you did not come," said Yeobright, when she had withdrawn a little from his embrace.

"You said ten minutes after the first mark of shade on the edge of the moon; and that's what it is now."

"Well, let us only think that here we are."

Then, holding each other's hand, they were again silent, and the shadow on the moon's disk grew a little larger.

"Has it seemed long since you last saw me?" she asked.

"It has seemed sad."

"And not long? That's because you occupy yourself, and so blind yourself to my



absence. To me who can do nothing it has been like living under stagnant water."

"I would rather bear tediousness, sweet, than have time made short by the means that mine has been shortened."

"In what way is that? You have been thinking you wished you did not love me."

"How can a man wish that, and yet love on? No, Eustacia."

"Men can, women can not."

"Well, whatever I may have thought, one thing is certain—I do love you—past all compass and description. I love you to oppressiveness—I who have never before felt more than a pleasant passing fancy for any woman I have ever seen. Let me look right into your moon-lit face, and dwell on every line and curve in it. Only a few hair-breadths make the difference between this face and faces I have seen many times before I knew you; yet what a difference—the difference between every thing and nothing at all! A touch on that mouth again—there, and there, and there. Your eyes seem heavy, Eustacia."

"No, it is my general way of looking. I think it arises from my feeling sometimes an agonizing pity for myself that I ever was born."

"You don't feel it now?"

"No. Yet I know that we shall not love like this always. Nothing can insure the continuance of love. It will evaporate like a spirit, and so I feel full of fears."

"You need not."

"Ah, you don't know. You have seen more than I, and have been into cities and among people that I have only heard of, and have lived more years than I; but yet I am older at this than you. I loved another man once, and now I love you."

"In God's mercy don't talk so, Eustacia."

"But I do not think I shall be the one who wearies first. It will, I fear, end in this way: your mother will find out that you meet me, and she will influence you against me."

"That can never be. She knows of these meetings already."

"And she speaks against me?"

"I will not say."

"There—go away! Obey her. I shall ruin you. It is foolish of you to meet me like this. Kiss me, and go away forever. Forever, do you hear?—forever."

"Not I."

"It is your only chance. Many a man's love has been a curse to him."

"You are desperate, full of fancies, and willful; and you misunderstand. I have an additional reason for seeing you to-night besides love of you. For though, unlike you, I feel our affection may be eternal, I feel with you in this, that our present mode of existence can not last."

"Oh! 'tis your mother. Yes, that's it. I knew it."

"Never mind what it is. Believe this—I can not let myself lose you. I must have you always with me. This very evening I do not like to let you go. There is only one cure for this anxiety, dearest—you must be my wife."

"Cynics say that cures the anxiety by curing the love."

"But you must answer me. Shall I claim you some day?—I don't mean at once."

"I must think. At present speak of Paris to me. Is there any place like it on the earth?"

"It is very beautiful. But you will be mine?"

"I will be nobody else's in the world—does that satisfy you?"

"Yes, for the present."

"Now tell me of the Louvre."

"Well, if I must, I will. I remember one sunny room in it which would make a fitting place for you to live in—the Galerie d'Apollon. Its windows are mainly east; and in the early morning, when the sun is bright, the whole apartment is in a perfect blaze of splendor. The rays bristle and dart from the incrustations of gilding to the magnificent inlaid coffers, from the coffers to the gold and silver plate, from the plate to the jewels and precious stones, from these to the enamels, till there is a perfect net-work of light which quite dazzles the eye."

"And Versailles—the King's Gallery is some such gorgeous room, is it not?"

"Yes. But what's the use of talking of such places? By-the-way, the Little Trianon would suit us beautifully to live in, and you might walk in the gardens in the moonlight and think you were in some English shrubbery; it is laid out in English fashion."

"I should hate to think that."

"Then you could keep to the lawn in front of the Grand Palace. All about there you feel in a world of historical romance."

He went on, since it was her wish, and described Fontainebleau, St. Cloud, the Bois, and many other familiar haunts of the Parisians, till she said,

"When used you to go to these places?"

"On Sundays."

"Ah, yes. I dislike English Sundays. How I should chime in with their manners over there! Dear Clym, you'll go back again?"

Clym shook his head, and looked at the eclipse.

"If you'll go back again, I'll—be something," she said, tenderly, putting her head near his breast. "If you'll agree, I'll give my promise, without making you wait a minute longer."

"How extraordinary that you and my mother should be of one mind about this," said Yeobright. "I have vowed not to go back, Eustacia. It is not the place I dislike; it is the occupation."



"But you can go in some other capacity."

"No. Besides, it would interfere with my scheme. Don't press that, Eustacia. Will you marry me?"

"I can not tell."

"Now—never mind Paris; it is no better than other spots. Promise, sweet."

"You will never adhere to your education plan, I am quite sure; and then it will be all right for me; and so I promise to be yours for ever and ever."

Clym brought her face toward his by a gentle pressure of the hand, and kissed her.

"Ah! but you don't know what you have got in me," she said. "Sometimes I think there is not that in Eustacia Vye which will make a good homespun wife. Well, let it go—see how our time is slipping, slipping, slipping!" She pointed toward the hour-glass which stood on a stone between their feet and the moon, the upper half showing itself to be two-thirds empty.

"You are too mournful."

"No. Only I dread to think of any thing beyond the present. What is, we know. We are together now, and it is unknown how long we shall be so: the unknown always fills my mind with terrible possibilities, even when I may reasonably expect it to be cheerful. . . . Clym, the eclipsed moon-light shines upon your face with a strange foreign color, and shows its shape as if it were cut out in gold. That means that you should be doing better things than this."

"You are ambitious, Eustacia—no, not exactly ambitious, luxurious. I ought to be of the same vein to make you happy, I suppose. And yet, far from that, I could live and die in a hermitage here, with proper work to do."

There was that in his tone which implied distrust of his position as a solicitous lover, a doubt if he were acting fairly toward one whose tastes touched his own only at rare and infrequent points. She saw his meaning, and whispered, in a low full accent of eager assurance: "Don't mistake me, Clym. Though I should like Paris, I love you for yourself alone. To be your wife and to live in Paris would be heaven to me; but I would rather live with you in a hermitage here than not be yours at all. It is gain to me either way, and very great gain. There's my too candid confession."

"Spoken like a woman. And now I must soon leave you. I'll walk with you toward your house."

"But must you go home yet?" she asked.

"Yes, the sand has nearly slipped away, I see, and the eclipse is creeping on more and more. Don't go yet. Stop till the hour has run itself out; then I will not press you any more. You will go home and sleep well; I keep sighing in my sleep. Do you ever dream of me?"

"I can not recollect a clear dream of you."

"I see your face in every scene of my dreams, and hear your voice in every sound. I wish I did not. It is too much what I feel. They say such love never lasts. Once I saw an officer of the Hussars ride down the street at Budmouth, and though he was a total stranger and never spoke to me, I loved him till I thought I should really die of love; but I didn't die, and at last I left off caring for him. How dreadful it would be if a time should come when I could not love you!"

"Please don't say such reckless things. When we see such a time at hand we will say, 'I have outlived my end and purpose,' and die. There! the hour has expired: now let us walk on."

Hand in hand they went along the path toward Mistover. When they were near the house, he said: "It is too late for me to see your grandfather to-night. Do you think he will object to it?"

"I will speak to him. I am so accustomed to be my own mistress that it did not occur to me that we should have to ask him."

Then they lingeringly separated, and Clym descended toward Blooms End.

And as he walked further and further from the charmed atmosphere of his Olympian girl his face grew sad with a new sort of sadness. A perception of the dilemma in which his love had placed him came back in full force. In spite of Eustacia's apparent willingness to wait through the period of an unpromising engagement, till he should be established in his new pursuit, he could not but perceive at moments that she loved him rather as a vistant from a gay world to which she rightly belonged than as a man with a purpose opposed to that past of his which so interested her. Often at their meetings a word or a sigh would escape her. It meant that, though she made no conditions as to his return to the French capital, this was what she secretly longed for in the event of marriage; and it robbed him of many an otherwise pleasant hour. Along with this came the widening breach between himself and his mother. Whenever any little occurrence had brought into more prominence than usual the disappointment that he was causing her, it had sent him on lone and moody walks; or he was kept awake a great part of the night by the turmoil of spirit which such a recognition created. If Mrs. Yeobright could only have been led to see what a sound and worthy purpose this purpose of his was, and how little it was being affected by his devotion to Eustacia, how differently would she regard him!

Thus as his sight grew accustomed to the first blinding halo kindled about him by love and beauty, Yeobright began to perceive what a strait he was in. Sometimes he wished that he had never known Eustacia, immediately to retract the wish as bru-



tal. Three antagonistic growths had to be kept alive: his mother's trust in him, his plan for becoming a teacher, and Eustacia's happiness. His fervid nature could not afford to relinquish one of these, though two of the three were as many as he could hope to preserve. Though his love was as chaste as that of Petrarch for his Laura, it had made fetters of what previously was only a difficulty. A position which was not too simple when he stood whole-hearted had become indescribably complicated by the addition of Eustacia. Just when his mother was beginning to tolerate one scheme, he had introduced another still bitterer than the first; and the combination was more than she could bear.

### A WIFE HUNT.

WE came slowly down the steps of George Brooks's house. It was late. "What did you think of them?" said I, as we walked toward Broadway.

"How did he ever get her?" exclaimed my friend, by way of answer.

"I will tell you all about it, if you will come around here to the Chess Tunnel, and take some Budweis with me."

So we walked around to the International Chess Tunnel, dived into the cellar, passed the groups around the billiard and chess champions and the players at devil-among-the-tailors, and took our seats in a separate compartment under the sidewalk. The alcove made a close enough imitation to a real wine-cellar. A foaming tankard of Liebotschauer was placed before my friend, and a glass of Budweis before me. A fine round *fromage de Brie*—from New Jersey—graced the centre of the table.

We sat a while in silence, thinking of the couple we had just left—of George, big, gruff, lank, shock-haired, full of unexpected humor; and of Jennie his wife, blonde, natty, quick as a flash, whom George was always regarding with a gaze partly amused, partly frightened. Their house was not large, but crammed with furniture and knickknacks of the most incongruous kind—so crammed that George never knew quite what to do with his legs, and was conscious that the eagle eyes of Jennie knew just how near they were to upsetting something. There was not place even for his bundle of law papers; so whenever he brought any of those articles home, he took them to the room up stairs, which Jennie called the nursery. But there was no child in the nursery, nor was there prospect of any.

"By Jove!" said my friend, bringing his hand down on the table with a smack. "What a pretty little thing she is, and what a little devil! Did you see how perfectly she sat, the ruddy hair just showing over the back of that deep sofa, or chair, or what-

ever it was? And the dress just swept right—"

"Restrain yourself, my dear fellow," said I, in a lordly way. "Perhaps you wouldn't have noticed those particulars with so keen a zest if you did not happen to be pretty good-looking, and Jennie had not been firing all her small batteries at you for the last half hour."

"Oh, pshaw!" said he, reddening a little, and burying his nose in the Liebotschauer.

"Well, you know," said I, in a patronizing tone, "I've *been there*. In fact, there was a time when I thought her the loveliest woman in the world, and—would you believe it?—it was just the very time that George captured her, took her away right from under my nose!"

"Believe it?" said my friend, in a still, small voice—"why not?"

"Come, now, that's too bad!" said I, sulkily, and applied myself to the Budweis.

He burst into a very shrill laugh. "Go on with your rat-killing," he said, and laughed again, this time so loud that the billiard-players looked around. That was his idea of wit.

"Well, then," said I, after an uncomfortable pause, "it happened after this wise. But I want you first to understand that I tolerate no interruptions. Let me tell my story straight through, and then you can make what comments you please."

My friend settled himself so that the light was not on his eyes, and prepared to listen.

"Jennie Graham belongs to respectable rich people here, who, by giving a certain number of entertainments, can put their sons, daughters, and nieces into what is called good society. They are accepted people. I began to pay attention to her at little parties, chiefly by standing near her, or over her, twirling my mustache. I see you smile; but there is a tradition among the young men of New York that a steady pursuit of that system will, in the end, bring down the most stubborn heiress. I did not go in for heiresses; Jennie was by no means of that variety; but I fell insensibly to admiring and then to loving her. No one told me that the way to win a girl was to stand over her twirling my mustache; I merely followed the example of some older fellows I used to see. Don't you know the kind of man who comes into a room in a *mousy* way; not timidly mousy—you know what I mean—but with a kind of tremendous quiet and concentration, as if to tread hard or speak aloud would scare something? Girls like that kind of thing, especially the young ones; they think such a man must have seen a great deal of the world. So he has—of New York. They think that when he does speak, it will be something very fine—and so it is. Women's imaginations will do any thing.



"Well, I practiced the mousy way of entering a room, the mysterious manner that waits for *tête-à-tête* before saying any thing, the mustache-twirling business which means that no other woman has any charms for the devotee to that Brahminical occupation. I soon knew all the patterns of dress that Jennie affected, the different kinds of trimming, arrangements of her hair, and so on. After a while she began to consult me on such important subjects, and we became better acquainted. You have no idea how interesting such things can become under certain circumstances. Soon I was asked to her house, and was afterward a regular visitor. One day when I came in with my mousiest and most concentrated manner I found George in the drawing-room.

"How air you?" said he, gripping my hand with a force that almost made me faint. "I declare, you come in so quiet you'd think it was a ghost! Fact!"

"Poor dear George! he will say 'air,' do what Jennie will, but he is otherwise more changed than you can think. If there ever was a rough diamond of a man, it was George Brooks when he first came to see his little cousin. He was flurried during that first visit.

"They are cousins, but so remotely connected that Jennie vowed that she thought it absurd of her parents to recognize him. The Grahams lived in a large broad house in Bond Street, with a bit of hard furniture put against each wall of the rooms, and certain fearful old portraits hanging about. There was a piano, on which Jennie played a little, and a wide chimney-place in which they burned wood. With all its grimness and bareness, I liked it better than I do Jennie's little *bric-à-brac* shop. In winter it was cold in the front parlor—I shouldn't have called it a drawing-room—but then that only made you draw up closer to the wood fire; in fact, when Jennie was at home, that was one of its great advantages.

"Well, of course I saw at once that the big uncouth country lawyer was dreadfully in love with little Jennie. You know what a sweet, straightforward soul he is—you ought to if you can read faces. Well, he came to me pretty soon and asked me plumply if I was in love with Jennie, if she were still free: 'Because,' said he, 'I am so in love with her myself that I shall either have to go away or try to win her. Are you in my way?'

"My dear fellow," said I, in pursuance of my rôle, "we men of the world, you know, don't fall easily in love. We see so many girls! Miss Jennie and I are the greatest of friends, but nothing more—I assure you, nothing more. It isn't at all the thing for young men to get engaged nowadays."

"George looked at me for a moment with his mouth open; then a flood of delight

made his ugly face handsome for a moment, and he threw his arms about me with a hug that almost broke my ribs. Seeing my disgusted look, he apologized very humbly, and said,

"Fact is, I didn't suppose it possible any one could know Cousin Jen a day without being dead in love with her."

"Miss Jennie had positively forbidden him to call her 'Cousin Jen,' but the poor boy always forgot.

"Now it was a cowardly lie in me to make him such an answer—in one sense it was. Jennie and I were not engaged, but we ought to have been. But the difficulty was that I felt in no hurry to announce it, while Jennie positively refused to consider it an engagement at all. The plain truth is that Jennie at that time had no more heart than a broomstick. There was not the faintest suspicion of tenderness or romance or even sentimentality about her. She knew a good deal of the ordinary stock of quotable poetry by heart, and occasionally made a happy application of a line, but her tendency was more to the comic than the sentimental. Of course I did not think all this at the time, although I did sometimes feel a sense of something lacking in her character. Perhaps I was in the same case myself.

"That very day the sport began. I say sport, for I did not dream that George would succeed, and I had a rather malicious enjoyment of Jennie's troubles. She was not guiltless, for it had amused her at times to practice the arts of which she was master on the quivering nerves of George. He was such a helpless victim; pleasure and distress painted themselves so unmistakably on his face that Jennie could not forego the amusement of alternately encouraging and repulsing him. But Jennie had far more ambitious thoughts than any one knew. There were a few men whom she met who would have served her purpose, could she have held them against the pressure from other quarters, but she knew that there were other chances besides those, which might turn up any day. There were men from other cities, and there were foreigners; she was in no hurry to marry, and had a calculating mind, inherited rightfully from ancestral Grahams. While still young she had heard the chink of gold in the talk of her elders as they laid up dollar against dollar. Generations of Grahams had died in the intensity of respectability and the firm belief that they would be assigned in paradise a pew in the front rank. Jennie did not think of pews, but she did intend to make a brilliant match.

"Consider, then, the hopelessness of George's suit. It was simply ludicrous. Many is the time I have laughed with and laughed at Jennie while canvassing poor George's infatuation, and that is why a



slight constraint you may have noticed always comes over Jennie in my presence. She is afraid I will remind her of those times.

"George was studying law in an office down town, and living a life that it is mild to call heroic. He acted as office-boy and sweep, besides studying law and doing the minor business of the firm. This was to make more money. He also slept in the office in order to escape board bills, and had some arrangement with the janitor's wife to furnish him with the cheapest kind of meals. He knew no one, and passed unnoticed in his threadbare coat. At daybreak he was up, taking a breather around the squares between Trinity Church and the Post-office, took a glass of milk at a pie stand, read law till breakfast-time, something in the way of literature afterward, and then began his day's work. In the evening, as the clock struck eight, he put on an old dress suit he had bought for the graduation exercises at his up-country college; by half past eight he was ringing Jennie's bell in Bond Street, and as nine sounded over the city he closed her door and walked down Broadway to his law-books. That was his day, with the regularity of clock-work. Rain or shine, Jennie at home or not, the Grahams smiling or frowning, warm or indifferent, it seemed to make no impression on George. After a few weeks they gave up grumbling over him, and grew secretly to respect and like him. Old Graham insisted on asking him to the Sunday dinner.

"But Jennie! The rages that pretty, picturesque, statuesque, well-bred child used to fly into were sometimes appalling. 'He's not my cousin,' she would cry. 'He's a nasty, pushing, impertinent, odious, disagreeable, lubberly country clod-hopper! I don't merely hate him, I wish he were dead—wish I were dead. I won't be persecuted in this way. What claim has he on this family?' Then she might fall a-crying. I used to think that crying showed how absurd his hopes were; now I know it meant that he was too much for her.

"Well, I must make my story short. Spring came around, and the hot weather of June; with it hope of release for the little calculator. She was off for the summer; first at Long Branch, then to stay with some friends at Saratoga, two weeks at Lenox, and possibly, if a certain great lady did not forget her, for a week of fashionable bliss at Newport. I remember the triumphant tone that mingled in her quiet remark to poor George that he would not see her until autumn. His face fell a moment, but there was just a glimmer of the twinkle in his eye which you now catch so often when he looks at his domineering little wife.

"Of course George was not able to follow her to the watering-places. She felt, in mere

anticipation, like a bird released, and became so insufferably patronizing to me, in consequence of her joy, that I began to think I had made a mistake. She was a terribly worldly little thing. I could not help contrasting the perfect selfishness of her easy life with the struggles of George. I had no fear of him as a rival, and admired him as a man. It happened just then that the chief of the house in which I am still a clerk asked my advice about some matter that involved law business. It was something out of the usual run, which could be managed by other lawyers besides our regular legal advisers, and so I put in a spoke for George. Old Robinson took in the situation at once; George managed the case excellently, and earned a handsome fee. It was not till I saw the broad grin on his face with which he pocketed the check for that fee that I realized what use he intended to make of it. He was on the trail of Jennie!

"I was at Long Branch when he arrived. Haven't you been at Long Branch? It is a place people go to in order to avoid the heat; and so the hotels are placed on bare white sand where the reflections from the water and beach concentrate. They go to repose themselves from the noise of the city, and each hotel is a Babel. They are tired of being on dress parade in whatever society they may belong to, so they go to a place where you are more seen, and must therefore dress more, than in New York. They believe in sea-bathing, and take it mostly by sympathy, that is, by looking at others, who, with more energy or less vanity, make scarecrows of themselves in the surf. It is a charming place, Long Branch; a visit to it is a wonderful relaxation to a nervous man. Indeed, I wonder New Jersey did not place her lunatic asylum there, it is a place so soothing, so full of insects, with the under-tow so handy.

"Jennie was a little Napoleon at Long Branch. She was in the quietest hotel, but surrounded by the best men. Her management of them was superb; it was like the centurion in the New Testament, except that those whom she bade to go had a way of returning without being asked to come, and standing about, limp and rather white in the gills, in an uncomfortable and depressed condition. She would sit in a window of the great drawing-room on a low chair, and summon to her the mousiest and most experienced gentleman who crossed her line of vision, merely by a certain indescribable set of her head. I never could analyze it, although I have seen her exercise the charm a hundred times. One day she had collected three or four around her, and driven from the room, without recourse to any visible or audible argument, a handsome Western girl who had been playing on the piano. You have noticed the sort of woman



I mean—*belle femme*, well built, with head like Millais's idea of Evangeline—a good deal dressed, and addicted to singing to herself popular songs of a sentimental nature in public parlors. She could not stay in the same room with Jennie. She had weaknesses; she was sentimental—probably is a very sweet and fine woman. Jennie seemed without a weakness, and her intensely practical nature drove out the other, as copper drives out silver coin. That's a rather bitter remark to make about Jennie, but you will see my provocation.

"To this scene enters George, arrayed—I don't care to tell you how he looked, because I like him so thoroughly. Some clothier in Chatham Street had taken the poor soul in; it would have been more charitable if he had taken in some of the extra cloth of his garments at the same time. However, there George was, a dreadful fact—big, ungainly, devoted, and unappeasably in love. Jennie did not look at the faces of her admirers. She quailed to think what concentrated disdain was heaping in the men of mousy step. She did not care what the wilted youths thought who stood about, mustache-twisting. George came up with a rush that scattered them right and left. It was as if he had spread out his long bony arms and swept them all away from her. Did you ever see a cuttle-fish close around a little silvery menhaden? Neither have I. But I can imagine that it would make a good metaphor to describe the way in which George took possession of Jennie.

"She had risen a moment before he entered, and flitted in a hap-hazard dainty way over to the music-stool just left vacant by the Western belle whom she had silently ousted from the room. Her pretty little fingers touched the ivories in a careless way, bringing out one or two chords that were full of harmony, and made you ask for more; but to all petitions for a piece of music she gave a shake of her charming auburn head. I didn't ask her to play; I knew better. But most of the men who heard her careless strumming went away with the impression that she was a finished musician, who might be allowed a musician's caprices. George, as I said, descended on this group, carrying disgust to the men and consternation to little Miss Jane. She arose, pink with indignation, but not without her wits about her.

"What is it?" she said, affecting anxiety. "Is papa ill, or mamma?"

"George was so happy to see her that he could not speak at first. He kept hold of the hard little hand which he had seized, and devoured her silently with his eyes.

"No, no," said he at length. "I've come on my own hook—a vacation, to see you, Cousin Jen."

"Oh," said Jennie, pulling her hand away. Her face said, 'Who asked you to come?' Her

lips said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, frightening me so! What train do you take back to the city?'

"George assumed a piteous expression of countenance, and said he had not made up his mind.

"I hate men who have not made up their minds on every subject!" said Jennie, with unnecessary fierceness. "The reason I asked was because I have a commission for you: I want you to take something to mamma to-night." From the way her eyes roved about the carpet I knew she was fabricating some excuse, some fictitious errand, to get rid of George.

"He looked her straight in the eyes.

"Of course I will do what you want me to," said he. "As to having my mind made up, I purposely left that question of going back, of leaving you, open, because it makes me unhappy. Jennie, I have made up my mind on one point—that you are to be my wife, if asking you now and working for you all my life will accomplish it. Jennie, I want you to marry me."

"Jennie turned several shades paler, and seized hold of the piano in a stupefied state of mind. I was for sliding away and letting them fight it out by themselves, but there was an agonized appeal in Jennie's glance at me that meant stay. So I staid. George did not like it, but he had no time for resentment. The look Jennie gave me revealed for the first time how weak she was. What was she going to answer? To judge from her face, one retort after another presented itself without finding vent in words. At last she burst into a laugh that was not very joyous, and escaped from the room. We could hear her running up stairs to the apartments of the friends with whom she was staying. It seemed to me that I should have given up all hope if a woman had laughed in my face in that way, but it was different with George. He sat down quietly, and although very grave, was perfectly at his ease. You might have supposed that offering himself and being rejected before a third person was with him an every-day affair. He seated himself on the music-stool, and touched the keys gently without striking a note. It seemed to me only fair to endeavor to get him out of the house, in order to spare Jennie as much as possible, but he would not listen to any proposals for walking, driving, or bathing. So I left him sitting there, with his head a little bent, evidently waiting for Jennie's step.

"It must have been two hours before I saw him again. He had waited in vain for Jennie. That little woman had quickly got the better of her vexation, and apparently had resolved that nothing should interfere with her enjoyment. Descending by another staircase at the extreme end of the long hotel, she had pressed into her service the



young matron with whom she was staying and several other of her friends, and was now preparing for a game of croquet. It bade fair to be a languid sport, to judge from the indifference of all the others save Jennie. A man was wanting, and I was deputed to beat him up; it was while thus engaged that I found George, still grave but serene, encamped before the piano. I nodded, and was about to withdraw, when George started up.

"Have you seen her? Where is she?"

"George had never spoken to me about Jennie since our memorable explanation; and, when alluding to her, never used her name, but always said 'she' or 'her,' like affectionate married people, who think of each other so continually that the name of the loved one sounds formal, and is consequently avoided.

"Well, come with me,' I cried, after a moment's thought. 'Can you play croquet?"

"Yes—if *she* is in the game."

"So I brought George up to the languid group where Jennie was bustling about in an unusual state of excitement, and chuckled to see the various expressions with which they and she regarded the new-comer. Jennie gave me a look of indignation, which deepened into wrath when she saw my mouth twitching. She felt like braining me with her mallet on the spot. However, there was no help for it. George was quiet and self-possessed, and the others, finding that their insolent stares made no impression, accepted the inevitable, and began the game. Jennie avoided us both as much as possible, contenting herself with casting withering glances at me, to which I responded with deprecating gestures. The distinguished company talked to each other in very loud, high voices when discussing the absent, and in a moderate key when making fun of George. But the latter did not, or did not choose to, hear. Jennie was enough for all his faculties. He watched her without a shadow of pretense, and in that way only added to her vexation, because she knew every one was remarking it. The position was a hard one, after all, although the little flirt richly deserved it. As I said, she was the only energetic player, and before any one else had gone far in the game, she was around the circle, and free to play the rôle of hawk among the pigeons. The first ball she pounced upon was that of George. Her eyes snapped vindictively as she placed her slender foot on one of the balls and gave it a vicious push into the sandy ground to insure its firmness.

"Where shall I send you, *Mister* Brooks?" she asked, as she tapped the other ball close to her own, so that there could be no failure of her coming blow. The ground sloped for a long distance beyond the immediate croquet field, and Jennie was already tri-

umphing in the thought of sending George far down the slope. She would be rid of him that much, anyhow. But George was not as stupid as he looked. Somehow his mallet and his big foot were in the direct line of the shot, and that forced Jennie to pause.

"Jennie," said he, in a low voice, "don't send me away at all. Let us be partners, and play against the world. We can meet at times when I am of use to you, otherwise you can be free. No one else would give you the freedom I will, even if they could love you as I."

"I don't know what you are talking about," cried Jennie, hotly.

"You must know what I mean. I want to work for you. When you are my wife, you shall have not only a true and loving husband, but greater freedom than you now possess. Give me a little hope before sending me away."

"Mr. Brooks, will you take your mallet out of the line of my shot?" answered Jennie, almost ready to cry with vexation. George stepped aside and allowed the angry girl to raise her mallet. It descended, and the ball flew away, but the blow did not sound clear. George did not look after his ball, but regarded Jennie anxiously. She was very pale, and leaned on her mallet. The stick had struck the inside of her foot where a great bundle of nerves renders a blow almost insupportable. The agony was so great that she was unconscious of every thing but pain. Before she had time to fall, George had picked her up, and was taking long strides toward the hotel. His enviable rôle did not last long; Jennie came to, and, overwhelmed with mortification, hobbled away among the women.

"Jennie had been very much hurt for the time being, but I doubt whether George did not suffer far more. His face expressed the most exquisite anguish. Very naturally he imagined that the delicate little creature he had held for a moment in his arms must possess far more delicate sensibilities than any one else; to her tender physical organization he attributed equally refined mental emotions. Whether he was right or not is not for me to say. We both thought that no more would be seen of the auburn locks that day, and George had determined to stay over, when the dinner gong rang. You know how it is in one of those hotels. Every one rushes pell-mell into the dining saloon. George and I went in with a rear detachment, and I took him over to the table where our party usually sat, intending to seat him in the vacant place of Jennie. But when we arrived, there was little Miss Jane eating her dinner as composedly as if she never had fainted in her life, and under no circumstances had made two men feel the tortures of Hades out of mere sympathy



with a mallet blow against her pretty foot. There was an empty chair next her, and George took this at once. Jennie looked at him, but without any protest in her face; it was a blank—neither gracious nor ungracious, neither attractive nor repellent. Her mood was sombre, and her manner listless. She allowed George to talk to her as much as he pleased, but answered only in monosyllables. You must acknowledge that I am something of a man of the world; I have some *savoir-faire*; well, I assure you nothing could have induced me to sit up there and talk to the girl I love as George did. He was as cool as if it had been the merest matter of business—as if he were compromising a suit of law with another attorney. Among other things, he said:

“Look here, Jennie, I don’t make any illusions about myself. I know I am as uncouth and ugly as you are charming and beautiful, but that is all the more reason why you should accept me. Suppose you marry a good-looking man used to society: he will be sure to have other women taking too much notice of him for your peace of mind, and is even more certain to haunt the clubs. You don’t want a club man for a husband; you have too much sense. As to my uncouthness, that will wear off. I am improving every week as it is, and with a little kindness and advice from you I promise wonders. But I am not in good circumstances. Well, if you knew as I do the way money disappears in New York among people supposed to be beyond all question wealthy, it would make you skeptical. But say you did get a solidly rich husband, he must have been bred to easy habits, perhaps to vicious habits, and he can not be expected to have any business in life. You know what it is to have a husband who does nothing; you have seen such cases among your friends. Do you know of any wives more unhappy? Jennie, I am going to make my mark in the world—if you do not break my heart at the outset. I am going to be a great lawyer. Ten years hence my wife will be proud of me; she will have a stand among people of intelligence, on my account, no matter who she may have been. I need a wife who has good manners and a knowledge of the world—in the best sense; who will attend to the social side while I am fighting for a livelihood and fame. Don’t break my heart and ruin my future. You may say that it is none of your affair, that my heart may have been made to be broken; it is quite true. You are not to blame. But then I love you so—so terribly! You have every thing I lack—beauty, grace, tact, care of small things, propriety, knowledge of the world, skepticism. You are dreadfully skeptical. It may seem absurd to argue that because I have not these things you ought

to be my wife; it seems all one-sided and selfish. But I am confident you will find as many things in me which you lack. I will give you faith by being always your devoted lover; I will teach you, by example, to love. Don’t think I am trying to wound you, but—you have no conception of love; you don’t know what a terrible and yet delightful thing it is. Give me a chance; take me on probation; let us be engaged conditionally.’

“Just then Jennie arose from the table, pushed back her chair, and left the room quietly before George could do any thing. Her quick eyes had noted that one or two people were beginning to remark the earnest manner of the low-voiced speaker. I could judge nothing from her firm face; it was not sullen, and yet it was any thing but joyous.

“George made no remark, and set to at his meal, which, as you may imagine, had been neglected. But he ate very little, considering his determined and easy air. His eyes roved out toward the sea, where Jennie had been fixing hers during his long argument, and seemed to find in that monotonous segment of a blue sphere much the same absorbing visions Jennie found. All of a sudden it struck me as very odd that I did not feel at all jealous of this ardent lover to whom Jennie had been listening so very quietly. Was I still so positive that his efforts would be useless? or could I be getting a little cool in my own love for the charmer? It was a subject requiring thought, and alone, so I retired to the bluff and made my way down to the beach in order that I might get counsel from the sea-shore. Achilles, or Hector, or some one of the old buffers we used to read about in college, did that, and to great effect, too, if I remember rightly.

“Well, I thought of that and a hundred other things, but all to no purpose, and after a long stroll and a bask in the sun, returned to the beach opposite the hotel. Who should I meet there but Jennie? She was with her married friend, and was looking over her shoulder as she walked, as if she feared some one was following. But George was not in sight. They proposed to bathe, and demanded my escort. You know the women have a way of asking things of that kind in such a tone that escape is impossible, so I resigned myself to the fore-fated. Jennie would be there, at any rate, and she never looked ugly in any thing. Her dress was a marvel of becomingness, and although it did not exactly cling to her figure, still—you understand me. So in we went. Imagine Jennie’s dismay when, just as we let the first ripple touch our feet, the voice of George was heard, and that monster appeared, hung with bathing apparel too small for him. I say monster, but the truth is, the less clothes he has on the better he looks. And when



he was thoroughly wet he made a fine sight. Somehow his big face was in keeping with his big muscles, and the big ocean was in keeping with his big manhood. As she gave a sly glance at his figure, George took Jennie's hand with perfect simplicity and good faith, never dreaming that I had undertaken this affair solely for the pleasure of being near her. The matron fell to me, and we made the best of it: not so very bad, when I tell you she was only a few years the senior of Jennie, and twice as larky.

"You know what an abominably ridiculous thing surf-bathing is. Well, we were all, except George, as ridiculous as we could be. Luckily they had chosen the hour when few people are about. We were banged about and upset the usual number of times—at least I was. George managed better, and little Jane found it necessary to hold to him as if he were a post.

"Jennie," said he, as a great breaker curled over toward them, 'what am I to do when bad luck comes at me like that? If I have not you to care for, I will lie down and let it beat me to pieces—just like this.'

"No, don't—please don't!" cried little Jane, holding on with all her might, and afraid he would not catch the breaker rightly.

"This is glorious fun," said he, coming up from the roller, and setting Jennie on her feet. 'I can not leave this and go back to that work in town. I tell you what I will do: if you say positively you never under any circumstances will marry me, I will walk out and see what the under-tow has to say for itself.'

"Oh, George!"

"By Jove, I am in earnest. It might as well be all over at once. I have nothing to live for. Nobody will miss me.'

"Another breaker fell on them, and again Jennie had to cling to the big-boned fellow.

"Jennie," said George, holding her tightly still after the billow broke, 'if you say yes, I go back to land with you; if you say no, you must go alone. Yes or no?'

"Jennie looked up in his face to see if he were in joke; but he was as solemn as a funeral. Then she looked at the next wave rearing a huge glassy curve of opaqueness before them. 'Y—yes, dear George, yes! Oh!' They did not bathe any more.

"Well, this is spinning out longer than I thought. But the end is near. George went back that night, and Jennie was a different woman. She would have no more to say to me, except that it was all over between us. Of course I protested, became furious, and pretended that I would be abusive. But Jennie cut me short by affirming that I did not love her so very much, after all—a fact I then indignantly denied, but now acknowledge. So there was an end of that. I passed a very uncomforta-

ble summer, and returned to town in order to find George installed as favorite in my place. Of course I continued my visits. It would not do for me to appear jealous or like a rejected suitor. So I was compelled to hold a very disagreeable position.

"Jennie was by no means a docile pupil in that school of love which George had spoken of with so much assurance. He had privileges, but she was very touchy. She could not bear the shock of an announcement, although she had grown fonder and fonder of the big fellow—a very Newfoundland dog of a man. To add to my annoyance, he made a confidant of me, and bewailed the hard-heartedness of Jennie. Would you believe it?—he wanted to get married, actually, and as soon as possible! One day I recollected what a sly Baltimore girl told me about such cases, and asked George what he thought of the plan. He jumped at the idea, and so begged and prayed that I agreed to carry it out. Jennie has a younger brother who is up to any trick you mention, and the more malicious it is, the better. Of course he knew the situation, and so did all the family, for that matter, but Jennie compelled them to be deaf, blind, and dumb. We waited for an evening when several aunts and what not were visiting at the house. The family usually sat in the back parlor looking out on the little conservatory, while Jennie received her visitors in the front. As a rule the sliding doors were open; when George came, they were shut. Jennie's brother arranged wires to the handles of the doors, and, on the day in question, I stood by one line, he by the other. George had arranged a signal.

"As it happened, one of the aunts was talking about Jennie and the men attentive to her, when we heard the signal. The sliding doors opened with a rush, and the whole family looked in upon a most touching scene. George had one knee to the ground, and Jennie was smoothing his hair away from his forehead, just ready, so it looked, to give him a chaste farewell salute. There was a hush, a cry from Jennie, and the doors clapped to again. The aunts did not know but that the theatrical scene was an odd method of announcing her engagement devised by Jennie. They certainly did not appreciate the agonies she was suffering. George rushed from the house, and, according to previous arrangement, informed several gossips of the engagement. The next day Jennie had a mail as long as your arm, all congratulations on her engagement, and had to submit with a good grace. That is the way George got her."

My friend said nothing, but was lost in thought over my story.

"Perhaps you think," said I, construing his silence in that way—"perhaps you think the marriage is not a happy one? It may



not be an ideal or romantic marriage, on Jennie's side at least, but I call it a great success. George gives her all the freedom she wants, but he keeps his eyes open. I say, who am a man of the world—acknowledge I am that at least—that it is a happy marriage, and I know a thing or two about domestic interiors! That humorous way he has of pretending to be afraid of her might not do with some women, but she enjoys it. Some people call her a steel-trap, and think he is caught. But he knew what he was about. He wanted her, and no one else—and he has enough tenderness for two. But see! all the regular players are gone; the devil is at rest among the tailors in their box, and the waiter is nodding in his chair. Let us be off."

I rose, and shook the table a little. My friend, who had been shading his eyes from the gas with his hand, began to rub his forehead.

"Well," said he, slowly, "what did they do when they got to Long Branch?"

## FREEDOM OF THE PRESS VINDICATED.

**M**ORE than a century and a quarter ago there was a notable struggle in the province of New York for the maintenance of the liberty of the press. Considered in all its bearings, social, political, and historical, that struggle constituted one of the most important events in the early annals of the State. It has been strangely overlooked in its philosophical aspects by some historians, and by others treated of only slightly, or merely mentioned.

Out of the controversies of that period arose two powerful political parties, which divided the people of the province by lines of separation more and more sharply defined until the war for independence ceased, fifty years afterward. One party adhered strongly to royalty and its prerogatives; the other party stood up valiantly for the sovereignty of the people and freedom of thought and speech. The former were highly conservative; the latter were radical. The former, during the old war for independence, were called *Tories*; the latter were called *Whigs*. On the side of the former there was a remarkable preponderance of men of wealth and social position in the colony, such as the Philippses, Van Cortlandts, Van Rensselaers, Beekmans, De Lanceys, Bayards, Crugers, Waltons, Wattses, Bleeckers, Barclays, Verplancks, Harrisons, and others; on the side of the people were a few men of equal distinction, such as the Livingstons, Morrisses, Schuylers, Alexanders, and Smiths.

The violent controversies of the opposing parties reached a climax when, on the 2d of November, 1734, the Governor of the

province (William Cosby) and his Council, assembled at Fort George, at the foot of the Broadway, in the city of New York, issued the following process:

"It is ordered that the sheriff for the city of New York do forthwith take and apprehend John Peter Zenger, for printing and publishing several seditious libels, dispersed throughout his journals or newspapers, entitled the *New York Weekly Journal*, containing the *Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic*, as having in them many things tending to raise factions and tumults among the people of this province, inflaming their minds with contempt of his Majesty's government, and greatly disturbing the peace thereof; and upon his taking the said John Peter Zenger, to commit him to the prison or common gaol of the said city and county."

Who was John Peter Zenger? He was a poor German printer, who, on this occasion, was made the scape-goat for men of social and political eminence. He came to this country with his widowed mother, one of the persecuted Palatines for whom the compassionate Queen Anne provided an asylum in America. With him came also a sister and younger brother; and in 1710, when John Peter was thirteen years of age, he was apprenticed to William Bradford to learn the printer's art. Bradford was then the only printer in the province of New York. Zenger served his master so faithfully that at the end of his apprenticeship Bradford made him a partner in his business. They remained together several years, when Zenger set up a printing establishment by himself, and in 1722 he married Anna Maria Manlin, a charming young woman. Finally, in the autumn of 1733, he was induced to establish a newspaper (the *Journal* already mentioned), which became a rival of Bradford's *New York Weekly Gazette*, the government organ. The *Journal* was the mouth-piece of the opposition, who were most prominently represented by Councillor Rip Van Dam and Chief Justice Lewis Morris.

The chief cause of Zenger's troubles was a controversy between Governor Cosby and Van Dam. The latter was a venerable merchant, then over seventy years of age, and a popular political leader, who had been a member of the Colonial Council for thirty years. When Governor Montgomerie died, in 1731, Van Dam, the senior member of the Council, became president of that body and acting Governor of the province, and he held that position until the arrival of Cosby, late in the summer of 1732. The latter was an ambitious, tyrannical, and avaricious man, and a bitter royalist, who despised the "common people," held the elective franchise in contempt, took sides with the aristocracy, refused to dissolve the pliant Assembly of the province, and attempted to rule like an autocrat. He demanded half the fees which Van Dam had received as acting Governor since the death of Montgomerie, when the latter said, "Give me half the perquisites of



your office from the time of your appointment until your arrival, and I will agree to your proposition." This fair proposal was rejected, and Van Dam refused to comply with the Governor's demand. The latter sued Van Dam in the Supreme Court. A majority of the judges were the political friends of Cosby, and gave a decision in his favor, excepting Chief Justice Morris, who decided against the Governor. This made Cosby angry, and he removed the Chief Justice without consulting his Council, and put James Delancey, the first assistant justice, and a warm partisan of the Governor, in his place. This high-handed measure excited the indignation of the people, and Cosby, seeing a fierce tempest of opposition rising, dropped the matter. But Van Dam, Morris, and the people would not let it rest. Van Dam preferred charges against Cosby to the home government in 1733, and from that time the venerable Councillor was regarded as the political leader of the people.

Morris and his friends now made uncompromising war upon the colonial government. His principal colleagues in the contest were James Alexander, one of the Governor's Council, and also a Councillor of New Jersey and Surveyor-General of that State, and William Smith, an able barrister, the father of the earliest historian of New York. They induced Zenger to establish an opposition newspaper, which he did, late in the autumn of 1733, with Rip Van Dam as its financial supporter. This paper was made the vehicle of attacks upon the Governor and his friends. Its "leaders" were mostly written by Morris, Alexander, and Smith. It kept up a continual running fire of squibs, lampoons, and satires, and finally charged the administration with violating the rights of the people, the assumption of tyrannical power, and the prostitution of official stations to serve their own ends.

Irritated beyond endurance by these attacks, and perceiving with alarm the rapid spreading of democratic principles among the people, Cosby and his friends determined to crush the egg out of which might spring the serpent of sedition and revolution. So they arrested and imprisoned the printer of the obnoxious sheet on a charge of libel, for the real offenders, though suspected, were unknown. It was Sunday, the 17th of November, 1734, that Zenger was cast into prison, where, for several days, he was deprived of the use of pen, ink, and paper, the liberty of speech, and even converse with his wife, excepting in the presence of a third party.

The way for these proceedings had been prepared by Chief Justice Delancey by a charge to the Grand Jury, several months before, upon the subject of *libel*. More recently he had delivered another charge upon the same subject, which evidently pointed to the

utterances of Zenger's paper. "It is high time," he said, "that you put a stop to them, for at the rate things are now carried on, all order and government is endeavored to be trampled on, and reflections are cast upon persons of all degrees. Must not these things end in sedition, if not timely prevented?"

The Governor and the Chief Justice misapprehended the temper of the people. The Grand Jury did not indict Zenger, and other methods for showing their displeasure were devised. Cosby and his Council sent a message to the Assembly by Philip Van Cortlandt, asking that body to appoint a committee of conference. It was done. On the evening of the 17th of October, 1734, they met the Governor, the Chief Justice, and eight of the Council, when the libellous articles in Zenger's paper were read. A request was then made that the Assembly should concur with the Council in ordering specified issues of the *Journal* to be publicly burned by the common hangman; in asking the Governor to issue a proclamation promising a reward for the discovery of the authors of the so-called libels; and in an order for prosecuting the printer thereof. There had been a great change in the political feeling in the Assembly since the advent of Cosby, and when Mr. Garretson, of the committee, reported the substance of the conference, it was voted to lay the report on the table.

Thus foiled, the Governor and his friends determined to take the matter into their own hands, and on the 2d of November they sent an order by the sheriff to the Mayor's Court for the burning of the obnoxious papers by "the common hangman or whipper, near the pillory," on the 6th instant, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, and directing the mayor and aldermen to be present on the occasion. This order was regarded by Mayor Lurting and his associates of the court as rank usurpation, and they refused to enter it on the minutes of their proceedings. They called upon Francis Harrison, the Recorder, and one of the Council, for the legal authority for issuing such an order. He cited precedents. When they demanded a sight of the books in which such precedents were printed, Harrison flew into a passion, abruptly left the court, and hurried to the presence of the Governor. That evening the assembled Council resolved to act independently in this matter, and ordered the arrest of Zenger. The farce of burning the papers was acted by the negro servant of the sheriff, who set them on fire near the pillory in the presence of officers of the garrison.

James Alexander and William Smith volunteered their services to defend Zenger. They made exceptions to the proceedings, and these were argued at the City Hall a few days afterward before the Chief Justice and



Frederick Philipse, the second justice. Zenger's counsel were opposed by the Attorney-General and an assistant. Some expressions by the prosecuting officer were resented by the people, hundreds of whom were present, for the excitement in the little city was intense. Reasonable bail was claimed for the prisoner, who made an affidavit that, his debts paid, he was not worth £40, excepting his tools of trade and his wearing apparel. The court imposed the excessive bail of £400, and ordered Zenger to be remanded to prison until it should be furnished. The poor printer could not give bail in that amount, and he was kept in prison until the last day of the court term, in January, 1735, when he expected to be discharged, for the Grand Jury refused to indict him. He was doomed to bitter disappointment. Snapping his fingers at the obstinate Grand Jury, the Attorney-General charged Zenger, by "information," with publishing "false, scandalous, malicious, and seditious" statements, and he was kept in prison until the beginning of the next term of the court, at the middle of April.

On the assembling of the court, Zenger's counsel took exception to the jurisdiction of the Chief Justice in this case, because of alleged fatal defects in his commission, and its having been given by the Governor without the consent of the Council of the colony. The court warned the counsel of the consequences to themselves of questioning the validity of the commission of the Chief Justice, when Mr. Smith said that he was "so well satisfied of the right of the subject to take an exception to the commission of a judge, if he thought such commission illegal," that he was willing "to venture his life upon it." When Mr. Smith asked leave to be heard upon the reasons for the exception, the Chief Justice said that he would neither hear nor allow the exception. With much vehemence of manner he continued: "You thought to have gained a great deal of applause and popularity by opposing this court; but you have brought it to that point that either we must go from the bench or you from the bar; therefore we exclude you and Mr. Alexander from the bar."

Upon this exclusion of his counsel, Zenger petitioned the court to appoint counsel for his defense, whereupon John Chambers was chosen by the judges. Mr. Chambers proposed a postponement of the trial until the next term, when there should be a struck jury in the case, and it was agreed to.

Public excitement ran high when the day for Zenger's trial approached. A political organization in New York, whose members were called "Sons of Liberty," worked faithfully for Zenger and his cause, for it was the cause of the people. The case attracted much attention in other colonies, especially in Pennsylvania; and the venerable An-

drew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, then about eighty years of age, and a lawyer of commanding talents, became greatly interested in it. He corresponded with Morris and others on the subject. Hamilton was then the most distinguished advocate in America, and the "only one," said the late David Paul Brown, "in Pennsylvania who then deserved the name of advocate." He had been the Attorney-General of the colony and the legal counsellor of the Penns, the proprietors of the province. To this renowned man Zenger's friends appealed for help, and it was cheerfully given without charge. The case not only involved the fortunes of a poor printer, but great principles enunciated in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. It had raised the question of the right of the subject to criticise the conduct of a ruler, the liberty of speech, and the freedom of the press. In long after-years, Gouverneur Morris, grandson of Chief Justice Morris, said that "instead of dating American liberty from the Stamp Act, he traced it to the persecution of John Peter Zenger, because that event revealed the philosophy of freedom both of thought and speech as an inborn human right, so nobly set forth in Milton's 'Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.'" In this broader aspect Hamilton viewed the case, and he prepared with zeal to defend to the uttermost the persecuted printer and the great principles involved in the suit.

Zenger's trial began in the City Hall, New York, on the 4th of August, 1735, Chief Justice Delancey and Honorable Frederick Philipse on the bench. The day was very sultry, and the court-room was packed with excited citizens. Mr. Zenger was called, and appeared. He was a man about thirty-eight years of age, with a pale and care-worn face, for he had been eight months in prison. His counsel (Mr. Chambers) called the attention of the court to a trick of the clerk of that court in transposing the names of jurors after the list had been struck from the freeholders' book. The Chief Justice ordered the proper correction of the panel, when the following gentlemen were sworn as jurors:

Herman Rutgers,	Egbert Van Borsom,
Stanley Holmes,	Thomas Hunt,
Edward Man,	Benjamin Hildreth,
John Bell,	Abraham Kettletas,
Samuel Weaver,	John Goelet,
Andries Marschalk,	Hercules Wendover.

The case was opened by Richard Bradley, the Attorney-General of the province, who stated the substance of the "information," and gave the words which he declared constituted the libels. These were mostly strictures upon the character of the Governor of New York and the public acts of himself and Council, charging them with betraying the confidence of the people, depriving them



of rights, and threatening them with slavery; charging the Governor with destroying deeds,\* dismissing faithful judges, erecting new courts without the consent of the Legislature, denying trials by jury whenever the Governor pleased, depriving men of known estate of their votes—in a word, of exercising tyrannical power to the personal injury of citizens and dangerous to the liberties of the people.

When the Attorney-General ceased speaking, Mr. Chambers arose, and entered a plea of "Not guilty" in behalf of his client. He then set forth clearly the nature of the case, the necessity for proving who uttered the alleged libel, expressed a hope that the Attorney-General would fail in his proof, and desired him to go on with the examination of his witnesses. While Chambers was speaking, a venerable man, erect and muscular in stature, firm in step, his keen eye beaming with intelligence, and his long snow-white hair falling down upon his shoulders, entered the court-room, and took his seat near Zenger. At the close of Chambers's speech the old man arose, and gracefully bowed to the court. A murmur of subdued applause ran through the crowded audience as the name of "Hamilton" went from lip to lip, for it had just been rumored that the Nestor of the Philadelphia bar had come to defend the persecuted printer. To the astonishment of the court, the Attorney-General, Zenger, and his advocate, Mr. Hamilton, after stating that he was concerned in the cause on the part of the defendant, said: "I can not think it proper to deny the publication of a complaint which I think is the right of every free-born subject to make, when the matters so published can be supported with truth; and therefore I'll save Mr. Attorney the trouble of examining his witnesses to that point; and I do (for my client) confess that he both printed and published the two newspapers set forth in the information, and I hope in so doing he has committed no crime." For a moment the court, counsel, and spectators seemed perplexed with doubt because of this unexpected proceeding, when suddenly the Attorney-General, his eyes beaming with delight, arose and said to the Chief Justice: "Then, if your honor pleases, since Mr. Hamilton has confessed the fact, I think our witnesses

may be discharged; we have no further occasion for them."

"If you brought them here," said Mr. Hamilton, "only to prove the printing and publishing of these newspapers, we have acknowledged that, and shall abide by it."

Mr. Zenger's journeyman, his two sons, and several others who had been subpoenaed, were then discharged. For some time there was perfect silence in court, when the Chief Justice said: "Well, Mr. Attorney, will you proceed?" To this Mr. Bradley replied that as the uttering of the libels had been confessed, it was the duty of the jury to find a verdict for the king; for, supposing the allegations made were true, the law declares that their being true was an aggravation of the crime.

"Not so, neither, Mr. Attorney," said Hamilton; "there are two sides to that bargain. I hope it is not our bare printing and publishing a paper that will make it a libel: you will have something more to do before you make my client a libeller; for the words themselves must be libelous—that is, *false, malicious, and seditious*—or else we are not guilty."

The Attorney-General then made an elaborate argument for the crown, setting forth the reverence which is due to governments, and citing authorities for precedents which savored of the infamous Star-Chamber proceedings (revived by Charles the First), to show that the proof of the truth of an assertion made that assertion no less (but more) a libel. He was followed by Mr. Chambers, who summed up to the jury, and pointedly referred to the fact that the prosecution had failed to prove the charge that the papers in the information were *false, malicious, and seditious*.

Mr. Hamilton then arose and delivered one of the most remarkable addresses on the law of libel and its bearings on the case in hand that was ever heard in a court of justice. It was clear in statement, powerful in logic, bold and scathing when treating of the egotism of a governor of America in claiming for his person and acts a regard as sacred and immunities from censure as great as the person and acts of a monarch. He spoke with such freedom of unjust rulers and venal courts, and of corruption in high places, that the Chief Justice was stirred with ill-concealed anger. Mr. Hamilton easily swept away like cobwebs the sophistries of the Attorney-General, based upon the precedents of the infamous Star-Chamber decisions, that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." Yet in all these comments his language was so unexceptionable, so refined, and yet so incisive and keen, that the court felt compelled to endure its castigations with as much equanimity as possible, while he carried the jury and the spectators with him. Finally, the court and Attorney-

\* It was asserted by contemporaries that Governor Cosby destroyed Indian deeds that he might profit by certain land speculations, and this crime was alluded to in Zenger's paper. I have before me a manuscript letter of William Smith (son of the disrobed counsellor of Zenger) to General Schuyler, written more than forty years after this trial, in which he says: "Is it possible to get a perusal of the books of the Secretary of Indian Affairs, or were they carried away by the Johnson family? I have seen an affidavit, I think, of Mr. De Peyster's, relating to Cosby's destruction of Indian deeds, in the city of Albany. That must be in the hands of his family or the corporation."



General, alarmed by the evident sympathy of the public with the great advocate of their rights, several times interrupted him with objections. And when he maintained that "the *falsehood* makes the *scandal*, and both the *libel*," and offered to "prove these very papers that are called libels to be *true*," the Chief Justice said, "You can not be admitted, Mr. Hamilton, to give the truth of a libel in evidence."

After some argument on both sides, the Chief Justice said, "Mr. Hamilton, the court is of opinion you ought not to be permitted to prove the facts in the papers," and quoted authorities for the decision.

"These are Star-Chamber cases," replied Hamilton, "and I was in hopes that practice had been dead with the court."

The Chief Justice replied with warmth: "The court have delivered their opinion, and we expect you will use us with good manners; you are not permitted to argue against the court."

"I thank you," replied Hamilton, making a respectful bow to the court; and then turning to the jury, he said: "Then it is to you, gentlemen, we must now appeal for witnesses to the truth of the facts we have offered and are denied the liberty to prove. ....I beg leave to lay it down as a standing rule in such cases that *the suppression of evidence ought always to be taken as the strongest evidence*, and I hope it will have that weight with you." And when the Chief Justice said, "The jury may find that Zenger printed and published these papers, and leave it to the court to judge whether they are libellous," Mr. Hamilton answered: "The jury *may* do so, but I do likewise know they may do otherwise. I know they have the right, beyond all dispute, to determine both the *law* and the *facts*; and where they do not doubt of the law, they ought to do so." Then speaking directly to the jury, Mr. Hamilton made a powerful appeal for justice and right. He vividly portrayed the truth of the case, and conjured them to assert their manhood without fear, and their rights as jurors and citizens without hesitation; and he closed his argument and appeal with these brave words: "The question before the court and you, gentlemen of the jury, is not of small nor private concern; it is not the cause of a poor printer, nor of New York alone, which you are now trying. No! it may in its consequence affect every freeman that lives under a British government on the main of America. It is the best cause: it is the cause of Liberty. And I make no doubt but your upright conduct this day will not only entitle you to the love and esteem of your fellow-citizens, but every man who prefers freedom to a life of slavery will bless and honor you as men who have baffled the attempt of tyranny, and by an impartial and uncorrupt verdict have laid a

noble foundation for securing to ourselves, our posterity, and our neighbors that to which nature and the laws of our country have given us the right—the liberty both of exposing and opposing arbitrary power, in these parts of the world at least, by speaking and writing truth." How prophetic were these noble words, let history declare.

The Chief Justice charged the jury adversely to the doctrine laid down by the great advocate. After a brief retirement they returned into the court and pronounced Zenger "Not guilty." At that announcement the waiting audience rose as one man to their feet, and filled the air with loud huzzas. The people were wild with excitement, and they bore their gray-haired champion out of the City Hall on their shoulders to a grand entertainment prepared for him; and the following day the citizens gave him a public banquet, at which the mayor of the city presided, and on the same day Mr. Zenger was discharged from his long and unjust imprisonment.

In September following, at a Common Council held at the City Hall, it was ordered that the freedom of the corporation should be presented to Mr. Hamilton. There were present at that Council, Mayor Paul Richards, Deputy-Mayor Gerardus Stuyvesant, Recorder Daniel Horsmanden; Aldermen William Roome, Simon Johnson, John Walter, Christopher Fell, Stephen Bayard, and Johannes Burger; and Assistant-Aldermen Johannes Waldron, Ede Myer, John Moore, John Fred, Charles Le Roux, and Evert Byvank.

The document making this presentation was inclosed in a gold box weighing five and a half ounces, and conveyed to Mr. Hamilton by Alderman Bayard. It was gratefully accepted by the recipient. Upon the lid of the box were engraved the arms of the city of New York, with the words on a garter: "DEMERSÆ LEGES TIMEFACTA LIBERTAS HEC TANDEM EMERGUNT."\* On the inner side of the lid, on a flying garter, were the words: "NON NUMMIS—VIRTUTE PARATUR."† On the front of the rim of the lid was engraved a part of Tully's wish: "ITA CUIQUE EVENIAT, UT DE REPUBLICA MERUIT."‡

This box descended to Andrew Hamilton, a great-grandson of the eminent barrister, and was taken by him to England, where his daughter married Captain Palairét, of the British navy. If it is in existence, it is probably in possession of her children.

\* The sense of these Latin mottoes is given in the following lines written at the time:

"The laws suppress'd, and Freedom gasping lay,  
But shot at length a more refulgent ray."

† "Unmoved by filthy Lucre's golden store,  
Instant he flew at Virtue's awful lore."

‡ "Thus may each patriot gain the high applause  
Earned by each patriot in his country's cause."



Governor Cosby and his political adherents were staggered by the blow given by the verdict in Zenger's case, and the action of the people and the corporation of the city of New York, but they could not perceive the glorious prophecy which these events involved, and only with his death, a few months afterward, did the Governor cease his vindictive practices. The significance of that prophecy was manifested by the Declaration of Independence forty years afterward; and to-day its fulfillment is complete in the permanence and strength of our free institutions.

### AN ADVENTURE IN A FOREST; OR, DICKENS'S MAYPOLE INN.

I WAS sitting with an American lady and her husband in one of the cool parlors of "Botham's," at Salt Hill, that fine old inn, which has had its day (in the great coaching era, when seventy-five coaches a day used to change horses at, or at least pass by it), but which still maintains its dignity. In "the King's Room," on the first floor, the allied monarchs and old Blücher once dined together, and every year old King George and jolly King William had been wont at "Montem" time to visit the hospitable place, while the air rang with boyish shouts, and the full-foliaged garden in front was gay with Greek and Albanian, with Turk and Spaniard, with duodecimo admiral and post-captain; for in such fancy garments it was customary for the Eton boys to dress who came with their embroidered bags to hold the "salt."\*

The old-world legends of the place, and, above all, the literary air, blown across from Stoke Pogis (Gray's burial-place), not two miles away, delighted my transatlantic friends, and, indeed, we all three were having "a good time" at Botham's, and, naturally enough, perhaps, we began talking about old English inns.

"Now the inn of all others I should like to see," said the lady, "is the old Maypole Inn at Chigwell, drawn by Cattermole so beautifully in Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*."

I did not know where Chigwell was, but I gallantly said, "And you shall see it."

There is nothing astonishes English people (and I hope shames some of them) in their companionship with their American cousins so much as the interest which the latter take in all things literary, and especially in the English classics. I will venture to say that the average educated American—and there are few who are not, at all events, well read in our common tongue—knows better than his English cousin where

our great men are buried or have been born, where they wrote their more celebrated works, and what localities they have immortalized. This wish to visit Dickens's Maypole, for example, though every way pleasant and natural, was what had never occurred to myself, though I know my Dickens as well as most men, and love him more than most. But as to Chigwell, I had forgotten that the scene of the rioters' visit to the inn was laid there, and I only vaguely knew that it was somewhere in Epping Forest. Nay, I only knew Epping Forest—which is on the extreme east of London, and rarely visited save by the wild East Enders on their Sundays' "outings"—in connection with some bill in Parliament respecting its preservation. To my American friends, just fresh from the Windsor glades, it suggested vast ancestral trees and herds of deer; and though I had my doubts of any thing quite so noble as *that*, I partly shared their expectations. At all events, there would be the inn, more antique now than even when the great novelist described it, with its huge porch and carved oak parlors, and gracious associations such as cling around the picturesque abodes of old. And there would be, methought, if not a venison pasty and black-jack of ale, still some good homely fare, and honest liquor in which to drink the memory of him who drew the raven and his master, and sent down Cattermole, R.A., to draw the Maypole Inn.

It is astonishing, indeed, how quickly have fallen to Dickens's lot that tender reverence and sympathy among his countrymen—and, I may add, at least as much among his transatlantic cousins—which ordinarily takes many years, and even generations, to grow about a dead writer. A small and "highly cultured" clique, indeed, there still is who contend that posterity will pronounce a different verdict; but considering that their contempt for every thing about them—people, places, and things—is so overwhelming, and that the Present has almost no value with them when compared with the Past, it seems to me, by analogy, that the Future and the opinions of our descendants should in their eyes, by analogy, have no value at all. Therefore in weighing the literary merits of an author we need not disturb ourselves about it. In the mean time it is certain that no writer has been so successful in making his works part and parcel of the language of his country, I do not say in so short a time, but even without that restriction. Dickens is more quoted by other writers, even by those who affect to depreciate him, than *any* author. The very sayings of his characters, as well as his characters themselves, have already, indeed, become "household words;" and with respect to his humor, there is an especial and very melancholy reason why we prize it and yet

\* The money of old collected for the head boy, who had been "chosen for King's College," to assist him during his college career.



use it so familiarly: with Dickens all real fun has died. We have still, and partly thanks to him, writers who have command of pathos, and who exhibit genuine sympathy with the lot of the Many; but with him all our high spirits seem to have died out. His loss has really done what that of Garrick was by a hyperbole described to have done: it has "eclipsed the gayety of nations." We have no one else who can tickle our heart-strings with a Micawber or a Sam Weller, and therefore we cling to those immortal conceptions, and are interested by even the scenes in which the Great Master placed them to play their parts. In this respect the localities of *Barnaby Rudge*, including the famous Maypole, have a double attraction, since a historical as well as a literary interest attaches to them. It was Dickens's first attempt, and a most successful one, at the historical novel. It is of necessity, therefore, in some respects less like himself, and in consequence has failed to secure the suffrages of "the clique" I have spoken of less than any of his others. They are so good as to state that it is the first book in which Dickens exhibited any power of drawing a gentleman—in the person, I suppose, of Mr. Harewood, though it may possibly be that Sir John Chester has been identified by them with that type of character.

It was for far better reasons, you may be sure, however, that my American friends admired *Barnaby Rudge*, and were anxious to visit the famous inn—itself so picturesque a fragment of old times—where old John Willett was tied and bound by the mad London mob, and where his noble son abode, whom she who has given her name of late to so many a fashionable garb clave to so faithfully, and about which still hang the echoes of that dread alarm-bell which, though it gave but a single knell, still speaks of murder done.

Of course all the arrangements for visiting the Maypole—an excursion which was, of course, to include the deer forest of Epping—devolved on me, the Britisher, and, to begin with, I am ashamed to say I had to consult *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* as to how we were to get there.

The East End of London is literally a *terra incognita* to us West Enders, and even our starting-point was much too distant to be reached by cab or carriage. An extension of the Metropolitan (Under-ground) Railway, however, seemed to promise to take us to the required station, and by it, on the day appointed, we started accordingly. It landed us somewhere in the City, and from it we were directed by an official to Liverpool Street Station—only just across the way—where tickets could be procured to Epping. And here it was that our difficulties in search of the desired shrine began.

The booking clerk at Liverpool Street Station, when I said, "Three for Epping," replied, "For Epping?" doubtfully, and then consulted a little ledger. "Well, you see, you *can* go to Epping by this line of rail, but it isn't usual."

I did not wish, of course, to induce my American friends to do any thing more unusual than what they had in hand (for nobody that I could discover among all my circle of acquaintances, which is large, had ever tried the expedition on which *we* were bound), and accordingly went back to the Metropolitan line to be directed on our way afresh. But, like the little damsel in the poem of "We are Seven," the officials stuck to their text—the Liverpool Street Station was the station for Epping, and, to their knowledge, a thousand people had gone that way "a-foresting" only that very morning. This latter piece of intelligence was not pleasing to me (though I did not breathe it to my friends), for a thousand foresters were likely to exercise a disturbing influence in a comparatively limited locality, and if any of them, by unhappy chance, should have a literary taste, they might have already seized and occupied the best—that is, the most picturesque—apartments that the Maypole had to offer. Upon our second application, the clerk gave us tickets to Epping, though, as it were, under protest, and giving us notice that we should have to change at Bethnal Green—the dismalest, ugliest, and most abject portion of London, and wholly unconnected with literature, except by an ancient ballad, "The Beggar of Bethnal Green," a specimen of early English poetry, singular to say, comparatively unknown in the United States.

If a thousand "foresters" had preceded us on our road, a good many, it seemed, were still left to accompany us, whose lips even at that comparatively early hour had made acquaintance with the flagon. They were not, I concluded from their style of conversation, persons who affected literature, and were in consequence likely to visit the Maypole; indeed, we found the seclusion afforded by our first-class compartment highly acceptable.

At Bethnal Green, and for many stations afterward, our view was bounded by walls and roofs, but as we emerged from the great wilderness of brick and mortar, the pleasant fields of Essex began to appear as heralds of the fairer scenes beyond.

We were the only people, as it seemed to me, who patronized the first-class at all, which perhaps accounted for the guard in his turn (doubtless with the idea of a "tip" in his head) patronizing us.

"For the Forest, I suppose, gentlemen?" said he, putting his head into our open window as we drew near our destination.

"Yes," said I; "for Epping."



"Oh, but Epping ain't the Forest, Sir; very true it's *called* Epping, and you *can* get to it *from* Epping."

"How very extraordinary!" observed my American lady; "that is the very same thing the booking clerk said!"

I had no explanation to offer of this eccentric behavior of my countrymen, so I confined myself to asking which station would be more convenient for us to alight at, since Epping was not the place for Epping.

"Well, you had better try Loughton, Sir."

I didn't like the idea of "trying Loughton," as though the notion of finding the forest at all (let alone our way in it) was doubtful; but of course I assented. However, before this experiment could be made, the guard's elbow appeared at the window again, with, "What *part* of the Forest, now, may you be in search of, ma'am?" He had observed by this time that the lady was our guiding star, as indeed she was (and deserved to be), and henceforth addressed himself exclusively to her.

"Well, we wish to go to the Maypole," said she, sweetly.

"The Maypole? Ah, the Maypole Inn, that would be," answered he, as though we might possibly have come to dance about the pole itself. "Ah, then Loughton wouldn't be the place; you had best get out at Woodford."

It was all the same to us; so we got out at Woodford, where the obliging guard informed us a conveyance could be procured. Such a vehicle as it was, too! I am sure the honest blacksmith's cart, in which he drove to Chigwell and met the murderer on the way at night, would have been a far more comfortable conveyance. The driver, however, professed to know the forest well—"Ay, as well as any man alive," he said—so we felt at least that we should not be lost in its deep and dusky labyrinths; and also, of course, he knew the Maypole. "It's a longish step from here, however, and it's not the *highest* inn, by no means, you know."

We hastened to say that we were not going to the Maypole on account of its convenience of access, but for the sake of the inn itself.

"Well, but it ain't the *best* inn, neither," insisted he. "The folks is roughish as has got it just now, and they're about to leave, too, which makes 'em worsen. I reckon you'd be happier like, especially with the lady, at the Druid's Head."

I confess this information a little staggered me, but "the lady," being of opinion that a spice of personal danger would make the expedition more agreeable than otherwise, as giving us, perhaps, some experience of outlaw life in the merry greenwood, was by no means disturbed by it. Her husband, who was not so devoted to literature as to

be oblivious of practical matters, inquired whether we could dine at the Maypole.

"Oh yes, you can *dine*," was the reply, delivered with what I thought unnecessary emphasis.

"Well, you see, my good man, we don't want to sleep there," said I, cheerfully.

He nodded, and I could not help confessing to myself that there was that in his nod which seemed to say, "And very lucky for you."

"Now, *there's* the Druid's Head," said he, as, passing through a quaint old-fashioned village, he pointed out a very modest house of entertainment. But we took small notice of his remark, since, as it happened, my lady friend had just produced a copy of the first edition of *Barnaby Rudge* (which she had brought with her to refresh her memory), and was calling our attention to the frontispiece, by Cattermole, illustrative of the Maypole itself. Within a mile or so, as we had been informed, we should come in sight of that fine old hostelry, the picturesqueness of which would doubtless, by the hand of intervening time, be increased rather than otherwise since the great painter drew it. The idea filled us all three with great excitement, and, thanks to the eager Epping air, we were also looking forward to dinner. We already pictured ourselves in a vast apartment of carved oak, or one perhaps hung with moth-eaten tapestry, on one side the huge fire-place, with its old-fashioned "dogs," on the other the mullioned window (not that all of us quite knew what mullioned was), with its diamond panes, against which the playful creepers tapped. We saw the portly host respectfully bearing in the lordly sirloin and placing it on the groaning board; we saw—But here the driver pulled up short in the dusty road, and, pointing with his whip across the hedge, exclaimed, "That *there's* the Maypole."

Our eyes searched the leafy distance for the gabled ends, the twisted chimneys, the lichen-covered antique roof of old John Willett's dwelling. Our literary lady placed her hand upon her heart, as though to restrain its pulsations. The moment was supreme.

"I guess I don't see it now," observed her husband.

"It's plain enough, anyways," said the driver.

And it certainly was—very plain. Close to us, just on the other side of the hedge, was the ugliest, commonest, newest, white-washed railway beer-house—for it was so small that it could not be called an inn at all—I ever beheld. A door in the middle; a window on each side, and two above them; in the front, a strip of ragged turf; behind, a yard. Not a tree sheltered it. The summer sun beat down upon its unporched front, and displayed all its deformity in



hideous detail. Out of the lower windows leaned various heads, surmounted by fur caps and crumpled "wide-awakes," the proprietors of which surveyed us in bucolic wonder.

"I do really believe that this is the Maypole," said I, despairingly.

"It can not, *can not* be," said my lady friend. Her tone suggested a solemn remonstrance addressed to the government of the universe: things could never have come to such a pass, it seemed to convey, under a beneficent scheme of creation. "You don't mean that this is Dickens's, my man," continued she, addressing the driver in a conciliatory tone—"the inn of *Barnaby Rudge*?"

He took off his hat and scratched his head, which seemed to afford him little relief; he was evidently at a nonplus. "Well, ma'am, the fact is, this here inn, though it ain't a-been built more than these four years, is always changing hands. A Rudge, I believe, did have it; but he was Bill Rudge, and not Barnaby. As to the other landlord's name as you mentioned, *I never heerd on it.*"

"This is *shocking*," said the lady, looking at me. "The ignorance of your fellow-countrymen—"

"It's not in natur', ma'am," interrupted the man, stung by this observation, "that I should remember all them landlords' names, many on 'em having been here but a month or two, and the rent not paid by the half of them even for *that* time. And as to the accommodation, did I not tell you that you would ha' been better served at the Druid's Head?"

"Is there no *other* Maypole, my good man?" inquired I, with the calmness of despair.

"Well, I've lived hereabout, man and boy, these fifty year, and I never *heerd* o' one."

I looked at my transatlantic guests, and they looked at me, and then we all three burst out laughing. To have come so far, and with such changings and inconvenience, and so very uncomfortably, in order to arrive at this ridiculous pot-house, struck us all three in so humorous a light that we fairly roared with laughter. The dreadful people in the Maypole parlors waved their beer mugs at us and laughed also, in an idiotic fashion. The driver thought we were laughing at him, and in sulky tones inquired where we would please to be driven to *now*.

"Oh," I said, "since there is no Maypole, at least let us see the forest. Drive into the forest."

"This is the Forest," answered he, waving his whip about in a vague manner. All about us were fields and lanes, a cow or two, and a dog asleep, a hen and chickens in the white road, and a horse-trough.

"Good heavens!" cried I, "are you making game of us? Where are the deer, the trees, the 'boundless contiguity of shade'?"

"I never heerd of no deer, except the one

as they brings down in a cart to 'unt o' Easter-Monday. There's trees enuff, aren't there? I dunno what you wants, not I."

The man was evidently getting very angry, and the more so since my American friends, who were fortunately very good-natured, and had a keen sense of humor, had by this time become speechless with mirth. That there should be not only no Maypole at Chigwell, but also no forest at Epping, was something too exquisitely ludicrous.

"I insist," said I, "upon being shown a forest. You are deceiving us, driver. I have known a gentleman who speaks in the highest terms of Epping Forest and the view from its hill."

"Ah, you must mean 'Igh Beech,'" said he.

"Very likely. Then drive us to High Beech."

"Well, it's nigh upon seven miles away."

"I don't care if it's seventy!" cried I, indignantly. "Drive on."

I felt that my country would be disgraced in the eyes of my transatlantic friends if that forest was not discovered. And after an interminable drive we arrive at High Beech. This was a cluster of trees upon a highish hill, and really commanded a splendid view; but the fact is, I, for my part, was by that time too hungry to appreciate views. There is a metaphorical phrase commonly applied to children who help themselves to more than they can eat—"Your eye is bigger than your stomach;" and the reverse of that expression was now applicable to our little party. Our eye, even if it could have rested upon Cattermole's Maypole (which I don't believe ever existed), would have been no longer satisfied; another organ required sustenance, and cried, "Dinner."

"Is there any decent inn near here, man, where we can dine?" demanded I.

"Well, there's the Druid's Head and the Maypole—"

"I said *near here*," I interrupted, fiercely; "and never let me hear the names of those two hateful inns again."

"Well, wot do 'ee say to the Stars and Stripes?"

"Come," said I, cheerfully, "here is a compliment to the American flag. Has it a garden, my man? and is it clean and comfortable?"

"It 'ave a garden," rejoined the driver, cautiously; and on he drove.

I will not harrow the gentle reader's heart by describing that inn. It was larger than the Maypole, but, if possible, uglier, and it was full of those gentry whom we had been warned had preceded us "out a-foresting." Nearly the whole thousand must have been at that inn. Over what we ate and how we ate it I draw a discreet veil, and also over the return journey. The getting back to the East End of London was even worse than the departure from it had been. Once,



after actually arriving there, we found ourselves in a strange railway station, which, it seems, was the direct one for Epping, and we got very nearly taken back there, the bare idea of which was more ridiculous to us than can be described.

If we didn't absolutely enjoy that day of failures, I am quite sure that no three people ever laughed more within the space of twelve hours. Some people are said "never to move a muscle" when they indulge in laughing, and I wish that had been my case, for I strained a muscle in my back during an aggravated fit of it. Once at home, I was fortunately enabled to offer my friends a decent meal, and we were very glad to get it. But supper never agrees with me. I had a dreadful dream that night, in which

Mrs. Gamp appeared to me. She was driving me in a one-horse chaise, and held her famous umbrella in her hand in place of a whip.

"Where, madam," inquired I, respectfully, "is the Maypole Inn?"

She pulled up and looked me steadily and severely in the face, just as on a certain memorable occasion she once confronted Betsey Prig.

"Young man," said she, "I don't believe as there is any such place."

And, upon my honor, I agree with her.

The reflection made by my lady friend upon this wonderful adventure was, I thought, very characteristic of her sex: "I wonder what that guard could have thought of us, who imagined us to be really bound for the Maypole as it really is!"

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE genial ghost of Thackeray must certainly have remonstrated with the gentleman who recommended at the London conference of librarians that works of fiction should not be admitted to free public libraries. He meant, undoubtedly, the books which are called novels. But Homer's *Iliad* is as truly fiction as the latest story of "George Eliot" or of Charles Reade. It is the first of stories; and Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley* is also fiction. Indeed, strictly interpreted, the canon of this terrible Mentor, Mr. Cowell, would exclude from free public libraries not only Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and Fielding and Smollett, but it would turn out of doors Chaucer, Shakespeare, *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Gil Blas*, and a great multitude—the great multitude—of books that make literature and are the delight of all readers. It is appalling to think of a free library robbed of these treasures, and of the consequent dismay of the public. Does Mr. Cowell imagine that those who could not find Dickens at call would take down the *Bridgewater Treatises* instead, and that if the tale of *Antar* were not obtainable, the baffled seeker would turn to Lockyer's *Astronomy*? Does this wily man think to "corner" the public into "useful reading," and that if the free library offered the alternative of Stubbs's *Constitutional History* or nothing, the disappointed and indignant applicant would long hesitate?

The Cowell proposition is, in fact, nothing less astounding than the exclusion of works of imagination from public libraries. The creative imagination, which is the sublime distinction of man, is to have no representative in the library. Cyclopedias, with the lives of naughty novelists excised; and patent and agricultural reports; and polemics, and partisan histories, and science, technically so called—as if Miss Austen had no knowledge to impart—and philosophy, moral and "natural," and other: in fact, every thing that can not be called fiction is to be admitted. Imagination alone is to be the culprit fay and the excluded peri.

And who is to decide? What is to be done when some austere member of the library board

moves the exclusion of Shakespeare's comedies, under the rule? The timid colleague, still in thrall to the charms of genius, may plead that they are not novels. But the austere member will metaphorically floor him by demanding if they are true. "I would merely ask my friend whether, to say nothing of the comedies, he conceives even the tragedy of *Hamlet* to be true. And if he holds that the words 'Norway' and 'England' have a historic sound, and bring it within the domain of actuality, I should like to hear from him whether the word 'Athens' is to redeem the *Midsummer Night's Dream* from the imputation of unreality—yes, Sir, of untruth! And are we to sow untruths broadcast in the public mind? Are we here to disseminate untruth, fiction—that is, falsehood? Heaven forbid! And I trust that no gentleman at this table will be cozened by the distinction that may be attempted between immoral and moral fiction. The rule recognizes no such sophistry. Would any body in his senses propose to admit immoral fiction to these shelves? Certainly not, Sir. It is not immoral fiction, but fiction that the rule proscribes. And if *All's Well that Ends Well*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *As you Like It*, and other such pieces, are not as fictitious as Mr. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* or Miss Sedgwick's *Hope Leslie*, I should like to know why they are not. But if they are, in the truest sense, fictitious, I should like to ask my friend whether the rule does not expressly exclude works of fiction."

"My friend" would plainly be silenced. He would doubtless see what was coming next, what the logic of the position inexorably required. But dire extremity might sharpen his wits, and in a happy moment of inspiration he might spring to his feet and move to exclude from the shelves certain parts of Herodotus, Thucydides, and other historians as fiction; and as those parts could be excluded only by banishing the present editions of the works, that those editions be banished, and the works be not re-admitted until purged of fiction. The austere member would demand an explanation, and "my friend" could point triumphantly to the speeches in Thucydides and the fables



in Herodotus and the interviews and conversations in Motley, and hold impregably that Thackeray had just as much right to put speeches into the mouth of General Wolfe as Thucydides to put them into the mouth of Pericles; and consequently that Thackeray's *Virginians* must be restored or Thucydides's history be excluded. "If it is to be a pound of flesh," we can imagine him saying, "let it be just a pound, neither more nor less. If fiction is to go, let it go entirely, and whatever is tainted with fiction shall suffer. Nay, Sir, since human faculties are necessarily imperfect and confessedly of progressive development, and since we know that the gravest statements and theories of science at any period have been shown to be inadequate and incorrect by further knowledge, the presumption is against all assertions in the scientific books upon our shelves, and I move their exclusion as in great part fictitious."

This desolating debate it is to be hoped will not arise. If fiction is to be weeded out of libraries, where shall we begin, and where shall we end? The exclusion of foolish and improper books is very feasible. But it is not necessary to burn the house down in order to roast the pig.

In some recent local reminiscences the Easy Chair, speaking of the old Walton House, mentioned that Citizen Genet married a daughter of Governor Clinton. A correspondent of the *World*, signing himself "Old New York," wrote that the statement was an error, and asserted that "both Citizen Genet and Governor Clinton married daughters of Walter Franklin." This curious correction of an alleged error was promptly corrected the next day by "L. F. G.," who re-affirmed the well-known fact mentioned by the Easy Chair, that Citizen Genet married Cornelia Tappan Clinton, adding that her father, Governor Clinton, married Cornelia Tappan.

Had "Old New York" taken the trouble to turn to any one of many familiar works, he would have avoided the mistake. The *American Cyclopædia*, for instance, which in its first edition says that Genet married the daughter of De Witt Clinton, corrects itself in the second edition by stating that it was the daughter of George Clinton. Hildreth mentions the fact, and both Allen's and Drake's *American Biographical Dictionaries*. Lossing, in his *Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812*, gives a portrait of Genet, with a brief biography in a note, from which "Old New York" might have learned not only that Genet married the daughter of George Clinton, but that, after her death, he married the daughter of Samuel Osgood, the first Postmaster-General under the Constitution. The mistake of "Old New York" arose from confounding Governor Clinton with his nephew Governor De Witt Clinton, whose first wife was the oldest daughter of Walter Franklin, an eminent merchant of New York at the beginning of the century, and a member of the Society of Friends.

The inaccuracies of "Old New York" in his brief note of well-meaning but erroneous correction are many. He says that the Easy Chair "claims" that the triangle of ground upon which the Walton House faced was originally called St. George's Square. A little closer inspection would have shown "Old New York" that the Easy Chair made no such assertion. The passage in which this expression occurs is a quotation from the

*Magazine of American History*, and is ascribed to Mr. Stevens, the editor; and the purpose of the citation by the Easy Chair is not to make any "claim" in regard to the origin of the name of the square, but, as it states, to transfer from the *Magazine of American History* a graceful compliment to the founders of this Magazine, in the course of which the remark about the original name of the square occurs. Again, "Old New York" is in error in stating that the Easy Chair says that it was called Franklin Square "in honor of the great master of the art which these enterprising publishers so happily direct for the benefit of mankind." This is not the statement of the Easy Chair, but of the *Magazine of American History*, marked as a quotation, and the sentence contains the compliment which induced the Easy Chair to transfer it to these pages. Mr. Stevens may be incorrect, but "Old New York" will certainly agree that his own inaccuracies grievously impair his authority upon any such point. He writes a letter to stigmatize "several errors" into which he declares the Easy Chair to have fallen. He specifies two statements. One of them is perfectly exact, and the other the Easy Chair did not make.

These are not very important matters, but the Easy Chair would regret to have its accuracy disproved upon points which are worth mentioning only as they are accurate. And at the moment an allusion to Genet has a certain timeliness, because his coming to the country was contemporaneous with Washington's famous proclamation of neutrality, which determined the neutral policy to which the United States have faithfully adhered, and which, as we write, the possibility of war between England and Russia brings again into prominence. Genet was thirty years old when he came to this country. He had been attached to the French embassies in Prussia, Austria, England, and Russia, and was a pet of the revolutionists. He was adjutant-general of the French armies, minister to Holland, and agent to revolutionize Geneva. He came to this country as minister and consul-general in the great year of the terror, '93. He landed at Charleston; and Lossing, from whom we take these facts, quotes some doggerel upon his reception by General William Moultrie of the Revolution, then Governor of South Carolina:

"On that blest day when first we came to land,  
Great Mr. Moultrie took us by the hand,  
Surveyed the ships, admired the motley crew,  
And o'er the envoy friendship's mantle threw,  
Received the *sans-culotte* with soft embrace,  
And bade him welcome with the kindest grace."

His conduct was so offensive and contemptuous of the government that Washington demanded his recall. The French faction of the moment assented, but Genet was too prudent to obey. He remained in this country, and never returned to France. Withdrawing from public life, he married the daughter of Governor Clinton, and interested himself in rural and literary pursuits. He died at his home on Prospect Hill, near Greenbush, opposite Albany, on the 14th of July, 1834, and was buried in the ground of the Reformed Church at Greenbush. The famous Madame Campan, "one of the dressers of Marie Antoinette," was his sister, and Marshal Ney married the daughter of another sister. After his mad revolutionary career was over, Genet acknowl-



edged the great wisdom of Washington's policy, and was heartily glad that his wild schemes to embroil America in European wars had failed.

But, "scissors, if I die for it!" Genet married the daughter of Governor Clinton.

If there be any general impression in this country about Prince Albert, it is that he was "a good young man," and a little of "a prig;" and if there be any book which might be supposed to have the least interest for American readers, it would probably be a life of the Prince Consort in four huge volumes. Yet three such volumes have been published, and they are singularly interesting, both as the portrait of a man of whom very little was really known, and as a sketch of European politics in their relations with England for a quarter of a century—from 1835 to 1860. The *Queen's Journal*, which was published some years ago, was a singularly naïve picture of her simple character, and was full of an unmistakable tone of domestic happiness. Those who read it carefully could not help inferring from it a private family history which was much more striking than any thing which it narrated, and it has been universally conceded that the prolonged sorrow of the widowed Queen has had reason such as seldom exists in royal palaces.

While he lived there was always a kind of contemptuous British hostility of feeling toward Prince Albert. Those who recall the earlier years of his English life will remember the constant and coarse chaff that was blown at him by common gossip. John Bright, in a speech last autumn, spoke of the English hatred of Russia, and Mr. Green, in his history, describes the general English dislike of all foreigners. This was naturally aroused by the coming of a German princeling to marry the Queen, and to take a kind of precedence of all Englishmen. The jealousy not only lasted during his life, but appears now upon the publication of the third volume of his memoirs, which includes the Crimean war. There has been some angry writing to the papers about his interference with the policy of the government, and an evident revival of the hard feeling toward the "German pauper." During the war he was believed by many persons to be a tool or agent of a Continental clique which was secretly friendly to Russia, and even English members of Parliament suspected him of hindering and embarrassing the operations before Sevastopol. Yet at that very time he was writing the most reproachful and angry letters to the Russian and reactionary "King Clicquot" of Prussia for his Russian sympathy; and throughout the war Albert seemed really to have the clearest head in England as to the truly efficient policy necessary for the vigorous prosecution of hostilities.

Those who suppose the Prince Consort to have been a goody-goody, namby-pamby character, will be surprised to find that he was one of the most intelligent and sagacious public men in Europe. It was, however, the condition of his position that he should never appear, or only in a ceremonial capacity. Nobody in England understood more clearly than he the instinctive British jealousy of him, and nobody could have refrained with more tact than he from giving it any plausible reason. Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, was so wholly suppressed politically that many persons are surprised to learn that

she was married, although she was the mother of seventeen children. It was of Prince George that Charles II. said: "I have tried him drunk, and I have tried him sober, but, drunk or sober, there is nothing in him;" and his father-in-law, James II., said, when George deserted him, "A good trooper would have been a greater loss." When his wife came to the throne, the prince was made Lord High Admiral of England, and he was already generalissimo of all the Queen's forces. But the good sense and tact of Albert were such that when the Duke of Wellington begged him to consent to succeed him as commander-in-chief of the army, Albert, a young man of thirty-one, declined the proposition in a way and for reasons which convinced the old Duke that he had made a mistake.

The sagacity which appears in this decision, and the ability with which it was stated and urged, were shown in a very different way in the conception and organization of the great Exhibition of 1851, the first of the great modern events of that kind. It was not an amateur or *dilettante* work with Prince Albert. He mastered the details thoroughly, and was, in truth, the head of the enterprise. Indeed, the impression is forced upon the reader of his life that few men have been more amply fitted for a very important and a very difficult post than he. He was naturally clever, refined, industrious, and honorable. His youth was carefully trained by study and travel wisely directed to his probable career. It was his good fortune to have in Baron Stockmar a Mentor of great experience and singular good sense, with a genius for politics, who was of invaluable service to the young prince, whom he loved as a son. At twenty-one Albert married the Queen, and from that time he lived in England, wholly devoted to the interests of that country, cultivating at the same time the most intimate familiarity with Continental affairs, and cherishing always a deep and tender regard for the welfare of his native Germany.

His position in England was anomalous, but he early decided what it ought really to be, and he maintained it with remarkable ability. A paper of Baron Stockmar's, which is now published for the first time, is the best statement of the idea of that position. It was undoubtedly in conflict with the modern theory that the government of England is properly that of a committee of the House of Commons, and holds that the true constitutional theory is that of a government of three co-ordinate branches—King, Lords, and Commons. This excludes the doctrine of the monarch as a mere figure-head, and reserves to him a distinct personality and power. Consequently it would authorize the crown to dismiss a minister who was personally disagreeable to him, if he replaced him with one of the same party sympathy; and it would also empower the crown to have opinions and to recommend a policy, to be proposed not to Parliament, but to the cabinet, and subject, if accepted by the cabinet, as every recommendation of the ministry is, to the decision of Parliament. This was the view of Prince Albert, and he became the Queen's private secretary and most confidential counsellor, so that unquestionably all her propositions were his suggestions, and all important letters that she signed were written by him. His good sense and ability and knowledge, however, were so evident to the ministers



who were brought into close relations with him that they often asked his advice, and were governed by it. And it is a fact significant of his insight and capacity for practical statesmanship that in the midst of the frightful suffering of the English troops in the Crimea, and of the immense indignation at home with the total want of system and efficiency in the management of the army, Albert sketched a scheme of thorough and effective military reorganization which is now the accepted system.

Nothing was more likely to irritate John Bull than the feeling that the foreign husband of the Queen was interfering in the government, and Lord Palmerston played upon this feeling when he was dismissed from the ministry of Lord John Russell in 1850. This is an exceedingly interesting story, showing the rigorous sense of her prerogative which the Queen had under her husband's tutelage, and also the impudence of Lord Palmerston. Indeed, the whole book gives glimpses of the interior of the British government as are not to be seen elsewhere, and it is written with great narrative skill and discretion by Theodore Martin. The book in English literature with which, by sheer force of contrast, it must be compared is Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George the Second*. A more dismal book than those memoirs is not to be found in that literature, nor a picture of baser society. The later story is one of a pure and beautiful domestic life, of a Queen who loved her husband as Virginia loved Paul, and of the husband of a Queen of England who could not have been worthier of his place had he been a lineal descendant of Alfred.

It was a very sensible clergyman at Pittsburgh who recently read a paper upon the expensiveness of funerals; and they were very sensible colleagues who adopted his views as their opinion. Mere fashion is nowhere more hateful than in the burying of the dead, and none the less hateful because it imposes enormous expenses upon those who can not afford them. The savings of a year are often squandered in the idle ostentation of a funeral. It is a not unnatural feeling among the poor that the last service they can render to a beloved friend shall not fail in any usual distinction, and the result is that a living family is often straitened that a dead member of it may lie in a mahogany coffin and be followed by a long train of carriages to his grave. Reform must come from those who "set the fashion," and a modest simplicity in funerals can be attained only by the example of those who can afford to be extravagant.

The worthy undertaker, who lives by the death of his fellow-creatures, is naturally desirous that grief shall be lavishly manifested, and he encourages to the utmost this sombre splendor. The young American used to be shocked as he read in English stories of mutes and mourning carriages, of men hired to wear the garb of sorrow, and of grief measured by a train of emptiness. Two or three years ago the movement against this extravagance began in England, and it has the public sympathy and support of very eminent persons. It has shown itself in this country by the common request, with the announcement of a death, that no flowers be sent. A simple and beautiful tribute of affection has grown into an

oppressive fashion, and certain flowers have become odious to many persons from their constant association with funerals. When such gifts are in truth the offerings of love and sympathy, no symbols can be more touching, but the moment they spring from the mere force of fashionable custom, and are sent to the house of mourning as gifts are sent by formal acquaintances to a bride, with no more feeling than in the leaving of ceremonious visiting-cards, they are touching and significant no longer. The change in the mere fashion of flowers upon such occasions can be carried by the same good sense into every other funeral extravagance, so that the poor need no longer feel that their dead are slighted if they are not buried with ruinous expense.

There was another suggestion made at Pittsburgh which is worthy of consideration. It was proposed that funeral sermons as matters of course should not be preached; and to this suggestion there will be probably a very general amen. They are of necessity eulogies, for no good-hearted preacher would choose such a time to tell unpleasant truths. Yet if a man has been selfish, hard, grasping, self-indulgent, sordid—and there are such men!—what is the poor preacher to do? The well-meaning reply that every person has something good in him, and the eulogist can speak of that, is conclusive if the preacher is not to give his honest view of the character of the dead. But to say of a man notorious for meanness that he went regularly to church, or of a debauchee that he gave generously to the poor, is not to tell the truth, but to dodge it. A change in this habit, however, must spring from the good sense of the clergyman and the community in which he lives. And the first step toward the change is calling attention to the subject as the Pittsburgh clergymen have done.

WE are constantly reminded of our obligations to a free press. It has been sometimes called the main bulwark of our institutions, and among the proudest traditions of the English-speaking race are the masterly pleas in courts of law for the defense of the liberty of unlicensed printing. But the great engine of progressive civilization seldom appears to greater advantage than when it gratifies a noble public curiosity about the stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs of brides. Those who direct it to these ends are in truth benefactors. Without their laudable labors how should we know that an amiable young woman who is about to be married, perhaps to a foreign minister, is the happy possessor of "four dozen silk stockings in all the most delicate colors and styles, some embroidered and some with lace insets." This is enterprise in the highest sense, for it not only states what the public has the plain right to know, but it states it without the least invasion of that personal privacy which it is the instinct of refined feeling to respect. Nothing can be plainer than that if a gentleman representing a foreign government near our own "is about to lead the beautiful Miss Anonyma to the hymeneal altar," a discriminating and self-respecting public, which now for the first time learns of the existence of that lady, will immediately desire to inquire into the number and quality of the chamber towels and kitchen tablecloths designed for the use of the future household.

This is a field of research in which the star-



spangled banner press has entirely eclipsed the halting and hesitating newspaper of effete European despotisms. It is doubtful whether the most vigilant and active of the old-fogy blankets of London journalism, even upon so commanding an occasion as the marriage of the Queen, gave the delightful details of the *lingerie* of the royal bride, meaning by that choice French word, the use of which reveals the skill in languages of the historian, her under-clothes. But the press whose home is in the setting sun turns all the splendor of that full-orbed luminary upon the coyest details of the wardrobes of less conspicuous ladies, and enables every gossip in the land to open the inmost closet doors, as it were, and to fumble the contents of the bureau drawers and household chests, and almost to handle and count "a great quantity of household linen, including four dozen table-cloths, each one having two dozen napkins to match, and six dozen fringed tea napkins. There are seven dozen face towels elegantly embroidered, and dozens upon dozens of sheets, pillow-cases, and shams, all finished with monogram and coronet. There are six dozen aprons and caps for cooks, six dozen aprons for waiters, six dozen each of kitchen table-cloths and towels, and cup and plate towels."

It is hard to conceive of a prouder triumph of American journalism than that. To be quite perfect, indeed, it possibly lacks proper enumeration of the wash-rags for the attic rooms, and more captious critics might complain that there is no satisfactory account of dusters and dish-cloths. But, on the other hand, it is expressly alleged that "there are two dozen elegant lace handkerchiefs in point, point appliqué, Valenciennes, and other laces; one is a mass of the most exquisite delicate embroidery, with wide ruffle of Valenciennes lace. There are six dozen plainer handkerchiefs, but all of them are very handsome." It is evident, therefore, however those who would find spots on the sun may complain, that this fullness and accuracy of information upon a subject of obvious and pre-eminent public interest safely challenges comparison with any previous achievement of that free press which is our guard and glory. Certainly the country and the interests of mankind are safe so long as the directors of this great engine show so high a sense of the responsibility of their position as is indicated in promptly describing "the four dozen sets of under-clothes just mentioned," and correctly cataloguing the kitchen towels of a young lady about to be married.

It is the duty of an ever-watchful press to spread upon our breakfast tables, so to speak, the news of the world, and, indeed, news of every kind. What, then, could be more truly news than the fact that the parents of a young lady about to be married have bought for her "another wrapper of pearl-gray cashmere, made in princesse style, and trimmed with narrow knife-pleatings of pearl-gray silk?" If there is to be a press at all, surely it is for the purpose of publishing such information. How else are we to know these things? Will the captious censors condescend to teach us how the public is to be made aware of the details of the *lingerie* of young ladies, and of the number of their pillow-cases and cook's aprons, if they are not published at length in the columns of an independent and unquailing press? No, no; so long as that mighty

power is unterrorized and uncoerced, it will proclaim in trumpet tones to the Atlantic and Pacific coast and to the isles of the sea that "an elegant morning wrapper of cream matelassé silk is made with deep yoke front and Watteau pleat in the back; a jabot of Valenciennes lace with loops of cream-colored ribbon runs the entire length of the front, which is closed with silver balls; the yoke is finished with pinked-out ruchings of cream-colored silk."

Grant that nine-tenths of the readers do not know what it all means. Is the press bound to furnish brains as well as news? The tools are for those who can use them. News is for those who can understand it. Less intelligent and comprehensive minds when confronted with such recondite passages as we have quoted may grope and stumble, but there is not a reader in the land who does not understand the announcement of those six dozen aprons and caps for cooks, and those kitchen table-cloths and towels; and the entire public, without distinction of age or sex, at once seizes the great and salient fact that it is reading about the clothes of a young woman about to be married. And if the press could devote its energies to a better end than publishing descriptions of them, will any mousing and hypercritical Mawworm mention it? Could a newspaper pay a higher compliment to its readers than to assume their interest in the number of stockings with lace insteps which any young lady may have? Or could any thing indicate truer refinement and delicacy of feeling in a community than the fact that when a marriage of noted persons occurs, the press politely takes the country up stairs and shows it the bride's towels?

A POSSIBLE European war throws a shadow into every home in the countries that may be involved in it. And it is the deep sense of its needlessness which has given such warmth and force to the protests of Messrs. Gladstone and John Bright. It is curious that the central figure of the negotiations that are proceeding as we write should be Disraeli, the Vivian Grey of other years, and apparently of this year also. There is a very general feeling, which circumstances have confirmed, that "the neutral figure in British politics" emulates the fame and position of Lord Chatham a hundred and twenty-five years ago. This explains the description of him by one of the Liberal orators, in a speech a few months ago, as a Brummagem Chatham. It was said at the time that a truer name would have been the Brummagem Bolingbroke. But the orator's instinct was just. There is more of Chatham's towering conceit than of Bolingbroke's keen address in the attitude of Lord Beaconsfield. He has been always melodramatic. He has posed for effect. He has seemed to aim to make his career, like his novels, a series of brilliant sensations.

But there is another reason of vanity, besides that of figuring as a great war minister in a vast and triumphant contest, which probably affects his action. The Beaconsfield government has put England in the wrong from the time of the Bulgarian massacres. He might have remembered how the story of Scio went through the world fifty years ago like a cross of fire. The opportunity was offered to England by Russia herself to adopt the policy which was the British aim in the Crimean war. In the presence of the ghastly cruel-



ties of Turkish tyranny, all the European powers would have united gladly to enforce Turkish good conduct. This was the substance of the famous "Berlin Memorandum," which provided for resort to arms by Europe if Turkey did not behave herself as Europe should require. But Disraeli sneered at the Bulgarian massacres, and rejected the Berlin Memorandum. Then came the Constantinople Conference. It failed because the Beaconsfield government told Turkey that she had nothing to fear from England if she should refuse the conclusions of the Conference. Then came the war, with the overwhelming victory of Russia.

At every step the Beaconsfield government has blundered. The diplomacy of Russia was in the interest of humanity and peace, and humane results could have been peacefully accomplished except for Lord Beaconsfield. He forced Russia to go to war, and held aloof while Russia fought and won. Then he complained of the terms of

peace, although they had been substantially approved long before by his government. But he objected not in the name of British so much as of European interests, although he had refused to unite with Europe to prevent the war and to remove its cause—Turkish oppression. If peace should be made virtually upon Russia's terms, the discredit of Disraeli would be complete. Before, during, and after the war he would have been proved wrong. It is the interest of his personal renown, therefore, to conceal his total failure as Premier of England by bringing on a war in which he could appeal to the sympathy of civilization in a contest between despotic barbarism and constitutional liberty. But that sympathy would be refused just so far as the facts were truly known. It would not be love of Russia, but of fair play, and the desire of European concert for the peace of Europe, that would hold Lord Beaconsfield responsible for a war of such baseless reasons and vague results.

## Editor's Literary Record.

BOOKS, like birds, travel in flocks. We had scarcely laid down the last volume of Stubbs's *Constitutional History of England*, and the second volume of Green's *Larger History of the English People*, when there was laid on our table a *History of England*, by the Rev. J. FRANCK BRIGHT, M.A., Historical Lecturer in Oxford (E. P. Dutton and Co.). The work is divided into three periods, making three volumes of unequal size, the first tracing the history from the departure of the Romans to Richard III.; the second, from Henry VII. to James II.; the third, from William and Mary to the present time. It should be added that the phrase "present time" is somewhat deceptive, since the history closes with the year 1837. The work seems to be especially adapted to use as a text-book in schools; it is in the nature of a compendium. The author has made a condensed statement of the facts of history; but he makes no attempt to deduce from it any philosophical principles, nor to trace in it the growth of the nation either constitutionally or socially; and the most dramatic episodes he narrates with almost a studied avoidance of dramatic expression. Impartial his history certainly is, but it is also so colorless as to lack interest to the reader. It assumes less than Green's, and therefore to the beginner may perhaps be a better introduction; but it wholly lacks that philosophical spirit which traces the growth of a law of national life under the otherwise disjointed occurrences in the national history, and that skillful grouping of isolated facts in historical tableaux which makes Green's book so profoundly interesting.

Mr. LECKY'S *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (D. Appleton and Co.) is rather a picture than a history, and philosophical rather than either dramatic or personal. We may fairly say that he has not only "not hesitated in some cases to depart from the strict order of chronology," but has really paid small attention to it. His book is written rather topically than chronologically. This method has some very great advantages, especially for a man of Mr. Lecky's tem-

perament, and the result is a book that gives far more insight into the real progress of Great Britain during the era treated than would have been given by a work more strictly historical in its structure. The importance of that era can scarcely be overrated. It began with the peace of Utrecht, by which England acquired Newfoundland, Acadia, Hudson's Bay, and Gibraltar; it included the ministry of William Pitt the elder, the peace of Paris, the acquisition of Bengal by the East India Company, the whole period of the American Revolution, and the revival under Whitefield and the Wesleys. The two volumes now published do not include any account of the American Revolution. The last chapter is devoted to an account of the religious revival. We judge, therefore, that additional volumes are to follow.

We do not know that the extraordinary life of Dr. John Kitto has before been told in a form to bring it within the reach of ordinary readers, especially of the young. Mr. Ryland's *Memoirs* is too bulky a work, and is not, so far as we know, republished in this country; and Mr. Smiles's biography is but a sketch, and is not separately published. We welcome, therefore, Dr. JOHN EADIE'S *Life of John Kitto, D.D.* (Carter and Brothers), a little book of 400 pages, which nevertheless contains all that most readers will care for. In addition to the material which is contained in Mr. Ryland's *Memoirs*, Dr. Eadie had placed in his hands the whole of Dr. Kitto's MSS. and a large number of letters from him to various friends.

Mr. AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE'S *Walks in London* (George Routledge and Sons) can be best described to the reader who is familiar with literature by saying that it is by the same author and written on the same pattern as the *Walks in Rome*. To those who are not familiar with that book it is not easy to describe this one, for the conception and the execution are original, and the work has the commingled qualities of a guide-book, a book of travels, and a local history, without being either one or even all combined. Mr. Hare takes us about the city of London, shows us the various objects of interest, tells us their



history, criticises the architecture and art with fidelity, and introduces to us previous writers whose acquaintance he has made by a wide range of reading. His descriptions are remarkable rather for accuracy in even minute details than for any pictorial grouping, for precision rather than for beauty or eloquence.

*Canoeing in Kanuckia* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the joint product of two men who are as skillful with their pens as with their paddles. Mr. NORTON is widely known in literary circles as the managing editor of the *Christian Union*, and Mr. JOHN HABBERTON is still more widely known as the author of *Helen's Babies*, etc. Their joint book is the story of their varied adventures, with two other congenial companions, on a summer canoeing tour. How they sailed and how they paddled, how they upset and how they barely saved themselves from upsetting; what sort of fun they had while on the way, and how they managed to kill time when they were shut up in their tent by the rain; what serious discussions they had and what badinage, and how the serious discussion always ended in badinage; what experiments they undertook, what victories they achieved, and what comical failures they sometimes made—all this is told by men who know how to make a little material go a long ways by an artistic employment of minute details. Incidentally the book gives considerable information as to canoes: how to build them, and how to manage them after they are built. The pen-and-ink illustrations are as sketchy as the literary matter, and, without any pretense to artistic qualities, show the artists' appreciation of effect.

JAMES PAYN's last novel, *By Proxy* (Harper and Brothers), is certainly one of his best. He is always original in his construction, though not always natural, or even self-consistent; but improbable as is the basis of this singular story, it is well matched in all its parts, and there is no such improbability as to weaken the interest. If we grant the possibility of the self-sacrifice of the hero, on the one hand, and the rather improbable villainy of the rascal, on the other, the rest of the plot naturally follows from the premise; and neither the wickedness of the one nor the patient heroism of the other is at all impossible, though we should hope that human character furnishes few specimens of the former, and life calls for few illustrations of the latter.—The author of *Scola* (Lee and Shepard) has essayed a feat which has rarely if ever been successfully accomplished, viz., to construct a romance out of the scant materials afforded by the earliest records of the Old Testament. The scene of her novel—for we can call it nothing else—is laid in the time of the deluge, and the marriage of "the sons of God" to the "daughters of men," to which our author gives a quasi-literal interpretation, affords the turning-point of the story. The attempt to introduce the supernatural element, especially a Biblical supernatural element, into a romance, is necessarily accompanied with difficulties which we are inclined to think are insuperable; but the author has certainly managed them with rare skill, and has produced a story which, though it lacks the interest of a modern novel, possesses an interest of its own. It gives a certain reality to the Bible narrative, and makes the characters of that far-away time appear to be of kin to us.—HESBA STRETTON's *Through a Needle's Eye* (Dodd,

Mead, and Co.) combines in a remarkable degree the qualities of a successful didactic and artistic novel. The moral is implied in the title, which is borrowed from our Saviour's aphorism, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Indeed, the story may be said to be a parabolic sermon on that text. Hesba Stretton rarely fails to write dramatically, and she has worked up the temptation, the yielding to it, the final victory over it, and the deliverance from the bondage into which the soul had been brought, with great power; yet it must be confessed that the story would have been more effective didactically if it had been less artistic. The temptation is so unlike those of our common life that the reader will be apt not to make any application of the lesson to the ordinary assaults of covetousness, and he will be so interested in the development of the plot that he will be very apt not to get the moral.—One of the pleasantest stories that we have read for many a day is *By Celia's Arbor*, by WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE (Harper and Brothers). It is an idyl; there is but one tragic element in the book—that furnished by the fate of the spy. The characters are but few (the real interest of the story centres about the lives of four personages), and the incidents are simple, tender, and touching rather than thrilling. It is emphatically a book for quiet and restful reading, for a summer afternoon in the woods or by the sea-shore, or in a boat on a quiet stream.

GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, the author of *Art Education applied to Industry*, gives to the public a little and unpretentious treatise on *Pottery: How it is Made, and its Shape and Decoration* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). His object seems to be to give the student such a knowledge of the subject as will enable him to engage in the work or recreation of decorating pottery, or even of manufacturing it. A sewing-machine treadle suffices to make the motive power for a potter's wheel, so that any young girl with a little practice can become reasonably expert, for the work is much more simple, on the whole, than that of the lathe, which has so long afforded recreation to amateur mechanics.—M. S. LOCKWOOD's *Hand-Book of Ceramic Art* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a still smaller book on the same subject. It does not give practical directions to the worker; its object is rather to put into a small compass information as to the history and nature of the art. It also contains a definition of terms. To one who desires to get in a few words some little comprehension of what all this modern enthusiasm is about it is a capital treatise.—Professor JOHN STUART BLACKIE's *Treatise on the Natural History of Atheism* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is a book that is really likely to have an influence with men of a skeptical turn of mind, and that can not be said of many books written in defense of religion. Professor Blackie recognizes the religious causes of atheism, holds the Church and the theologians to no small degree of responsibility for the doubts that prevail, and takes hold of them without the least indication of apprehension as to the result of a free discussion, or the least inclination to deny the questioner's right to question. His very courage and his freedom from dogmatism half win the battle. It is an admirable book to put into the hands of any young man touched with this distemper.—To the list of books which the discus-



sion of the problem of the future has given rise should be perhaps added *The Doctrine of Scripture Retribution*, by the Rev. EDWARD BEECHER, D.D. (D. Appleton and Co.). It is in the main a republication of a series of papers contributed to the *Christian Union* some time before the present debate began. The author writes in a fair and candid spirit, as a historian, not as a controversialist. His varied learning and his wide familiarity with the ground which he traverses are recognized by all in the Church. In his own domain there are few better authorities. The question which he discusses it is not our province to enter into here, nor shall we undertake to say whether his interpretation of the fathers of the Church is correct or not; that is a point on which, curiously, the ablest scholars are not agreed. His conclusion is that, of the various schools of theology into which the patristic Church was divided, only one held to the doctrine of endless conscious punishment, the others holding either to some form of annihilation or to some form of restoration.

In the two volumes of the *Voyage of the Challenger* (Harper and Brothers), Sir C. WYVILLE THOMSON gives a preliminary account of the general results of the exploring expedition of her Majesty's ship *Challenger* in the Atlantic Ocean during the year 1873 and the early part of the year 1876. The intermediate time was occupied in explorations in other waters, and this is left to be told in another narrative. Nor does the author regard this work as any thing more than a preliminary and measurably popular account of the work in the Atlantic. It has been written "while the great bulk of the observations are still unreduced, while the chemical analyses are only commenced, and there has not been time even to unpack the natural history specimens." The expedition was sent out by the British government. The *Challenger*, a spar-decked corvette of 2306 tons, with auxiliary steam to 1234 horsepower, was selected for the service. A staff of scientific officers was chosen, consisting of Professor Thomson as director, a secretary, three naturalists, and a chemist, who were appointed on the recommendation of the Royal Society. The ship was entirely refitted to prepare her for this special expedition, the object of which was to explore the ocean bottoms, ascertain depth, contour, character of bottom, etc., and to obtain all possible scientific information concerning the life that dwells in the deep waters. Sixteen of the eighteen guns were removed, and the main-deck was almost wholly set apart to scientific work. Two sets of cabins were built on the after-part of the deck. The chart-room was on one side, with ranges of shelves stocked with charts and hydrographic, magnetic, and meteorological instruments; the natural history room was on the other side, fitted with mahogany dressers, containing knee-holes and spacious cupboards and tiers of drawers beneath, and book-shelves and cupboards against the bulk-heads above, and racks at the back fitted with holes to hold fish globes and bottles of various sizes, and furnished with every convenience for examining and preserving in spirit the specimens brought up from the depth of the sea. The spirit for this purpose was stored in cylindrical four-gallon iron vessels, stowed in racks in the ship's magazine, and furnished by the gunner as required for the use of the room. A space between the funnel casings

of the steamer was utilized as a drying-room for botanical specimens. Near these cabins, and about the middle of the ship, was a chemical laboratory, with a working bench, a locker seat, a blow-pipe table, a writing-table and drawers, and well provided with all apparatus necessary for chemical experiments and operations. Some of this apparatus was quite peculiar, being especially adapted to the needs of such a floating laboratory—as, for example, the apparatus for collecting the atmospheric gases from sea water, and that for boiling carbonic acid gas out of sea water. Adjoining the laboratory were rooms—a dark and a light room—fitted up for photographic work, and placed in charge of a skillful photographer. Evidence of his skill is furnished by some of the remarkably beautiful illustrations which add to the attractions of these two volumes. The motion, the dampness of the air, its vitiation by vapors of various kinds, and the extremes of climate traversed, all made, as may be readily imagined, the work of the photographer one of peculiar difficulty. Various apparatus was also prepared for the work of sounding and bringing up from ocean depths the indicia of the character of the bottom. Hundreds of miles of line, of strength and material suited to different needs, were reeled and coiled in every available part of the ship. A peculiarly constructed bottle for collecting water from the bottom, a hydrometer for determining the specific gravity of the sea at different depths, sounding-machines which not only give the depth, but bring up a sample of the bottom, and a dredge and a trawl, used for bringing up specimens of life, both animal and vegetable, from great depths, were among the mechanisms used in exploration. It would be useless for us to attempt in the limited space at our command to summarize or even to hint at the results gathered by the expedition thus equipped. Mr. Thomson makes some attempt to do this in the last chapter, but his summary does very inadequate justice to his work. Still less shall we attempt to measure the value of his expedition in a scientific point of view. This book is mainly a report of *facts*; and until these have been considered and compared with previous knowledge, and used in estimating former theories and opinions, little estimate can be formed of the real addition which has been made to scientific knowledge. This much is certain, the whole Atlantic Ocean has been in a measure surveyed. On the long stretch across the Atlantic from Teneriffe to Sombrero sounding observations were made on an average every 120 miles. In almost every instance good specimens of the bottom were brought up. In special localities the work was even more thorough than this. Two special important additions have been made to our knowledge—one, the depth of the Atlantic Ocean and the general contour of its bed; the other, the certainty that the weight of water does not, as heretofore supposed, prevent the existence of life at the greatest ocean depths. Animals of the invertebrate class certainly, and fishes probably, exist over the whole floor of the ocean. Mr. Thomson's work is elaborately illustrated; and merely to look over it is almost equivalent to a personal examination of the curious and interesting specimens of life which he has brought up from ocean depths before wholly unexplored.

The month has laid upon our table some nov-



els of special note. *Gemini* (Roberts Brothers), the latest of the "No Name Series," would have been better entitled *The Twins*, for there is nothing foreign about it but the name. *Gemini* is a very capital piece of character-drawing, and the local coloring is peculiarly good. The scene is laid in New England, not the New England of long ago which Mrs. Stowe especially delights to paint, but the New England of the present day. Popular fiction has rarely given us so fine a picture of the real New England minister as is given by the Elder, and Samanthly is a somewhat idealized "maid-of-all-work," but her carefulness of the children, and her unselfish devotion to the household, of which she is in every sense a friend, is characteristic of the best "help" of New England before foreign servants took the place of domestic ones, and education and factory life combined to carry off American girls from the kitchen to a possibly more independent but perhaps no more useful life. Hiram is still more idealized, but the ideal is only a true New England nature portrayed with a poet's pen. It is a great pity that so good a book has been christened with so poor a title.—*Georgie's Wooer* (Harper and Brothers), another of the "Half-hour Series," is a reprint from the English. Mrs. LEITH-ADAMS has given us a tale of true love that contradicts the old aphorism, for, on the whole, it runs remarkably smoothly; there is just ruffle enough to make the current musical. It is a simple story of true, pure, sweet love, the more sacred because set off, not by any vigorous villainy, but by the equally sacred love of father and daughter, mother and son. It is a good book to neutralize the too highly spiced novels that portray love only as a passion, and life only as a melodrama, and that make youthful readers discontented with the possibilities of commonplace experience and with natural healthy affections.—*Landolin* (Henry Holt and Co.), of the "Leisure Hour Series," is a story of German life; like all of AUERBACH's stories, microscopic in its descriptions and its analyses of character. Its interest is psychological, though its psychology is dramatically, not metaphysically, represented. The moral that pride leads to crime and sorrow is the objective point of the story. Auerbach never writes without an objective point, but generally to illustrate an interior truth of character rather than an external one of social organization or reformation.—*Madame Gosselin* (D. Appleton and Co.) is a notable number of a notable series, "Collection of Foreign Authors." Like most of its predecessors, it is of French origin. Of LOUIS ULBACH we know nothing except what we have learned from reading this story. He is a remarkably strong writer; and if it is worth while to tell American readers such a tale of seduction, would-be murder, and suicide as this, he has certainly told it well. It is a skillfully wrought melodrama, but it is melodrama—a marked specimen of the modern French school; not vicious, certainly, for it does not paint vice in attractive colors; but is it advisable to paint such vice at all?—*How She Came into Her Kingdom* (Jansen, McClurg, and Co.) is, apparently, by a new American author. She seems to us to have made a more careful study of fiction than of actual life, and her story is a sort of Americanized French romance, fashioned after the pattern of the *Count of Monte-Christo*.

We are skeptical respecting the propriety of the title of Mr. WILLIAM M. BAKER's last novel, *A Year Worth Living* (Lee and Shepard). We are compelled to question the statement of the title-page, which describes it as "a story of a place and of a people one can not afford not to know." Mr. Baker has achieved such remarkable success in his pictures of Southern society that we have no right to question the truthfulness of his pictures in this book. There are some phases of American society, like those which Edward Eggleston has described in his *Mystery of Metropolisville*, which ought to be preserved as landmarks and signs of progress, to show from what rude beginnings we have grown, and perhaps the phases of American life with which this story deals are of this kind. In this point of view the place and the people are perhaps worth knowing, but they afford to the reader little inspiration to a new and noble life, and little to relieve a prosaic life of its commonplaces. It is a skillful piece of photography of a very unpicturesque piece of the American world.

Two treatises on rhetoric lie before us, covering, of course, somewhat the same ground, but formed on entirely different patterns, and possessing very widely different characteristics. *Principles of Rhetoric, and their Application*, by ADAMS S. HILL, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College (Harper and Brothers), deals almost wholly with rhetoric as an oratorical art, and almost wholly with the general principles which underlie that art. The author defines rhetoric for his purpose as "the art of efficient communication by language." The book is designed almost if not wholly for those who desire to acquire the persuasive art. It is especially valuable as a text-book in schools and colleges, and as a guide to those who in later life are not too old to correct faults or to acquire a wider or profounder knowledge of the art which they are constantly called on to exercise. It will be, of course, especially valuable to lawyers and clergymen, but, since every American is called on more or less to exercise the "art of efficient communication" in addressing bodies of men, it will have a much wider than a mere professional use. The simplicity of arrangement and the clearness with which a few general principles are evolved and stated, as well as the peculiarly practical, modern, and American spirit of the book, will commend it to the practical student of the art of oratory of to-day. The laws of rhetoric, says the author, "are relative to the character and circumstances of those addressed." This is the key to the spirit of his work.—*The Elements of Rhetoric*, by JAMES DE MILLE, M.A. (Harper and Brothers), treats the art from a quite different point of view. The author's object is not merely to educate speakers and writers, but quite as much to develop a critical application in hearers and readers. It is to the readers, in Mr. De Mille's view, that the study of rhetoric especially commends itself, "since it affords a way toward a larger as well as a finer discernment of those beauties in which they take delight. While, therefore, a knowledge of rhetoric is of great importance to the writer, it may be shown to possess a still higher value as a means of culture and educational discipline." Mr. De Mille's work accordingly covers a wider ground than Professor Hill's, and embodies the results of a much more minute critical investigation. It



is notably rich in illustrative quotations of both good and bad English. It abounds with curious information respecting the nature, origin, structure, and use of the English language. It exhibits a marvellous range of reading and study in the author. Professor Hill's book is one of general laws; Mr. De Mille's is one of specific illustrations. The former is constructive; the latter

is critical. The first is primarily useful to the one who desires instruction in the general principles of the persuasive art; the second is rather valuable to the one who takes an interest in the curiosities of language, or who desires development in that general literary culture which is essential to the best and most discriminating comprehension of English literature.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

*Astronomy.*—During April asteroids 186 and 187 have been discovered by Henry at Paris and Coggia at Marseilles.

Professor Langley, of Alleghany Observatory, and Dr. Huggins, of London, some years ago described the granular surface of the sun's photosphere. Their division of the brighter aggregations of the surface was (successively as to size), first, cloud-like forms, perceptible to telescopes of ordinary power; second, "rice grains," or nodules, of which such forms are composed, the rice grains being perceptible with higher powers and good definition; third, granules, composing the rice grains. The discovery of the granules has been independently made by the photographic researches of M. Janssen, who has succeeded in obtaining photographs of the sun with only  $\frac{1}{3000}$  of a second exposure. These were procured with lenses of long focus, and a slow development of the image. The "willow leaves" or "rice grains" of previous observers appear in these photographs only as occasional aggregations. The main feature is an abundant granulation. The forms of the granules are sufficiently defined for study. They appear to be generally of a spherical shape, and it is noticeable that larger grains seemed to be formed of aggregations of smaller ones, the lesser grains being most evidently spherical. An interesting account of one of Janssen's largest positives has been contributed to the *American Journal of Science* for April, 1878, by Professor Langley.

A critical study of the question, "Was Galileo tortured?" (*Ist Galileo gefoltert worden?*) has been published by Dr. E. Wohlwill. The conclusions he has reached indicate that the Inquisition certainly went so far as to subject him to the *territo realis*, which always involved the confronting of the prisoner with the rack in the torture-chamber at the very least. A very complete review of the case, by Sedley Taylor, is found in *Nature* for February 14, 1878.

Of the Government Grant Fund of £4000 administered by the Royal Society of London, the following sums have been devoted to astronomical researches: David Gill, £250, for reduction, etc., of his observations of Mars for determining the solar parallax; J. Norman Lockyer, £200, for continuation of spectroscopic researches.

M. Tisserand, director of the Observatory of Toulouse, has been elected to the French Academy of Sciences, in the room of Leverrier.

Our *Meteorological* literature has not been enriched during April with as much interesting matter as has been occasionally recorded in previous months. Probably the most important memoir has been one read before the National Academy

by Ferrel on the "Theory of the Tornado and Water-Spout," in which he gives the formulæ connecting the pressure in the interior of the whirl with the elevation above ground, the temperature, humidity, and velocity of the air, and the dimensions of the moving mass. His formulæ were illustrated by numerous examples, and are believed to present us with the first satisfactory deductive investigation of the subject that has as yet been published.

Professor Hinrichs has begun the publication of the *Iowa Weather Bulletin* with the number for March. This, as well as the quarterly reports, represents, of course, the results of the observations of the Iowa Weather Service.

Professor Nipher sends us, among the publications of the Missouri Weather Service, a valuable table of monthly, annual, and seasonal amounts of rain-fall observed at St. Louis, principally by Dr. George Engelmann, from 1834 to 1877. There are but few stations in the world that can present an unbroken homogeneous series like this, and it is to be hoped that similar tables may be published for other long series of observations as we may have in the United States. Such a collection, supplementary to the Smithsonian Rain Tables, would be useful in many investigations.

Wild has published the description of the new meteorological and magnetic station at Pavlosk, near St. Petersburg, at which regular observations began January 1, 1878, while preliminary and comparative observations have been made regularly since June, 1877. This new observatory, furnished with every thing that physical science can suggest, and located in the midst of an extensive imperial domain, promises to do for meteorology and magnetism work as important as the astronomical observatory in the neighboring village of Pulkova has done for astronomy.

Buys-Ballot has published in the *Austrian Meteorological Journal* a table showing the annual barometric variations for 108 stations throughout Europe, as resulting from long series of observations, and reduced to a uniform decennium. The discussion of his results he reserves to himself in a future number of his *Jahrbook*.

The possibility of carrying on successful weather predictions for the Mediterranean and its shores is discussed by Hellmann, who shows that probably a greater efficiency can be attained than in Western Europe. He calls attention to the possibility of predicting the invasions of grasshoppers or locusts, which, leaving the Sahara in the spring with southwest winds, are carried over Algeria and Egypt, and do more damage than the severest storms. A similar duty has been frequently urged by Dr. Packard and others upon our Signal Service; and in this connection it may



be well to call attention to a theoretical explanation of the grasshopper migrations which has lately been proposed by Abbe, and which is said to explain most of the phenomena that have been observed. According to this meteorologist, the grasshopper is an insect at home and comfortable only in a rather dry atmosphere, and possibly a diminished atmospheric pressure; air that is either too dry or too moist is equally liable to make the insect uncomfortable, and in either case he seeks relief in flight, not knowing whither he shall go. Now the very dry winds are the westerly winds, that bear him rapidly eastward to the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. The very moist winds are the south and southeast winds of the Mississippi Valley, that bear him or his progeny in the next year back to his original breeding grounds. It will be curious to show whether this hypothesis holds good for the African as well as it does for the American insect.

In reference to a third daily barometric maximum, Karlinski writes that his 25-year record at Cracow confirms Rykatcheff's announcement, but only for the month of January, and even then only in the faintest trace. He adds that from 52 to 87—averaging 70—barometric waves annually pass over Cracow.

The important experiments on fog-signals by Tyndall and others, under the auspices of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, have an important bearing upon meteorological matters, as they apparently give us a new method of exploring the atmosphere; in fact, as the spectroscope tells us of the total amount of moisture in a great length of the atmosphere, so do Tyndall's aerial echoes tell us of irregularities in density throughout a circle of many miles in diameter. Practically, however, the most important result of the Trinity House experiments has been to definitely establish the fact that two ounces to four ounces of gun-cotton exploded 1000 feet above the sea by a rocket give forth such a volume of sound, and the sound waves are so little affected by echoes or acoustic opacity, as to immensely surpass all other methods of fog-signaling hitherto tried. Such discharges were heard very loud at six miles, distinct as distant thunder at fifteen miles, and with a rumbling detonation at twenty-five miles. "A signal of great power, handiness, and economy is thus placed at the service of our mariners."

In *Physics*, Cornu and Baille have continued their experiments on the determination of the density of the earth by the method of Cavendish, and have considerably improved their apparatus. They have quadrupled the force to be measured by increasing the attracting spheres of mercury from two to four, and by diminishing the distance through which the attraction is exerted in the relation of  $\sqrt{2}$  to 1. With these improvements, the results are completely uniform, so much so that the time of oscillation of the lever remained fixed at 408 seconds, within a few tenths, during more than a year. The numerical result of the new and numerous determinations made with the improved apparatus agreed closely with those previously obtained by the authors, and gave 5.56 as the mean density of the earth. They also call attention to the errors in Baily's results caused by the resistance of the air, and allowing for this, they compute the density from his data to be about 5.55.

Szathmari has ingeniously applied the method of coincidences to determine the velocity of sound in free air. His apparatus consisted of a pendulum whose rate was accurately known, which was made to close an electric circuit at each oscillation, the line being 220 meters long, and having two bells in its course. When the observer is close to both of the bells he hears the strokes of both simultaneously; but if one of the bells be removed to a distance, the stroke of this bell is heard after the other, until a point is reached at which the strokes occur again at the same instant. The distance between the bells is that over which the sound moves between two successive strokes of the bells. In the experiments of the author the pendulum had a period of 0.2961 second. The distance between the bells when the sounds were again simultaneous was 99.25 meters. From this the value 335.19 is easily obtained as the velocity of sound in free air in meters. Reduced to zero, the value becomes 331.57 meters—between Regnault's value and that of Moll and Van Beck.

Dubois has studied the vibrations of tuning-forks by means of vermilion, which is mixed with water and placed on the branches of the fork. When these are vibrated, striæ are produced, and the vermilion gives a figure by settling in the grooves. In the case of open pipes, a band of paper charged with the vermilion was placed over the opening. He finds (1) that two sounds of the same pitch but of different instruments give the same striæ, and (2) two sounds of different pitch give striæ inversely proportional to the number of vibrations of the sounds. The same results were obtained with vibrating plates.

Jenkin and Ewing have studied elaborately the form of the sound tracings produced by Edison's phonograph. With reference to the vowels, these observers note that if a set of vowel sounds be spoken to the phonograph, and then it be made to speak at several different velocities of rotation, no difference can be detected in the quality of the sounds. This they regard as contradictory of Helmholtz's statement that each vowel sound has a characteristic note of definite pitch. Moreover, they have observed that the wave form of the markings produced by any vowel sound does not remain unchanged at all pitches; but whether these changes are due to alterations in the amplitudes of the constituents or to variations of phase is not determined. Subsequently, in a paper before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, they announced the curious fact that both vowels and consonants are unaltered by being spoken backward. Words such as *ada*, *aba*, *aja*, etc., could be readily identified whichever way the cylinder was turned, even by persons ignorant of what had been said. Moreover, they find that *ab* said backward becomes *ba*, thus proving that a reversible part really constitutes an element of speech. Thus putting the word *noshâeesossa* on the cylinder, and turning it backward, it repeats *association* beautifully. Preece has described two phonographs made in England from Edison's descriptions. In one of these the rotation was maintained uniform by means of clock-work, thus maintaining the identity of the sounds; in the other the receiving membrane was of paper, and seemed to be the loudest.

Garnett has called the attention of physicists,



in an article in *Nature*, to the peculiar form of the rosettes obtained when a drop of water is placed on a red-hot surface, as in Leidenfrost's experiment. The outline of the drop did not form a continuous curve, but was beaded in character, while within was a fluted figure. On closer inspection it appeared that the forms were produced by the superposition of two retinal images of the drop in two extreme phases of vibration. In other words, the drop was really vibrating like a bell sounding its first harmonic, and had therefore six ventral segments. To prove this, the vibrating drop was illuminated in a dark room with sparks from a Holtz machine, and two curvilinear pentagons alternate with each other appeared. When the drop had somewhat decreased in size, four-sided curved figures, alternating with each other, were seen. On opening the shutter, there appeared in the capsule an almost perfectly steady beaded octagon, formed by the union of the two crosses.

Draper, in a note to *Nature*, states the results of some of his investigations relative to the position of the oxygen in the sun's surface. Using for the purpose one of Mr. Rutherford's exquisite silvered glass gratings of 17,280 lines to the inch, giving a dispersion equal to that of twenty heavy flint glass prisms, attached to his 12-inch Clark refractor, the full aperture being employed, and placing in front of the slit the terminals of an induction coil, by which a strong oxygen spectrum was obtained in the same field, he was entirely unable to perceive that the lines of oxygen visible in the spectrum of the solar disk projected beyond the visible limb of the sun. In other words, they could not be detected in the base of the chromospheric layer.

In *Chemistry*, Thorpe, in a note to *Nature*, calls attention to a long-neglected paper of Mr. Perkins, which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1826, having been read on June 15, in which Mr. P. announces that he had liquefied atmospheric air, having obtained pressures of upward of 1000 atmospheres in an apparatus quite similar to that of M. Cailletet. The paper describes the appearances as the pressures were gradually increased, and says: "At 1200 atmospheres the quicksilver remained three-quarters up the tube, and a beautiful transparent liquid was seen on the surface of the quicksilver, in quantity about  $\frac{1}{2000}$  part of the column of air." Subsequently carburetted hydrogen was liquefied in the same way. This was in the year 1822.

Brugelmann, of Düsseldorf, has succeeded in obtaining baryta, strontia, and lime in crystals, by heating their nitrates to complete decomposition. The three oxides were obtained in microscopic crystals which were cubes. In the case of baryta and strontia the crystals were exceedingly minute, while in the case of lime their form could be seen by the eye.

Clémendot has patented in England a process for producing the beautiful iridescence on glass which has lately attracted attention. The glass is simply treated, under pressure and at a temperature of 120° to 150°, with a ten to twenty per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid. The colors are produced by interference.

Moissan has made experiments which lead him to conclude that magnetic oxide of iron prepared (1) by heating ferric oxide in an atmosphere of hy-

drogen or carbonous oxide to 350° or 400°, or (2) by calcining the carbonate and magnetic oxide of iron obtained by decomposing water by red-hot iron, or by burning iron in oxygen, are not identical, but are allotropic forms of the same substance. The former has a density of 4.86, the latter of 5 to 5.09; the former is acted on by nitric acid, and becomes ferric oxide on roasting. The latter is not acted on, and is unchanged by heat.

*Anthropology*.—Dr. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, Florida, during a canoe voyage around the southern part of the State last autumn, discovered an ancient canal in Township 50 S., range 20 E., Monroe County. It is at present twelve feet wide at the bottom, forty feet wide at the top, and eight feet deep, the banks being four feet higher than the general level. The canal extends for about 600 feet at right angles to the Gulf shore, and then bending slightly southward, passes directly to a bayou 1800 feet further eastward. Mr. Kenworthy reports the superficial examination of another canal at Pine Island, Charlotte Harbor. Some of the largest mounds of the State were found at the end of this canal, which extends right across the island, a distance of three miles, and is reported to pass inland a distance of fourteen miles. A similar canal exists between the falls at the head of the Caloosahatchie and Lake Okeechobee.

In *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, 1876, p. 322, Professor Bastian describes the discovery of some interesting sculptures at Santa Lucia, near the city of Guatemala, which he purchased for the Berlin Museum. Dr. Habel, of New York, had previously explored the locality, and made elaborate drawings of the sculptures. An account of his researches, with illustrations, will be shortly published by the Smithsonian Institution.

In *Archiv*, Vol. X., pt. 4, Professor H. Fischer gives us the second part of his communication upon mineralogy as the handmaid of archæology. As was previously mentioned, the object of Dr. Fischer is to subject very small fragments of stone implements to a searching chemical and microscopical analysis, in order to ascertain the exact locality of the original material. The present chapter has especial reference to Mexican sculptures. In the same number Dr. Charles Rau gives an account of the Western companion fraud to the Cardiff giant.

*Zoology*.—Mr. Agassiz has during the past winter explored the Yucatan Bank and other points at great depths with the dredge, aboard the United States Coast Survey steamer *Blake*. He discovered that the fauna of Yucatan Bank is identical with that of the Florida Bank, being characterized by the same species of echinoderms, mollusks, crustaceans, corals, and fishes already so well known from shallow water on the Florida side. He also examined the great Alacran Reef. It resembles an atoll in full activity, the eastern slope being nearly perpendicular, rising in a short distance from twenty fathoms to the surface. "The whole structure of this reef shows its identity of formation with that of the main Florida Reef, and with that of the reefs on the northern coast of Cuba, where the line of distinct and powerful elevation can be still plainly traced by old coral slopes and by the ancient coral reefs in the hills surrounding Havana and extending to Matanzas." It is an atoll, Agassiz claims, ap-



parently formed in areas of elevation, though, according to Darwin's theory of the formation of coral reefs, atolls could not be formed in areas of elevation. Many interesting deep-sea forms were dredged, and the *Globigerina* ooze, from 1323 fathoms upward, was found to be rich in animal life. In 968 fathoms specimens of the eyeless macrouran (*Willemoesia*) were obtained, which were identical, as were most of the deep-water species dredged, with those brought up from great depths in the Atlantic by the *Challenger* expedition; a gigantic isopod, more than eleven inches long, closely allied to *Æga*; in 1568 fathoms an *Umbellularia*, and a transparent, brilliantly striped holothurian, were secured. From shallower water a number of fine specimens of the extinct genus *Conoclypus*, of a brilliant lemon-color, were dredged.

Mr. Francis Darwin has lately been discussing the analogies of plant and animal life. Some of the points of resemblance are purely analogical; nevertheless he attempts to show that "a true relationship exists between the physiology of the two kingdoms. Until a man begins to work at plants he is apt to grant to them the word 'alive' in rather a meagre sense. But the more he works, the more vivid does the sense of their reality become. The plant physiologist has much to learn from the worker who confines himself to animals. Possibly, however, the process may be partly reversed—it may be that from the study of plant physiology we can learn something about the machinery of our own lives."

Recent observers, such as Bütschli, E. van Beneden, Fol, Hertwig, Strasburger, and Calberla, have thrown a great deal of light on the phenomena of the maturation and impregnation of the egg. Their conclusions have been summarized as follows by Mr. F. M. Balfour, the eminent English embryologist. In what may probably be regarded as a normal case the following series of events accompanies the maturation and impregnation of an egg: (1) Transportation of the germinal vesicle to surface of the egg; (2) absorption of the membrane of the germinal vesicle and metamorphosis of the germinal spot; (3) assumption of a spindle character by the remains of germinal vesicle, these remains being probably largely formed from the germinal spot; (4) entrance of one end of the spindle into a protoplasmic prominence at the surface of the egg; (5) division of the spindle into two halves, one remaining in the egg, the other in the prominence; the prominence becomes at the same time nearly constricted off from the egg as a polar cell; (6) formation of a second polar cell in same manner as first, part of the spindle still remaining in the egg; (7) conversion of the part of the spindle remaining in the egg after the formation of the second polar cell into a nucleus—the female pronucleus; (8) transportation of the female pronucleus toward the centre of the egg; (9) entrance of one spermatozoon into the egg; (10) conversion of the head of the spermatozoon into a nucleus—the male pronucleus; (11) appearance of radial striæ round the male pronucleus, which gradually travels toward female pronucleus; (12) fusion of male and female pronuclei to form the first segmentation nucleus.

The occurrence of minute *filariæ* in the blood of the mosquito, and their passage into the human system, have been discovered by Dr. Manson, who shows that the female mosquito, after gorging

herself with human blood, repairs to stagnant water and semi-torpidly digests the blood. Eggs are deposited, which float on the water, and finally change to "wrigglers," or larvæ. The filariæ thus enter the human system along with the drinking water. Dr. Manson, says *Nature*, got a Chinaman whose blood was previously found to abound with filariæ to sleep in a "mosquito house." In the morning the gorged insects were captured and duly examined under the microscope. A drop of blood from the mosquito was thus found to contain 120 filariæ, though a drop from a prick of a man's finger yielded only some thirty. "The embryo once taken into the human body by fluid medium pierces the tissues of the alimentary canal. Development and fecundation proceed apace, and finally the filariæ met with in the human blood are discharged in successive and countless swarms, the genetic cycle being thus completed."

The spawning and development of the herring of the Baltic Sea have been elaborately described in a work by Professor C. Kupffer, illustrated by numerous photographs and drawings, forming four folio plates. It forms part of the annual report of the commission for the scientific investigation of the German Sea, in Kiel.

A popular account of the *Sirenia*, with especial reference to the manatee which was kept alive for a time in the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia, is contributed to the *American Naturalist* by Mr. A. G. Brown.

*Botany.*—We have a paper by Professor Gray in the Proceedings of the American Academy, which forms the twenty-fifth number of the series entitled "Contributions to the Botany of North America." The paper begins with a synopsis of the American species of *Elatine*, and is followed by a description of two new genera of *Acanthaceæ*—*carlowrightia*, named in honor of Mr. Charles Wright, and *gatesia*, in honor of Dr. Hezekiah Gates, of Alabama. The fourth and fifth parts of the "Ferns of North America," by Professor Eaton, contain descriptions and plates of several interesting species. Besides figures of our two species of *Ancimia*, *Cheilanthes viscida*, Davenport, and *C. clevelandii*, Eaton, are for the first time figured, and *Aspidium nevadense*, Eaton, a new species related to *A. noveboracense*, is described.

The Proceedings of the Swedish Royal Academy contains an account by Dr. Kjellman of the distribution of algæ in the Skagerrack. The paper is illustrated by a chart of the different stations where the flora was examined, and the distribution is shown with great minuteness.

In the *Botanische Zeitung*, Dr. Goebel gives the result of his observations on *Ectocarpus pusillus* and *Giraudia sphacelarioides*. In the former species he found that the zoospores conjugated very much in the same manner as in some of the green zoospores.

In the Proceedings of the London Horticultural Society, Mr. M. C. Cooke has an interesting account of diseases of grape-vines. Professor Ernst has a memoir on the diseases of coffee-trees in Venezuela produced by insects and fungi.

*Engineering, etc.*—We may report the following statement concerning the condition of things at the South Pass about the 1st of the past month, on the authority of the resident engineer, viz.: From the head of the jetties to Station 105, a distance of 10,500 feet, an open channel 250 feet



wide and 24 feet deep has been secured, and thence to Station 115, a distance of 1500 feet, there is a channel 140 feet wide and 24 feet deep. At this point the 24-feet depth is suddenly interrupted for a distance of 40 feet, on which there is but 23 feet of water. The estimate is ventured, also, that at the present rate of erosion a clear channel of 24-feet depth may be anticipated within the next sixty days.

The most important industrial event of the past month was the successful launching of the *City of Pará*, the second steamer built by the Delaware River Iron Ship-building Works, at Chester, for the projected steam-ship line between New York and Brazilian ports. The *City of Rio Janeiro*, the first of the line, was launched about a month previous. The ships are esteemed to be splendid specimens of workmanship.

## Editor's Historical Record.

### POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of May.—The United States House of Representatives, April 27, passed the Indian Appropriation Bill, amounting to \$4,772,000. The Senate passed the bill on the 9th. The conference report on the Naval Appropriation Bill was agreed to by both Houses. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill was passed by the House May 6. The Senate passed the Pension Appropriation Bill May 7. The Senate, May 14, passed the Post-office Appropriation Bill, after striking out the Brazilian subsidy amendment.

In the House, May 10, the special committee on naval expenditures reported, advising the cancellation of contracts to the amount of \$3,600,000.

The Senate, May 10, passed the Bankrupt Repeal Bill, fixing upon September 1 as the day from which it shall be operative.

The House, April 27, by a vote of 117 to 35, passed a bill prohibiting the further retirement of legal-tender notes.

A bill to reduce the tax on tobacco failed in the House May 6.

In the House, May 13, Mr. Potter introduced a resolution to investigate the alleged frauds in Florida and Louisiana affecting the result of the last Presidential election. The introduction of the resolution was made a question of privilege, and in order to give it that position the ultimate object of the measure as one affecting the President's title had to be tacitly admitted. Mr. Hale, of Maine, asked to be allowed to offer an amendment tending to make the resolution general instead of partisan; but Mr. Potter refused to accept it, and moved the previous question. The Republicans refrained from voting, leaving the House without a quorum. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th there was no quorum, and the House adjourned without transacting any business. On the 17th a quorum was secured, and the resolution was passed, the Republicans not voting.

On the 17th, the President sent a message to the Senate in relation to the Halifax Fisheries Award. The President recommended that an appropriation be made for the payment of the award, "with such direction to the Executive in regard to its payment as in the wisdom of Congress the public interests may seem to require."

The President, April 30, nominated Commodore R. H. Wyman to be rear-admiral. May 6, the President nominated ex-Governor Packard, of Louisiana, to be consul at Liverpool, and Consul Fairchild to be consul-general at Paris.

The Pennsylvania National State Convention, at Philadelphia, May 8, nominated S. R. Mason for Governor.—The Pennsylvania Republican

Convention, at Harrisburg, May 15, nominated General H. M. Hoyt for Governor.—The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, at Pittsburgh, May 23, nominated Andrew H. Dill for Governor.

The Vermont Republican State Convention, at Burlington, May 23, nominated Lieutenant-Governor Redfield Proctor for Governor.

The Eastern Question remains where it was left in our last Record, excepting that those in favor of a peaceful solution profess to entertain hopes of a European Congress as the result of Count Schouvaloff's mission to St. Petersburg.

The French International Exposition was formally opened by President M'Mahon on the afternoon of May 1.

Supplementary elections in Paris, May 5, resulted in the return of six Republicans and two Conservatives to the Chamber of Deputies.

An attempt was made, May 11, to assassinate the Emperor William in Berlin. He was returning in his carriage from a drive with his daughter the Grand Duchess of Baden, when a tinsmith named Hoedel, from Leipsic, fired two shots into the carriage from the sidewalk. Both shots missed.

### DISASTERS.

April 26.—Collision on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, at Piney Creek, Virginia. One man killed and five wounded.

May 1.—Boiler explosion at Memphis. Three men killed and twelve injured.

May 2.—Explosion in the Washburn Flour Mill, Minneapolis, Minnesota, causing a fire destructive of several large mills valued at \$1,500,000. Seventeen lives lost.

April 14.—Earthquake in Venezuela, destroying the town of Cua.

May 10.—Burning of the Allan Line steamship *Sardinian* at the entrance of the harbor of Londonderry. Forty persons injured and three killed.

May 21.—Gas explosion in the old Sidney Mines, Nova Scotia. Six miners killed.

### OBITUARY.

May 1.—At Saratoga, New York, State Senator John Morrissey, aged forty-seven years.

May 12.—At Elmira, New York, Catharine E. Beecher, a well-known author, in her seventy-eighth year.

May 13.—In Washington, D. C., Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, aged eighty years.

May 19.—In New York city, the Rev. Samuel M. Isaacs, the leading representative of orthodox Judaism in this country, and editor of the *Jewish Messenger*, aged seventy-four years.



## Editor's Drawer.

**J**IM SLAWSON is a day-laborer and the village wag. Unfortunately he takes so much of the spirituous in the form of whiskey that he has no relish for the spiritual in the way of preaching. The minister, who is not a rapid man, meeting Jim one Saturday night, said:

"This gentleman is the Rev. Mr. S——, who will preach for us to-morrow. You had better come to church; he will give us some excellent sermons."

Jim, with a leer in his eye, replied: "Well, that would be a rare treat for us." And straightway passed he onward unto his own house.

THIS must have been one of the longest sermons ever preached in Iowa. The announcement of it is printed on a small handbill, and mailed to us from West Union, in that State:

ADVENT MEETINGS.—Eld. D. M. Canright of Boston, and Elder E. W. Farnsworth, President of the Iowa Conference, will preach in the Baptist Church from Friday evening, April 5, till Monday evening.

IN one of the neighboring cities of New Jersey a family was seated at dinner, when the door-bell was rung. Bridget was sent to the door. It was noticed that she held long parleying, and it was surmised consequently that there was some element of uncertainty in the interview. On the return of the servant the master of the house said, "Well, Bridget, who was it?"

To which Bridget replied, with all the unsuspecting sincerity of her race: "It was a gentleman, Sir, *looking for the wrong house.*"

THIS comes from a distinguished author, who thoroughly appreciates Milesian humor:

In nothing does the curious twist of the Hibernian mind produce such acutely piquant effects as in the unconscious bulls of popular Irish piety. A priest once chanced to hear, unperceived, a fierce verbal onslaught by one market-woman on another, in the course of which every effort of rhetoric was made to provoke retaliation, but without effect. "Go on, go on," at last said the matron attacked; "ye know I'll not answer ye, because I've been to confession this morning, and I'm in a state of grace. *But wait till I get out of it!*"

HERE are three little anecdotes from a late English book—*John Orlebar, Clk.*—not likely to be republished in this country, nor to be found on the shelves of importers:

A certain bishop was asked, "Will you say grace, my lord?" The bishop complied with the request, *placing his hands lovingly over the covered dish while he did so, as though he were about to confirm it.*

THE bishop, at one of his *charistia*, or episcopal dinners and receptions, got his guests all mixed up together, thus: Parson Hallowes, one of the leaders of the ultra Low party of his lordship's diocese, got settled down by the side of his sporting brother Leggett, who on one occasion was reported to have given out the "Collect for the last Sunday before the Derby," and had thereby caused much scandal. The Rev. Luke Waters, the total abstainer, got close to old Jex Bibbins, who never

even wore clerical costume except on such occasions as this, or on Sundays, and who was said to finish two bottles of port every night, and to go to bed fuddled, after saying his prayers in perfunctory fashion by staggering up to a corner where he kept the family Bible, placing his hand upon it solemnly, and giving in his adhesion confidentially to the moral sentiments which it contained, by saying, as distinctly as circumstances would allow, "These-are-my-sheniments."

DURING the dinner John Bunyan came up in the conversation.

"I dare say," said Orlebar, "John Bunyan could mend a saucepan as well as he could write a chapter of *Pilgrim's Progress.*"

"I venture to differ from you, John. I can't help doubting that," said the prelate. "Somehow I strongly suspect that he must have been but an indifferent tinsmith, after all" (he was going to say "tinker," but, being a bishop, he was justified in making this change); "and I think you under-rate Jeremy Taylor."

HE was a very old and very good man who wrote this:

### THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard when those who do not wish  
To lend (that's give) their books  
Are snared by anglers (folks who fish)  
With literary hooks,  
Who call and take some favorite tome,  
But never read it through!  
Thus they commence a set at home  
By making one at you.  
I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,  
Last winter sore was shaken;  
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,  
Nor could I save my "Bacon."

FROM the Union Theological Seminary in New York comes to the Drawer the following anecdote related by the Rev. Dr. Adams:

There lived in the town where Dr. Emmons was pastor a physician tinctured with the grossest forms of pantheism, who declared that if he ever met Dr. Emmons he would easily floor him in argument. One day they met at the house of a patient. The physician abruptly asked Dr. Emmons: "How old are you, Sir?"

The doctor, astonished at his rudeness, quietly replied, "Sixty-two; and may I ask, Sir, how long you have lived?"

"Since creation," was the pantheist's reply.

"Ah, I suppose, then, you were in the garden of Eden with Adam and Eve?"

"I was there, Sir."

"Well," said the wily divine, "I always thought there was a third person present."

THE reader who has crossed the New Jersey Central Railroad Ferry at the foot of Liberty Street, in this city, will remember that the boats are tied up to a floating bridge, which rises and falls with the waves. Frequently the boat does the same. The combination of motions resulting from this coincidence was too perplexing for the intellect of one poor Irishman (doubtless "lately over"). He came upon the boat with a bundle, in the presence of many by-standers, when the bridge and the boat were swaying. After step-



ping on the boat, he deposited his bundle upon the deck, and sat upon it, intently looking at the bridge. He then placed his bundle upon the bridge, closely scanning the boat. But he was not satisfied, and turning to one of the amused spectators, he said, evidently nonplussed: "Would ye plaze to tell me, Sor, *which is the boat?*"

THE following stanzas were not written for publication, but were selected from a mass of papers (by one given access to them) filed away in the *escritoire* of a loving septuagenarian couple of the old school. They had been making the journey of life together for nearly half a century when these stanzas were written, which are known to be authentic. The verses are commended to the perusal of that class of heretics who have adopted the old but often *untrue* proverb, "Hot love is soon cold." The lines entitled, "My Husband," were written by the wife on her seventieth birthday, and left on the table in the library:

## MY HUSBAND.

Who in my youth said, "Dearest, come,  
Forsake your precious childhood's home,  
And with me o'er the wide world roam?"—  
My husband.

Who gently led me in the way,  
And caused my heart to bless the day  
That took me from my home away?—  
My husband.

Who at first sounding of alarm  
Would fold round me his loving arm,  
To shield me from impending harm?—  
My husband.

Who at first token of distress,  
Exhibited by restlessness,  
Oft soothes me by his fond caress?—  
My husband.

Who, if long, watchful nights there be,  
When sleep—sweet sleep—won't come to me,  
Will keep awake for company?—  
My husband.

Who, when I, with each nerve unstrung,  
Next morn move round my cares among,  
If I should fret, would "hold his tongue?"—  
My husband.

When, if in haste, to mar our bliss  
One word is thoughtless said amiss,  
Who asks forgiveness with a kiss?—  
My husband.

Who through all changing scenes of life,  
The bright, the dark, the peace, the strife,  
Would call me naught but "precious wife?"—  
My husband.

When on the couch of suffering laid,  
With throbbing pulse and aching head,  
Who anxious watches round my bed?—  
My husband.

Who, when of kindred dear bereft,  
And my sad heart in twain is cleft,  
Proves that my *dearest friend* is left?—  
My husband.

When overwhelmed with grief and fears,  
And through the gloom no star appears,  
Who cheers my heart and wipes my tears?—  
My husband.

Who, when I've done with all below,  
And death's dark waters round me flow,  
Would fain with me o'er Jordan go?—  
My husband.

## MY WIFE.

IN RESPONSE TO HER STANZAS, "MY HUSBAND."  
What maiden, in the days of yore,  
Smote me with most tremendous power,  
Inflicting pangs unknown before?—  
My wife.

Who pitied me in my distress,  
And, by one simple little "Yes,"  
Changed all my woe to blessedness?—  
My wife.

Who did, with look almost divine,  
My soul in cords of love entwine,  
And gave her priceless heart for mine?—  
My wife.

Who to the altar went with me,  
Our hearts aglow with ecstasy,  
And my good angel vowed to be?—  
My wife.

Who, since I to the altar led  
My blushing bride, and vows were said,  
Has naught but blessings round me shed?—  
My wife.

Who in our pilgrimage below  
Has cheered with smiles the passage through,  
And ever faithful proved and true?—  
My wife.

When pressed with sorrow, toil, and cares,  
Who all my grief and trouble shares,  
And half at least my burden bears?—  
My wife.

When tempests rage and billows roll,  
And human passions spurn control,  
Who calms the tumult of my soul?—  
My wife.

When storms are hushed and skies are bright,  
And shadows dark are changed to light,  
Who joys with me in sweet delight?—  
My wife.

Who was in youth th' admired of men;  
But now, at threescore years and ten,  
Is far more beautiful than then?—  
My wife.

As down life's rugged steep I go,  
With careful, trembling steps and slow,  
Who clings to me and helps me through?—  
My wife.

Who, when my toilsome days are o'er,  
Will meet me on blest Canaan's shore,  
And sing with me for evermore?—  
My wife.

It seems incredible that a man born and raised in Annisquam, Massachusetts, should have been done so concededly brown as the particular Caleb described to the Drawer, as follows, by a lady:

A well-to-do resident of the village, Captain W——, wished to employ Caleb to saw some wood, three cords and a half in all, and promised to pay him fifty cents a day. Caleb owned no saw, but as the captain had a good one, it was agreed that Caleb should hire it, and pay for the use of it at the rate of ninepence a cord. At early dawn the next morning—it was in July—Caleb was at work. Those were the days of wide fire-places, and each log needed to be sawed but once. Before night he had finished the job, and went into Captain W——'s house to settle.

"Let's see," said the captain; "you were to have fifty cents a day; 'we'll call it a day, though it isn't sundown yet. That's fifty cents for you. And you were to pay me ninepence a cord for the use of the saw: there's forty-three and three-quarter cents due me. I say, Caleb, you don't seem to have much coming."

Caleb looked dubious. He scratched his head thoughtfully, but presently a light seemed to break in upon his mind. "How unfortnit," said he, "that you did not have half a cord more, for then we could 'a come out just square!"

THIS good bit is sent to the Drawer from Jacksonville, Florida:

During the sickness in our city last fall one of our citizens, Frank J——, was prostrated with fever, and little hope was entertained of his recovery. He was fully conscious of his critical condition, but, being an incorrigible wag, perpetrated the following. The poor fellow was in such danger that two eminent physicians were in



constant attendance. One evening Dr. Drew called, and, sitting on one side of the bed, was inquiring into the condition of his patient, when in walked Dr. Sabal, and, taking an extended hand, sat on the other side of the bed. For a moment there was silence, when the prostrate man said:

"Death sits secure on either hand,  
While Jordan rolls between."

Both M.D.s smiled audibly; the crisis was over, and J—— now pursues his avocation in Jacksonville as of yore.

#### COLLIE.

OLD SIDEWAYS, up! You harrow your track  
As if every muscle had gone to rack;  
Ho, Sirrah, see that chuck on the knoll!  
Time was when you'd cropped him atop his hole.  
Ah, collie, it's over; you've had your "day;"  
Death whistles, and you must hobble away!  
Fat chuck, you're safe; keep end as you are,  
My collie can't focus a barn so far;  
Black blessed, he's old, and it hurts my soul  
To see him blink tow'rd the chuck on the knoll.  
What! a touch of youth those bones still feel!  
Down, plucky tyke, settle back to my heel:  
Back, fellow, back! Death's calling, I say;  
He whistles you off another way.

This is the last time I shall bless  
His poor old patient shagginess.  
The rhythmic beating of that tail,  
No wonder it at last must fail;  
He thwacks it feebler, less and less—  
Spent pendulum of pleasantness.  
The humor of that hairy handle,  
Pumping joy into this world of jangle,  
As though two hearts took turn about,  
One thump inside, and then one out;  
Pacific gesture (mercy's plan)  
Betwixt the animal and man!  
Up, fellow, up—begone, I say—  
Dead! yes, the old dog's had his day.

He's happy in some sort of heaven;  
With him that watched the sleepers seven,  
And thousand sainted Towzers there,  
He frisks it in the fields of air.

THE universal agitation of the temperance question now going on in this country and in England recalls an absurd story of one of those sly, sanctimonious hypocrites who, pretending to abstain from the use of stimulants, are really quite steady drinkers. This dialogue gives the three reasons why the toper declined to partake:

"Take something to drink?" said his friend.

"No, thank you."

"No! Why not?"

"In the first place, because I am secretary to the temperance society that is to meet to-day, and I must be consistent. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to him I have promised never to drink on this day. And in the third place, I have just taken something."

CURIOUS folks in Chicago. A clerical gentleman in Janesville, Wisconsin, sent to a Chicago bookseller for Farrar's *Seekers after God*. The bookseller simply wrote back: "No such persons in Chicago."

"THOUGH lost to sight, to memory dear," was freshly illustrated the other day in a New England town. An old man, whose wife died a little over a year ago, was upon the point of marrying again. A neighbor asked him when he intended to bring home his bride. He replied, "Next week," and hoped that his neighbor and

wife would call on her at an early day, adding: "She, of course, will not know any one. If my wife was only alive, *she* would introduce her around!"

THE young person of the oil region in Pennsylvania is a "cool hand," and quite practical in emergencies. Not long since a youngster living near Petrolia accidentally shot himself in the abdomen. The wound was not very dangerous, so he endeavored to conceal it from his father. Next morning, however, the father compelled his offspring to show up, when it was discovered that he had cut the ball, which lay near the surface, out with a razor. In the mean time he had drunk a large quantity of water, as he said, "*to see if he leaked*," and finding that he was not filtering, quietly settled down to take it easy until he gets well.

THERE is now going on all round Scotland a free fight as to the question of disestablishment—as to the when and how. A Dr. Phin is raging up and down the country against it, and the fight is waxing warm. On this subject a neat repartee has been bandied about. To the taunt flung out from the State Kirk camp,

The Free Kirk, the wee Kirk,  
The Kirk without the steeple,

the ready response of a Free Kirk minister was,

The auld Kirk, the cauld Kirk,  
The Kirk without the people.

It is one of the peculiarities of the child of Indiana that one of his earliest developments is a genius for finance. At Lafayette, recently, a gentleman who teaches a class in Sunday-school, by way of illustrating a certain point, took from his pocket a new silver dollar, and asked, "What is this?"

A little fellow responded, "Ninety-two cents."

This was not exactly apropos, so the teacher went on: "What is the motto on it?"

"In God we trust," responded another young numismatist.

"What do we trust Him for?" continued the teacher.

"For the other eight cents," replied the first little financier, and that ended the dialogue.

LET us learn from the financier of New Jersey, for verily he understandeth the arts of the loaner. The man of shekels whose methods we describe was a strictly conscientious man and an elder in the church. He never took above the legal rate of interest; he did not think it right to do so; but he always managed to have a barn full of old broken-down horses and carriages that had come down from past generations—one in particular that his great-uncle Daniel had used in his lifetime, and which, when new, was a marvel of workmanship as well as capacity.

Farmer Jones came one day with a note, and wanted to raise some money. Its face value was five hundred dollars.

"Pretty hard times," said the Jerseyman; "but if you want three hundred dollars in cash, and the Uncle Daniel carriage for that paper, I must *try* and accommodate you."

The trade was made. About the time the note became due, Jones, having tried his best to realize on the vehicle, and as often failed, applied to



Mr. Cain, another money-lender, to help him over the crisis. After various expedients had been talked over and rejected, Cain said:

"Farmer Jones, the fools are not all dead yet. Go find one, and get the carriage off your hands."

"I've been trying for a year to do that very thing," replied Jones. "There's plenty of fools about here—plenty; but *they've all got carriages.*"

THE amount of erudition which the ordinary five-year-old New Jersey infant can acquire is instanced in the following from a correspondent in Mount Holly:

Not long since a baby friend of mine, aged five, crept into his mother's bed at an early hour in the morning, and coolly requested her to turn over, as he wanted to ask her something. She complied, when he propounded to her the following profound theological question: "Mamma, was Annanias and Sapphira Americans or Indians?" In the name of all that is dogmatic, what could have pushed such an idea into that unconverted young person's head?

A GENTLEMAN in one of our rural towns having bought of an old resident a somewhat old-fashioned and dilapidated carriage, happened to speak of it as a "shabby concern" in presence of a workman at his house, an aged citizen of the place. Laying down his chisel, he exclaimed: "Shabby! That carriage shabby! Wa'al, now, I can remember when that carriage was always *just at a funeral.*"

THIS neat *mot* was said at a dinner table where the company was composed chiefly of clergymen: Some one spoke of the sect called *Christ-ians*. "Yes," said one of the divines, "it is easier to lengthen a syllable than a creed!"

"No pent-up Utica contracts his power," though he is only four years old and lives in Utica. Sometimes he asks grace very sweetly at table in place of his reverend sire. One day a clergyman dined with the family, and Willie asked to be allowed to say grace, which he did, with bowed head and clasped hands, in these words:

"I'm a 'tittle turly head,  
My faver is a pweecher,  
I do to tool ev'y day,  
And always mind my teacher.  
For Twist's sake. Amen."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured the guest, solemnly raising his head.

"I fear you did not understand Willie," said his mamma, much annoyed.

"I did not," replied the clergyman, "but the Lord did."

OUR Chicago correspondent who furnished in the April Drawer a report of the "Colored Debate," sends us an account of another meeting of the same organization, giving the arguments brought forward to settle the question, "Which hab produce de mos' wonders—de lan' or de water?"

The meeting having been called to order, the chairman said, "Water takes de lead."

Dr. Crane came forward. He said: "Mr. Chaarman, geografers tell us dat one-quarter of de yaarth's surface is lan' an' three-quarters is water; in one squaar foot of dat water is more wonders

dan in forty squaar rods ob lan'. Dese chillen settin' round hyar can figger on dat. Dat's a argyment I introduce jus' to keep de chillen quiet a while. When you spill water on a table it spreads all out thin—on a clean table, I mean. Now sposen de table dusty. Note de change. De water separates in globules. (For de information of some of de folks I would explain dat globules is drops, separated drops.) Now why is dat? Isn't *dat* wonderful? Can de lan' do like dat? No, Saar. Dere's no such wonder in de lan'."

Mr. Laukins said: "Mr. Chaarman, I don't see nothing wonderful in de water gittin' in drops on de dusty table. *Dat's de natcher ob de water.* Dere's nothing *wonderful* in any thing actin' 'cordin' to natcher. Sposen it wasn't its natcher, what causes it to get into drops? *De dust.* DE DUST! *de lan'! de lan'!* De wonder's in de lan', after all. Mr. Chaarman, Dr. Crane makes no argument for de water at all, but all for de lan'. He makes a p'int dat de table should be dusty. De dust makes de wonderful change in de water, an' *dust is lan'.* I wants no better argyment for de lan' dan Dr. Crane makes."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "Mr. Chaarman, speakin' ob de wonders in de water, I take my position on Niagary Falls—de gran', stupenjus, magestiek wonder ob de hole world. Dere's no such or-inspiring object in de lan'. Den see de water-falls ob minor importance scattered all ober de face ob de yaarth. Who eber saw de lan' rollin' ober de precipice like de water? See de mitey oshun. She hole up de ship full ob frate an' passengers widout props, an' yit de ship move along in de water if jus' a little wind touch her. Put de ship on de lan' an' load her; forty locomotives tear her all to pieces 'fore she move. Dr. Crane tells us dere's more wonders in one square foot ob water dan in forty rods ob lan'. He's right. Why, one night las' week I's ober to Doc Russell's house, an' de ole doctor he ax me would I like to see a drop ob water in his glass (his magnifyin' glass, I mean); I tole um sartinly. So he rig up de glass, an' when he get um all right, he tole me to take a good look. Wa'al, Mr. Chaarman, in dat *one drop* ob water I seed more wonders dan I eber saw in de hole course ob my life. Dere was a animal like a gran'mother's night-cap wid one string, a-scootin' roun' after another thing like a curry-comb wid a flounced handle. Dere was a year ob corn wid a ruffle down each side, an' de fuss ting I knowed a six-legged base-drum come swimmin' along an' jus' swallowed it. Talk about wonders on de lan'!—dey ain't a patchin' to de water."

Mr. Lewman said: "De fuss part ob Mr. Hunnicut's argyment seems to me is all for de lan'. Dere would be no Niagary or any odder falls if de lan' wasn't in such a mos' wonderful shape to make falls. De water falls cause *dat's its natcher.* Jus' look right here in Mount Vernon. Dere's Norton's Dam; dere's de same principle, de same law ob natcher. Take away de dam, de water is no more dan common water. No, Saar, dere's no wonder in de water at Niagary. De wonder is in de lan'."

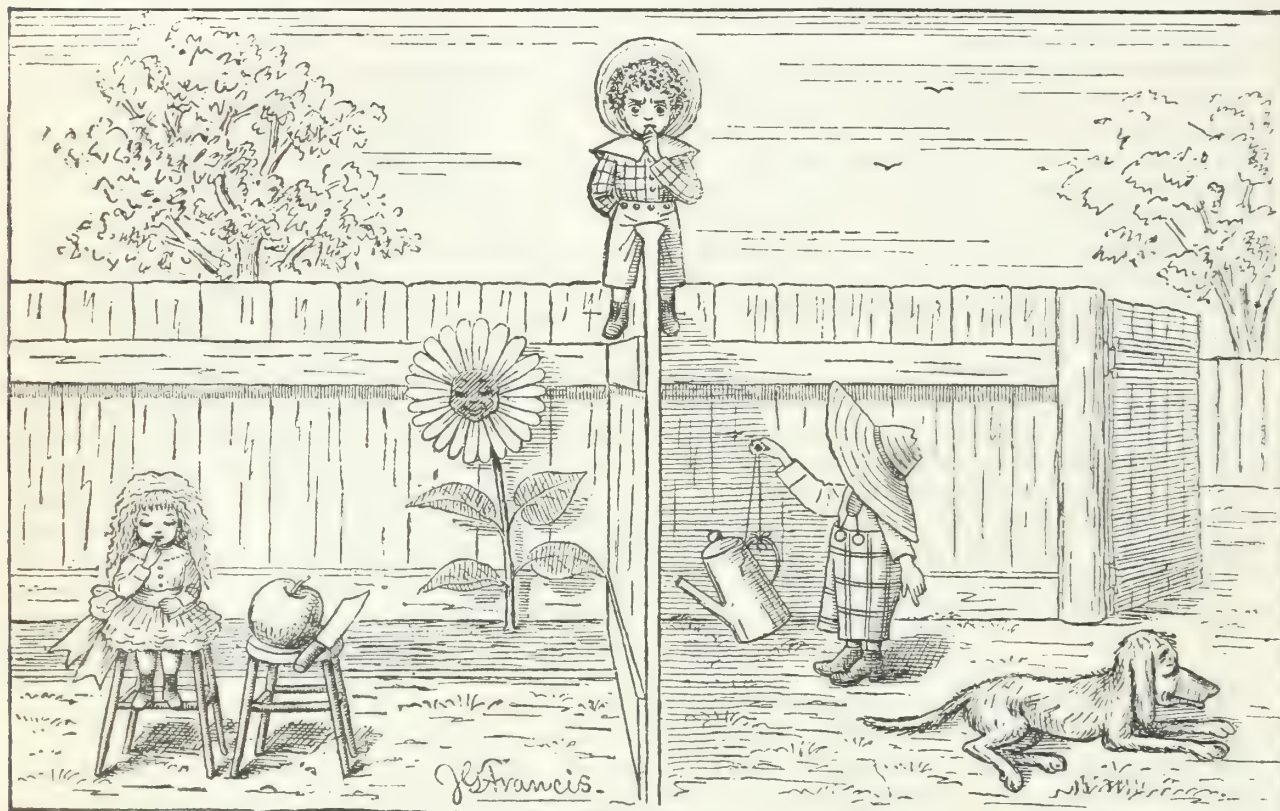
Dr. Crane said: "Perhaps it's not generally known, but still it is a fac', dat if it's not for de water in de air, we'd all die. Dere must be water in air we take into our lungs to sustain life. An' strange as it may seem, dere mus' be water in de



air to sustain combustion. You could not kindle a fire were it not for de aqueous gases ob de air. (By aqueous, I mean watery.) I call dat wonderful—I can see nothing like it in de lan'—dat de water which put out de fire is necessary to make de fire burn."

Mr. Morehouse said: "Mr. Chaarman, I hope dat you'll rule out all dat Dr. Crane jus' said. Instruct de committee not to take no 'count ob it. Sich talk's too much fool nonsense. (Excuse my

at de trees, de flowers, de grain, de cabbages, de inguns, dat spring up out ob de lan'. Look at de Mammoth Cave, more wonderful dan all de falls dat eber fell. See how dey bore in de groun' fifteen hundred feet an' more, an' out come coal-oil two thousan' bar'l a minit. I'd jus' like to see any dese water folks bore a hole fifteen hundred feet down into de ocean, an' *pump* out one gallon ob coal-oil in an hour. Can you dig down in de ocean or in de lakes, an' git out gold



WHICH?

spression, but I get so excited when I hear sich tomfoolery an' ridiculus slush in a 'spectable meetin' dat I forgets myself, an' don't know for de minit wedder I's drivin' mule waggin or in meetin'. Scuse me, an' I'll try to keep my feelin's down. But as I say, when sich trash is lugged in as sinsible argyment, it riles me.) Dr. Crane says we mus' hab water to breeve. I daar him to de trial. He may go down an' stick his college hed (excuse me, Saar), his eddicated hed, in de creek, an' take his breevin' dar, Saar, an' I'll take my stan' an' my breevin' on dis platform, by de stove, an' let de committee decide de case on de merits ob de proof on who holes out de longest. Den listen to what he sez about water makin' de fire burn. Did you eber—did you eber hyaar de like? Now, 'cordin' to Dr. Crane, sposen I wants to start a fire in dis yar stove. I gits some shavin's an' puts in, den some pine kindlin's, den berry carefully pour on a little, jus' a little, karysene, den puts on a few nice pieces ob coal, lights a match, sticks her to de shavin's, an' she don't burn; I lights a newspaper an' frows her under de grate; de shavin's don't light. I gits mad, an' I slaps in a bucket ob water, an' away she goes, all ablazin' in a second. Oh, shaw! sich bosh! Don't take no 'count ob dat. It *would* be a wonder if it was *true*; but, oh my! what cabbage it is! Judges, don't take no 'count ob sich idle talk. I say, Saar, dat de lan' produce de mos' wonders. Look

an' silber an' iron an' coal? Can you build a raleroad on de ocean, an' cut a tunnel thru de waters? No, Saar."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "It's jus' 'curred to my mind, on Mr. Morehouse speakin' 'bout de trees an' de grass an' de inguns an' cabbages, dat when I was out in de far Wes', I allus notice dat on de plains, on de mountains, any wheres away from de streems, no timber grows, no wegitation, no grass, mos'ly barr'n; but all along de streems dere's de grass, de trees, de wegitation. Why? 'Cause ob de moistureness, de water. So 'pears to me dat de cause ob all de b'utiful wegitation, after all, is de *water*. Ain't dat so, Saar?"

Several other speeches were made on both sides. No pen description can convey any idea of the "get up," the gestures, the intonations, and the style of the oratory. It must be seen and heard to be fully known. The committee decided about as follows: "De advocates ob water hab made a good showin', considerin' how little we really know about water. But as we is more sure ob de lan', we mus' decide in favor ob de lan', but recommend de water side as deserbin' high credit for deir investigations, an' de instruction an' edifyin' ob de meetin'."

## ERRATUM.

The title of the engraving on page 2 of our June number should have read, "Leyden Street," instead of "Pilgrim Hall, Court Street."



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CCCXXXIX.—AUGUST, 1878.—VOL. LVII.



CUPID SLEEPING.

[After an Engraving by Gandolfi from his own Design.]

## THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING.

THE golden age of engraving is sharply defined by the progress of the mechanical arts. The same age, and substantially the same invention, gave birth to the twin arts of printing and engraving—arts to which more than any others, perhaps, we owe the culture and taste which are the ornament of our modern civilization.

Papillon, a French engraver who died in 1723, speaks of an engraving dating back to the twelfth century. But inasmuch as he speaks from hearsay, his evidence is not deemed conclusive. It is known, however, that as early as the twelfth century the quaint designs upon playing-cards, and the no less quaint portraits of saints, were mul-

tiplied by engraving, and also that the Chinese practiced a crude form of the art from a very early date.

A wood-engraving of St. Christopher, discovered in a Carthusian monastery in Suabia, and now in the collection of Earl Spencer, was long supposed to be the most ancient example of engraving as a fine art; but prints have lately been discovered bearing dates as early as 1418 and 1406. It is worthy of remark that the earliest known specimen of the printer's art bears the same date as the St. Christopher just mentioned, namely, 1423.

Although the engraving of ornamental designs upon metal can be traced back to



remote antiquity, yet the valuable discovery that impressions from engraved plates could be taken upon paper was, like many valuable discoveries, accidental. This was the epoch as important to art as the discov-

of gold and silver plates by filling engraved lines with a black enamel, which was allowed to harden, and to obtain the effect of the design, it was his custom to rub soot and oil into the incisions before permanently filling



ST. JEROME IN PENITENCE.

[Engraved by Albert Dürer from his own Design.]

ery of printing was to knowledge, and both for the same reason, for now impressions from plates, like impressions from type, could be multiplied and diffused without limit. This most important invention is claimed for Tommaso Finiguerra, a Florentine goldsmith. Finiguerra practiced the decoration

them with the enamel, or *niello*. One of his plates thus filled was by chance laid face downward upon a sheet of paper, and when it was taken up—behold! the first impression from an engraved plate was seen upon the white surface.

The hint thus given was quickly improved



by the artists of that age; engraving upon metal plates began to take rank as a fine art, and the golden age of engraving dawned upon the world. To-day, four centuries after, the ray of light which prints its image upon the sensitive plate of the camera falls aslant upon the fading glory of the art. Raphael Morghen, one of the last of the great engravers, died in 1833, and in 1839 Daguerre announced to the world the discovery of photography.

The engraving, according to Charles Sumner, is not a copy or imitation of the original represented, but a translation into another language, where light and shade supply the place of color. It does not reproduce the original picture except in drawing and expression; but as Bryant's Homer and Longfellow's Dante are presentations of the great originals in another language, so the engraving is a presentation of the painting in another material, which is another language. And it is here, as the translator and multiplier of the masterpieces of painting, that engraving finds its true sphere; so that we may define its excellence thus: a great painting reproduced by a great engraver.

Every one has heard and used that well-sounding phrase, "the old masters." A parvenu mother, upon whom her new riches sat awkwardly, desiring to say something fine, told the company that she went to Europe to have her children's portraits painted by "the old masters!" But she could not turn back "the forward-flowing tide of time," for Raphael and Titian and Rembrandt, whose pencils could have made her children's names enduring, were dead for centuries, though the "immortal part of them" is with us still.

The latter part of the fifteenth century was prolific in artistic genius. Truly "there were giants in those days." Albert Dürer, the father of the German school, was born in 1471. That sublime genius Michael Angelo in 1474. Titian, the great Venetian colorist, in 1477. Raphael, "the prince of painters," in 1483. Rubens was born just three hundred years ago; and Rembrandt, "the inspired Dutchman," in 1606. Those great masters fully understood the value of that art which could multiply their designs. And so we find Raphael employing Marc Antonio Raimondi to engrave for him; Titian had Cornelius Cort working in his own house; Rubens formed and educated a notable school of engravers; while Dürer and Rembrandt engraved their own designs in such a masterly manner that, though so unlike, they are the two greatest names in engraving.

A fine engraving is, perhaps more than any other work of fine art, a triumph. What the painter achieves by the use of a thousand tints, and the sculptor or architect by projecting his thought with the substantial

attribute of form, the engraver presents with equal effect upon the plain surface of the paper with printer's ink alone. By the alchemy of his art, the black line of the graver is transmuted to the rosy blush on beauty's cheek, the soft beaming of the blue eye, the shimmer of golden tresses, the tints of sun-kissed flowers, or the cool green of forest leaves playing hide-and-seek among the lights and shadows of the woods. At the touch of his magic wand the almost inspired plate bursts into vistas, long lines stretch away and melt in the distance. Face or figure, landscape or sea view, city, palace, or cathedral, seems solid as the great globe itself, nor can the reason persuade the sight that the scene before it is only a white plane lined and dotted with black.

At the present day no one thinks of inquiring who was the engraver of a plate after Landseer, or Turner, or Meissonier; often these modern prints are no better than composite pieces of manufacture, combining machine-work with line, etching, and mezzotint; but the old engravers were themselves consummate artists, who ranked as to skill with the great painters whose works they translated, and some of them even improved on their archetypes, emphasizing merits and suppressing defects. Such engravings are designated not so much from the painter as from the engraver, so that we speak of Müller's "Sistine Madonna," and not Raphael's, and Morghen's "Last Supper," and not Leonardo da Vinci's.

A recent French writer has well said that an engraving fills a place midway between a painting and a book: while it lacks color, it compensates for this by its more familiar character; it is more portable, it is more companionable, it does not require to be hung in a certain light, and, more than all, it is attainable, and may be possessed by almost any one. Thus the sublime compositions of the old masters, once confined to the galleries of the great, or only known to the world by inadequate copies, are, thanks to the old engravers, left as an inheritance to all lovers of beauty; the engraving goes where the painting can not go, and where the painting is silent the engraving speaks with the familiarity of a printed book. These translations of the painters' masterpieces, coming down to us through the loving hands of generation after generation of art-collectors, must be to us in America the chief source of our art knowledge, as they are in some instances the only records of originals which have long since perished.

It is the fault of some writers on the subject, as it is the infirmity of some zealous collectors, to attach importance to mere rarity rather than to artistic excellence. An intelligent amateur, in speaking on this subject, has said that it was sometimes this very inferiority that caused their rarity, because



when they were first produced they did not please the purchasers, and so only a few were printed; and he emphasized his point with a pun by adding: "They are *rare* because they are not *well done*."

of the Sistine Madonna, and many important plates have occupied their engravers from three to five years. For this reason, if for no other, fine line engraving may be almost numbered among the lost arts; for when a



FLAGELLATION OF CHRIST.

[Engraved by Martin Schöngauer from his own Design.]

But apart from its higher merit as a picture, a good engraving is a marvel of beautiful mechanism. It requires an amount of painstaking skill and labor that seems almost incredible. Friedrich Müller devoted six years of constant work to his great plate

painting can be photographed in three minutes, or copied in chromo-lithography or machine-work at a very small expense, no engraver could afford to spend years in study and preparation, and then years working upon a single plate. Owing to these causes,



two of our well-known painters, Durand and Casilear, abandoned line engraving, though they were both engravers of marked ability. Thus the masterpieces of the engraver's art will be the masterpieces always.

In line engraving, which is the highest style of the art, the effect is produced by incisions on a copper or steel plate, cut by the graver or burin, and the various effects of light and shade, distance and perspective, the textures of drapery and accessories, flesh-tints, and the expression of features, are all produced by a corresponding

desired, the plate is cleaned from the acid and wax, and is then ready to be printed from in the same manner as a line engraving.

From the difference of the two processes it will be seen that the characteristics of line engraving are beautiful precision and symmetry of form, while the etching excels in freedom and sketchiness; and while long years of practice are essential to the former, the latter can be produced, after a little technical study, by any one who can draw. Hence when a painter undertakes to engrave one of his own designs, he naturally



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT, ETCHED BY HIMSELF.

variety of lines engraved into the plate. To take an impression from this plate its surface is covered with a thick oily ink so that all the lines are effectually filled. As this smears the entire plate, the printer next rubs off the superfluous ink, first with a cloth, and then with the palms of his hands. The surface is now clean, but the ink still remains in all the lines or incisions. The sheet of paper which is to receive the impression is then damped, and laid upon the plate, and both are passed under a roller, the result being that the ink is transferred from the incisions in the plate to the sheet of paper.

Next in importance to line engraving comes etching, and some authorities give this process the first place. In etching the plate is first covered with a coat of wax or resin, which is dissolved by heat, and allowed to harden. The tool used is the point, or etching-needle. With this the lines and dots of the design are traced through the wax on to the surface of the copper plate. Aquafortis is then poured on, and this powerful acid eats into the copper wherever a line has been made, the wax meanwhile protecting the other parts. After repeated bitings by aquafortis, according to the effect

resorts to etching; on the other hand, when a professional engraver undertakes to make an elaborate reproduction of an important painting, line engraving is employed. The late M. Thiers, who was a high authority on matters of art, esteemed etching even before painting itself, as the freshest and directest exponent of a painter's art inspirations.

The mezzotint process was carried to great perfection about a century ago in England. The plate is first roughened uniformly all over, so that if it were then inked and printed from, it would print a solid black; the rough surface is then scraped away according to the effect required, those parts most smoothed taking up the least ink, and so producing the highest lights, while the parts least scraped away produce the deepest shadows.

In stipple engraving the effect is produced entirely by dots or holes punched into the plate; it has been much used for the flesh parts in portraits, but very few of the prints in stipple-work have a reputation in art, except, perhaps, the graceful vignettes engraved by Bartolozzi toward the end of the last century.

Bank-note engraving has reached its high-



est perfection in America. The plates and dies are engraved on steel in the line manner; in addition to this, beautiful mechanical effects are produced by the complicated geometrical lathe. Except with regard to bank-note work, the phrase "a steel engraving" is only a figure of speech; what are so called are really engraved on copper, which is a much mellower material to work in than steel. All the great prints of former ages were done on copper plates, and not on steel, as is commonly supposed.

In briefly reviewing the most famous engravers we may divide them for convenience into two general classes—those who flourished before the middle of the seventeenth century, and those who appeared in the succeeding two hundred years. The works of the former class, representing as they do the birth, infancy, and youth of the art, are peculiarly interesting to the studious connoisseur; they include nearly all the famous "painter-engravers"—those who engraved their own designs. Among the critical books of reference on this class of artists one work is pre-eminent; it is *Le Peintre-Graveur*, in twenty-one volumes, by Adam Bartsch, who was the curator of the great collection at Vienna. Bartsch's work, which is written in French, is indispensable to every collector of the older engravings; it is a marvel of critical research, giving a minute description of all the works of each engraver, and describing the earlier and later "states" of each plate, as well as designating the numerous counterfeits that have been made upon the most admired old prints; but as the work only treats of the artists who engraved their own designs, it has no information upon the great line engravers who have reproduced the masterpieces of painting. As a general book of reference upon the line engravers as well as upon the great painters, *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* is considered the best.

To commence with the earliest engravers of whom we have any record, Finiguerra, who has been already mentioned as the discoverer of the art, took impressions on paper about the year 1440. One very beautiful print of his is preserved in the great public collection in Paris; it is a small composition representing the Nativity, etc., and is crowded with figures. His immediate followers in Italy were Andrea Mantegna, who was born at Padua in 1431, and Baccio Baldini, who was his contemporary. Fifty years later appeared the greatest of the old Italian engravers in Marc Antonio Raimondi, who was born at Bologna in 1487, and died in 1536. Among collectors of the oldest engravings, Marc Antonio is a great name, ranking with Albert Dürer and Rembrandt. Early in his career he attracted the attention of Raphael, and that master, recogniz-

ing the value of engraving as a vehicle for multiplying his designs, gave Marc Antonio employment under his own supervision. So exquisitely correct is the drawing of his figures that connoisseurs profess to see the magic hand of Raphael himself in those faultless outlines. A fine impression of this engraver's portrait of the poet Aretino, the friend of Titian, has been recently sold at auction in London for £780 sterling. Marc Antonio was the founder of a renowned school.

Of contemporary German engravers Martin Schöngauer comes earliest. His prints, which are very scarce and high-priced, show force and originality, as well as great technical skill in the use of the graver; but the work of all these early German masters is stiff and Gothic in style, though indicating an admirable sincerity and directness of purpose.

But the greatest name in this connection is that of Albert Dürer, who was born in the quaint old city of Nuremberg in 1471. Dürer found the art of engraving in its infancy, and carried the technical fineness of it to a perfection that has never been surpassed. His journals and the records of his life show him to have been a devout, sincere, and true-hearted man. It has been recorded by his friend Pirkheimer that Dürer's life was embittered and shortened by that dreadful ill, a "nagging" wife; and much ink has been shed to prove, on the one hand, that Agnes did, and, on the other, that she did not, lead our artist a terrible life. In some of Dürer's best prints, such as the "Knight of Death" and the "Melancholia," there is a mystical obscurity that has piqued and baffled the curiosity of his most earnest students.

Lucas van Leyden was the friend of Dürer. His prints, while retaining their individuality, are of the same general character.

The works of all these early masters are very costly, and are better adapted for the portfolios of the professed collector than for decorative purposes, their small size and minuteness of subject rendering them unfit for framing. A perfect impression of one of the best prints by Dürer or Marc Antonio will readily bring from three to five hundred dollars.

It was not till the early part of the seventeenth century that stars of the first magnitude again appeared. And in that bright galaxy the brightest name is that of Rembrandt. This wonderful genius was born in Holland in 1606. Discarding the slow and laborious practice of the burin, he had recourse to etching, which process he carried to a height which places him alone as the great representative etcher for all time.

Rembrandt's etchings exhibit the same qualities and defects as his paintings. He despised grace and beauty of form as we now understand them. His figures are un-



couth and clumsy. An ugly old woman was to him a far more attractive model than a fair young girl; but he saw and expressed the dignity of old age and wrinkles as no artist

of ear, eye, paw, and whisker proper to our own particular Tabby in her philosophic moods.

At this period the genius of Rubens began



CHRIST AND THE TRIBUTE-MONEY.

[Etched by Rembrandt.]

before or since has done; and the magic effect of his light and shade, the sincerity and truthfulness of his composition, and the felicitous effect of his apparently random lines, all bear the stamp of a great master.

As an example of his genius, the etching of Christ presented by Pilate to the people, known as the "Great Ecce Homo," may be cited. It is a grand composition: the surging mass of the populace in the foreground; the cruel priests and Pharisees importuning Pilate; Pilate himself, false, vacillating, and temporizing; and, above all, the Man of Sorrows, crowned with thorns, and looking upward with a wearied and hunted expression that goes straight to the heart.

Contemporary with Rembrandt was another Dutch artist, Cornelius Visscher, who combined in his prints the graver and etching-point in an original and very effective manner. His best engravings are those from his own designs. Of these the "Pancake Woman" and the "Rat-Catcher" are the most admired. But we turn with a peculiar liking to his less pretentious print of an old cat taking her noonday nap, while a gray old veteran of the rat-hole steals out behind her. This quaint little print has the effect of a familiar family portrait. Visscher's cat is *our* cat, with the very tricks

to assert itself, and no artist has had his paintings so well rendered by contemporary engravers as he. The best engraver of the Rubens school was Schelte a Bolswert; but Paul Pontius, Vorstermans, and Suyderhoef have also done excellent work.

Leaving the Dutch and German schools, and turning to the France of two hundred years ago, we find Louis XIV. on the throne, and Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, and Molière adorning literature with their splendid works, and we also find a school of engravers who may well claim fellowship in genius with those immortal names.

These eminent artists chiefly excelled in the delineation of the human face; never before nor since have such portraits been produced. They are embellished with all the resources of the art. Many of those prints represent personages who then filled a large place in the eyes of the world, but whose names are now only remembered in connection with their portraits; but we have also preserved to us the lineaments of men such as La Fontaine, Colbert, and Bossuet, whose places in the Temple of Fame are assured. Art at this period was elaborate and florid, as were literature, manners, and dress, and those engravers, to whom no technical difficulty was an obstacle, revelled in the re-



production of costume and accessories. The personage represented is usually resplendent with all the bravery of fur, lace, brocade, and velvet, while all the surroundings are rich and gorgeous.

service, had a pension settled on him, and later he received a patent of nobility. Of his numerous portraits, that of Philippe de Champagne is allowed to be the finest; but there are others of great merit, such as that



MOSES.

[Painted by Philippe de Champagne, and Engraved by Edelinck in 1699.]

Of these engravers Gerard Edelinck deserves the first place. Born at Antwerp in 1627, he was, while yet a young man, invited to Paris by Colbert, the great minister, who did so much to encourage art, and during the remainder of a life prolonged to eighty years he was identified with the French school. Edelinck was taken into the king's

of his patron Colbert, Vanden Baugart the sculptor, the architect Mansard, Pierre de Montarsis, and Dilgerus. Edelinck did not confine himself, however, to portraits. His print of the "Fight for the Standard," after the celebrated cartoon of Leonardo da Vinci, may be taken as a model of bold and vigorous work, while his "Moses," after Philippe



de Champagne, is full of a serene beauty. This latter was engraved in conjunction with Nanteuil, an engraver who well deserves to rank with the best.

During the forty-eight years of Nanteuil's life he executed as many as two hundred and eighty plates, nearly all portraits, and most of them from his own drawings from life.

years later than Nanteuil. For brilliant hardihood of line, Masson is conspicuous, but, in his larger portraits especially, his very ability defeated its object, for he made the accessories so brilliant as sometimes to call the eye away from the features themselves. One of his smaller portraits, however—that of Brisacier, known as the “Gray-



THE SLEEPING CAT.

[Engraved by Cornelius Visscher from his own Design.]

Nanteuil's abilities were refined by a classical education, and his correct taste restrained him from running into the prevailing fashion of meretricious ornamentation. He usually represented his personages within a neat oval of about seven by nine inches. His works illustrate the reign of Louis XIV., and are all, without exception, fine. His print of Pompone de Bellièvre is considered by some authorities to be the most beautiful engraved portrait that exists. In this it contests the palm with Edelinck's Philippe de Champagne, Masson's “Gray-haired Man,” and Drevet's Bossuet. This portrait of Pompone de Bellièvre, on account of its rarity, is dear and difficult to procure; but there are others by Nanteuil more easily found that may well serve as specimens of his beautiful and artistic work. Among these may be mentioned the Duc de Nemours, Le Tellier, René de Longueil, the Marquis de Maisons, Pierre Lallemant, and Louis XIV.

Antoine Masson was born in 1636, six

years later than Nanteuil. For brilliant hardihood of line, Masson is conspicuous, but, in his larger portraits especially, his very ability defeated its object, for he made the accessories so brilliant as sometimes to call the eye away from the features themselves. One of his smaller portraits, however—that of Brisacier, known as the “Gray-

haired Man”—ranks as a masterpiece; while it is a marvel of technical skill, it is at the same time free from the *bizarre* effect of some of his life-size heads. Soon after the death of Edelinck the family of Drevet appeared. The elder Drevet produced some fine works, notably the large full-length portrait of Le Grand Monarque, Louis XIV. That much-flattered potentate is represented standing in all the glory of ermine, lace, and wig, his face indicating the unbounded conceit and selfishness which were so characteristic of him. It is with this portrait that Thackeray made such a felicitous hit in his *Paris Sketch-Book*, where he represents, side by side, first Louis le Grand in all his glory; then a miserable little decrepit old man; and thirdly, the same gorgeous habiliments, wig, and high-heeled shoes, but with the man left out of them.

The younger Drevet even improved on the splendid technics of his predecessors—gilding their refined gold. In the representation of such materials as fur and lace he is



unequalled, though he duly subordinated all to the features of his subjects. All this engraver's works are so fine that it is not easy to designate the best; but his full-length portrait of the eloquent Bishop Bossuet is a masterpiece; while still more interesting is that of the beautiful and ill-fated tragédienne Adrienne Lecouvreur, whose love for Maréchal Saxe, and untimely death, are themselves a tragedy more affecting than

self in Paris, he devoted his long life of ninety-one years to the art in which he so greatly excelled. His neat and careful style was adapted to pictures of the school of Gerard Dow, as well as to elaborate portraits, and there is no engraver whose works are more eagerly sought and more universally admired. A complete mention of the favorite prints by this artist would exhaust the entire catalogue of his works. His



THE WINDER.

[Painted by Gerard Dow, and Engraved by John George Wille.]

any she simulated on the stage. The younger Drevet died at Paris in 1739, at the early age of forty-two, and with him closed the golden age of French portrait engraving.

But Paris soon again became the centre of the art, which was quickened into new life by an engraver of original genius, who attracted to him pupils from all parts of Europe, so that he became the father of the great school of engravers that flourished in France, Germany, and Italy about the end of the last century. This eminent master was John George Wille, who was born at Königsberg in 1717, but establishing him-

"Satin Gown" and the "Travelling Musicians" are his acknowledged masterpieces, but not less worthy of praise are the "Death of Marc Antony," "La Liseuse" and "La Dévideuse" (two studies of the mother of Gerard Dow), "The Family Concert," and the small pair entitled "The Good Woman of Normandy" and her "Sister"—two "magnificently ugly old women"—from the designs of P. A. Wille, the engraver's son.

The subsequent history of line engraving on the continent of Europe may be almost traced in the history of the pupils of Wille. Clément Charles Bervic added boldness to







Wille, and yet he is an engraver of the first order; no other has rendered the works of Raphael so well as he. His full-length portrait of Napoleon in his coronation robes is a worthy pendant to Bervic's Louis XVI., while his print of blind Belisarius, after Gérard, may be taken as a typical example of line engraving at its best.

Another of Wille's pupils was John Gott-hard Müller, whose abilities were overshadowed by those of his own son and pupil, Friedrich Müller. This wonderful engraver was born at Stuttgart in 1783. His short life is identified with his great work of engraving Raphael's Sistine Madonna, which places him at the head of all modern engravers. Six years before his death he was commissioned by Rittner, of Dresden, to engrave that inspired picture, which is the pride of the Dresden Gallery. His very existence seemed wrapped up in the execution of this plate; he worked upon it day and night with the same self-consuming zeal that Mozart expended on the "Requiem," which proved to be his own. When the plate was finished he took it to Rittner; but the man of business refused it, on the ground that the lines were so delicately cut that it would not print a sufficient number of impressions. Every line had to be deepened; and this thankless toil broke the heart of poor Müller. He bore up till his task was finished, and then he sank into the gloom of hopeless insanity, and died the very day that the first proof of his plate was printed in Paris. It was hung over his bier as he lay dead.

But it was in Italy, toward the end of the last century, that engravers arose who, from our point of view, have given the world the most beautiful examples of great paintings reproduced by great engravers. Without losing sight of the precious work of old Dürer and his contemporaries, or of the unsurpassed technique of Edelinck, Drevet, and Wille, yet it must be said that the best examples of beautiful pictures beautifully engraved are to be found among the works of the Italian engravers from Raphael Morghen to Toschi. They may not be such curiosities as the earlier prints, but to all who love a work of art for its beauty rather than for its rarity they are the best, being better adapted for framing and decorative purposes than any others.

Probably no engraver has so large a following of admirers as Raphael Morghen, who was born at Florence in 1758. This is partly due to his soft and captivating style, and partly to his excellent judgment in the choice of subjects. Morghen has preserved to the world the almost extinct glories of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" in a plate which alone would have made the reputation of any engraver. Other fine examples of his work are the "Aurora" of Guido, and

the pair, after Poussin, of the "Repose in Egypt" and the "Dance of the Hours." Of his numerous portraits that of Leonardo da Vinci is the most admired. In contemplating this serene and noble countenance we can well believe that this grand old man was great as painter, philosopher, and poet. A monument in the Church of Santa Croce—the Westminster Abbey of Florence—places Raphael Morghen among the mighty dead of Italy. He had numerous imitators and scholars, of whom Folo and Bettelini are perhaps the best.

But a contemporary Milanese engraver was much more successful as the founder of a school. This was Giuseppe Longhi—"the unsurpassed Longhi," as a recent writer calls him. He and his followers, Garavaglia, the brothers Anderloni, Rosaspina, and Gandolfi, have given to the world some of the very best reproductions of the beautiful Italian paintings. From their grace and loveliness, they are specially adapted for making the home beautiful. As examples of this Milanese school may be mentioned Longhi's "Sposalizio," after Raphael, and the "Reclining Magdalen," after Correggio; Pietro Anderloni's "Adoring Angels," after Titian, and his "Judgment of Solomon," after Raphael; Garavaglia's "Meeting of Jacob and Rachel," after Albani; Rosaspina's "Dance of the Cupids," also after Albani, and Gandolfi's "Sleeping Cupid," from his own design.

The last of the great Italian engravers was Paolo Toschi, pupil of Bervic, who was himself a pupil of Wille. It remained for Toschi to discover in the lovely frescoes of Correggio, at Parma, a mine of the richest ore, which his predecessors for more than three centuries had scarcely touched. The "Madonna della Scala," the "Incoronata," and the pair of groups of cherubs may be cited as examples of what Toschi has done for Correggio—and for Art.

Before leaving Italy we must go back a hundred and fifty years to consider an artist who was "a law unto himself," in that his prints are totally different in manner and effect from all others. His countrymen, from Morghen to Toschi, loved to present the soft and sensuous beauty of the human face and form, but Piranesi devoted his life to etching the magnificent ruins and edifices of his native country. His plates are of large size, and are etched with so much picturesque boldness and ruggedness that he well deserves his *sobriquet* of the Rembrandt of architecture.

Nothing has yet been said of the British school. It has, however, produced at least two line engravers of the first rank—Sir Robert Strange and William Sharp—and in the two departments of mezzotint and landscape it far excels the Continental.

Strange had a style of his own—rich, soft,





BÉLISAIRE

BELISARIUS.

[Painted by F. Gérard, and Engraved by Auguste Desnoyers.]

and peculiarly adapted to the rendering of flesh-tints. He has engraved more than fifty important plates, chiefly after the great Italian masters. All of his works are highly esteemed by connoisseurs.

William Sharp, who was born in London in 1746, may be called the greatest English engraver. In his excellent essay on "The Best Portraits in Engraving," the late Charles Sumner says of Sharp: "He ascended to the heights of art, showing a power rarely equalled; his works are constant in character and expression, with every possible excellence of execution: face, form, and drapery—all are as in nature." And then he goes

on to eulogize Sharp's famous portrait of John Hunter, the eminent surgeon, calling it "unquestionably the foremost portrait in British art, and the co-equal companion of the great portraits of the past." Among other masterpieces by Sharp may be mentioned "The Doctors of the Church," after Guido, and the very striking print, after Salvator Rosa, of Diogenes looking for an honest man. In this we see the grim old cynic, lantern in hand, making his way through the market-place of Athens, apparently regardless of the sneers of the by-standers.

In London, about a century ago, under the judicious management of John Boydell, the

BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
LIB.



publisher, both mezzotint and landscape engraving reached their zenith. Of landscape engravers William Woollett is *facile princeps*; his works have always been held in

something very inferior. This general opinion is probably occasioned by the wretched mezzotints that have been produced in this country, but in England the finest prints in



EDUCATION OF ACHILLES BY THE CENTAUR.

[Engraved by Bervic.]

the highest estimation. His print of "Roman Edifices in Ruins," after Claude, is perhaps the finest landscape in engraving. Contemporary with Woollett were John Browne, Mason, Peake, and Vivares, who have all left us excellent landscapes.

Americans of to-day make a great mistake in disparaging all mezzotint engraving as

this style are and have always been highly esteemed, and a fine engraving by Earlom, Green, or Pether would convince any one that a good mezzotint is in no respect a second-rate production.

While in our day high-class line engraving has become almost a lost art, a school of artist-etchers has arisen in France which is



doing great things. These etchings come directly from the hand that designs them while the art idea is yet warm and fresh, and such eminent painters as Meissonier,

of engravings. It is not essential that they must be "proofs," though proofs, being the very earliest impressions taken from the plate, are naturally the finest. But a bad



DIOGENES IN SEARCH OF AN HONEST MAN.

[Painted by Salvator Rosa, and Engraved by William Sharp.]

Gustave Doré, and D'Aubigny do not disdain to resort to the etching-needle. In no other way can so much really good art be owned at so small an outlay as in a portfolio of modern etchings. Hamerton's admirable book on *Etching and Etchers* has done much to advance the taste for those beautiful works.

A word of suggestion as to the selection

or worn impression should not be tolerated, no matter how cheap it is. Such a print is known by its general effect of weakness and paleness; the figures have lost their roundness, and the perspective is almost gone. Especially among old engravings are bad impressions to be avoided.

Modern impressions taken from such old plates as still exist are also worthless. A





THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS.  
[Engraved by John George Wille.]

print, to be as it should be, must have been printed at the time it was engraved. Modern impressions are readily known by the paper on which they are printed.

Another necessary warning is against "retouched" impressions; many plates have been thus ruined, when, after they have begun to wear out from use, they have been recut in the worn parts by incompetent hands. The effect of a retouched impression is dull, heavy, and disagreeable; all the harmony and beauty of the plate are gone. It is only fine original impressions in good

condition that worthily represent the great engravers.

What is to-day the situation of engraving, considered as a fine art? There is perhaps only one man surviving who deserves to rank with those who have passed away, and he—the German Mandel—has said, "When I die there will be no more." Seventy years ago, Morghen, Longhi, Bartolozzi, and Sharp were still living. But the glory has departed from the graver, and who is he who will take it up where the Masters laid it down?



## THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

NESTLING down in the bosom of the Alleghanies, and overshadowed by blue mountains, the little valley in which the famous White Sulphur fountain bubbles up is a jewel of natural loveliness, and even without the attraction of its remarkable waters would charm by its freshness, beauty, and repose. In this quiet nook one stands face to face with nature, and nature in her aspect of greatest picturesqueness, her most

of thousands from this country and Europe. Other circumstances have combined with rapid transit to make the place popular. It has all at once lost in a great measure its sectional character, and become cosmopolitan. In former years the company consisted almost wholly of Southerners—planters especially, from the Gulf States and Tide-water Virginia, flying from malaria or seeking social enjoyment. Now the West and the North send their yearly delegations. The war, first imbittering, has ended by in a measure unifying the sections; and



HOTEL AND GROUNDS.

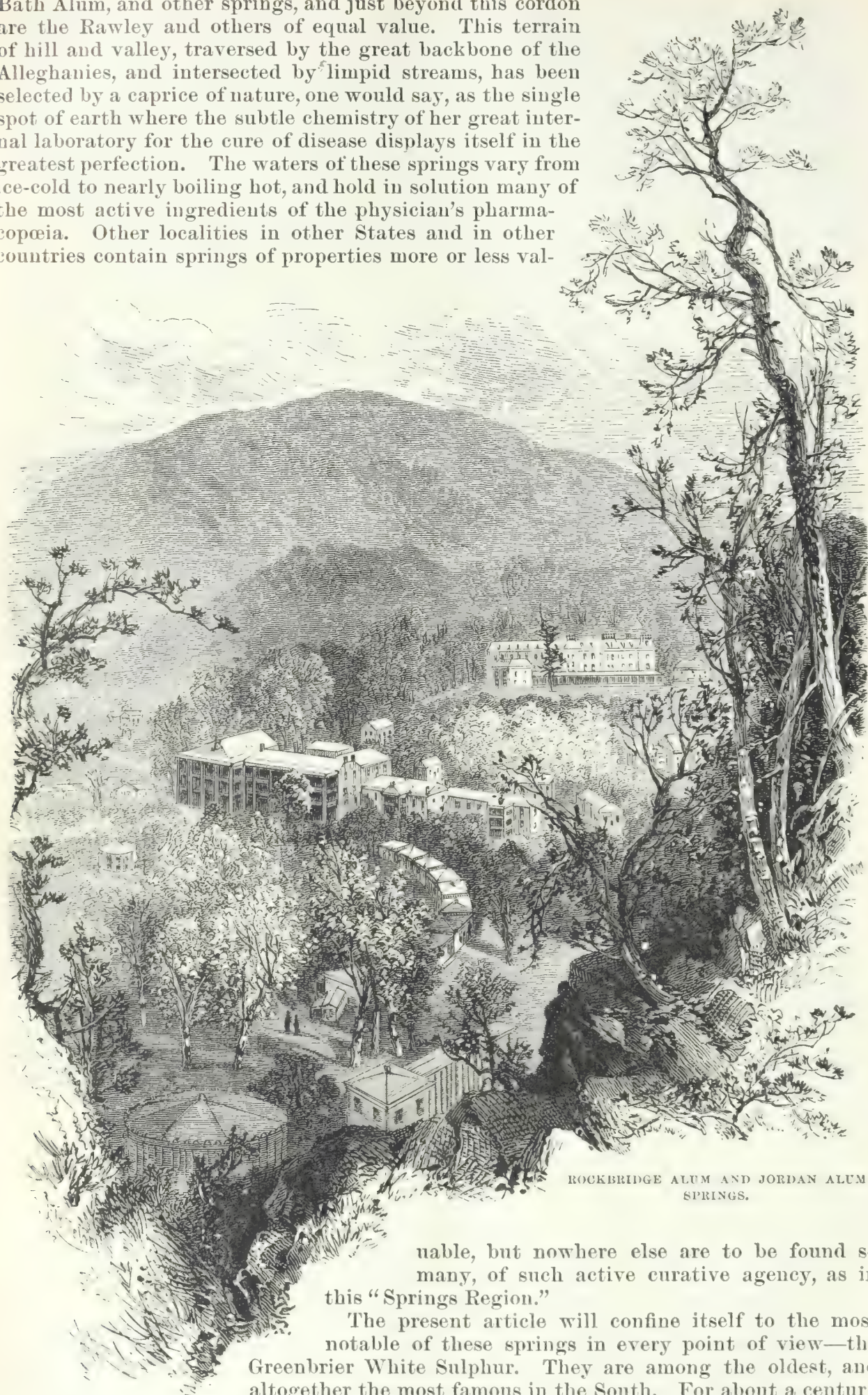
wooding attraction. The spot has the first and most important elements of a summer resort—remoteness from cities, landscape beauty, and a delicious atmosphere. Add to these, for the pleasure-seeker, the presence here for many months yearly of the most agreeable society, and, for the invalid, mineral waters unequalled for their efficacy in many of the most distressing ailments that flesh is heir to, and the fame of the place will be explained. The "White" has indeed become one of the most celebrated watering-places not only of this country, but of the world, and this celebrity, great as it is, is probably only in its infancy. Many hundreds of miles from the Atlantic cities, and perched in its fastnesses two thousand feet above the sea, it was long inaccessible almost, beyond its mountain barrier which no railway had pierced; but this obstacle is now overcome; a continuous line of railway connects it with the East and the West; and with the ever-growing facilities of travel, it promises to become the resort

in the near future the White Sulphur is almost certain to become the great watering-place of the continent.

The "Old White," as the Southerners affectionately style it, is in the centre of a remarkable district of country known as the "Springs Region." This district contains more numerous and valuable mineral waters than any other, as far as we now know, on the globe. Grouped together within a contracted territory—a radius of about forty miles embracing them all—are the Hot, the Warm, the Healing, the Old Sweet, the Sweet Chalybeate, the Salt Sulphur, the Red Sulphur, the Blue Sulphur, the Rockbridge and Jordan Alum, the Rockbridge Baths, the Roanoke, the Montgomery White, the



Bath Alum, and other springs, and just beyond this cordon are the Rawley and others of equal value. This terrain of hill and valley, traversed by the great backbone of the Alleghanies, and intersected by limpid streams, has been selected by a caprice of nature, one would say, as the single spot of earth where the subtle chemistry of her great internal laboratory for the cure of disease displays itself in the greatest perfection. The waters of these springs vary from ice-cold to nearly boiling hot, and hold in solution many of the most active ingredients of the physician's pharmacopœia. Other localities in other States and in other countries contain springs of properties more or less val-



ROCKBRIDGE ALUM AND JORDAN ALUM  
SPRINGS.

uable, but nowhere else are to be found so many, of such active curative agency, as in this "Springs Region."

The present article will confine itself to the most notable of these springs in every point of view—the Greenbrier White Sulphur. They are among the oldest, and altogether the most famous in the South. For about a century now the waters have been used with ever-increasing reputation; and peculiarly suited as they are to the nervous and other diseases resulting from the headlong pace of modern life, it is probable that they will be sought after more and more in the future.

The "White" was unknown to white people before about the middle of the last cen-





KATE'S MOUNTAIN, FROM HOWARD'S CREEK.

ture. But tradition declares that time out of mind it had been the favorite resort of the Shawnees, who looked upon it as a "medicine water" of the first value. The discovery of the region is attributed to a lunatic who wandered away from Frederick County into the wilderness, and on his return made such glowing reports of the beauty and fertility of the country that settlers resorted thither. In 1769 General John Lewis obtained a grant of 40,000 acres, and proceeded to colonize it. Of these early years some traditions linger both comic and heroic. One of the former is that the first two settlers, Marlin and Sewell, who were New Englanders, quarrelled and separated, but continued to live near each other, one in a cabin and the other in a hollow tree, and to salute each other with great politeness every morning, beyond which their association did not advance. It is also related that Greenbrier River received its name from General Lewis, who tore his clothes in some brambles on its banks, and therefore called it *Greenbrier*.

A single heroic incident, relating as it does to "Kate's Mountain," at the White Sulphur, is worthy of record as a leaf of old times. It dates back to the period when the region was like the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky. A brave mountaineer living near the springs received sudden intelligence that the Indians were advancing. A block-house near Covington was the only place of refuge, and he said to his

wife, "Kate, I'll carry our children to the fort first, and then come back for you." Taking the children, he hastened toward the fort. The Indians made their appearance; the mother fled for refuge to the mountain afterward known by her name, and thence to the fort, and here, when attacked by the savages, she continued to mould bullets even after her husband was killed. Thence the name of "Kate's Mountain;" and the legend has the brave ring of old days, though one vainly asks why brave Mrs. Kate did not *accompany* husband and children. To inquire thus, however, were to inquire too curiously. There seems no doubt of the truth of the legend. This brave settler and his wife were the grandfather and grandmother of James Caldwell, Esq., a gentleman of great worth and ability, who may be called the true founder of the prosperity of the White Sulphur.

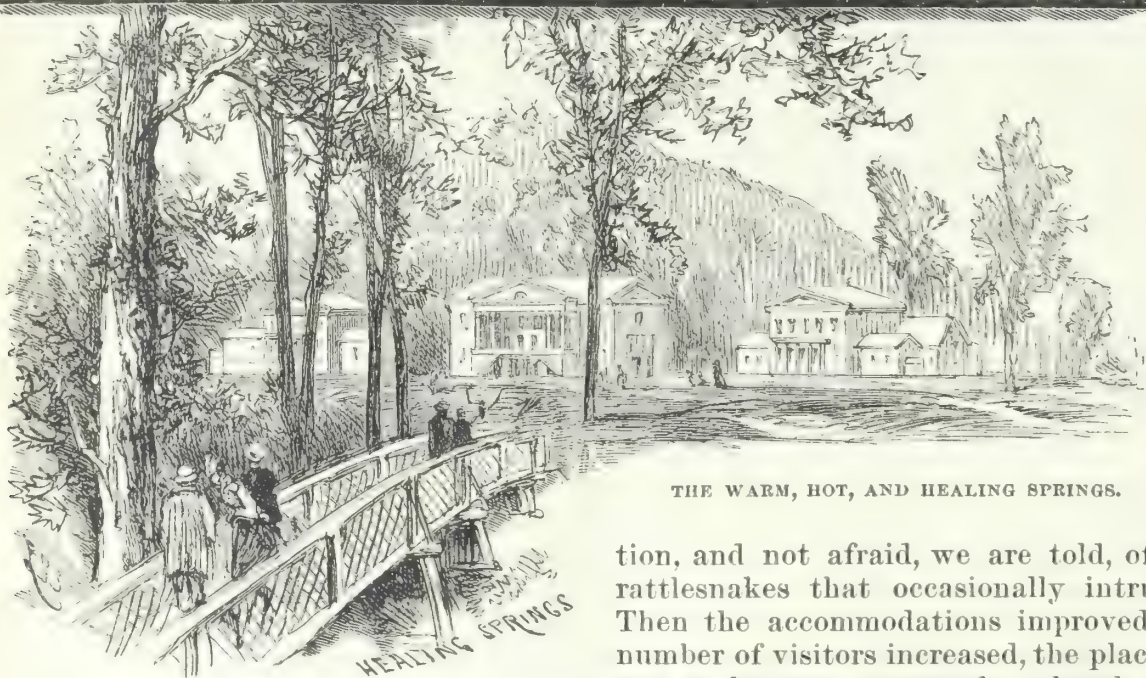
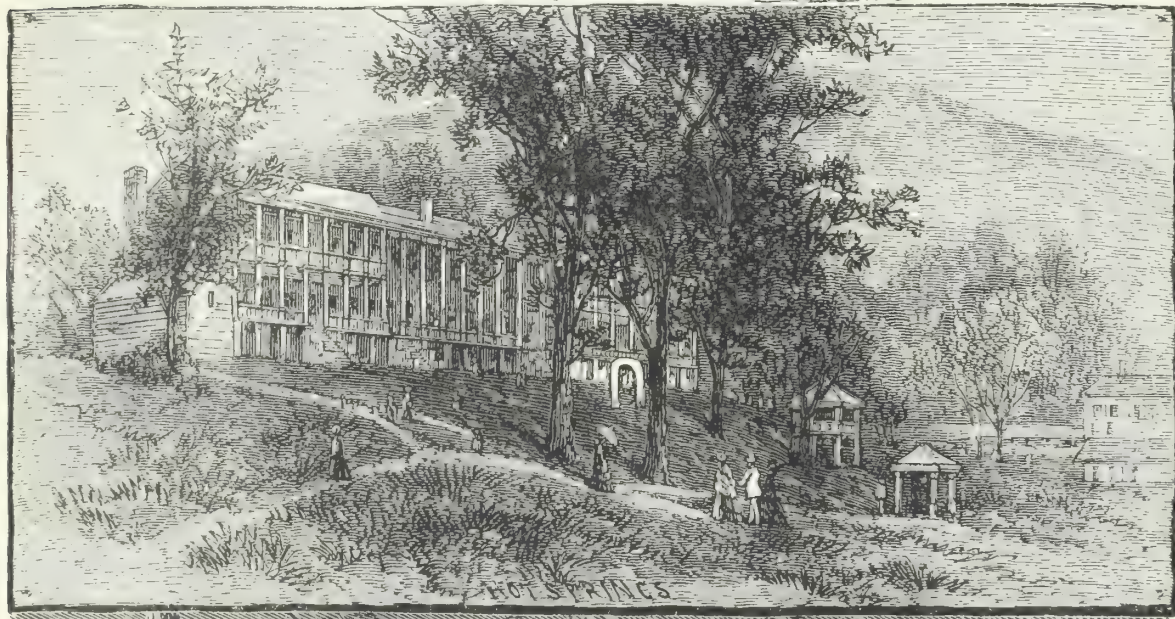
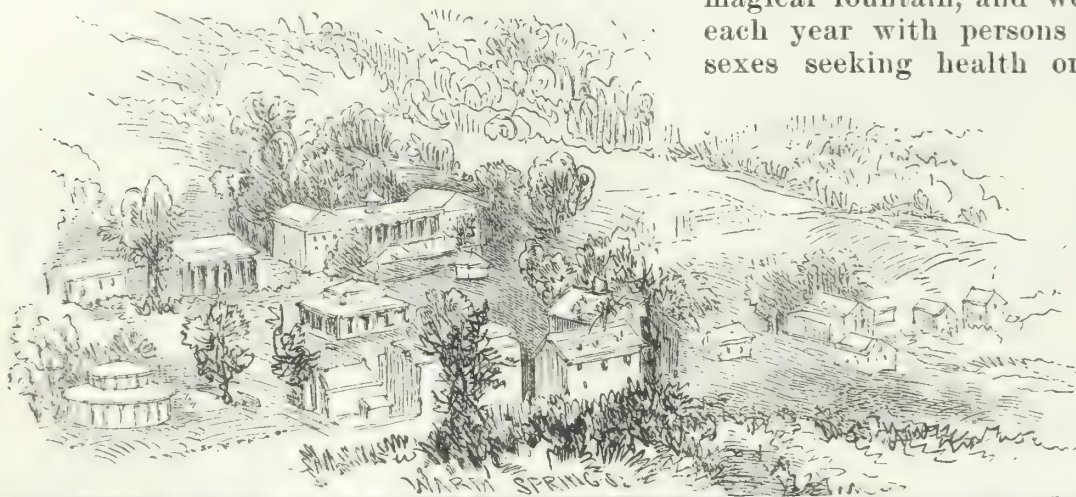
About 1770 the place began to grow popular. A Mrs. Anderson, tortured with rheumatism, was taken to the spring, bathed in a hollow log filled with the water, and went away cured. Other cures followed; persons began to come in rude wagons from beyond the mountains, and "camp out" around the spring, and with every passing year the number of the visitors increased. Sought at first by invalids only, rheumatic patients especially, the spot in due time became the resort of persons bent on a summer jaunt to the breezy uplands and the woods, with an



eye to hunting and recreation. The memory of an old gentleman who died only a few years ago went back to the year 1790, when there journeyed mountainward, from

pads." These worthies were evidently not rheumatics, so we may safely conclude that before the end of the century the place had begun to be resorted to by pleasure-seekers.

Soon log-cabins rose around the magical fountain, and were filled each year with persons of both sexes seeking health or recrea-



THE WARM, HOT, AND HEALING SPRINGS.

as far east as Alexandria, "horsemen who carried their entire springs wardrobes in saddle-bags, with a bottle or so of prime French brandy, a pack of cards, and a convenient pistol and rifle for venison or foot-

tion, and not afraid, we are told, of the rattlesnakes that occasionally intruded. Then the accommodations improved, the number of visitors increased, the place began to become renowned; a hotel, plain but comfortable, was built, and by about the year 1820 the White Sulphur Springs had entered upon their famous career.

So much for the dark ages of the "White," wherein we grope, following the attenuated thread of tradition. The second era now





GREENBRIER RIVER AT MOUTH OF HOWARD'S CREEK.

began. By whatever means, it had come to be known throughout the South that a true El Dorado or fountain of health and youth bubbled up in the Virginia mountains, and visitors came to it every summer from far and near. The owners of thousands of acres of rice and cotton land and hundreds of dusky Africans, from South Carolina, Louisiana, and the whole range of States touched by the heat of the tropics—the wealthy old “nabobs” of James River and the shores of the Chesapeake, the elegant pleasure-loving country gentlemen of Maryland, and citizens of Baltimore—all came to the “White” to spend the summer months and indulge in social intercourse. For at that time, as at present, a very considerable proportion (perhaps a large majority) of the visitors to the springs consisted of pleasure-seekers—gentlemen of ample means and active employment for the greater part of the year, who gave themselves this summer holiday in the charming mountain resort where the most agreeable people from one whole section of the country assembled yearly for social enjoyment. The days of railways were still

in the future. Even the era of stage-coaches had not begun. The planters from the skirts of the Gulf, from the rice fields of South Carolina, or the low grounds of James River, made the long journey over the almost impassable mountain roads in their

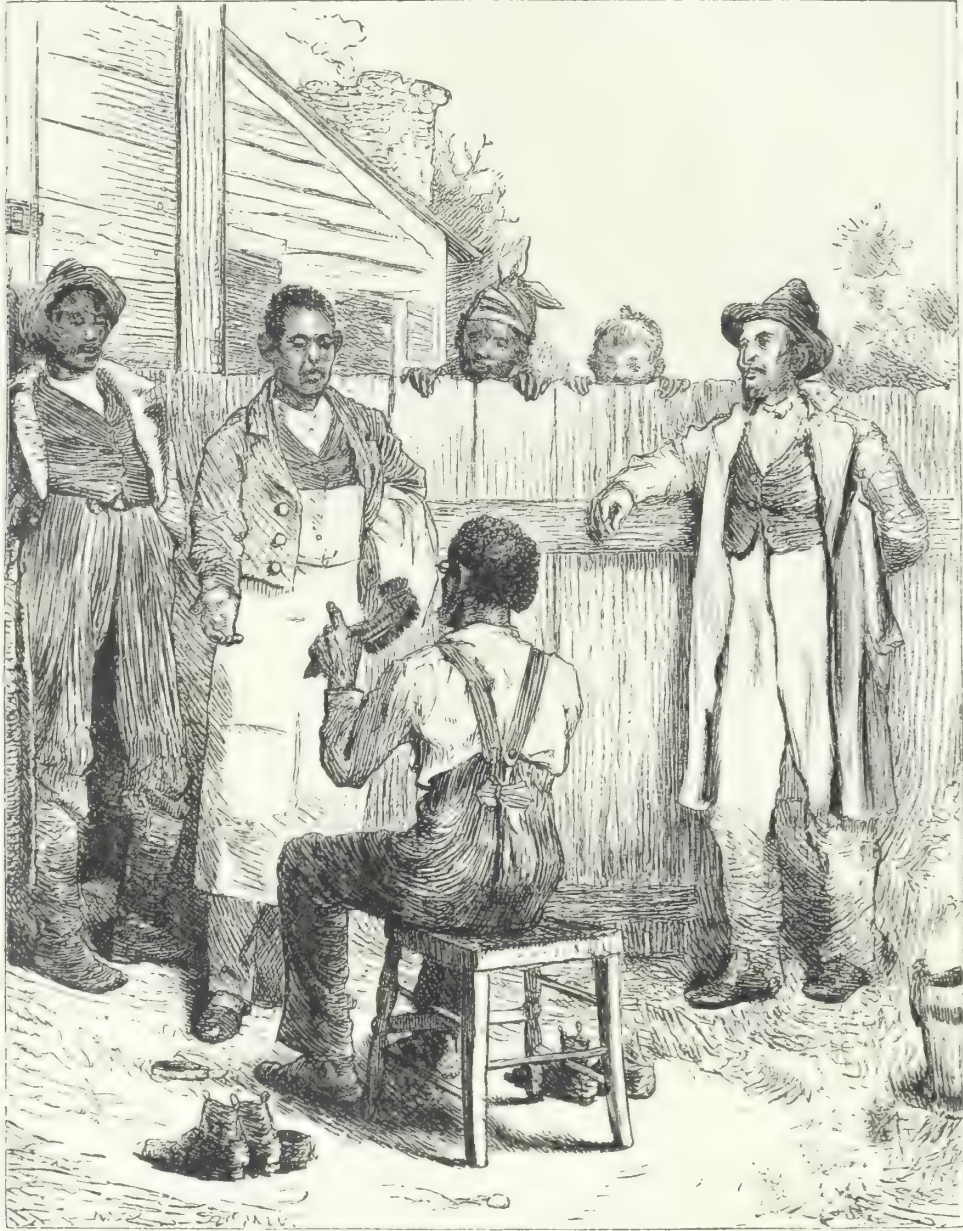
private carriages. These ancient vehicles lumbered along, drawn by six horses, and driven by their portly black Jehus, as important in their bearing as their masters, while the trunks containing the wardrobes of the ladies—heavy and capacious, if not so monstrous as the “Saratoga trunk” of our own times—followed in wagons. Led horses for relays or the pleasure of riding at the watering-place came on under charge of servants, of whom many accompanied the march; for the planters were persons of large means, and stinted themselves in nothing. And so the little cavalcade struggled along, wound over the mountain, pierced the forest, and came to the desired haven after a journey like that of emigrants across the Western plains. What the old planters toiled thus to reach seemed quite unworthy of so much time and trouble. It was a little valley lost like a bird’s nest in the foliage of the western slope of the Alleghanies, with a spring bubbling up under some oaks and maples, blue mountains around, a fresh stream near, and a cluster of log-cabins, suitable, one might have said, for the un-



kempt rustics and huntsmen of the region, but quite absurd if regarded as the dwelling-place for months of some of the most refined and luxurious society of the South. And yet these men and women, accustomed to every comfort, and living lives lapped in down, were quite content with the "split-bottomed" chairs, the plain beds, the pine tables, and the rustic routine of the spot. It offered them, indeed—much more than

been compelled to forego it for a single season would have been regarded by them as a real misfortune.

In due time came the "stage"—not the stage-coach—and with this great invention the springs leaped forward wondrously. This old Virginia stage was as delightfully characteristic as its English counterpart. It was as solid and excellent in construction, though not of the same build, as those



A FAMILIAR GROUP.

their fine home mansions could supply—health, high spirits, and an atmosphere so delightfully cool and bracing even in the "dog-days" that it made life a luxury. The tradition of these honest old times is well preserved. The visitors were a single family, every body knowing every body else. The days were spent in hunting, riding, whist, reading, and gay talk, the nights in sweet sleep. There was no stiffness or ceremony whatever. The weeks passed in a round of enjoyment, and so strong a hold did this annual visit to the White Sulphur take on the old planter class, that to have

driven to-day by the amateur coachmen of New York city; was drawn by its six spirited horses; and the Jehu who drove knew all the traditions of the country through which he passed. The stage had its stopping-places, where the traveller was regaled with broiled chicken, mountain mutton, and mint-julep or "peach-and-honey," to say nothing of the humors of mine host. This gentleman was by no means an ordinary Boniface hastening out hat in hand to receive guests. He was frequently a landholder of considerable means, and presided over his house of "private entertainment"





THE SPRING.

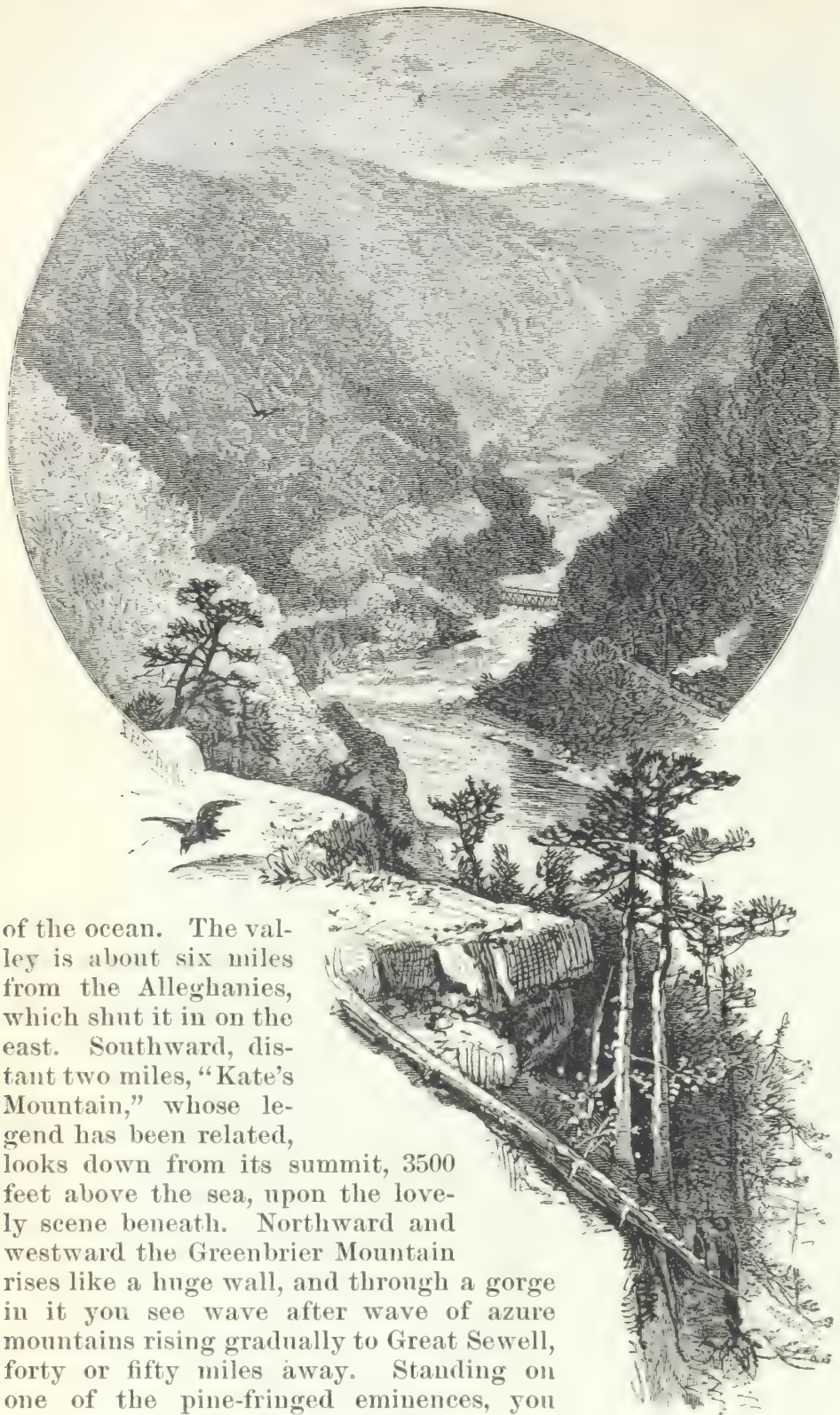
—not tavern or hotel—with the negligent and easy air of a gentleman receiving invited guests, with smiles for all, a ready anecdote, a perfect indifference apparently whether he were paid or not, and a fascinating absence in his entire appearance and demeanor of that great potentate of the modern world, the hotel clerk. Thus the old time stage went on its way, the passengers becoming speedily familiar acquaintances, seated as they were face to face, not segregated in the seats of a railway car. The colonel, judge, planter, merchant, lawyer—celebrities, obscurities, the rich, the poor, each perhaps with his wife or daughter or ruddy urchin—all were thrown together in the journey by stage, and when they reached their destination required no further introduction. For nearly half a century the stage remained an institution, but suddenly came the fatal railway, running against wheel-horse and leader, Jehu and all, and overturning the venerable vehicle in the ditch. The past was dead, with all its lights and shades and charm of leisurely travel through the beautiful uplands. In 1860 trains ran to within twenty or thirty miles of the springs, and now you are shot through—if you are not “telescoped” on the way—in a Pullman palace-car from New York past the Alleghanies in the hours of a single day.

Nearly forty years ago the place had become renowned, and one might see there

the lofty figure of Henry Clay (who, if introduced to you to-day, would recognize and salute you by name ten years afterward), Daniel Webster (whose broad sympathies took in every section), the tall form of Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Rhett, General Hampton (father of the present Governor), Scott, Van Buren, M'Duffy, Fillmore, Tyler, and all the great statesmen of the time. But the war came at last, and the crowds no longer. The trim walks grew up in grass, the cottages went to decay, the hotel became a hospital, and “Ichabod” might have been written on its door-posts, for all its glory had departed. With the return of peace, however, a company leased the place, improvements were made in every direction, the old crowds returned, and the last season—that of 1877—proved a greater success than any other in the history of the “White.”

Let us come now to the springs as they are to-day, to the White Sulphur, medical, picturesque, and social. Nothing could be more charming than the landscape as it first salutes the eyes of the visitor weary of the glare and turmoil of cities. Before him lies a little valley embowered in foliage, with nothing to mar its peaceful beauty. All around are mountains—mountains—mountains; the near slopes clothed in deep green pines, oaks, maples, laurels, and rhododendrons; the distant ranges rolling away like (there is no other comparison) blue waves





of the ocean. The valley is about six miles from the Alleghanies, which shut it in on the east. Southward, distant two miles, "Kate's Mountain," whose legend has been related, looks down from its summit, 3500 feet above the sea, upon the lovely scene beneath. Northward and westward the Greenbrier Mountain rises like a huge wall, and through a gorge in it you see wave after wave of azure mountains rising gradually to Great Sewell, forty or fifty miles away. Standing on one of the pine-fringed eminences, you see beneath in the embrace of this blue cordon the valley of the "White," traversed by the bright waters of Howard's Creek, which, flowing southwest, empty into the crystal current of the Greenbrier River, and this in turn flows away to the wild and picturesque New River, with its New Richmond Falls and Hawk's Nest, Kanawha Falls, and other scenery full of beauty and grandeur. The little valley is an oasis in a desert of green and blue. Its emerald pastures, clumps of oaks, maples, and laurels; its ancient farm-houses, many of them dating back to the last century; and the current of Howard's Creek stealing in and out on the green expanse like a silver ribbon—all these features combine to form an exquisite picture, which, if you are fond of landscape

beauty, you gaze at for hours in a mood of dreamy delight. Over all trail in summer days the great cloud shadows, concealing, then revealing, from moment to moment, some enchanting detail of the scene, and the murmur of the mountain wind in the pines lulls the mind to reverie and dreams.

The grounds at the "White" embrace about forty acres, and are laid out with great taste. In the centre stands the main hotel, a plain building 400 feet in length, with one of the largest and finest ball-rooms in America, and a dining-room 300 feet long and 140 wide, which seats at its round tables about 1200 guests. The sleeping accommodations in other parts of this building are sufficient for about 700 persons; and as the cottages will lodge 1200 or 1400 more, the capacity of the watering-place may be set down at about 2000. The hotel is surrounded by winding gravel-walks and drives overshadowed by oaks, the pride and delight of Mr.

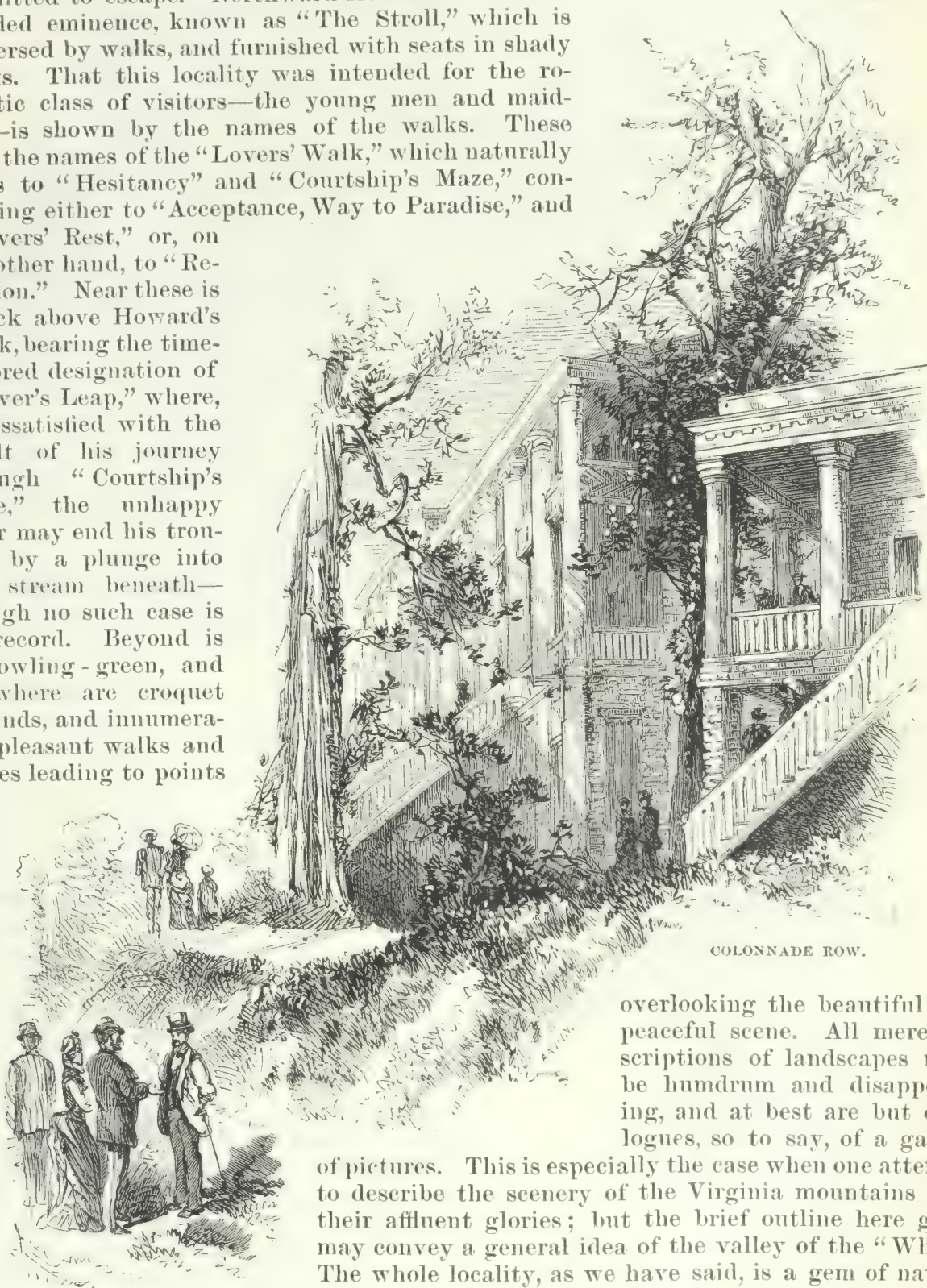
NEW RIVER, FROM HAWK'S NEST.

Caldwell, the ancient proprietor, who assured Lord Morpeth one day that no consideration on earth would induce him to allow one of them to be touched by the axe. On terraces all around the grounds, their roofs brushed by the pendent boughs of laurels, maples, and the mountain ash, are long rows of cottages, with their neat façades, their plain but comfortable furniture of rustic chairs, matting, and white beds; and each of these rows has its own special name. There are Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, Louisiana, Baltimore, Paradise, Colonnade, and other "rows," many of the cottages being private property, which were



regularly occupied by their owners before the war, and in some instances are occupied yearly still.

A short walk from the hotel is the sulphur spring, and not far off are the baths, also a chalybeate spring whose water is an excellent iron tonic. The spring bursts boldly from rock-bound apertures, and is inclosed by marble casements. It deposits copiously a white and sometimes red precipitate, and has a strong and disagreeable odor of sulphur, which, however, disappears entirely, together with the sulphur taste, when the gas is permitted to escape. Northward from the hotel is a wooded eminence, known as "The Stroll," which is traversed by walks, and furnished with seats in shady nooks. That this locality was intended for the romantic class of visitors—the young men and maidens—is shown by the names of the walks. These bear the names of the "Lovers' Walk," which naturally leads to "Hesitancy" and "Courtship's Maze," conducting either to "Acceptance, Way to Paradise," and "Lovers' Rest," or, on the other hand, to "Rejection." Near these is a rock above Howard's Creek, bearing the time-honored designation of "Lover's Leap," where, if dissatisfied with the result of his journey through "Courtship's Maze," the unhappy lover may end his troubles by a plunge into the stream beneath—though no such case is on record. Beyond is a bowling-green, and elsewhere are croquet grounds, and innumerable pleasant walks and drives leading to points



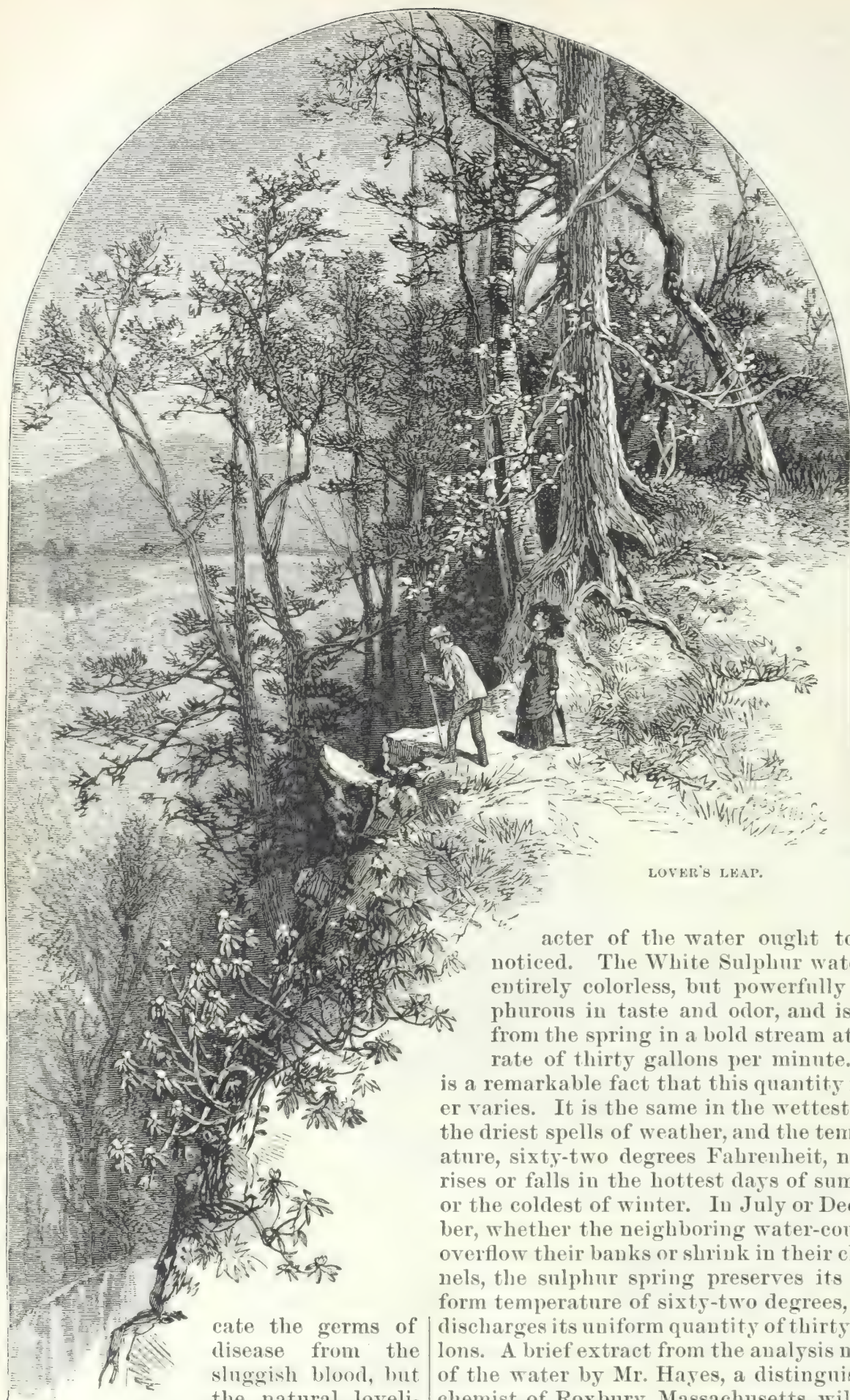
COLONNADE ROW.

overlooking the beautiful and peaceful scene. All mere descriptions of landscapes must be humdrum and disappointing, and at best are but catalogues, so to say, of a gallery

of pictures. This is especially the case when one attempts to describe the scenery of the Virginia mountains with their affluent glories; but the brief outline here given may convey a general idea of the valley of the "White." The whole locality, as we have said, is a gem of natural loveliness, with which art has had little or nothing to

do—a tract of emerald meadow and foliage, encircled and embraced, as it were, by the loving arms of blue mountains, stretching far off to the blue horizon, into which they melt imperceptibly and are lost. There is no doubt that this landscape beauty enlivens the spirits and freshens the faculties of enjoyment. Nothing is more noticeable than the effect of a sojourn at the "White" on the animal spirits. At other watering-places the visitor finds diversion in the fine equipages, the music, the dressing, dissipation, and headlong rush; at the "White" the origin of the influence exercised by the spot is entirely different. This is largely attributable to the delicious airs and the freshness and beauty of every object. Life becomes an enjoyment all at once; the water may, and does, eradi-





LOVER'S LEAP.

cate the germs of disease from the sluggish blood, but the natural loveliness of the spot co-operates by charming the mind. Certain it is, at least, that some agency here produces gayety, elasticity of spirits, light-heartedness—a statement which many thousands of persons will corroborate.

Let us glance now at the "White" in its social aspect; but first the remarkable char-

acter of the water ought to be noticed. The White Sulphur water is entirely colorless, but powerfully sulphurous in taste and odor, and issues from the spring in a bold stream at the rate of thirty gallons per minute. It is a remarkable fact that this quantity never varies. It is the same in the wettest and the driest spells of weather, and the temperature, sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit, never rises or falls in the hottest days of summer or the coldest of winter. In July or December, whether the neighboring water-courses overflow their banks or shrink in their channels, the sulphur spring preserves its uniform temperature of sixty-two degrees, and discharges its uniform quantity of thirty gallons. A brief extract from the analysis made of the water by Mr. Hayes, a distinguished chemist of Roxbury, Massachusetts, will interest the scientific reader. "One gallon or 237 cubic inches of the water," says Mr. Hayes, "contain 16.739 cubic inches of gas, having the proportion of

Nitrogen gas .....	4.680
Oxygen gas .....	0.498
Carbonic acid .....	11.290
Hydrosulphuric acid .....	0.271



Fifty thousand grains of this water contain 115.735 grains of saline matter, consisting of

Sulphate of lime.....	67.168
Sulphate of magnesia.....	30.364
Chloride of magnesium.....	0.559
Carbonate of lime.....	6.060
Organic matter (dried at 212° F.).....	3.740
Carbonic acid.....	4.584
Silicates (silica, 1.34; potash, 0.18; soda, 0.66; magnesia and a trace of oxide of iron).....	2.960

Unlike saline sulphureted waters generally, this water contains a minute proportion of chlorine only, the sulphates of lime and

the union of this *organic matter* with the earthy sulphates. Upon this point, however, as in reference to the origin of the effect of mineral waters generally on the human system, the greatest expert is not much in advance of the rest of the world. It is not known precisely to what this effect is due. Analysis detects the presence of this or that gas or solid, and declares whether this or that sulphate or carbonate is present or absent; but there the insight of the most accomplished scientist in great measure ends.



DRINKING THE WATER AT THE SPRING.

magnesia forming nearly ten-elevenths of the saline matter. The alkaline bases are also in very small proportion, and seem to be united to the silicious earths in combination with a peculiar *organic matter*. The organic matter in its physical and chemical character resembles that found in the water of the Red Sulphur Springs, and differs essentially from the organic matter of some thermal waters.....The medicinal properties of this water are probably due to the action of this organic substance. The hydrosulphuric acid resulting from its natural action is one of the most active substances within the reach of physicians, and there are chemical reasons for supposing that after the water has reached the stomach similar changes, accompanied by the product of hydrosulphuric acid, take place."

Mr. Hayes attributes the value of the water to the hydrosulphuric acid produced by

Chemical science is quite adequate to the combination of the ingredients in the proportions of the natural water, but the artificial product has not the same properties; and it even remains a question still whether the action of the White Sulphur water is attributable to its *gaseous* or its *solid* or *saline* contents. "Whether the efficacy," says Dr. Moorman, "of the solid contents be owing to the specific character of any one or to all of the *thirteen different salts* of which it is composed, and which exist in the water in the most minute form of subdivision, and in this condition enter the circulation and course through the whole system, applying themselves to the diseased tissues, or whether its efficacy to some extent depends upon the evolution of sulphureted hydrogen gas after the water has reached the stomach, is a matter of curious inquiry." This curious inquiry must be left to better-informed per-





BEAVER DAM FALLS, NEAR THE "RED" SPRING.

sons than the present writer. It is certain the impression generally prevails that to derive the full effect from the water it must be drunk as it issues from the spring before the gas escapes; but the ablest physicians maintain that this is an error, the escape of the gas not changing the *alterative* character of the water. If this be true, the fact is important, as persons unable to visit the spring would be able to avail themselves of this remarkable water in any part of the world. That the gas does not wholly escape, or continues to be evolved, is proved by the fact that a shipment of the water was made from Boston to Calcutta in bottles filled from barrels which had stood for six months, and on opening the bottles the water was found to be so strongly impregnated with the gas that it was necessary before using it to allow part of the gas to escape.

Every mineral spring is a cure-all, if we listen to its proprietors. In the case of the White Sulphur, however, we have other data to go upon, the experience of a century having shown precisely what diseases are benefited by the use of the water, what are unaffected by it, and in what cases it is positively injurious and even dangerous. A powerful medical agent, which this sulphur water unquestionably *is*, must, from its very efficiency in certain diseases, prove positively detrimental in others, on the principle that the stimulant used by the physician in one case is carefully avoided by him in an-

other. The White Sulphur water, it is now well established, should not be used in cases of tubercular consumption, cancer (or where the system is threatened with it), hypertrophy or enlargement of the heart, and inflammation of the brain. In these diseases it is not only injurious, but dangerous. The diseases in which it is most beneficial, and often works surprising results, are dyspepsia, irritation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, jaundice, chronic diarrhœa, constipation, diseases of the liver and the urinary organs, female diseases, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism, gout, and scrofula. The effect of the water is especially notable in that obstinate and often terrible ailment, rheumatism. Its efficacy in this disease first gave it its high reputation, and from the earliest years of its history it has been the resort of rheumatics. A last feature is the effect of the water on persons given to inebriation and the use of opium. On this interesting point Dr. Moor-man says: "During the whole period of my residence at the springs I have been interested with the marked power I have seen manifested by the waters in *overcoming the desire for the use of ardent spirits.*" In reference to opium-eating the same writer adduces an instance in which one of his patients, who had long been in the habit of using no less than *six grains* of opium daily, was entirely cured of the habit. In these cases the effect is attributed to the alter-



ative and nervine stimulant properties of the water, which remove the cerebral and nervous irritation leading to the use of stimulants, and by strengthening the body, strengthen the volition against the temptation. This *alterative* character of the White Sulphur water is the great element of its action on the system.

It remains for us to glance at the White Sulphur as it appears at the height of the

persons come to look at the pageant, and the greater the rush, the more stunning the brass-bands, and the more splendid the turn-outs, the better are these visitors pleased. Going and coming in shoals, this fine or curious company gives its character to the place, forgetting that rush and whirl are far from the end of summer travel, which is and ever will be relaxation and recreation in new scenes as unlike city scenes as possible.



THE DRIVE.

season, and view it in its social aspect. The subject is interesting. Every watering-place assumes a particular physiognomy and has a particular stamp impressed upon it, due to the social classification of its *habitués*, and the objects for which they resort to it. The green table at Baden-Baden attracted every adventurer in Europe; Brighton is the paradise of the worthy Londoner with wife and children; and abroad and at home are many resorts which derive their prominent features from the presence of those who delight to exhibit splendor in dress and equipage, and ask nothing better than to be able to transfer the rush, whirl, glitter, and headlong dissipation of town life to another booth of Vanity Fair, and play the comedy on a new stage, with new scenes for a background. The result in these instances is always the same. The watering-place, whether on the sea-shore or elsewhere, becomes a mere continuation of the city—of its dust, glare, bustle, and ostentation. Crowds of

The "Old White" has been rarely successful in preserving herself intact from the presence both of the *nouveau riche* class and of Messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, and in perpetuating her old traditions of good company. In the midst of the fast and somewhat pretensions and "shoddy" existence of the present time, you find here the same air of high-breeding and rational relaxation for the sake of relaxation which characterized the White Sulphur during the ancient *régime*, before the modern spirit of democracy had levelled every thing to so distressing a uniformity. Let us not be misunderstood. Democracy has many desirable results, and that ancient *régime* was by no means altogether lovely; but there was a grace in social intercourse, a freedom from self-assertion, and a natural, unpretending ease, springing from true simplicity and refinement, which made society delightful, especially amid the informal and agreeable surroundings of a summer resort. The





ON THE VERANDA.

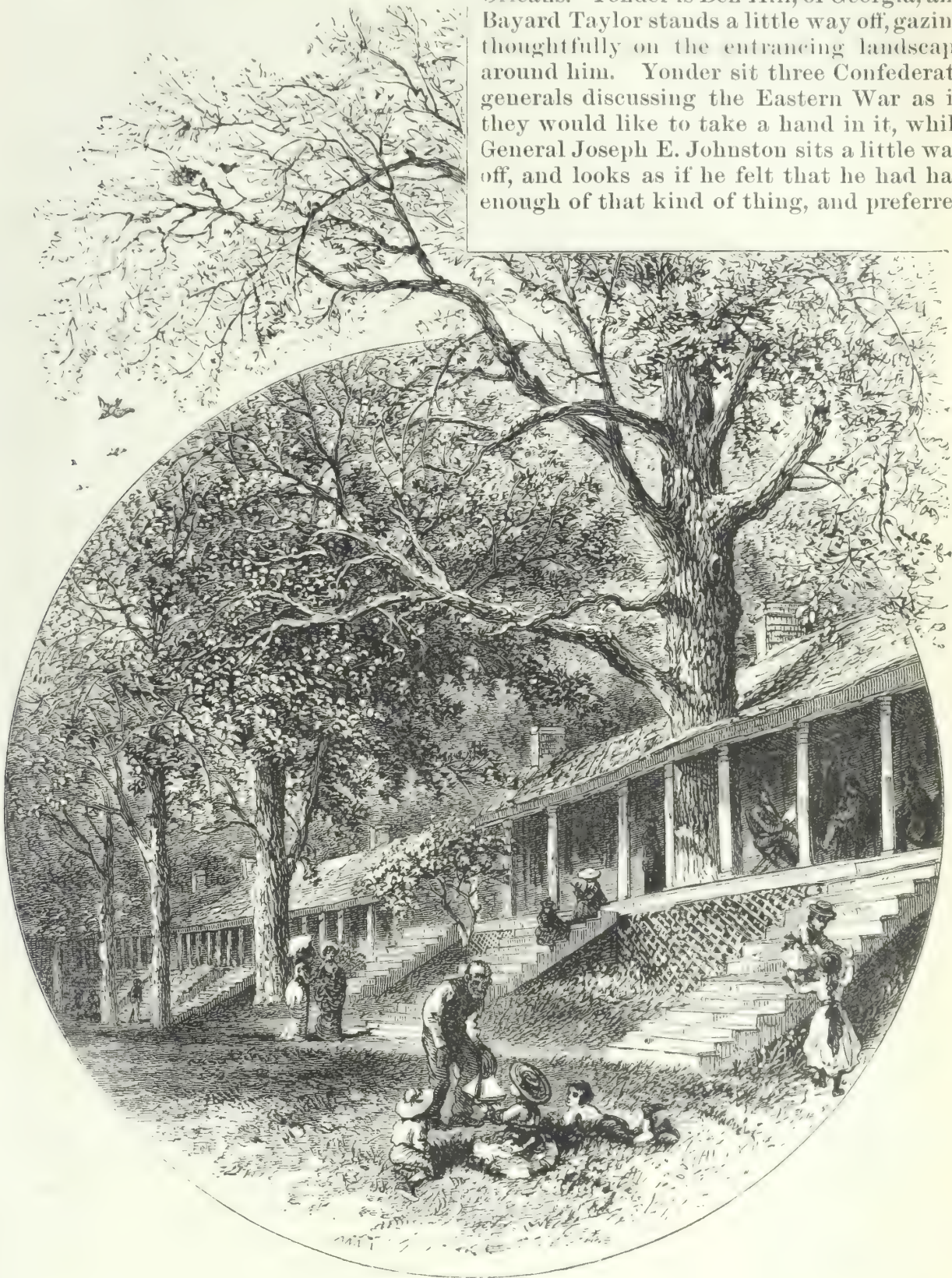
"White" was, and still is, the chosen point of reunion for this class of persons; not those flying from great cities for a few days so much as whole families who regularly come to spend nearly the entire summer. It is surely nothing to the prejudice of these families that they are "somebodies" at home, and that in seeking a place for relaxation they select one where they are sure to meet people similar in character and habits. This class of persons from the South, the West, and the North to-day give the "White" its distinct character, and however much the progress of time and modern innovation may modify this peculiar feature of the place, it

is probable that it will remain to the last the chosen resort of the really "best society" of the whole country, North and South. For the springs, as we have said, are losing their distinctive Southern character by the infusion of new elements. The North and the West have discovered the charm of the locality, and the change has begun. In 1877 large numbers of visitors came from these sections. Sectional lines are disappearing, and rapid transit by way of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway from the East and the West has given a great impetus to summer travel in the direction of the Virginia mountains. During the last season it was observed



that Cincinnati, St. Louis, and the cities of Kentucky were represented more fully than ever before, and the North had also sent its pleasure-seekers in pursuit of new scenes, as a change if not a relief from Long Branch

"in any direction upon the beautiful lawn without seeing men of national reputation. Senators, Congressmen, judges, generals, and other notables abound at the 'White.' Yonder is the Mayor of New York city, and a few steps from him is the Mayor of New Orleans. Yonder is Ben Hill, of Georgia, and Bayard Taylor stands a little way off, gazing thoughtfully on the entrancing landscape around him. Yonder sit three Confederate generals discussing the Eastern War as if they would like to take a hand in it, while General Joseph E. Johnston sits a little way off, and looks as if he felt that he had had enough of that kind of thing, and preferred



PARADISE ROW.

and Saratoga. A chance paragraph from one of that class whose occupation is to feel the public pulse every where and at all times—the class of newspaper correspondents—will indicate this commingling of the sections.

"One could not turn," says the writer,

the White Sulphur to fields of bloody strife. Not far off is the Rev. Dr. Budington, of Brooklyn, and near by stands a Northern gentleman who is expressing his wonder that hundreds who rush to Saratoga do not come here, for he has tried both, and knows that the 'Old White' is infinitely superior."



In 1875 General Grant paid a visit to the "White," and was received with courtesy and respect. A singular commingling, one would say, if any thing passing before our eyes is ever singular—the general-in-chief of the North and some of the hardiest fighters of the South, the men but yesterday sworn foes, and to-day familiar associates!

It is the nearly universal custom of the *habitués* to repair to the spring before breakfast to drink the water,

paid for the greater quiet, retirement, and freedom of cottage life. After breakfast the parlor is thronged, and the ten-pin alley, shooting-gallery, billiard-table, croquet ground, and at noon the "German" in the ball-room, have their votaries. Promenades under the oaks on the lawn or to Lovers' Walk, drives, rides, the last newspaper or magazine, and every species of occupation consistent with the sweet do nothing of the time and place, then follow; and at half past two, with appetites sharpened by the mountain air—warm in the middle of the day,\* but so chill at night that blankets are necessary in the middle of July often—the company, numbering sometimes more than a thousand, have dinner served to them in the great dining-room, where at each of the small tables a little circle interchanges jest and laughter. In the afternoon the programme of the forenoon is repeated, especially the riding, driving, and walking to picturesque points in the vicinity; and after tea the parlor, larger than the East Room in the White House at Washington, is the scene of interminable waltzes and Germans—on two nights of the week of full-dress balls.

If, as Pope wrote, the proper study of mankind is man, the White Sulphur is an excellent place to pursue that study. At the height of the season it is a veritable microcosm, and as the apparently endless procession passes, the observant eye may select a hundred figures, each with some odd, striking, or amusing peculiarity. Thackeray said that Broadway was a source of ever-new pleasure to him from the contrasted types of humanity passing before him. In this great throng at the "White" he might

or to the bathing establishment for a bath, though for the latter many prefer a later hour of the day. From half past eight to half past nine breakfast is

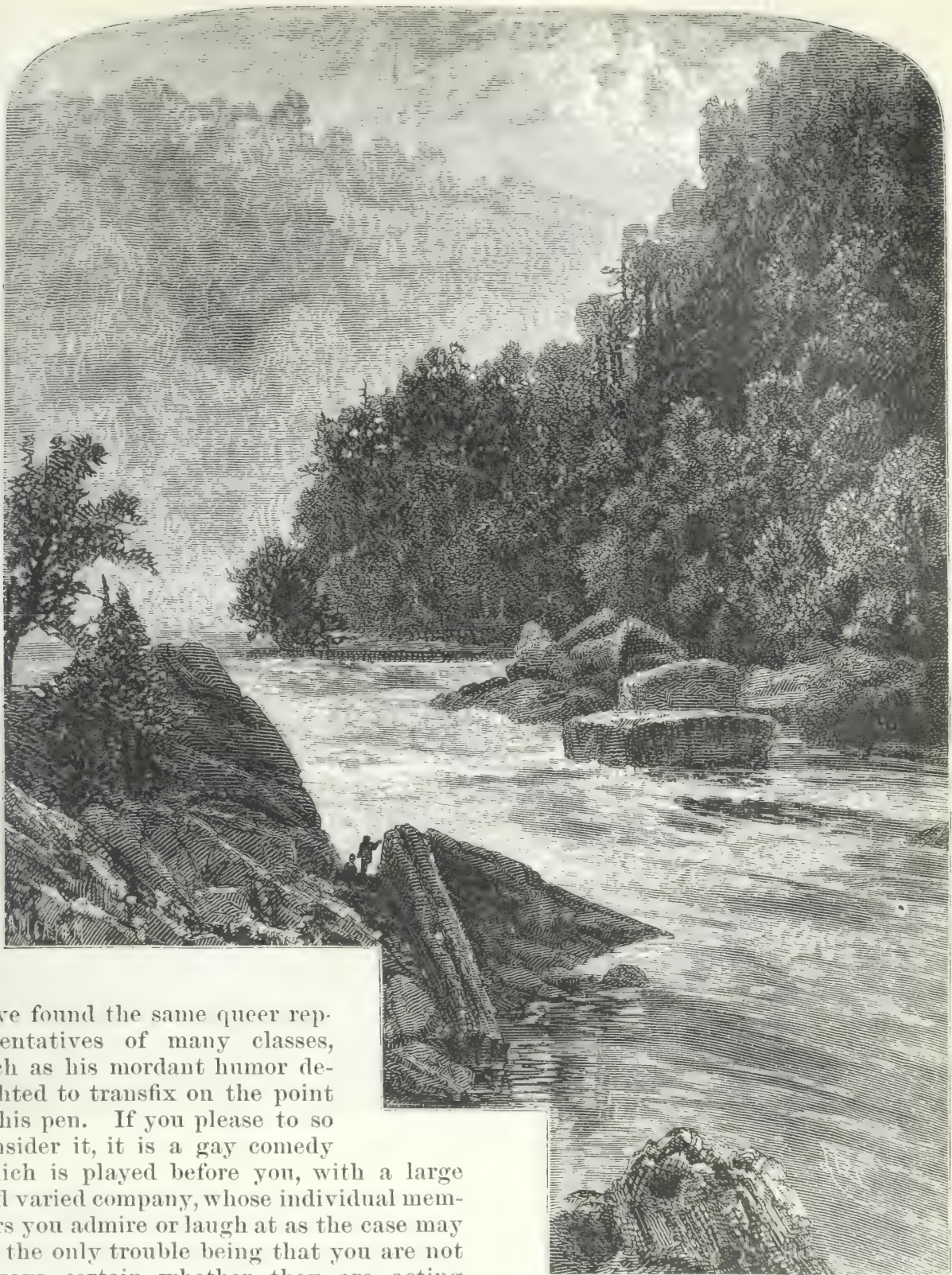
served in the great dining-room of the hotel, to which the occupants of the cottages, in common with those of the main building, repair to take their meals—sometimes through torrents of rain, which is the price



FALLING SPRING.

\* The thermometer at the White Sulphur ranges throughout the summer between 60° and 75°, rarely attaining a greater height than 85°, and this only at certain hours of the day. The nights are almost invariably cool.





NEW RIVER CAÑON.

have found the same queer representatives of many classes, such as his mordant humor delighted to transfix on the point of his pen. If you please to so consider it, it is a gay comedy which is played before you, with a large and varied company, whose individual members you admire or laugh at as the case may be, the only trouble being that you are not always certain whether they are acting their real characters or only playing a part. The young gentleman yonder with the English side whiskers portentously drawn out, the tweed suit, the *insouciant* air and half-closed eyes, the joints that do not bend, and the delightful lisp and drawl as he lets fall some painfully obvious remark, is no relation to Dundreary, nor an Englishman at all—he is only an Anglophobist—though he says “my dear fellah” after the most approved fashion, his only fault being that he is a little more of an islander than the islanders themselves. You may notice, perhaps, not far from him that portly gentleman with a rubicund physiognomy, a bearing full of lofty dignity, and the air of a Senator or the head of a department. But he is neither of these.

He is Colonel Bottlewhacker, of Louisiana, who was engaged last night—or this morning, if you choose—until 2 A.M. in obstinate combat with a fierce and implacable wild animal lurking in a certain fastness well known to a certain set, which dangerous foe has reduced the worthy colonel’s pecuniary resources to an extent which casts a blank and rueful shadow now on his noble face, as he slowly paces up and down, gazing absently on the handsome pair strolling yonder under the trees—Percy Pelham, Esq., of Baltimore, and Miss Elise (*Aleez*, if you please) Fairchild, of New York, worth a million. Percy is a good type of the handsome, high-bred



young Marylander, with his delicate mustache, his irreproachable *tenue*, his bow such as only a member of the Club can execute, and his manner full of modest and exquisite courtesy, almost of shrinking deference. It is true, the young gentleman is fond of a quiet game with a quiet set after midnight when the ball-room lights are extinguished, and dearly loves the music of Champagne corks after his labors of the day. But that is under the cards, friend. Let us not look too closely into our neighbors' affairs. Percy

the simple-looking old gentleman with the long gray hair, the charming smile, and the modest address is one of the most celebrated judges of the Virginia Supreme Court. The keen-eyed, observant, well-dressed worthy of uncertain age, who is seated not far from them, is Augustus Jenkins, Esq., special correspondent of the *Glass of Fashion*. He was up very late last night, and about his person there is a suspicion of morning cocktails; but he is going to perform duly his official duties, namely, to interview every young



KANAWHA FALLS.

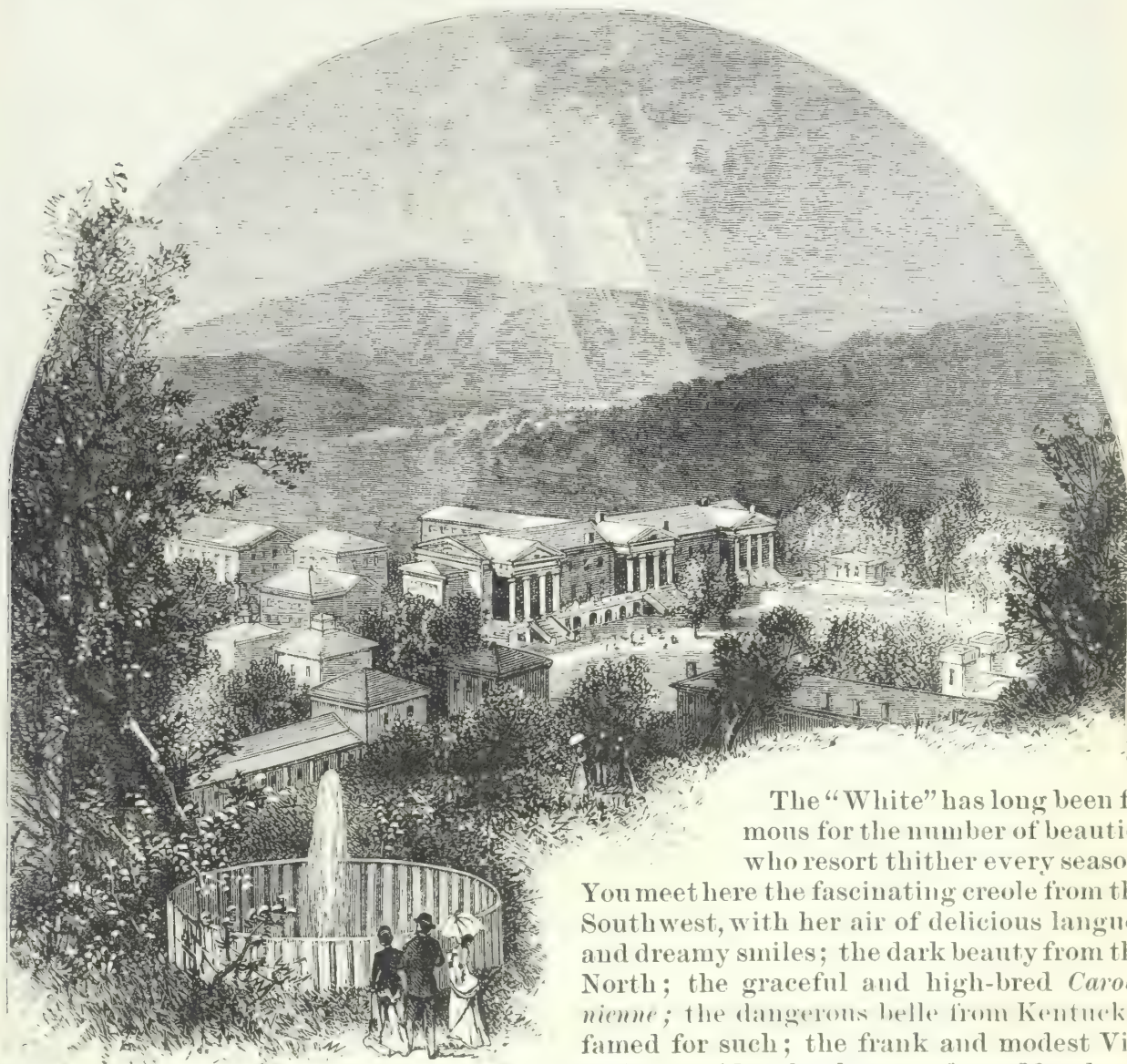
is engaged at present in paying assiduous court to Miss Elise. His sweet dark eyes are fixed sadly upon her face, and he murmurs to her in soft accents as she saunters along gracefully in an exquisite morning dress, with a rose-bud in her hand, smiling now and then on her handsome companion as only young ladies smile when they are engaged in combat with a dangerous adversary. After all, Percy is a thoroughly good fellow, and let us hope that he will secure his *inamorata*, and live in Paris. They jostle nearly as they pass that other couple, young Allan A. Dale and Maud Marion, from Tide-water—the youth a fine, frank, blushing country boy, who has followed his little sweetheart to the springs, and is kept on tenter-hooks by the admiration she excites. Yonder is the bluff, courteous, elegant old planter from Mississippi, ruined by the war, but duly back to his beloved “White;” and

lady he can scrape acquaintance with, and obtain for his paper a full description of the dresses they mean to wear at the great ball to-morrow night. Yonder is the Southern editor, careless in costume, easy and cordial in address, rich in political anecdote, fond of discussing the means of adjusting the State debt; and here coming toward us are two figures so notable that they attract all eyes. One of them is a man past middle age, erect, as straight as an arrow, with gray whiskers, a straw hat on his fine-looking head, and the unmistakable air of the soldier—martinet and cordial gentleman combined. His movements are rapid and his glance keen; but all about him is so unpretending that you would never guess that this personage is General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the most famous commanders of the Confederate army in the late war. He is conversing with a gentleman still in the



prime of life, with side whiskers and mustache, but close-shaven chin. His figure is above the medium height and well proportioned, his expression calm, simple, and cordial, but somewhat reserved, and in his eyes is a certain repose giving evidence of a firm

one great crowd, promenading on the lawn, moving to and from the spring, along the piazzas, or to the picturesque eminences above the terraced cottages, riding, driving, reading, talking, idling—a varied picture full of life and attraction.



"OLD SWEET" SPRINGS.

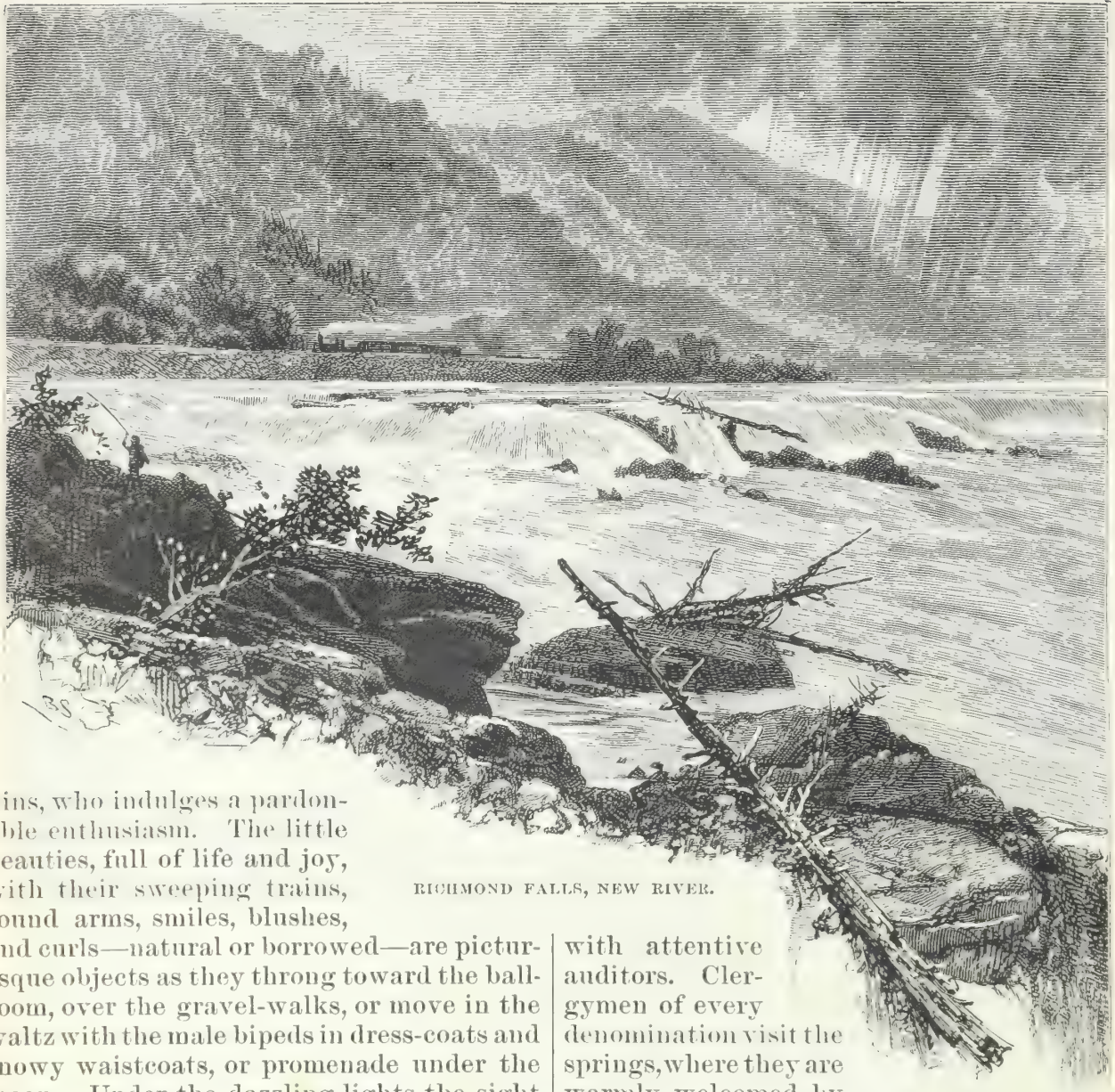
and resolute will. The prevailing characteristic of his appearance and manner is an air of high breeding, simplicity, and dignity. Before the war he was one of the wealthiest land-holders of the South, and lost all, of a superb establishment, which was burned, and of innumerable Africans, who became free. This gentleman, the excellent representative of a great and noble race, after laying down the sword with which he fought to the end, has sworn allegiance to the general government as honestly as he once sought to overthrow it, and is the head now of one of the great Southern States—Governor Wade Hampton.

So they pass in the ever-moving panorama—all the types of all the years. The "White" is the centre to which they all drift, in pursuit of health, pleasure, political advancement, a wife, a fortune, or as idle lookers-on in Vienna. Here all mingle in

The "White" has long been famous for the number of beauties who resort thither every season.

You meet here the fascinating creole from the Southwest, with her air of delicious languor and dreamy smiles; the dark beauty from the North; the graceful and high-bred *Carolinienne*; the dangerous belle from Kentucky, famed for such; the frank and modest Virginian maid; the beauty from Maryland, with her *caressant* tones; and representatives of every State in the Union nearly, of every style of loveliness. Let us be pardoned for our enthusiasm upon a topic so charming, but our powers are inadequate to do justice to the subject. If the reader desires to obtain an idea of the attractions of these beauties from the North, the South, the East, and the West, and of their resplendent costumes too on "dress" occasions—for every where the love of personal decoration sways the female heart—he has only to peruse the glowing literary productions of the great Jenkins family, who describe such scenes in a style, as Mr. Barnum says, "of gorgeous splendor." Jenkins knows every belle, and what she is going to wear before she puts it on. Her eyes and lips and figure are described with rapturous enthusiasm, and, spite of all the outcry made, it is doubtful whether this publicity is so distasteful to the subjects of it after all. But let us not "make fun" of the maidens, or gird at Jen-





RICHMOND FALLS, NEW RIVER.

kins, who indulges a pardonable enthusiasm. The little beauties, full of life and joy, with their sweeping trains, round arms, smiles, blushes, and curls—natural or borrowed—are picturesque objects as they throng toward the ball-room, over the gravel-walks, or move in the waltz with the male bipeds in dress-coats and snowy waistcoats, or promenade under the moon. Under the dazzling lights the sight is dazzling. The hours pass by like dreams. And then toward dawn the white satin slippers pass again along the walks, lace handkerchiefs are waved in jewelled hands, tinkling laughter is heard under the oaks, gradually receding, and the ball is a thing of the past. All this beauty and enjoyment culminated in the great Lee Memorial Ball of 1877, when more than two thousand persons were present—an occasion so memorable that it may be regarded as a notable event in the history of the springs. A gratifying circumstance connected with this ball was the presence of crowds from every part of the country, visitors from the North seeming no less desirous than visitors from the South of aiding in the object of the ball—the erection of an equestrian statue to General Robert E. Lee.

The every-day routine of life at the White Sulphur here briefly described may leave the impression that frivolous amusement reigns, to the exclusion of more serious things. This is a mistake. A very marked feature of the watering-place is the devout respect paid to the Sabbath. Throughout the day a profound quiet pervades the grounds, and the hotel and various places of worship are filled

with attentive auditors. Clergymen of every denomination visit the springs, where they are warmly welcomed by the cordial and liberal proprietor, and religious services constitute a regular part of the programme on every Sunday.

If the visitor to the White Sulphur does not find there the splendid furniture and upholstery of other watering-places, he is supplied with excellent fare—juicy mountain mutton, beef, venison, and the bread for which the place is famous. The attendance is very good, and the management of the establishment conducted upon a cordial, liberal, and obliging system, in delightful contrast to that encountered in numerous other localities. This courtesy and unfailing spirit of “accommodation” is a *specialty* of the White Sulphur under its present control. There is room, however, for improvement in numerous particulars, and it will surely be made in the near future. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway has opened to the tourist the wonderful valley of New River, and a thousand spots as beautiful and picturesque as any upon the Continent. The White Sulphur is in the centre of this delightful country, and must in future attract larger crowds than it ever did before, and become more prosperous and famous.



## AUNT EUNICE'S IDEA.

"REALLY, I don't like the idea at all," said mamma, looking puzzled; "and yet, for the life of me, I can't see what else to do."

"There is nothing else to do," I said, resignedly. "I don't like the idea either, but I dare say I shall manage very well."

I spoke dolefully, for all but the last clause of my speech was painfully, literally true. There *was* nothing else to do; I *didn't* like the idea at all, but—I had not the faintest hope that I should "manage very well." Nothing so wild entered my brain for a moment. On the contrary, I was quite sure that I should cover myself with shame and everlasting disgrace; but what is the use of howling about a thing that can't be helped?

The case, you see, was this: Mr. Robert Duncan, an intimate friend of my mother's youngest brother, was on his way to visit us, and must certainly arrive in the course of a few days. That was all very well, and had not concerned me in the least until five minutes before, when mamma had received a telegram which announced the sudden illness of her sister in Philadelphia, and summoned her thither imperatively. It was impossible to refuse to obey the summons; it was impossible to notify Mr. Duncan, for he was to take us in the course of other travels, and nobody knew his precise whereabouts at the present moment. Obviously, the only thing to be done was to let things take their course. But I?—only eighteen, just out of school, a spoiled child, with never an atom of housekeeping experience, with no idea of the duties of a hostess—into what quagmires should I not flounder before that terrible fortnight was up?

"After all, it will not be so bad," said mamma, encouragingly. "Mr. Duncan will be out most of the time, I suppose. We are so near the city that he will probably spend all his time there. Perhaps it is a good thing that I have invited Aunt Eunice, for she can matronize you, and Bridget will take all the care of the housekeeping off your hands. I am sure that you will be very kind to Aunt Eunice, Marion. She is old and poor, you know, though of an excellent family. Her home is not very congenial, for the nephew with whom she lives married very much beneath him, and I invited the poor old lady here, thinking it would be a treat to her."

Yes, I would be kind to Aunt Eunice; and Bridget, who had lived with us ever since I could remember, was a host in herself; but, all the same, my heart was very heavy as I watched mamma drive away, and thought of the burden that was laid upon me.

The above conversation with mamma occurred on a Thursday, the 7th of October it must have been, and on the same evening

begins the journal which I kept during my period of martyrdom.

October 7.—Mamma left to-day, and about half an hour after she had gone Aunt Eunice Singleton arrived. "Aunt Eunice" we have always called her, though she is only a distant cousin of my father's. Such a droll little figure! She must have been pretty once, with that helpless pink and white prettiness which invariably fades into neutral tints as the years go on, until the golden hair and the peachy skin are all one uniform shade of dull whity-brown, and the soft blue eyes are a pale, watery gray. A limp, pathetic figure in her gown of—what *was* her gown? As I live, a brocade such as we may sigh for in vain in these degenerate days. A green and white brocade such as our grandmothers wore, "thick enough to stand alone," as the old saying goes. Originally it must have belonged to one of her ancestors, for, though a faint attempt at modernizing with the aid of a thin, shiny green silk is evident, it still bears traces of its antique cut in the skirt, which is short as well as scant, and the curious modeling of the bodice. And the bonnet! My first idea was that it too had belonged to her grandmother, as I looked at the huge flaring brim, lined with silk of the brightest purple, but on dodging behind her to get a fresh view of it I saw that it was simply a Tuscan shade hat, turned up behind and set upon the back of her head. And this hat was trimmed with the richest and rarest of old point lace, yellow as coffee and priceless as diamonds. Round her throat and wrists she wore old point too, but not yellow old point. Oh no! Profanation! Who had had the heart to wash and starch—yes, actually to starch it—until it stared and bristled and rustled with every motion of her head or hands? An old-fashioned *broché* shawl, which I found she flattered herself might pass for Indian, and a pair of cotton gloves, completed her extraordinary array.

"You didn't expect to see such a fine old aunty, did you, dear?" said Aunt Eunice, complacently, as she laid aside her wonderful hat with the utmost care. "You see, when I first got your mamma's letter I thought I could not possibly come, for I had not a thing fit to wear. But Sarah Eliza—that's my nephew's wife, you know—she said, 'Why, aunty, there's your grandma's cedar chest that you haven't opened for years. There must be lots of things in that that will make you as fine as a fiddle.' So we found this old dress, and Sarah Eliza matched it in silk, and Miss Frisbie came in and made it all over in no time. You wouldn't guess it was nearly a hundred years old, would you, now? Then," went on Aunt Eunice, fortunately waiting for no reply, "about my hat. I couldn't put one of your new-fangled fly-aways upon my old



head, and I couldn't get any thing else in town. My old one wasn't fit to wear; but at last Sarah Eliza hit upon this, and we found this lace, and Sarah Eliza said that would give it style, and it does, doesn't it? It does well enough on a hat, you see, but I couldn't put such dirty stuff next to my skin, so I just washed and starched enough for my neck and wrists, and I think it does look very nice and neat."

Poor old lady! Such a painful feeling of mingled absurdity and compassion took possession of me as I listened to her innocent *exposé* of ways and means, that my heart grew too big for my breast and forced the tears from my eyes as I stooped and kissed her withered old cheek.

The time of Mr. Duncan's arrival had been very uncertain, but he arrived late this evening, after Aunt Eunice had gone to bed, and while I was still writing the above entry. I saw him, of course, explained matters, and apologized as well as I could, and sent Bridget to pilot him to his room. I wonder if he is hungry? I never thought of it before, but I can't help it now. Besides, even if I had thought of it, I don't know what I could have done; Bridget had locked every thing up and was going to bed, and I should never have dared to ask her to go down again and get supper at that hour; so perhaps it's just as well, though I don't like to think of his being hungry. Aunt Eunice and he haven't met yet. I wonder what he will think of her?

October 8.—Oh dear! one day is over at last, but if they are all going to be like this, what shall I do? There's Aunt Eunice, in the first place. She came down to breakfast looking nice and quaint and lady-like, in her plain brown gown, with white collar and cuffs and little muslin cap. When she saw Mr. Duncan she started and said,

"I didn't know that your friend had come, my dear, or I would have put on my brocade. There's nothing like first impressions, you know, and I do want to do credit to the family."

If she had only known what a relief it was to me to see her in her plain morning dress! I am sure Mr. Duncan heard her speech, for all he looked so grave and abstracted, but that was nothing to what came afterward.

I don't know whether people would call Mr. Duncan a handsome man. For my part, I think him one of the handsomest I ever saw, but then I am not a judge. He is tall, but not overpoweringly so, with brown hair and mustache, a clear pale complexion, and eyes—no, I don't think I like his eyes. They are of a clear gray, shaded and black around the edge of the iris, which gives them richness and depth. They are beautiful eyes, I suppose, but they frighten me, they are so clear and steady and penetrating; they

seem to look through you as if you were a pane of glass. And they look as if they could be merciless if they detected one shade of meanness or duplicity in all your soul; merciless in their satire, too, if any thing ever so slightly ridiculous came under their ken. But there! if I go on frightening myself this way I shall make a greater goose of myself than ever.

Well, after Aunt Eunice had expressed her regrets about her brocade, I introduced Mr. Duncan to her, and we all sat down to breakfast. Luckily every thing was very good, the steak done to a turn, the potatoes golden brown, the coffee "clear as amber, fine as musk." Aunt Eunice was rather silent and subdued. Mr. Duncan did his best in the way of talk, but I was too much frightened and too much absorbed by my new duties to be capable even of understanding him. Aunt Eunice takes sugar but no cream in her coffee, and he takes cream but no sugar; and while I was trying to engrave these two facts upon my mind, how could I attend to what he was saying? He is a lawyer, and has been travelling in Europe with Uncle Jack for the last six months, and his conversation naturally turned upon his travels. He must think me a perfect dunce, for after I had located the Tyrol in Russia, and confounded the Mosque of St. Sophia with St. Peter's, and expressed my conviction that Venice was situated upon the Golden Horn, he turned his attention to Aunt Eunice. She, poor lady, was evidently in a mortal fright lest he should attack her on the same subject, and, I suppose by way of turning the conversation, she broke in with:

"Did I understand Marion to say that your name is Duncan? That is a very familiar name to me. There are many Duncans in our place. Our butcher is named Duncan."

I glanced at him in dismay, but not a muscle of his face moved, not even an eyelash quivered as he replied, gravely:

"Some connection of mine, no doubt. We have relations in every rank of life."

Obviously Mr. Duncan is a gentleman, but, all the same, it was a great relief to me to hear him say, as we rose from the table, for which I gave the signal rather precipitately, that he had business in New York which would detain him the greater part of the day, and that he must ask me to excuse him if he did not return much before dinner-time. Excuse!—and I could have fallen on his neck at the prospect of nine hours of relief from my duties as hostess.

Aunt Eunice sat lost in silent pondering for some time after Mr. Duncan had gone. Suddenly, just as I was about to speak, she burst out:

"A butcher! Did he say that Duncan the butcher was an uncle or a cousin of



his? Really, my dear, I am not proud, but a butcher does seem rather low down. The Nortons always held their heads pretty high, and what your mamma can be thinking of I don't know. Was it his uncle or his cousin, Marion?"

"Neither, Aunt Eunice," I said. "Probably he is no relation at all to Duncan the butcher. He only said it to spare your feelings."

"To spare my feelings?" said Aunt Eunice, looking up in surprise. "Why, he never could have thought that Duncan the butcher is a connection of mine! And how could it spare my feelings to acknowledge his relationship to his own uncle? No, no, my dear; that won't do. After all, I am glad he had courage enough to tell the truth; though if you come to sparing feelings, a lie would have been much more likely to do that. But I honor a man who isn't ashamed of his relations—though a butcher does seem *very* low down."

I could not stay to combat Aunt Eunice's suspicions, for Bridget was imperatively demanding my presence in the kitchen, and I was obliged to make my escape to give orders for luncheon and dinner—or rather to meekly adopt Bridget's views upon the subject. Then I went up again to Aunt Eunice, and spent the rest of the day with her. I talked with her, took her out to walk, listened to her old-time stories, until it was time to rush up stairs and dress for dinner, and fly down again to see that the table was properly set, and to brighten it up a little with a few late flowers and scarlet berries. I was a little more at my ease by this time, and could listen to what Mr. Duncan said, and even reply after a fashion. The only thing that distressed me was Aunt Eunice's extraordinary behavior. I am really afraid that Mr. Duncan will think her insane, such an utterly inexplicable series of nods and winks did she keep up. I remarked that the meat was tough, only to be rebuked by a volley of warning glances. I asked Mr. Duncan if the carving-knife was sharp enough, and she coughed me into silence. But when I asked him if he liked to carve, she very nearly shook her head off in her efforts to hush me. Of course Mr. Duncan saw it all, and was as much amazed by it as I, and far more diverted, or so I judged by the spasmodic manner in which he buried as much of his face as he well could in his napkin, and broke into sudden and uncalled-for fits of coughing, which left him red in the face and "teary round the lashes."

The evening passed off better than I expected, with music and talk. Then Mr. Duncan spoke of a volume of poems which had recently come out, and finding that I had not seen it, repeated one or two of them for me; and then it was time to separate for the night. Aunt Eunice beckoned

me into her room mysteriously as I went up stairs, after a consultation with Bridget on the subject of breakfast.

"My dear," said Aunt Eunice, solemnly, "I know you don't mean any harm by it, and young things are always thoughtless; but if I were you, I wouldn't talk so much about butchers before Mr. Duncan. Depend upon it, he won't like it."

"But, Aunt Eunice," I cried, in amazement and horror, "I never mentioned butchers—never once. What on earth should I talk about butchers for?"

"That's just it," said Aunt Eunice, calmly; "why should you? But to ask him if his knife is sharp, and if he is fond of cutting up meat—why, it was just the same as asking him if he inherits his father's tastes, and no man would like that, under the circumstances."

"Why, Aunt Eunice—" I began, but she interrupted me.

"There, there, my dear, that will do. I rather wonder at your family, I must say; but, after all, he is a very clever and intelligent young man—quite wonderfully so, indeed, *for a butcher's son*."

I would have exclaimed, expostulated, denied the allegation, but I had no time, for, with a hasty kiss and an exhortation to run away to bed and keep my roses fresh, Aunt Eunice closed her door upon me.

October 10.—I am getting used to my new position, I think. Thanks to Bridget, I have no trouble about ordering meals. My only duties in that line are decorating the table, and concocting nice little dishes for dessert, etc., in which I succeed pretty well, thanks to mamma's carefully kept recipe-book. To be sure, the lemon pies which I rashly undertook were much harder than orthodox lemon pies should be, owing to my ignorance of the proper amount of beating to be bestowed upon them. But just as Aunt Eunice was plunging me into the lower depths of despair by her commiseration, Mr. Duncan suggested that though they might be rather a failure as pies, they were unexceptionable if regarded as caramels, and thus turned the whole thing into a joke. He is so kind and thoughtful! I believe it is because he appreciates the difficulties of my position that he spends the whole day in the city, returning only in time for the six-o'clock dinner. What *should* I do with both him and Aunt Eunice upon my hands for an entire day? As it is, I am afraid that she is bent upon deepening the conviction of my utter idiocy which I succeeded in impressing upon his mind the first day. Last night, for instance. During the day we had somehow stumbled upon natural history in the course of our talk, and I said something about turtles' eggs.

"Turtles' eggs?" cried Aunt Eunice, with an air of lively interest. "Do turtles lay



eggs? Why, I never knew that before! But how do they hatch them? Do they sit upon them?"

The notion of a turtle sitting upon its eggs nearly convulsed me, but I controlled myself, and explained the mode which they adopt, as well as I could. Aunt Eunice appeared quite satisfied at the time, but I begin to perceive that a subject is never done with when you think it is, where Aunt Eunice is concerned. Hardly were we seated at the dinner table when she broke forth:

"Mr. Duncan, what idea do you think this ridiculous child has got into her head? She has been trying to convince me that turtles sit upon their eggs like hens! Turtles—with their hard shells—just think of it! I told her that they bury them in the sand and let the sun hatch them; but no! she sticks to it that they make nests in the reeds and rushes, and sit upon them. Do tell her that it is nonsense, that it stands to reason it can't be. I have tried to convince her, but I can't. Not the green turtles, you know," added Aunt Eunice, with a sudden rush of recollection. "*They* are the only kind that I have ever seen in front of a—a—market; I wouldn't mention *them* for the world. But the common little mud-turtles, you know. They are not good to eat, and it *can't* hurt any body's feeling to mention *them*."

Poor Mr. Duncan! poor me! In the midst of my wrath and mortification I could not help laughing until I cried at his puzzled face. Clew to her meaning, of course, he had none, and though he must have considered her demented and me an idiot, there was nothing worse than commiseration in the look he bent upon me. People *do* pity idiots, I suppose; but I wonder whether it is worse to be an idiot and not know it, or to be considered one and have no chance of disproving the charge?

October 12.—Things go on in much the same way here. Mr. Duncan breakfasts with us, then takes himself off, and I see no more of him until near dinner-time. Yesterday I was obliged to leave Aunt Eunice to her own devices most of the morning. The night before, in recalling some of the memories of his childhood, Mr. Duncan expressed a desire to taste once more such gingerbread as his mother used to make, and I determined to gratify him. I began to be so conceited about my housewifely accomplishments that I might have known that pride would have a fall sooner or later. How in the world Bridget ever came to make such a blunder I can't tell; but the most trusted will fail sometimes. The gingerbread was all mixed, and I was sifting in the flour slowly and carefully.

"Bring me some more flour, Bridget," I said. "Here isn't half enough."

Bridget turned upon me a face of dismay.

"Sure, Miss Marion, there's never a bit more," she cried—"and me that forgot to tell you about it this morning!"

No more flour! I stared from the pan to Bridget, and from Bridget back to the pan.

"But what is to be done?" I cried.

"Maybe there's enough, miss, darling," cries Bridget, in honest tribulation.

"I am afraid not," I say, ruefully; "but it will have to go in as it is, I suppose. I don't know how it will come out."

And hastily washing my hands and doffing my apron, I ran up stairs to Aunt Eunice. She, however, was nowhere to be found. High and low I searched, but in vain, and as her bonnet and shawl were missing, I was forced to the conclusion that she had gone out alone. But for the anxiety I could not help feeling, this would have been a most welcome reprieve. It was not that I minded Aunt Eunice in herself, but I was beginning to feel for the first time in my life the necessity of weighing my words when I talked to her. Even with all the caution that it was possible for me to exercise, how was it possible to foresee what curious twist she would give to my words in repeating them, or to guard against the distortions which facts underwent in their passage through her mind? Aunt Eunice and Mr. Duncan together were becoming too heavy a load for my slender shoulders to carry, though alone I felt that neither of them would have been specially formidable.

The day wore on, and Aunt Eunice did not appear. When luncheon-time came and passed, and still I saw no signs of her, I became thoroughly alarmed. I would have gone to search for her, but what would have been the use of that when I did not know where to search? Mr. Duncan came back at an unusually early hour, and I was just confiding my troubles to him, when a confused noise in the street called us both to the window. A rabble of small boys was the first thing that we saw—small, ragged boys, dancing, shouting, and yelling in a very ecstasy of enjoyment, after the manner of *gamins* the world over. At first I saw no reason for their triumphant demonstrations in the prosaic butcher's cart which they surrounded, and gazed in simple wonder at their antics. Another moment, and horror rushed over me, as I saw the glisten of a green frock on the front seat, as a mild, faded face surrounded by a purple halo bent forward and nodded a cheerful greeting to me, and a hand in a baggy cotton glove waved its salutation.

"Aunt Eunice," I cried, rushing to the door to receive her, "where *have* you been? why did you go out alone? and, oh! *what* possessed you to come home in this style?"

I never was blessed with much control of my feelings, and, as I spoke, I sank down on



the stairs in a fit of hysterical laughter. Aunt Eunice gazed at me calmly.

"It was a very good way," she said, with an air of mild remonstrance. "You see, I

but when he did he stopped at once, and a most civil-spoken young man he proved to be. He offered to call a cab for me, but I said, 'No, if he would just take me himself



AUNT EUNICE COMES HOME IN A STRANGE VEHICLE.

thought that as you were busy, I would go without bothering you, for once. I did not say any thing about it, for I knew that you would insist upon going with me. Well, I went to New York, found my way to the ferry without any trouble, but when I got on the other side, what with the noise and the confusion, I fairly lost my head, and wandered about for I don't know how long, without any idea of where I was. I was getting very much discouraged, when suddenly I caught sight of this man, and remembered that I had seen his cart at your door. I had some trouble to make him hear me.

in the course of his round, that would do very well.' People stare? Well, a little, perhaps; but you see no one could mistake me for any thing but a lady—wasn't it lucky I put on my brocade?—so it didn't so much matter."

"Did you—did you stop at many houses?" I asked, falteringly.

"A dozen or so," replied Aunt Eunice, cheerfully. "It is singular what a commotion such a simple thing as the stopping of a butcher's cart at the door makes. Every one rushed to the front windows as if they had never seen one before."



"Oh, Aunt Eunice! how *could* you?" I gasped, in irrepressible horror.

"How could I what?" asked Aunt Eunice, innocently. "If it's riding in a butcher's cart that you mean, I might have objected to that a month ago; but if *you* have no scruples on that point, why should I? I have no doubt that Mr. Duncan himself drove a cart when he first went into the business, though I suppose that he has got beyond it now."

Mr. Duncan, who had been out to settle with the man and dismiss the boys, re-appeared at this juncture. I glanced at him in dismay. Had he heard? I really could not tell. His eyes were dancing, while the rest of his face was preternaturally grave; but there was quite enough in the circumstances of the case to account for that, without making it necessary to suppose that he had caught Aunt Eunice's last words. I might at least hope that he was still in ignorance of the horrors which Aunt Eunice had seen fit to thrust upon him.

My gingerbread? I had forgotten all about it in the anxiety of the afternoon, and it did not return to my mind until we sat down to table.

"How did the gingerbread bake, Bridget?" I asked.

"Sure, ma'am," said Bridget, composedly, "it didn't bake at all; *it boiled*"—producing in proof of her words a cake-pan, of which bottom and sides were thickly incrustured with a substance closely resembling the "taffy" dear to childish hearts. In the laughter which this episode caused, our embarrassment melted away. Indeed, I am ceasing to be afraid of Mr. Duncan. We had a delightful evening after Aunt Eunice's fatigue had got the better of her and banished her to her own room.

October 14.—Aunt Eunice has not distinguished herself in any special way of late. Yesterday she was too much exhausted by her adventures of the day before to be any thing but quiet and meek. What should I do if any one but Mr. Duncan were staying here? I like him more and more every day. It seems impossible that I have only known him for a week. He is so kind and thoughtful toward me, and Aunt Eunice he treats with a respect which is wonderful. He sees, as I do, that the dear old lady is—what shall I say?—a little shaky in her wits, and he is tender of even her worst freaks and blunders. Of course he can not help laughing—nobody could—but the laughter is not of a kind which could hurt her feelings, even if she knew of it, which she does not.

Yesterday was a damp, rainy day, and there was a raw chill in the air which struck to the very marrow of your bones, so, toward evening, I ventured to ask Bridget to light the furnace fire. I think I would have let

them freeze to death quietly if I had known what the result would be. Out of every register the smoke came pouring, until the whole house looked like London in a fog. The cellar was full of smoke too, which burst out in great puffs through the grated windows, until the passers-by stopped and stared, under the impression that the house was on fire. The inside was the worst, though. We coughed and choked, and sneezed and wept, in the stinging, stifling atmosphere. We sat around the dinner table a mournful trio, while the tears, un-called-for, poured down our burning cheeks.

"Why," I asked, quoting an old conundrum—"why is a smoky chimney like a swallow?"

No one replying, I was obliged to answer my own question.

"Because it has a crooked *flue*."

Mr. Duncan laughed, but Aunt Eunice only stared in rigid disapprobation.

"A crooked *flew*," she repeated, with a puzzled air. "But, my dear, that's not correct—not at all correct. A swallow hasn't a *flew*. *Flew* is a verb, and you can't put an article before it. You couldn't parse such a sentence as that. A crooked *flight*, it should be. A swallow may have a crooked *flight*—indeed, I believe he has—but 'a crooked *flew*!'"

"But, Aunt Eunice," I said, stifling my laughter as best I could, "a chimney hasn't a *flight*."

"Certainly not," retorted Aunt Eunice, severely. "A chimney has a *flue*, but not a *flight*; and a swallow has a *flight*, but not a *flew*. That is just what I say. You see that it is incorrect altogether. There is no wit in such a thing as that—not even sense."

The attempt at enlightening her in regard to the pun was palpably hopeless, and I gave it up in despair. It is singular that she should be so totally devoid of imagination on some points, while in other respects it is so vivid. I do wonder what idea she has taken into her head lately? She seems full of some project which forces sighs from her breast and incoherent words from her lips every time she looks at me when we are alone together. Yesterday we had a very mysterious conversation—at least it was mysterious to me; I suppose she understood it.

"My dear," she said, after several false starts, "are you quite sure that your mother knows all about Mr. Duncan?"

"All about him?" I said, somewhat puzzled. "I don't exactly know what you mean. She knows that he is here, of course, and she knows all that Uncle Jack has told her: but 'all about him' is a very wide phrase."

"About his profession, I mean," said Aunt Eunice.

"Oh yes!" I replied, in temporary forget-



fulness of her hallucination. "She knows all about that, of course."

Aunt Eunice shook her head slowly.

"Well, it's all a puzzle to me. The Nortons always held their heads so high, and that your mother should be willing—I can't help thinking that there is some mistake somewhere, and I have been thinking whether it isn't my duty to write to your mother."

"I have no doubt that she will be very glad to hear from you," I said, laughing; "but I hardly think you can tell her any thing about Mr. Duncan that she does not know already."

"I don't know," said Aunt Eunice. "I am beginning to have my doubts and—"

Just here Bridget appeared to claim my attention, and the subject dropped.

*October 17.*—Oh, Aunt Eunice! Aunt Eunice! Mamma has come home. I don't know whether to laugh or to cry when I think of her face as I first saw it. Such a dear, puzzled, anxious, unhappy face as it was; but I must begin at the beginning to write it all down.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner last night mamma came home, without having sent us a word of hint or warning. I was too much delighted to see her to inquire very closely into the reason of her coming, but supposed that Aunt Amy had suddenly become so much better that she could dispense with mamma's presence. That was the truth, it appeared afterward, but not all the truth. When I went to bed, mamma followed me up stairs.

"Marion, my dear," were her first words, "what trouble have you been getting yourself into?"

"Trouble, mamma?" I said. "Why, it has been nothing but trouble from beginning to end—only for Mr. Duncan. Aunt Eunice has been too absurd; and this idea of hers about the butcher—"

I broke down here, and went into one of my hysterical fits of laughter, while mamma stood looking at me with a face of grave perplexity.

"What about the butcher, Marion?" she said, when I had in some degree succeeded in controlling myself. "That is just what I want to know. Aunt Eunice has been writing to me in a way which would have frightened me out of my senses only that I couldn't make head or tail of it—about 'butchers,' and 'entanglements,' and 'rides in butchers' carts,' and goodness knows what besides. Have you been running in debt to the butcher, Marion, or what does it all mean?"

"Writing to you? Aunt Eunice!" I gasped, as well as I could for laughing. "Oh, mamma! don't you see? It's Mr. Duncan. Aunt Eunice has taken it into her head that he is a butcher, and I do hope that you will

be more successful than I in disabusing her mind of the impression."

And then I told her the story as nearly as possible as I have written it down here, until, between horror and laughter, mamma was nearly in convulsions.

"You poor child!" she said, "I had no idea what I was leaving you to. Aunt Eunice always was a little eccentric, but I had no idea that she was like this, or I never would have done it."

Well, mamma is here again, and it's all right. Nothing very bad can happen now. I will copy Aunt Eunice's letter here as a memento:

"MY DEAR FRANCES,—I think it my duty to write and tell you how things are going on here, and how you could do it passes my comprehension. Only a common butcher, and she your only daughter; and though the Nortons have never been rich, they have always held their heads high. Never one of the family has been in trade, and now this butcher! I'll not deny that he is a handsome young man, and very clever for his station, and butchers may be very civil-spoken young men, and butchers' carts are not so bad as you might think to ride in, but still this entanglement does seem rather a coming down for a Norton, and my opinion is that both you and Marion had better think seriously what you are about, and that you had better come home and see after her. She is a good girl, but young and giddy, and I should be sorry to see her in trouble. I hope you will take this as it is meant, and believe me

"Ever your sincere friend and well-wisher,

"EUNICE SINGLETON."

*October 18.*—When mamma came home I thought that all my troubles were over, when in reality they had only begun. I can never hold up my head again—never! Mamma talked to Aunt Eunice, and reasoned with her, and tried to convince her that Mr. Duncan is no butcher, but a lawyer who is rising rapidly in his profession, and bids fair to be one of the first men of the day. What is the use of arguing with a—well, with Aunt Eunice, though? Instead of convincing her on that point, she only succeeded in driving another idea deeper into her head. As neither mamma nor I had ever suspected the existence of this idea—we couldn't; it was too absurd—we never thought of assuring her of its falsity. If we had, I don't suppose it would have done any good, though. That I am in love with Mr. Duncan, or that he is in love with me!—I don't know which is the wildest or the worst. That he had come here in the character of an accepted lover, when, until the day he did come, we had never even met! The one idea which Aunt Eunice retained in her mind of





"I WAS IN THE BACK-ROOM AND HEARD EVERY WORD."

all that mamma had said was that she had no objection to Mr. Duncan, and this she translated into a perfect willingness to accept him as her son-in-law.

Thereupon Aunt Eunice considered it her

duty to congratulate him upon the engagement the next time she saw him. What must he think of us—of me? She went on enlarging upon the fact that as the Nortons had sunk their family pride so far as to ac-



cept him, she could have nothing to say against it, though it was a thing that she would never have looked for, etc., etc. And I was in the back-room and heard every word. I couldn't get out, because the door into the hall happened to be locked upon the outside, and I would have staid in the room until doomsday rather than confront them. He, poor man, was utterly dazed and well-nigh speechless. At first I hoped that he had not caught her meaning; but as she went on to make it clear, horribly clear, clearer than she ever made any thing in her life before, he seemed about equally divided between laughter and amazement. I can not remember what they said; it was all too dreadful. I only know that, after she had finished her tirade, he came into the back-room to get a match or something, and found me there, with my face in a flame and my eyes blazing. He started, and would have spoken, but I could not stand any more. I could only fly out of the room and up to my own, where I could cry to my heart's content. Oh! I hope he will go away, for I can never look him in the face again, never!

*October 25.*—Well, he has not gone, and I am not sure that I want him to, now. Indeed, I am very sure that I don't. This is how it all happened: I waited that day until I heard him go out, and when, a few minutes afterward, I heard mamma come in, I went down stairs. She was not in her own room, so I kept on to the parlor, and the first person I saw was Mr. Duncan. It

was he whom I had heard come in, for he had only gone out to post a letter. I started back, and would have run away again, but he called "Miss Marion!" so imploringly that I was obliged to stop. And then—No, I can not write down what he said, even here. It was all Aunt Eunice's doing, after all. He would never have dreamed of speaking so soon but for her. He said that he fell in love with me before he ever saw me, from the picture which Uncle Jack showed him of his "favorite niece," and the letters which he always shared with him. Uncle Jack is much younger than mamma, and Robert is younger than Uncle Jack, so that the disparity between us is not so great as one would suppose. I am much too young to dream of being married yet, mamma says, and I think so too. As for Robert—well, it's the woman's place to dictate before marriage. His turn comes later.

*October 31.*—At last we have succeeded in getting through Aunt Eunice's head the idea that Robert is a lawyer. She pondered the subject for a while, and then she said:

"Well, my dear, if the young man has decided to give up his profession and take to the study of the law, it does put rather a different face upon the matter. If you are satisfied, I am. Only, Marion, my dear, if I were you I would never tell any one that when I engaged myself to my husband he was only a butcher."

No, Aunt Eunice, decidedly I shall not.

## SHIPWRECK.

My ship resisted the furious tempest;  
The wind tore her sails to shreds in vain;  
Canvas rent, and strained masts bending,  
She held her way through the foaming main.

The cruel rocks broke through her timbers;  
She shrank and shivered in helpless pain;  
But they stanch'd the wound with my costliest treasures,  
And she bent her course toward port again.

With my dearest hopes I had manned the vessel  
That in storm and breakers alike held fast;  
Strong and patient, they laughed derision  
At the jagged rock and the crazy blast.

And when she entered the gates of the harbor,  
I cried, "At last!—she is safe at last!"  
I thought of the calm to follow the tempest,  
Of peace to come after danger past.

With sails all folded, she lay at anchor  
In the peaceful dawn of a summer day;  
When a ghostly breath blew through the rigging,  
And before my sight she faded away.

The crew that had won through so many dangers,  
Lifeless, stretched on the deck they lay;  
And I watched them sink, with my ship and treasures,  
'Mid the shifting waves of that sunny bay.





FROM LONDON TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED SPA.

**K**ENT is the "garden of England;" and in all this blooming garden the sun smiles upon no fairer spot than the picturesque range of hills over which the bright little town of Tunbridge Wells wanders up and down. The site was supposed to resemble, or at least to suggest, that of Jerusalem, and hence the hills facing each other in rival beauty across the breezy Common were called respectively Mount Ephraim and Mount Sion. Their summits, which once wore only nature's crown of deep-tinted feathery pines and graceful elms, are now plentifully sprinkled with large and pleasant dwellings, from whose ivy or clematis framed windows the eye looks out over the beautiful "weald of Kent," until its brilliant green softens, darkens, and is finally lost in the far-off horizon.

From the most thickly populated end of Mount Ephraim a gentle descent leads to a quiet, shady portion of the town, known as Mount Pleasant, and from thence again a still gentler rise brings one among the groves of Calverley—a probable perversion of Calvary—whose graceful elms wave their drooping branches almost into the arms of Sion's sturdy oaks and bushes.

Commodious home-like mansions, looking into pleasant blooming gardens, line the wide, curved streets—there seem to be positively no angles in this poetical little town—on either side; a weed-like luxuriance of tree, hedge, and flower covers the hill-side

with a tender glowing mosaic that only changes into new and softer beauty beneath the shadow of each light and shifting cloud; and some rare and unexpected view is sure to meet the eye at every turn. But the practical "Tunbridge Weller," whose life intimacy with this brilliant verdant landscape has somewhat blunted his appreciation of its loveliness, will say it is "only hills, and hills can be found 'most any where." The pride and glory of his heart is the long, wide, verdant, breezy Common, which is to this inland watering-place what the boundless sea is to Brighton or Hastings. Between the sloping hills this perennially green carpet rolls itself out, thickly embroidered by nature's lavish hand with heath, thyme, wild violets, and golden-flowering gorse, their rich, harmonious shades finding charming relief against the sober gray of huge sandstone boulders that stand forth like natural fortresses keeping eternal watch over all this tender loveliness creeping around their feet. Now and then some quaint little cottage, fragrant with blossoming creepers, softens the bold beauty of the rugged cliff, climbing timidly up its steep sides, and seeming to make almost a part of the rough rock to which it clings like some strange flowering parasite.

These curious dwellings are a slow and natural outgrowth from the huts in which certain French priests, refugees from their country after the great Revolution, lived and died, the English government generously voting them an allowance to provide for



their maintenance in the misty but hospitable island that gave them such kindly shelter from the storms passing over the sunnier skies of their own beloved France.

The quaintest of these little villas balances itself securely over a cliff nearly in the centre of the Common, and bears the not wholly inappropriate but somewhat ambitious name of "Gibraltar." It has queer little gables and balconies, a tiny parterre of flowers, and a Lilliputian hot-house; but the freshest and most healthful breezes play in and out the jasmine-wreathed lattice; the first glow of morning and the last evening beam fall tenderly over its homely brown roof. No man, woman, or child ever seems to pluck the flowers or pass in and out the vine-covered portals, but the dainty little castle is always in spotless order, as though in hourly expectation of some fairy family that shall suddenly appear to pick up the memories dropped behind the flower-decked walls so long ago.

A "St. Helena," a "Romanoff Cottage," and one or two others complete the encroachments from the hand of man. Picturesque



MOUNT EPHRAIM.

as they are, the discovery seems early to have been made that nature could hardly be improved upon; and realizing that the green and fragrant Common was the emerald gem in their crown of hills, the authorities of the town passed an act forbidding the erection of any more buildings upon their favorite down, which was thenceforth happily left to bloom in all its wild and natural loveliness.

Tunbridge Wells, with Speldhurst, an adjacent village, was computed in 1873 to contain about 26,000 souls, and its population



THE PARADE.



has been ever since steadily increasing. The town is beautifully clean, well lighted and watered, and has, even in this country of solid home comfort, an unusually cheery and well-to-do air. The perfectly kept highways wind forth into the surrounding country between double rows of blooming hawthorn, and the pleasant dwellings rise from banks of dewy flowers, and lift their ivy-covered gables to the gentle sweep of faintly scented pines. But the houses, despite the ivy and the mellow look upon their walls, are too convenient to be old. Save the "Pantiles" and a few ancient landmarks, which leaven a little the modernized whole, naught but the eternal hills and the grand old waving trees remains to whisper tales of long ago, when queens and princes, coming to drink at the famous "wells," dwelt, with their suites of noblemen and maids of honor, in tents pitched upon the Common or the hills.

The virtue of these "wells" or springs was discovered by Dudley, Lord North, a dissolute young nobleman attached to the court of James the First, and in a rare and curi-

inconvenient journey to sick bodies, besides the money it carries out of the kingdom and inconvenience to religion. Much more I could say, but I rather hint than handle—rather open a door to a large prospect than give it."

Lord North had evident cause for gratitude, either to the chalybeate water itself, or to the clear, vigorous air and change from court dissipations to a quiet, out-door, country life, for his shattered constitution was gradually restored to its pristine vigor, and he lived to welcome the dawn of his eighty-fifth year.

The strengthening properties of the springs, together with the great natural attractions of the town itself, and the many charming excursions and places of interest in the *entourage*, caused Tunbridge Wells to increase steadily in favor as a summer resort. It had already been distinguished by a visit from Queen Henrietta Maria, and in 1664 Charles the Second, with his consort Catherine of Braganza, made a long and pleasant sojourn in that favored spot among



TUNBRIDGE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

ous work, entitled *A Forest Promiscuous of Several Seasons' Production*, he thus quaintly claims the credit of bringing them into notice:

"The use of Tunbridge and Epsom waters for health and cure I first made known to London and the king's people. The Spaw—i. e., Spa, in Belgium—is a chargeable and

the Kentish hills, thus bringing it still more into fashion and repute. There is yet extant a warrant providing for the erection of tents to be placed on the Common at the disposition of the queen, which warrant sets forth that "you are forthwith required to provide and make ready.....Tenne Tents, besides what are at Tunbridge already, for





TUNBRIDGE WELLS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

her Majesty's service;" and a minute description of Tunbridge Wells and its amusements toward the close of the seventeenth century is given in a curious book, entitled *Metellus, his Dialogues*, published in 1693.

From this quaint volume we learn that the journey from London was performed on horseback, and was looked upon as quite a heroic accomplishment for "one hot day;" that the grandest visitor was content to lodge in a lowly cottage, and dine "on bacon and coleworts," while he drank from maple cups the "brisk, salutiferous, old woman's ale" that bubbled over the famous "Pantiles," where

"Midst of the trees Apollo hath a quire."

The spring which furnished this "salutiferous ale" had been somewhat reclaimed from its primitive rusticity by Lord Muskerry, lord of the manor in 1664; and some thirty years later the Princess Anne of Denmark, who much affected Tunbridge Wells, and was its acknowledged and very liberal patroness, bestowed a handsome basin upon the fountain, which long afterward retained the name of the "Queen's Well." A short

time subsequent to this much-prized gift, the Duke of Gloucester having injured himself by falling upon the badly constructed "walks," his royal mother gave a further donation of £100—then a generous sum—with which to put the thoroughfare in proper condition. The money was diverted from the use intended, and her Royal Highness was so indignant at such neglect of her wishes that she withdrew all favor from her once-loved retreat, and sought its pleasant shades no more.

The repentant inhabitants, seeking to atone for their "sin of omission," paved the leading avenue with square bricks or tiles, whence the familiar "Pantiles," so identified with the list of illustrious names whose memory still lingers among the spreading limes, but the echo of whose footsteps has died away in the long vista of years behind us.

But far more than that of queen or nobleman did the influence of the celebrated "Beau Nash" build up the reputation of the "Wells," and attract visitors from all quarters to the charming Kentish Spa.

Appearing like a brilliant meteor, in a gor-



geous chariot drawn by six grays, with outriders, footmen, French horns, and all the parade which the sumptuous taste of the day allowed, with the prestige of long success at Bath fresh upon him, "Richard Nash, Esq."—as his biographer Goldsmith calls him—took admiring Kent by storm, and at once became the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Tunbridge Wells, ruling absolute monarch over the blooming little kingdom, whose

proaches. He first taught a familiar intercourse among strangers at Bath and Tunbridge, which still subsists among them. That ease and open access first acquired there our gentry brought back to the metropolis, and thus the whole kingdom by degrees became more refined by lessons originally derived from him."

Thus this sumptuous despot of fashion, whom the ungrateful years have quite for-



DORNDEN—KENTISH RESIDENCE OF H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

somewhat crude society he at once set about polishing and reforming. He banished riding-boots and swords, and—although his own extravagance was supported by a stipulated share in the public tables of "faro," "ace of hearts," "rolly-pooly," and various other strange-sounding games—he entirely discouraged private gambling. One of his first decrees was that "every visitor should live in public," which despotic command the highest nobleman and the meanest commoner were compelled to obey. He organized a complete and successful system by which each hour of the day should be agreeably employed, and by his suave persistence removed many of the existing drawbacks to social enjoyment.

This elegant adventurer, who simply by his manners, his dress, and not least of all, his assurance, presided for more than fifty years over "the pleasures of a polite kingdom," is said to be the first who diffused "a desire of society and an easiness of address among a whole people formerly censured by foreigners for a reservedness of behavior and an awkward timidity in their first ap-

proaches, or whom they remember only with a smile, left an all-enduring trace upon the *beau monde* over which he ruled so long.

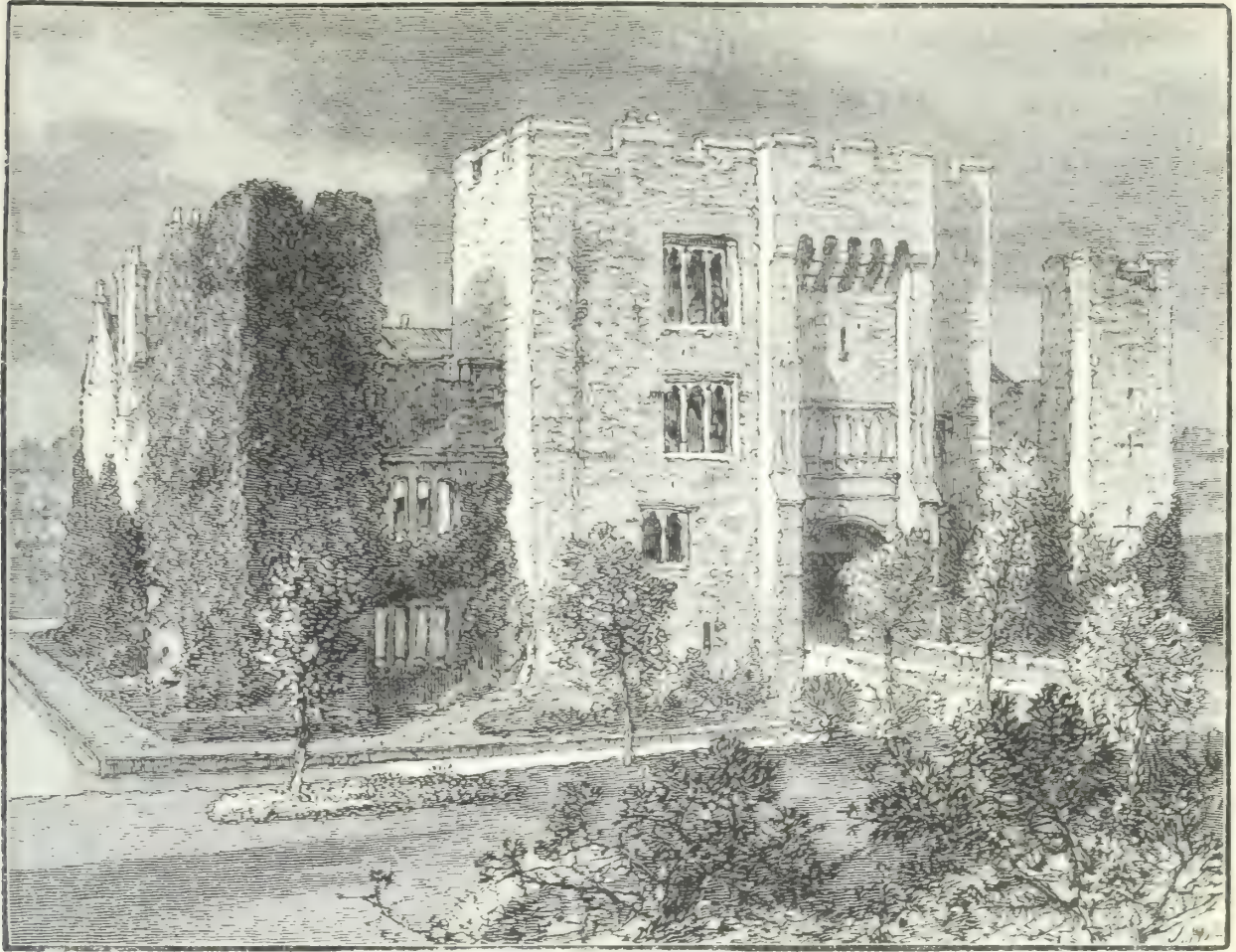
In the days of "Gentleman Nash," the formidable horseback journey was no longer a necessity. The visitor travelled from London in a post-chaise or by coach, performing the trip—provided the highwaymen left him in peace—in about seven hours. As he neared the Spa he was sure to be beset by "touters" eager to vaunt their wares and bespeak the custom of a new arrival.

"Soon as they set eyes on you, off flies the hat: Does your honor want this? does your honor want that?"

Upon entering his lodging—no longer an Arab-like canvas pitched among the gorse—the new-comer was generally greeted by a band of music welcoming him to the "Wells," which welcome was supposed to be supplemented by certain gratuities in silver or gold, according to the rank and means of the visitor.

Next morning, in elegant undress, the seek-





HEVER CASTLE, RESIDENCE OF ANNE BOLEYN.

er for pleasure resorted first to the "Pantiles," already, at the early hour of seven, crowded with company, through which beseeching tradesmen push their way and their wares, and where even imposing doctors, in curling wigs and with heavy gold-headed canes, extol the waters and tender professional advice.

Should the reader chance to possess a copy of the *Virginians*, he could have no more charming guide to the old-fashioned parade of 1748 than that afforded by Thack-

eray's ever-delightful pen, which tells us how Harry Warrington, fresh from the wilds of the New World, makes his first bow to polite society in the Old beneath the spreading limes that shade the "Pantiles" at Tunbridge. The celebrities of the day are all assembled; youth and beauty, age and wit, learning and ignorance, jostle each other beneath the long arcade. The beautiful Miss Chudleigh, belle alike of Bath and Tunbridge, and the sweet Miss Lowther, betrothed to Colonel Wolfe, upon whose arm



HIGH ROCKS.



she leans, are followed by admiring eyes, while the tongue that would sing the praises of the poor old Duchess of Queensberry—mother of my lord March, who bets all day—were she but still young and fair, now follows her with gibes and laughter. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, "the woman who could talk Greek faster than any one in England," is stared at by an adoring crowd; and even

After the visitor of a century or more ago had duly disposed of his morning glass at the "Queen's Well," and spent his hour or two exchanging compliments and greetings with friend and acquaintance, he was served to his breakfast beneath the limes. The morning meal was accompanied with music, and was followed by another hour of idling among the crowd, or by a rendezvous at the



MOATED HOUSE AT IGHTHAM.

Lady Maria, Harry's antique flame, whose ill-spelled missives excite a pitying smile, comes in for a word of praise from careless Jack Morris, my lord March's Fidus Achates. The fresh young "Virginian" looks with admiring awe after the round little figure of Richardson, author of *Clarissa*, and watches with interest the "snuff-colored, pock-marked dictionary-maker," who hardly lifts his beaver in response to the gracious salutation of my lord Chesterfield, but who bows with profound reverence before my lord Bishop of Salisbury. What a vivid, sparkling word-picture of it all the great master put before us! Alas that the gentle, subtle, kindly, sarcastic pen can paint no more!

bookseller's, where a select few met to improvise the satire and sentiment known as "water poetry," which weak effusions were circulated in manuscript, and were chiefly composed of personal allusions to well-known frequenters of the "Wells."

Some occasionally had the good taste to prefer a canter over the pleasant downs, or an excursion to some of the many inviting and interesting spots around, which excursions seem to have been much the same as those enjoyed to-day.

The picturesque "High Rocks" echoed the laughter of squire and dame, and the sweeping pines of Eridge whispered softly into ears deaf now for many a score of years.





CORNER OF QUADRANGLE INSIDE THE MOATED HOUSE.

Lord North evidently roamed with delight over the verdant "happy valley," and even the elegant Chesterfield himself must have gazed down from the heights of Rusthall above into its sun-lit fields with as vivid an appreciation of their wondrous beauty as the gentle Princess Louise, whose artistic eye looks down over it to-day from her windows at Dornden.

Imagination easily conjures up Miss Chudleigh, or the three Ladies Churchill—the Duke of Marlborough's handsome daughters—holding an admiring court under the shadow of Bayham's ivy-mantled arches, even then crumbling into graceful decay beneath the weight of their many hundred years.

Perhaps the pleasure-loving "Beau Nash" drove out into the dewy morning intent upon a pilgrimage to the stately castle of Ightham—pronounced, with that charming disregard of spelling that distinguishes the abbreviation-loving Briton, Itam—whose sun-kissed walls, rising gray and solemn from the silent lake beneath, show the most perfect specimen left to this encroaching, hurrying, practical nineteenth century of the old English "moated house," where it seems as though life must have passed like an idyl set to the sweet monotonous music of whispering trees and the ceaseless flow of babbling fountain.

Even the prosaic soul of the "snuff-colored dictionary-maker" must have softened in tender pride as he drove along the famous Bidborough crest, and, descending into beautiful Penshurst, drew up with wondering eye before the home of the illustrious Sidneys, around whose battlemented walls cling memories of centuries of glory, and whose fields were the "Arcadia" which their gifted owner praised with so much eloquence.

Perhaps my lord March stopped gambling long enough to ride out and see if he could play at "shovel-board" upon the long oaken table in the hall at Knole, where many a king and queen had supped, or made bets about the size and shape of that splendid palace anciently attached to the see of Canterbury, and still, through the kindness of its present owner, Mr. Mortimer Sackville-West, shown to the public during three days of the week.

Mrs. Carter, it may be, came down from her Grecian heights, and condescended to visit Hever and walk through the scenes that saw fair Anne Boleyn reared and educated, and that witnessed the young beauty's reception of her royal lover, whose ap-





KNOLE HOUSE.

proach was heralded by buglers posted upon the neighboring hills.

Then there was beautiful Eridge, seat of the Nevilles for more than four hundred years, with its deep blue lake, its miles and miles of sunny fields and grand old silent forests, into whose cool delicious depths only the straggling deer found a way. On every side Nature wooed the wanderer with her choicest robes, her fairest smiles. But she could not, after all, clothed even in her glowing summer beauty, keep him within her loving arms. A woman's smile, a crowded walk, a gossip at the club, were spells more potent than her fairest flowers or the gayest songs of her sweet-voiced birds. The one great point of interest, in spite of castle or cottage, forest or lake, was the "Pantile Walk," where society, after the mid-day dinner, appeared again, *en grande tenue*, to hold its tea-drinking, like its breakfast, in the open air. With that fragrant cup seems to have been sipped many a tale of scandal that would bring

a crimson flag of distress across the purer cheek of to-day, but which called no blush of shame into the rouged and powdered visage of centuries ago; and the pastime of destroying reputation and fortune seems only to have been interrupted, as the evening began to fall, by an adjournment to private card parties—which, in spite of "Beau Nash," still continued to thrive—within doors, or to the great Assembly-room, where dancing began at six o'clock. A stately minnet opened the programme, and continued for nearly two hours, every gentleman being compelled to dance with two ladies. "Beau Nash" was for many years the accomplished "master of ceremonies" at the crowded ball-room, and caused the social country-dances to commence as early as eight, continuing until eleven, when the music ceased and the company retired. How unlike all this to the more prosaic, but certainly, in some respects, more decorous, life of to-day!

The "salutiferous ale" still flows into



BAYHAM'S ARCHES.



its marble basin at the foot of the Pantiles, now bearing the more common face designation of the "Parade;" but no elegant adventurer comes in gilded coach and six to quaff health and strength at its bubbling stream; no would-be poets saunter in at the bookseller's to scribble indifferent verse or make merry over the failings of their fellow-men. The limes still spread their green and stately arms out over the sun-flecked "Walk;" but wit and beauty no longer meet to sip the "cup that cheers but not inebriates" beneath their kindly shade: the antepandial "drum," with its nineteenth-century ac-

The belle of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight goes to a ball at midnight, and whirls round to the music of Strauss's enchanting waltzes until the stars grow pale.

*Tempora mutantur!* The visitor of to-day, when he has not the time or the taste to travel by coach from London, rushes in behind a shrieking engine, and, be he lord or peasant, seems to come and go equally unmarked. Even Majesty herself, paying a visit to her daughter at Dornden a few weeks since, drove comfortably about in a homely wagonette, and save the hearty blessings and good wishes that followed



PENSURST PLACE.

companiment of "gossip" and ballad-singing, is a ceremony discreetly conducted behind closed doors and blinds, far from the gaze of eyes profane. Neither has time silenced the "sweet music of Apollo's quire;" the band plays on, while old and young still come and listen; but, alas! no "pock-marked" Dr. Johnson is there to give a surly nod in answer to my lord Chesterfield's gracious bow. No Richardson or Mrs. Carter walks to and fro, stared at and followed by an adoring crowd; and sweet Miss Lowther's loveliness is a thing forgotten.

The poor old Duchess of Queensberry and the heartless youth that jeered at her thin, wrinkled cheeks alike are crumbling into dust, and the relentless years have swept away even the memory of their presence. "Assembly-room" and "Master of Ceremonies" too have vanished and left no sign.

her every where, excited scarcely more stir than plain Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith.

Douro House, a low and modest dwelling on the summit of Mount Ephraim, in which the family of the "Iron Duke" resided when the battle of Waterloo was fought, is often visited with pleasure and interest by the descendants of that illustrious name; while a little beyond, dark and ivy-covered, stands "Chancellor House," once the home of the famous—or infamous—Judge Jeffries.

The echoes of the "Pantiles" are daily awakened to the footsteps of great and good and learned folk, who drink at the same fountain and gallop over the same breezy down as did "Gentleman Nash" or my lord Chesterfield; but they dress in unpoetical suits of tweed, and there is around and about them no glamour of mediæval splendor, as in the olden time.



## MANUEL MENENDEZ.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DE AMICIS.

## I.

THE Andalusian ballad "Don Manuel Menendez" has slight foundation in fact. The truth is only to be learned from the few inhabitants of Seville who knew him personally, as he left Seville, on the death of his parents, at fourteen years of age, making only a brief return, ten years after, before quitting the city forever. But even in these few months the city rang with his name. Even then he made no steady stay, departing, returning, disappearing, without hinting wherefore or whither; and not infrequently the first hint of his un-hoped-for re-appearance came in the shape of some new story of quarrel and duel, of sword thrusts given or taken outside the Cordova Gate. Not a few of those who knew him thought him a trifle mad, the consequence, they maintained, of an awkward knock on the head from the horns of a young and savage bull (*novillo*) in the Sunday games of the arena. The mishap was real enough, and he carried the marks still, but his brain was as sound as ever. His wonderful and exuberant vitality overflowed in motion, love-making, poetry, tears, bloodshed, but found quietus in none. To his warm heart he added the pride of Lucifer, set off by storms of rage, in which he would often dash his bare hand against the wall in sheer fury. With almost appalling firmness and determination he combined a madman's courage, and a woman's jesting word gave his character at a stroke: "If there are inhabitants in the comets, I can't help fancying they must be just like Manuel Menendez." His words were not uttered—they exploded; and his vitality ran to waste in the very vibrations of his voice. When in the arena of Seville a bull-fighter, losing courage, planted a treacherous thrust in his brute adversary, or tormented him when he should have killed him, the most terrible shout of "Coward!" which echoed through the inclosure was always from his lips; and at the theatre San Fernando, when the silence of the parterre was suddenly broken by one of those heart-felt, heart-stirring "*Bravi!*" which send a tingle through the veins of every one present, no one asked from whom it came: it was still Menendez. His friends were wont to speak of his *colossal talent*—a mere bit of Andalusian bombast. His lyrics were but one prolonged period, a flood of high-sounding phrases and glittering imagery, winding up with some abrupt turn, the basis of the whole poetic superstructure, meant to be striking and effective, but too often unintelligible.

No less puzzling than his poetry was the life of this man. He might be seen hatless crossing the Alameda at midnight, or

issuing at daybreak from the cathedral wicket, or wandering restlessly, a whole morning through, up and down the long *Strada delle Cento Scallate* (street of the hundred turns) with head bent forward as if hunting for pins on the pavement. From his house the nocturnal wayfarer could hear the sound of reading aloud, of frantic laughter, the crash of window-panes, the sounds of woman's sobbing. The most extravagant charges, save always the one charge of cowardice, were laid to his account—and believed.

Of course all Seville knew him well. The upper classes, little given to gossip, still regarded him with a disfavor born of distrust and timidity; the lower revered him for having saved an old porter from the waves of the Guadalquivir. Probably there was not a woman in the town, from the Governor's wife to the poorest work-girl in the cigar factory, who had not at some time or other, under pretext of shading her face, shot through the sticks of her screening fan a glance of inquiry or of invitation at this incorrigible scape-grace. For Menendez's fine Arab features were set off by a mass of raven hair, and his dress, tasteful in its eccentricity, set off like a *maillot* the powerful but aristocratic lines of his youthful figure.

Such was Manuel Menendez—as far as possible from the savage the popular ballad would make him out. Such, at least, we find him after seven months' stay in Seville, when occurred that sudden change in him which his friend Don Hermogenes still remembers, and for which he is our authority.

"Manuel!" he said, "you crazy fool! you will kill yourself if you go on in this way. What you want is some subduing passion to keep you in order. You have had things your own way long enough; now you need a little obedience. Can't you find a woman with a stronger character than your own to take you in hand?"

"I've found her!" replied Manuel, smiling.

"Who?"

"Fermina!"

"Fermina!" cried his friend—"Fermina of the Faubourg Triana? Fermina di Granata? Fermina the *Princess*?"

Menendez nodded.

With one spring Don Hermogenes rushed to the window, and called out, in solemn tones, "O men of Seville! Don Manuel Menendez is dead!"

## II.

And, in fact, a month from that time Manuel Menendez was a changed man, and all through Seville fathers of unmanageable daughters breathed more freely. He was seen no more at villa, church, or circus. To find him, however, one had only to pass the iron bridge, take the turn to the left, straight along the river nearly to the end of the Tri-



ana suburb, and then, mounting to the second story of a white house opposite the Golden Tower, to peep through the key-hole into a small modest room shaded by the trees which line the right bank of the Guadalquivir. There you would have found him, at the feet of the fairest yet the strangest creature before whom he had ever bowed his swarthy forehead in adoration, pouring out his soul in a mad gush of amorous folly, while the girl listened in silence, working the while at a garland of flowers. "Fermina," he said, in murmured tones, "you are a mystery, a creature of another planet. From what world do you come, and how did you ever fall in love with a mortal man? I could swear there had been a time when you had sky-blue hair and pink eyes. Why do you never laugh? You frighten me! I don't like to be alone with you. It seems to me you must see something or some one, with those eyes, that I don't see—perhaps here behind me, looking at you while I speak. Your soul must be a soul which has migrated from another sphere, your voice is feigned, and your language is certainly not Spanish. Perhaps if you suddenly spoke to me with your real voice in your own tongue, I should turn to stone. Yet it is enough for me that you love me; your love is a ring which links me with the supernatural. Tell me the truth—whom did you love in the other life? I am jealous of one of the dwellers in Sirius!" Then a little cry of affectionate delight, as Fermina with quick, energetic movement ruffled his dark locks, and then a sudden frown on Fermina's brow as she darted a suspicious glance at a slight red mark on his neck. "What are you looking at?" the young man asked, surprised.

"Nothing," she answered, relieved, and in a moment added, coldly, "but, Manuel, take care! If she came between us, I could drive a knife into the queen herself!"

### III.

Menendez's whims seemed natural enough to any who had once seen Fermina, extraordinary as she was in her character, her beauty, and her past life. The people of the suburb called her the *Princess*—the men in earnest, the girls ironically; but they felt more and more every day that the mocking title was more than a jest. Fermina was the tallest girl in the suburb, and even Menendez, with his Guardsman's stature, was but half a head above her. Her melancholy black eyes and heavy meeting brows gave to her dark, somewhat African features an expression almost threatening, which changed to gentlest merriment with the parting of her full mobile lips. She smiled, however, as Menendez said, but once a day, and usually kept her eyes half closed with a certain shade of disdain. A rose fastened in her hair, a white lace mantilla, a black

bodice and pink skirt, with light-colored bottines tightly fitting her trim ankle and tiny foot—such was her invariable dress when she appeared once a week in public among the shower of glances, curious, sentimental, furious, impertinent, audacious, which rained upon her from every quarter. No one, however, ventured to accost her, even when alone, for the few daring hands which had offended her during her first week's stay in Seville had carried away bloody traces of her resentment. "She is an angel," they said, "or a demon," and no one knew clearly which. She came, it was said, from Granada; she was known to live alone, and, it was thought, by her own labor. Beyond this all was mere matter of conjecture; her fellow-lodgers, or the few girls with whom she exchanged nods, knew no more about her than the next chance passenger. She had taken a fancy to Menendez, who was madly in love with her—a case of adoration—and their pride in each other found expression in their long, serious, intense gaze of mutual absorption. Only one thing troubled Manuel's happiness—a vague intermittent jealousy, which Fermina unwittingly fostered by repelling it with a pride which seemed to him too indignant to be sincere. He was wrong. Fermina had, in good truth, no feeling but that of scorn—or rather of horror—for the whole tribe of poor mean feelings which swarm about even the most genuine affection in vulgar souls. "Manuel," she said to him once, "the day when you suspect me of being false to you or to myself, my love for you dies. Mind my words! I am not a woman like other women; I won't have you a man like other men. Most of you are poor, mean creatures; I have set my heart on you because I don't think it true of you. Don't let it be so ever. I am proud, and have given my honor into your keeping; respect it, and don't trifle with my affection, for I am one of the women who never forgive. Once out of my heart, there is no getting in again. When Fermina has once told you she loves you, let that be enough for a lifetime. Remember!"

### IV.

All Seville knew their mutual love, or saw it, rather. By night they walked among the plane-trees of the Cristina Garden; by day they sailed down the Guadalquivir to San Juan to pass the heat of the day among the orange bowers; and whoso found Fermina kneeling before the high altar of the cathedral was sure to descry next moment, in the shadow of some neighboring chapel, Manuel's graceful motionless figure. On the street people gazed at them with that strange blending of complacency and bitter jealousy which stirs even in youthful bosoms at the sight of happy lovers, prosperous



and proud in their prosperity. But they, on their part, passed on through the bustle, Fermina calmly looking over the heads of those around, Menendez vainly trying to find any one to look him steadily in the eye, bearing their bliss in triumph, as it were, flinging their passion, like a challenge, in their townsmen's faces, and leaving along their way a broad swath of wounded pride and small sentimentalities blighted.

Still Fermina, little by little, had won over the sympathy of most of the women of her own class. Many, while they bowed before her invincible pride, had come to think her, perhaps, an ornament to the suburb, and take her for a model. She had her imitators, and many a froward and facile *gitana* set to copying her manner—head back and eyes half closed, while from the edge of the corsage peeped the handle of a dagger—which they had not the slightest intention of ever using.

## V.

Just at this time a sudden change came over Menendez. No one but those who were responsible for it knew why, yet no one acquainted with his character felt any surprise. Certain natures conceal within themselves a germ of suspicion, always vigorous, always ready at the slightest stimulus, the merest hint, to bloom into full energy, and poison the strongest and purest affection. Who in his own life has not been at one time or other agent or victim of some such sudden ruin? Some transient shadow of doubt, smiled aside at the moment, finds later food in any insignificant chance matter—a careless phrase in a letter, an acquaintance's hasty word—and gains a hold which lifts it from the dark recesses of our souls to set its ugliness before our eyes like some hateful vermin, grappling and grasping with its hundred ravenous arms in venomous rage for prey. Shaking off our momentary dismay, we take heart and hope again, and crush out the demon doubt. But in vain. From every lurking corner of our memory swarm forth, like mocking goblins, a thousand half-forgotten recollections of flitting smiles, half-spoken words, and half-seen movements of brow or lips; the soft closing of a door, the sound of furtive steps, a garment's rustle, a whisper, a shadow—all seething confusedly in our thought, till, blending and gaining force, vigor, and expression, they denounce, accuse, demonstrate, perverting heart and reason alike, slipping into our too willing hand the pen or the dagger, and goading us to insult or crime beyond all hope of pardon more fiercely and promptly than any the most immediate and irrefragable evidence. And as Menendez stood late one night, at home, before his table, holding a just-opened letter in his hand, this fate fell upon him. For a moment he

thought he was going mad. With a spring he rushed to the window, and stood there long, one hand on his forehead and the other pressed on his heart, staring out into the square, motionless as a statue, and almost as insensible. Then, with a strangled cry of rage and anguish, he rushed from the house. He shot across the square like an arrow, turned the corner by the Caridad, hurried past the Golden Tower, leaped into a boat, crossed to the right bank of the river, and dashing into Fermina's house, knocked at the door.

She was out. An unusual chance had kept her away from home, and, as the ill fortune of the two lovers would have it, her absence just at that hour happened to coincide with the slanderous indications of the letter, and formed at once an accusation, a confirmation, a curse! Menendez stood before the door as if turned to stone. Already the lover's pain had given place in his heart to the blind, savage rage of overweening and wounded pride. A devilish thought flashed through his mind, and, hurrying down the stairs, he started at a run for his own house; but at the bridge he stopped. Another thought had crossed and almost effaced the first. "Suppose it were not true?" he questioned; and for a moment his soul was radiant again with hope. But fate still pursued him. On getting back to his room he found a letter from Fermina: "To-morrow I shall not be at home;" and even this notification came in to fatally confirm his delusion. Sheer mad and dizzy with fury, he raged, laughed, and cursed at once; then, seizing a pen, he wrote in bold characters on a strip of paper Fermina's name, and appended a mortal insult. Carrying this with him, he rushed from the house, hurried back over the way he had just come, till he reached Fermina's lodging, fastened the infamous libel with convulsive hands upon her door, and hurried down stairs, grinding his teeth with passion. Stopping at the bottom he heard the door open, and a light shone out on the staircase, followed by a scream of despair and a heavy fall. A moment after came the opening of other doors and the sound of people running down stairs. Then he heard a woman's voice as she read the paper aloud, and the outburst of other voices in a cry of indignation: "*Mentira!*" (a lie).

## VI.

His state of mind, an hour after, was that of one who wakes from a frightful dream. That terrible scream had waked him. He had tried, but in vain, to shape together in his mind proofs, indications, arguments, recollections, shadows—all had vanished and faded out as swiftly as they had taken form. As a trifle had sufficed to inflame his credulity, a single cry had dissolved the delusion.



He had plunged headlong from one conviction to another; no proofs were needed; all was explained, every thing understood. Within him, as without, reigned a solemn silence, in which his mental eye dwelt on one pale, motionless, threatening figure—Fermina's—and the vast gulf between. He

window, he found himself at dawn—he knew not how—crossing the iron bridge. Suddenly he stopped, rooted to the spot, as he saw Fermina coming toward him. One instantaneous glance told him that she had seen him, and in her face and manner he read a determination before which every



"SHE WENT BY WITHOUT LOOKING AT HIM."

knew her, knew she would never pardon: he had killed his love. With his deadly abasement and confusion were blended his re-awakening affection, spurred by remorse and despair, and a mad longing for death, while yet the utter nervous prostration which had seized upon him forbade any thing like resolute action. After a night passed stretched out on the floor by the

trace of hope died within him. She was in gala dress, and walking with a free, almost hurried step, her head proudly up, her glance veiled but straightforward, her features still and cold as marble. As she passed, he opened his mouth to speak, but the words died on his lips, and she went by without looking at him, firm and majestic, with sinking heart yet scornful face, while a faint odor



of rose perfume was wafted from her dress as she passed on without for a moment looking back. A black veil seemed to drop before his vision and shut her out—forever.

## VII.

He went through that day and the next in the mechanical languor and stupor of utter helplessness. It was the first severe lesson ever taught his violence and pride, and it stunned him. A long letter to Fermina brought no answer, but he hardly felt either surprise or resentment; he had expected no better. A second came back unopened, and was thrown heedlessly in a corner. When, late in the evening, he went with palpitating heart and knocked at her door, the light in the window told that she was at home, but he got no answer. An hour after, he came back; still the same light, and still the same silent, bolted door. Half that night he passed seated at his window with his head resting on his hands. Next day he neither wrote nor called, and, perhaps, if he had not gone out, would never have had courage for further attempt. But he did go out, and a chance incident decided the fate of his whole after-life. It was a holiday, and as he wandered aimlessly, almost unconsciously, from street to street, he found himself in the walks of the Cristina Garden. At this hour from the Golden Tower to the Palace of San Telmo was all one brilliant, gay, and stirring crowd. The air resounded with festal music, and the sun lay bright on the river. For a moment Menendez felt a transient lifting of his deadly sadness, and let himself drift with the crowd. Suddenly a girl of the lower class, as she passed him, cried in his ear, "*Es mentira, Menendez!*" and disappeared. He turned pale, and tried to get away from the inquisitive gaze of those around him who had noticed the incident; but all at once another girl, a few steps off, cried, still more distinctly, "*Mentira!*" He turned away, confused and disconcerted, and tried to force his way through the throng and escape. But now a third, then a fourth, and finally a whole group of girls from Triana, recognizing him, began to cry after him, "*Mentira, Menendez, mentira!*" People stopped, while other girls, as they came up, repeated the cry. His name began to pass from lip to lip, and as the crowd parted a moment before grouping around him, he seized the welcome chance, darted through, with pale and distorted features, out of the walk, caught up with a carriage, and leaping in, was driven rapidly from the spot, still hearing for some time the distant cries of his tormentors. Once at home, he covered his face with his hands, and broke into a passion of angry yet disconsolate weeping. "It has gone abroad!" he cried. "I am a by-word in Seville, and can't show my face before the world! I am

scorned, insulted, dishonored!" All at once a new and noble suggestion flashed through his mind, answered by a profound stir in his whole nature, which lighted up his features, toned up his nerves, and set his blood aflame. Then, as if assenting to the whispered prayer of some invisible friend, "Yes," he murmured, "one more trial!" and hurried out.

## VIII.

Fermina was working by lamp-light in a corner of her room, when she heard a quick light step on the stair, and remembered, too late, that she had left the door ajar. She had barely time to start up and then sink back in her chair, when Menendez threw himself at her feet, bowed his forehead to the ground, and cried, sobbing, "Fermina, forgive me!"

She made no answer, but sat, with wide eyes, pallid features, and trembling lips, gazing toward the window.

"Fermina," Menendez went on, in a voice that came convulsed and strangling from his heaving chest, "forgive me. I have been a brute and a fool. You are an angel; I am a wretch. I have torn at my own heart with my own hands; I have wept bloody tears. They have insulted me in the street till I thought I should go mad. I can't live so. Give me back your love. Don't condemn me to endless torture. Forget it. Can't you love me again? See, I am groveling at your feet, and beating my forehead on the earth. I have no voice, nor tears, nor self-respect, nor honor left—nothing but the love that is tearing my heart out, and the despair that is killing me. Fermina, have pity on me!"

Still Fermina gazed at the window, while her features twitched convulsively, her bosom heaved, and a feverish tremor shook her from head to foot. She seemed to make a violent effort to gain, as it were, her own consent to Menendez's prayer; she too seemed to hope some unexpected change in her own heart; and Menendez watched with intense anxiety every shifting movement of her features. But she broke out in despair:

"It's useless, Menendez. I *can't*; I've no feeling left. I'm empty; I'm dead. You might entreat all your life, kill yourself right before my eyes, turn saint, monarch, god—it's all of no use. I've no faith left, no love. You've killed me. Do you understand, Menendez? Have you forgotten what you did? Fermina had trusted you with her honor, and you trampled on it before all Seville. Good God! you could do that, and you expect me to forgive you!" Then with a violent effort she calmed herself, and added, coldly, "Go, Menendez. Leave me to myself—leave me in my grave. It is all over. Good-by."

"Think again," said Menendez, in suppliant accents.



Fermina freed her hands, and, with averted face, pointed to the door.

"Have you no heart?" cried the young man, springing to his feet, rage flaming in his soul and lending menace to his features.

Fermina gave him one look, and Menendez, staggering back, hurried from the room.

## IX.

At home, he set at once to packing for a start next morning. It was his plan to pass a month at La Rinconada, a little village among the olive groves, not far from town, where he had often been invited by Don Luis de Guevara, a young physician, one of his school-mates, to pass the heated term. When all was in order, he threw himself on his bed, and, for the first time since that first fatal evening, fell asleep. Waking at daylight somewhat calmer, he ran to the window and hailed the first passing carriage; then, finishing his toilet, he had his luggage taken down, slung his gun over his shoulder, ran down, and getting into the vehicle, ordered the driver to take him to the right bank, opposite the Golden Tower. A great change had come over him since the day before. His face kept no traces of anxiety or pain; though pale and marked with the signs of the tempest he had been through, it was resolute and almost haughty. Getting out at Fermina's lodging, he walked up stairs with firm step, pushed open the door, and stood erect and motionless on the threshold. With a gesture of surprise and displeasure Fermina turned again to the window.

"Only one word, Fermina," said Menendez, gently. She turned her head toward him, still keeping her eyes half closed, as usual. "Are you entirely sure?" he said. "Can you swear to me on your honor, by your mother's memory, on your eternal salvation, that your present state of feeling is not due to any violence or restraint you put on yourself—that you feel thoroughly and irrevocably certain you love me no longer?"

"Yes," was the firm reply.

"Good-by!" he said, and withdrew.

## X.

With a sigh Fermina dropped her work, and bent her head upon her hands. She could let him go without pain, but not without a certain sadness—not for the lover, but the long-cherished image, the human shape in which she had caught her first glimpse of blessedness, the visible form henceforth inseparable from the remembrance of her happiest youthful days. At first, indeed, before the echo of his carriage wheels had yet died away, bearing him from her, she thought, forever, a sudden tremulous doubt overcame her, and roused in the depths of her soul some anxious questionings, the painful scrutiny after any the slightest lin-

gering spark of hope or promise. But when all her questioning, all her scrutiny, found no response, but only dead, hopeless void, she drew a long breath of almost relief. She told herself again, and more confidently than before, that in his soul had never dwelt, nor ever could, the great unquestioning, absorbing love she had dreamed—the only love her proud masculine nature could accept or return. His affection had been a transient delirium of the mind, not a deep abiding glow and fever of the heart. Menendez had not understood her because he had not really respected her, and reconciliation now would but have led to rupture at last. As her love would have been but the dictate of compassion, he would have grown jealous again on the first opportunity, and this time, perhaps, for good cause. Doubtless his love, too, had cooled, and only remorse and wounded pride had prompted his prayer for compassion and pardon. He had quitted her in calmer mood; doubtless he too was beginning to share the balm of resignation and forgetfulness. In time he would forget her entirely; for both of them it was better so.

"So be it, then," sighed Fermina. "'Tis a dream that has faded. I forgive him, and wish him well." And once more she bent her fair thoughtful face over her work.

## XI.

Days went by, but Menendez had vanished from Seville. It was said, and generally believed, he had started for Cuba. Here and there an occasional friend missed him and mourned for him, but most who had known him remembered his name only to vilify it. Fermina, on the contrary, as soon as the story got abroad, found herself, on both sides of the river, a sort of small celebrity, in whose fame all the Triana girls felt a certain share of pride. Such an unusual instance of resentful pride and decision had rehabilitated in Sevillian eyes the dignity of the collective womanhood of the suburb, on which the men heretofore had set no very serious value. Some unknown hand had scribbled a poem on the wall of her house; the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor had sent her an order for artificial flowers, to get a chance of speaking with her; and the girls who met her would drop an approving "*Muy bien, Fermina*," as they passed. Amid the general respectful curiosity which attended her were some more outspoken testimonials; and a certain stout old draper, blessed—or cursed—with a light-headed wife, a pretty brunette from Badajoz, meeting our heroine a day or two after Menendez's departure, broke out in a gush of thankfulness, "Lord bless you, *señorita*, for having got us comfortably rid of him!" Her life, however, was more retired and lonely than ever, busied as she was solely with her daily labor, and seen but rarely even by her fellow-



lodgers. If not cheerful or happy, she was at least calm, and her mind went back to Menendez with only that vague, tempered sadness we feel for the dead.

## XII.

A fortnight after Menendez's departure, Fermina was working one morning in her room by the window, raising her head from time to time to cast a melancholy glance at the river, the Golden Tower, the garden, the distant pinnacles of the cathedral, sighing as she thought how all these things and places called up the memory of the once fathomless affection, now so utterly dead and cold. At the moment she would have been glad if she *could* love Menendez once more, even without the expectation of ever seeing him again, if only to fill the void in her empty soul; and, sitting there, she questioned and scrutinized her heart, no longer, as before, with fear, but in hopes of finding some trace of the old feeling. But even then she found nothing, or at most only a glimmering spark of resentment which a breath would have fanned to flame, and which she hastened to quench by dwelling in its place on other thoughts. "Dead! dead!" she said, softly, to herself, with a sad shake of the head, and the dreary conviction that were Menendez then to stand before her she should greet him, as at his last coming, without the slightest emotion, the faintest doubt as to the unshaken attitude of her feeling, ready without struggle or effort to repeat, "Go, leave me alone in my grave; it is all over."

Her train of thought was suddenly broken by a slight rustle. She turned, gave a scream, and started to her feet. Menendez stood before her.

In a moment she had recovered her composure, but not so as to avoid one hasty and anxious glance at his face. His features were thin and pale, his eye dull, and his lips livid. He wore his cloak about his shoulders, and a travelling pouch slung at his side. There he stood erect on the threshold, though with a little stoop of the shoulders and a little yielding of the limbs, gazing at Fermina with a deep, earnest look of mingled love and sadness.

"You have been ill!" she said, with a slight shade of pity in her tone.

Menendez hesitated an instant, and answered, faintly, "Yes—a little."

Her head drooped and her eyes fell.

"And now I am going away," the young man added.

"Where?" she asked, without raising her eyes.

"For Cuba."

"To-day?"

"Now."

"Forever?"

"Forever."

With a sigh Fermina passed her hand

over her forehead, and said, gently and compassionately, "Well, then, good-by, Menendez. I wish you all good fortune, and—good-by."

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" asked Menendez, with a quivering voice. "Are you still the same as ever?"

In the sad glance which Fermina turned upon him he felt the whole pain it caused her to have no fairer answer to give.

"Well, then," said Menendez, going up to the work-table, "as we shall not meet again, do me one favor, Fermina. Let me give you this little souvenir;" and he set on the table a little mahogany box, with its tiny key in the lock. "Don't refuse it, Fermina, I beseech you. It is not a present. It contains only a scrap of paper, with a secret that you must know—a family secret revealed only to you—a sacred trust. Accept it, Fermina. I swear, on my honor, it is indispensable you should. You yourself, when you understand the matter, will acknowledge how necessary it was, and say I have done no more than my duty. And now I have no more to say. Good-by, Fermina. Forget me, and be happy!"

Fermina wiped away a tear, and, with averted face, held out her hand.

Menendez covered it with kisses, and moved toward the door.

"Menendez," she said, suddenly and eagerly.

He turned toward her.

"Good-by," she repeated, with a broken yet resolute voice. "I am more wretched than you, for my heart is empty and silent. Go, Menendez, go; and may Heaven guard all your ways."

He went out, closing the door behind him, and moved slowly down the stairs, with ear intent, suspended breath, and heart throbbing as if it would burst through his ribs.

Suddenly he heard the key turned in the lock of the casket. His knees tottered, blackness swam before his eyes, and he staggered against the wall of the landing.

A few seconds went by, and then, sudden and fierce as a thunder-clap, there rang through the whole house a wild scream of pain, terror, and love. The door was dashed open; with one spring Fermina was at the foot of the staircase, prostrate before Menendez, and showering frenzied kisses on his feet, knees, garments, sobbing, wailing, begging for pardon, praying, exclaiming—till her voice failed, her eyes closed, and she fell fainting before him.

Among the neighbors who ran up at the noise was Don Luis de Guevara, who had accompanied Menendez to Seville, and was waiting outside.

"Don Luis," said Menendez, raising Fermina's fainting form, and turning so that he might look in her face, "let me present *my wife*."





FERMINA OPENS THE CASKET.

### XIII.

A fortnight later, the box agent of the bull ring at Seville, having to forward to Fermina the key of box No. 30, *del lado della sombra* (the shady side), addressed his letter to "Doña Fermina Menendez." This being the first letter she had received under her new title of Doña, with her married name, she kissed the dear envelope again and again, and laid it tenderly aside as a precious relic. Any one else in Seville just then would have kissed the key instead, for the day being the one fixed for Queen Isabella's first appearance in Seville since her coronation, the di-

rector had prepared a spectacle likely to be unique in the annals of the Andalusian ring. Suffice it that Tato was to lead the *matadores*, and eight bulls were to appear, bought at almost their weight in gold in the pastures of the Marquis de Veragua, the best stock-raiser in Spain. And so, though the show was not to begin till two, the *plaza* was almost full at noon, and at one o'clock crowded to overflowing. It was one of the loveliest of Sevillian September days. The thirty tiers of the vast polygonal arena showed one rich and mingled mass of dark features and raven locks, of fluttering fans



and waving hands. There were the choicest and fairest of the Triana beauties; the most famous danseuses from the *escuelas de baile*; hundreds of work-girls, with their white or pink skirts, from the cigar shops; groups of *gitane*, with bouquets in hair and bosom; the handsomest and most formidable young champions of the knife and dagger from the country, with their black velvet pork-pie hats and blue and red sashes—one flood of the richest and most ardent Andalusian blood, one vast mass of love and jealousy and caprice and joy and sorrow, one rapid and continuous cross-fire of clamorous cries and stealthy glances, of flowers and smiles and oranges and high-flown compliments, all enlivened by the crash of military music, and baking in the rays of a blazing sun.

At two precisely the alguazils came in to clear the ring; at the same moment, in one corner of the arena, hundreds of faces turned as with one accord to a single point in the gallery, and the uproar died away in complete and sudden silence. Fermina, in white, with a large bouquet, her features radiant with a tempered and dignified happiness in harmony with her severe beauty, had just appeared in her box with Menendez, pale but smiling, in the midst of a group of friends. On the first moment of silence followed presently a long murmur of approbation, almost of affection, and thousands of fresh glances turned toward the young couple. All Seville knew the story, and all at once a *gitana* on the first tier under the boxes sprang to her feet, and taking a rose from her hair, threw it to Fermina, crying, "*À ti, Doña Fermina Menendez, y Dios te dé la buena suerte!*" In an instant another girl threw a bouquet to Menendez, crying, "*À ti, Don Manuel Menendez! brave fellow!*" The example was contagious, and from all the tiers near the boxes the flowers came raining down upon the newly married pair, with welcoming, passionate cries: "To you, lovely creature!" "To you, noble fellow!" "Prosperity to your love!" "Many returns of the day!" "Heaven protect you!" The enthusiasm spread in a few moments almost all over the arena; every one heard what was going on, and on all sides was one general rain of flowers, waving of handkerchiefs and mantillas, and roar of cheers and salutations. Fermina, overcome by the stir and excitement, leaned her head on Menendez's shoulder; and Queen Isabella, who had already appeared with all her train in the royal box, turned to ask her young general, Serrano, about the two people who were creating this extraordinary enthusiasm.

The "handsome general," as they used to call the future victor of Alcolea, came forward and said, in his most dulcet and respectful tones: "It is a young married couple, your Majesty; the wife the handsomest

girl in Seville, and the husband a fine fellow, who has done honor to his Andalusian lineage. Having in a fit of jealousy mortally offended his *fiancée* with an insulting placard, and seeing no other way of return to forgiveness and affection, he gained his point by giving her a casket containing the pen, broken, with which he had written; under the pen a sheet of paper inscribed, with his own blood, '*Expiation*;' and under the paper—his right hand!"

While the queen turned her opera-glass upon the pair, the trumpets rang out, the crowd gave a mighty shout, and the first bull from the stables of his Excellency the Marquis de Veragua plunged with a roar into the arena.

### WHO KNOWS?

Why must we, then, be sad,  
When Nature is so glad?  
Not half can utterance all her joy unfold,  
Though she runs o'er and o'er  
The strings tried long before,  
To body forth the life that's never old.

Not for our sakes arrayed,  
Though we would fain persuade  
Our foolish hearts that she, in servant guise,  
Spreads all her varied show  
Before us as we go,  
To win approving glances from our eyes.

Ah, no! Though in broad glee  
She laughs where all can see,  
In leagues of dandelions all dewy wet,  
All to herself she smiles  
In far-off ocean isles,  
And in dim nooks in shy blue violet.

And though she dances still  
Along the sheer brown hill  
In scarlet glow of swinging columbine,  
In gentian she smiles slow,  
As happy maid might go,  
Who sings, "I love him, and his heart is mine!"

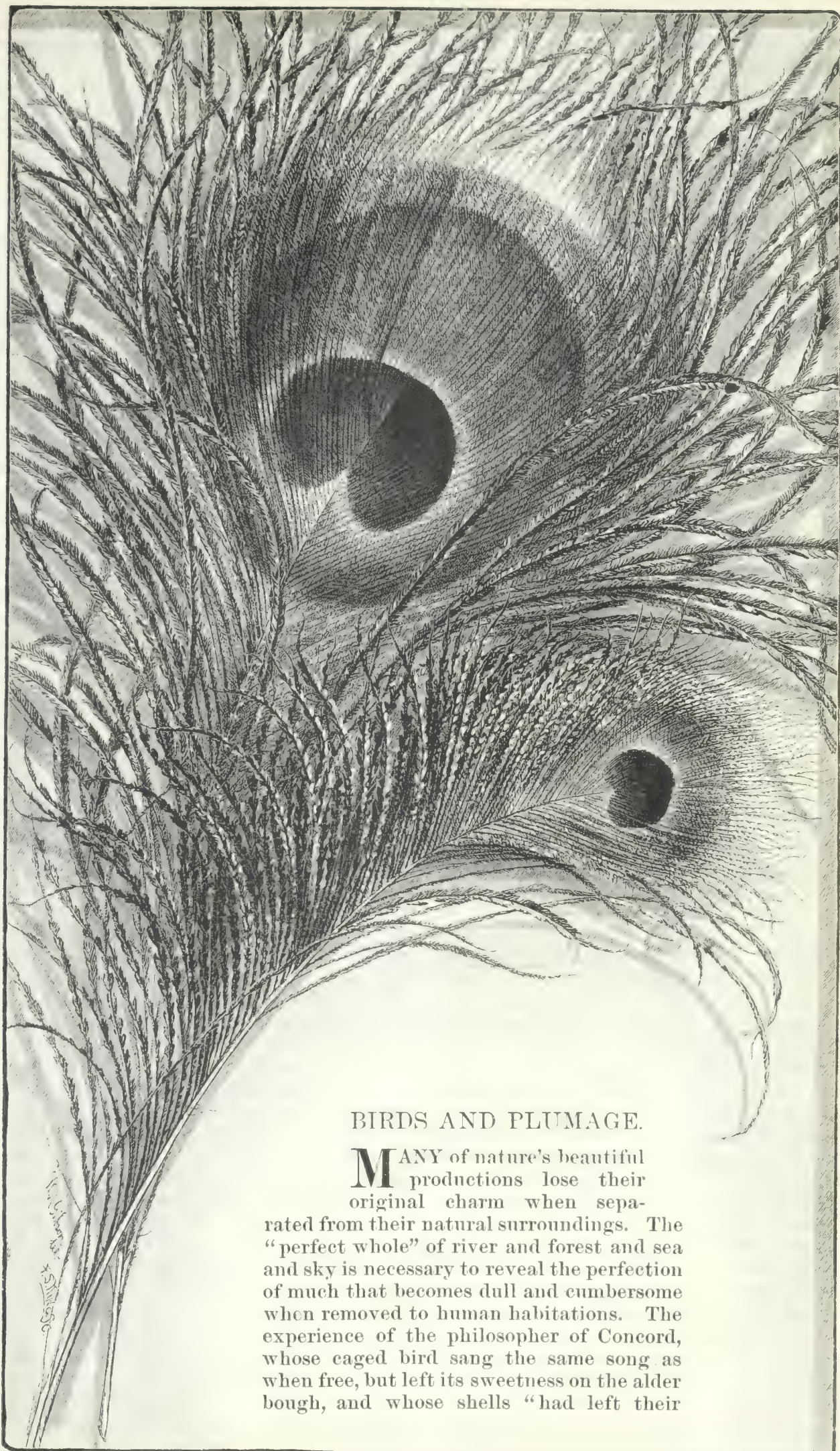
She wants no added bliss,  
No praise for this, or this;  
Simply she is so glad she can not rest,  
But still must evermore  
In every way outpour  
The exceeding bliss that stirs within her breast.

No care for us has she;  
And we, alas!—and we  
Can look but sadly at her innocent play;  
Shut out from Paradise,  
We see with other eyes;  
The flaming sword has rent all veils away.

Is there then for us too  
No life forever new?  
Or is that life new but in lying care,  
Till on His far-off throne  
Our God must hear alone  
One cry of pain uprising every where?

Yet had it better been  
We still had staid within,  
Nor tasted fruit that lets us not forget?  
God knows if it be so—  
The days go on below,  
And overhead the stars, they rise, they set.





#### BIRDS AND PLUMAGE.

**M**ANY of nature's beautiful productions lose their original charm when separated from their natural surroundings. The "perfect whole" of river and forest and sea and sky is necessary to reveal the perfection of much that becomes dull and cumbersome when removed to human habitations. The experience of the philosopher of Concord, whose caged bird sang the same song as when free, but left its sweetness on the alder bough, and whose shells "had left their



beauty on the shore," is repeated over and over with a thousand variations.

One of the few things which escape this fiat of nature is plumage. Beautiful in themselves, glowing with the most brilliant

than to gods, a peacock roasted in its feathers, with its full train displayed, was an ornament of the royal table on festive occasions.

The native country of the peacock is



HAUNT OF THE PEACOCK.

iridescence, or fairy-like in their graceful lightness and purity, feathers bring no longing for more perfect natural surroundings; and the Beauty of fashion, to whose attire they add a new and wondrous grace, never gives a thought to the wild Amazonian forests, the shady, secluded marshes, the frozen polar seas, or burning deserts of Africa, where her favorite ornaments adorned their natural owners.

King among all birds of rich plumage is the peacock. His magnificent costume is composed of more than twelve different tints of the most brilliant blue, green, and gold. His voice, most unmusical among birds, is fully compensated for by his splendid appearance. In ancient times the peacock was the bird sacred to the Greek Hera, the Juno of the Latins; and later, in the age of chivalry, when more honor was paid to men

Southern Asia and the East Indies. It is also found in great quantities in Java and Ceylon. Naturalists who have sought it in its native haunts state that little idea can be formed of its great beauty by those who have not seen it in its wild state, as when domesticated its feathers lose much of their original brilliancy. With its train, often seven feet in length, and its arching neck and body covered with feathers like gold and emerald scales, it appears like a glistening monarch of the wild domain it inhabits. It is often seen in flocks of a hundred or more. Toward evening these creatures gather on the open grass near the forest, seeking a supper. If disturbed by the hunter, they run rapidly for a short distance, then rise obliquely. Their flight is heavy and somewhat low, as they rarely rise higher than the tops of the tallest trees. If wounded while flying, they instantly fall to the ground, but unless the legs are injured, they as quickly recover themselves, and run with such rapidity toward the nearest thicket that the hunter often loses the prize he thinks within his grasp. Their favorite home is in the forest surrounding mountain table-lands, where they can secrete themselves among the trees and tall undergrowth, from whence they sally forth





LYRE-BIRD.

into the open ground for feeding. They are found among the mountains of Southern India as high as six thousand feet above the sea, but never far from some mountain stream or lake.

The peacock's food is both animal and vegetable. While he will feast on wild berries and seeds, and make sad havoc with a field of young grain, he is equally happy with a breakfast of worms and bugs, and even small snakes, which last he takes a vindictive pleasure in killing, if only to leave them dead upon the ground. In nesting, the female chooses a concealed nook in the underbrush, where she carelessly pulls together, after the fashion of domestic barnyard fowls, whatever sticks and dried leaves are at hand. There she lays from eight to twelve eggs, which she broods for thirty days before the young break the shell. If left to herself she is a good mother, and carefully tends her little ones; but often, when domesticated, constant interruption chills her maternal instincts, and she heartlessly goes to roost on the topmost bough of some tall tree, leaving her babies to shiver in the chill midnight air. Young peacocks are delicate, but should they live and thrive, their growth is very rapid. When three months old the difference of the plumage of the male and female is distinctly seen, although it is not until the third year that the male attains to the full glory of his train. The female, although of handsome

plumage, is entirely wanting in this gorgeous appendage, the pride and glory of her mate.

One of nature's singular and beautiful freaks is found embodied in the lyre-bird, an inhabitant of the mountains of Australia. It seems strange enough to find this large bird classed with the wren family, those tiny warblers of English hedge-rows, but science pronounces them of similar construction, however different in appearance. The name of lyre-bird has been bestowed on account of the resemblance of the tail feathers of the male to an ancient lyre, but the natives of Australia call it *bullen-bullen*, in imitation of its wild, shrill cry. The color of its plumage is rich rather than brilliant. Mostly of a dark brownish-gray, it is brightened by red on the throat and the short feathers at the base of the tail.

It is very shy in its habits, choosing haunts among the thickly wooded cliffs which are almost inaccessible to the most daring hunter. Its nest is generally placed in the crotch of some tree very near the ground, as it is not a bird of lofty flight, and loves best to hide among the low undergrowth of the forest. Its nest is roughly built of sticks and leaves, of a round form, with the entrance on one side, and seen from a little distance resembles a heap of forest rubbish tumbled together by chance; but, inside, nothing could exceed the softness and delicacy of the feather lining supplied by





ARGUS  
PHEASANT.

the mother bird. In this downy nest she deposits one single egg of ashy gray spotted with brown.

As she only nests once a year, it is natural that these birds should not be very numerous. They are generally found in isolated pairs, and the male jealously resents any infringement upon his domain, fighting with a good will any other suitor that may dare to cast eyes on his lady. This jealousy is often made use of by the natives to entrap the bird. They fasten a tail from some captured bird upon the head, and concealing themselves in the bushes, move sufficiently to give a natural swaying motion to the feathers. When the male sees the appearance of a supposed rival, he advances, furious for battle, and falls an easy prey to the hunter.

The lyre-bird might properly be called the Australian mocking-bird, for, besides its own peculiar note, it imitates the song of other birds, and even human voices. A saw-mill was at one time situated among the Australian mountains where these birds were known to have their haunts. On holidays, when the mill was stopped and all was still, from out the wild, unbroken forest came sounds of human laughter and singing, barking of dogs, even an imitation of the rough, rasping noise of the saw, mingled with notes of all kinds of birds, and at intervals the

GOLDEN PHEASANT.



sharp, shrill *bulle-bulle*, which betrayed the lyre-bird as the imitative singer. Efforts have been made to raise the young of the lyre-bird, but they invariably droop and die after a few months of captivity.

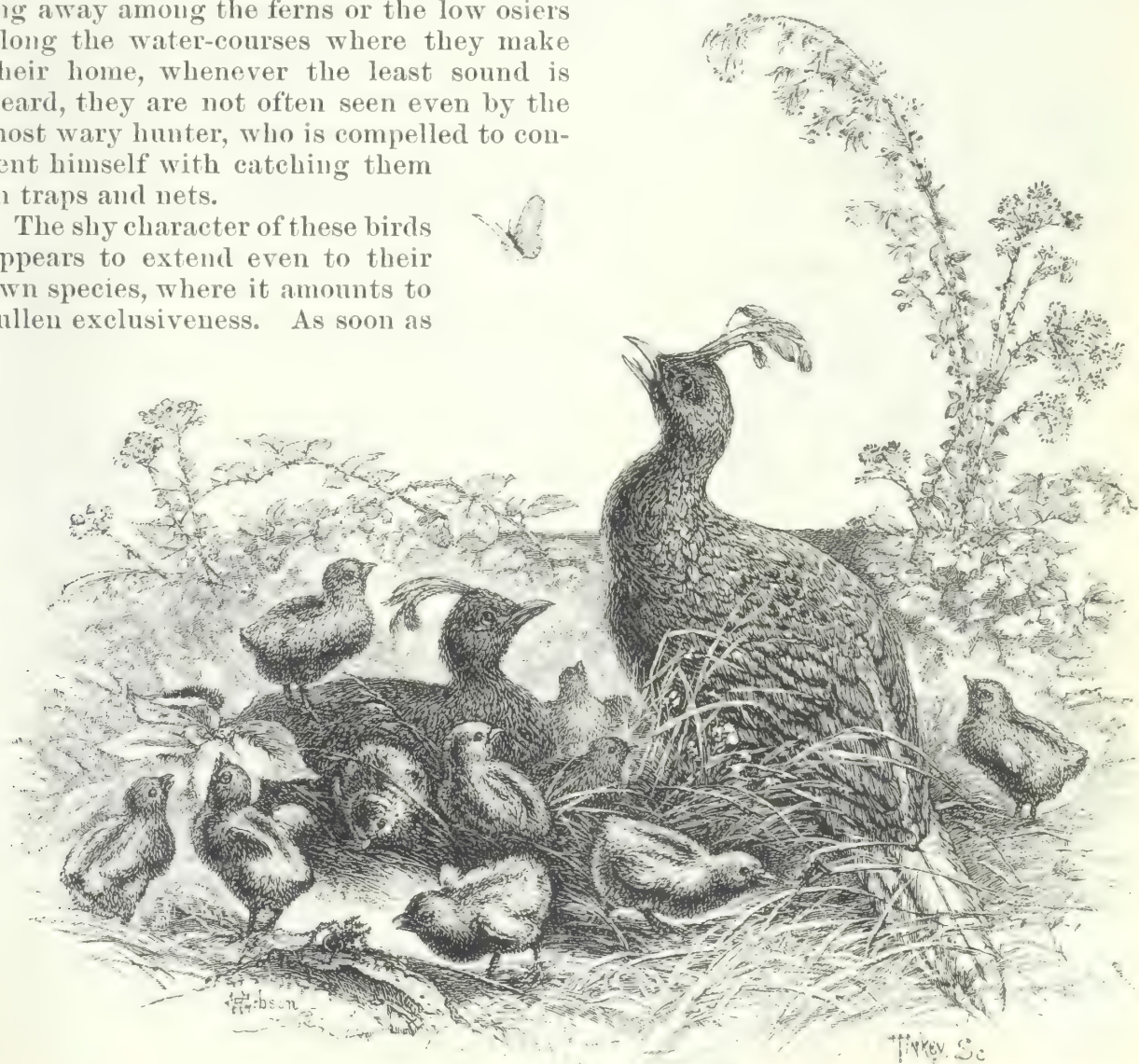
The great family of the pheasant is so extensive, that would the naturalist acquaint himself with all its branches, he must seek through the entire temperate region of Europe and Asia. The common pheasant, now thoroughly naturalized in England, came originally from Georgia. It probably was brought to Europe at a very early period, as it figures largely in all accounts of ancient banquets. Archbishop Neville, at a certain feast, placed two hundred roasted pheasants before his guests. They were also a dainty dish at Roman banquets, and the vicious and whimsical Heliogabalus was accustomed to throw them as food to his pet lions.

Although the common English pheasant is a noble bird, resplendent in red, blue, and orange, the glory of the family is found in the wild jungles of the Malay Peninsula and the islands of the Great Archipelago. Here the golden and silver pheasants, the giant Argus, and the Impeyan pheasant, or Monaul, select their haunts far away from the observation of men. Nothing can exceed the extreme shyness of these birds. Scurrying away among the ferns or the low osiers along the water-courses where they make their home, whenever the least sound is heard, they are not often seen even by the most wary hunter, who is compelled to content himself with catching them in traps and nets.

The shy character of these birds appears to extend even to their own species, where it amounts to sullen exclusiveness. As soon as

the approach of summer allows them to leave their forest retreats in the mountains, they separate as if by common consent, and, when seen at all, are generally wandering solitary and alone through thick undergrowth or entangled reeds.

Among the *Phasianidæ* the Impeyan pheasant is one of the noblest species. He lives among the mountain heights of the Himalayas, scorning the lowlands, where he has never been known to descend. Of the color of this gorgeous child of the forest it is difficult to give an idea. Bronze green, iridescent gold, and purple radiant as if seen through a golden haze compose its princely costume. On its head it wears a tuft of glistening green spirals, broad at the top, each one delicate and airy as might be a fairy's parasol. During the winter months the snow and cold drive these birds to congregate in flocks in the most secluded forest nooks of the mountains. Here the hunter may surprise them, and feast his eyes—if, indeed, he have an eye for beauty—on their wondrous and glistening plumage. At the approach of spring they scatter, and ascend to the higher lands, where, thousands of feet above the sea, they pass the warm months in undisturbed seclusion.



IMPEYAN PHEASANT AND ITS YOUNG.

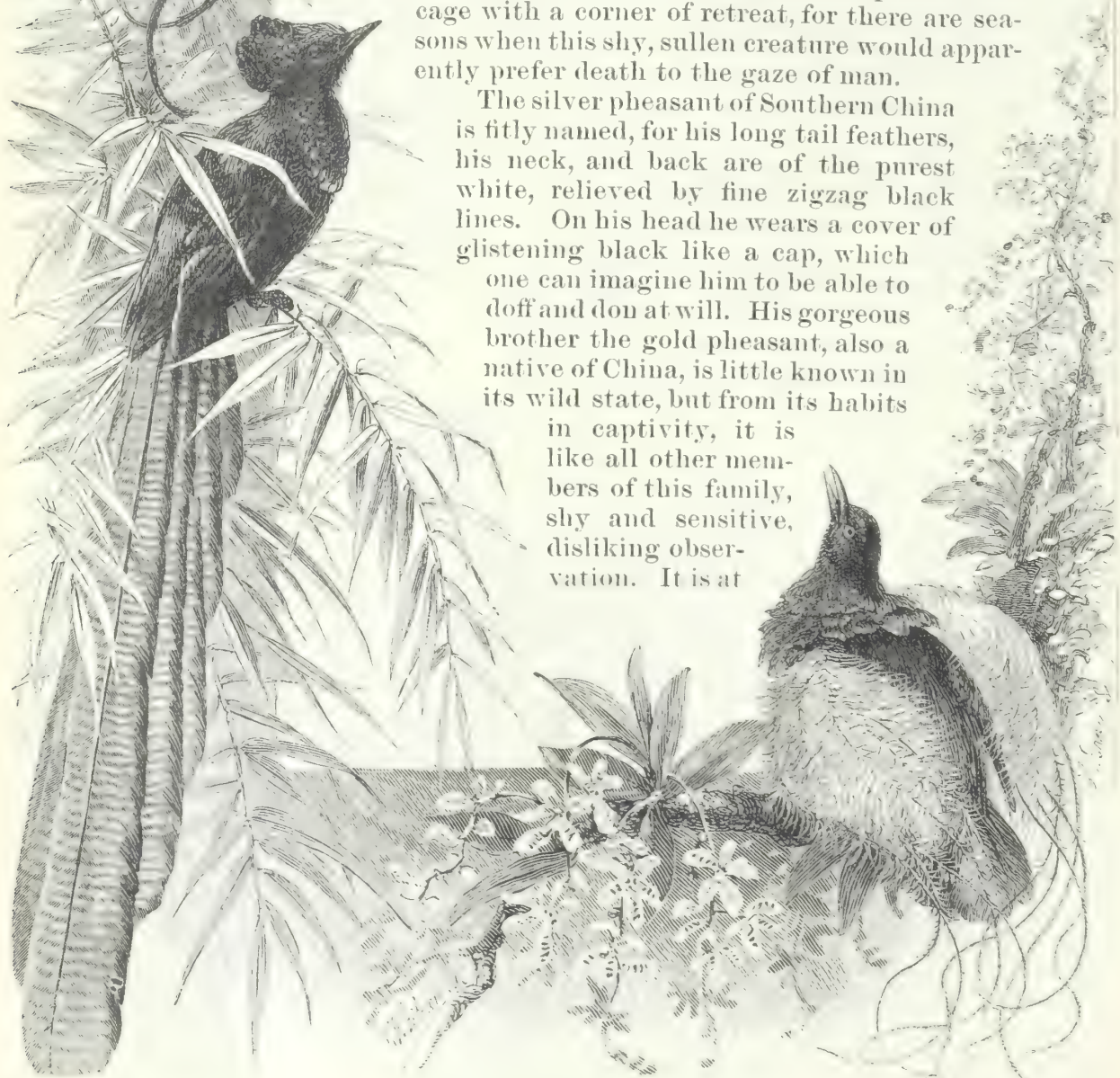




RED BIRD OF PARADISE.

The monauls are easily kept in cages, and, unless subjected to a heated atmosphere, they take confinement easily. The first living specimens were brought to England by Lady Impey, hence the English name of the bird. It is necessary to provide the cage with a corner of retreat, for there are seasons when this shy, sullen creature would apparently prefer death to the gaze of man.

The silver pheasant of Southern China is fitly named, for his long tail feathers, his neck, and back are of the purest white, relieved by fine zigzag black lines. On his head he wears a cover of glistening black like a cap, which one can imagine him to be able to doff and don at will. His gorgeous brother the gold pheasant, also a native of China, is little known in its wild state, but from its habits in captivity, it is like all other members of this family, shy and sensitive, disliking observation. It is at



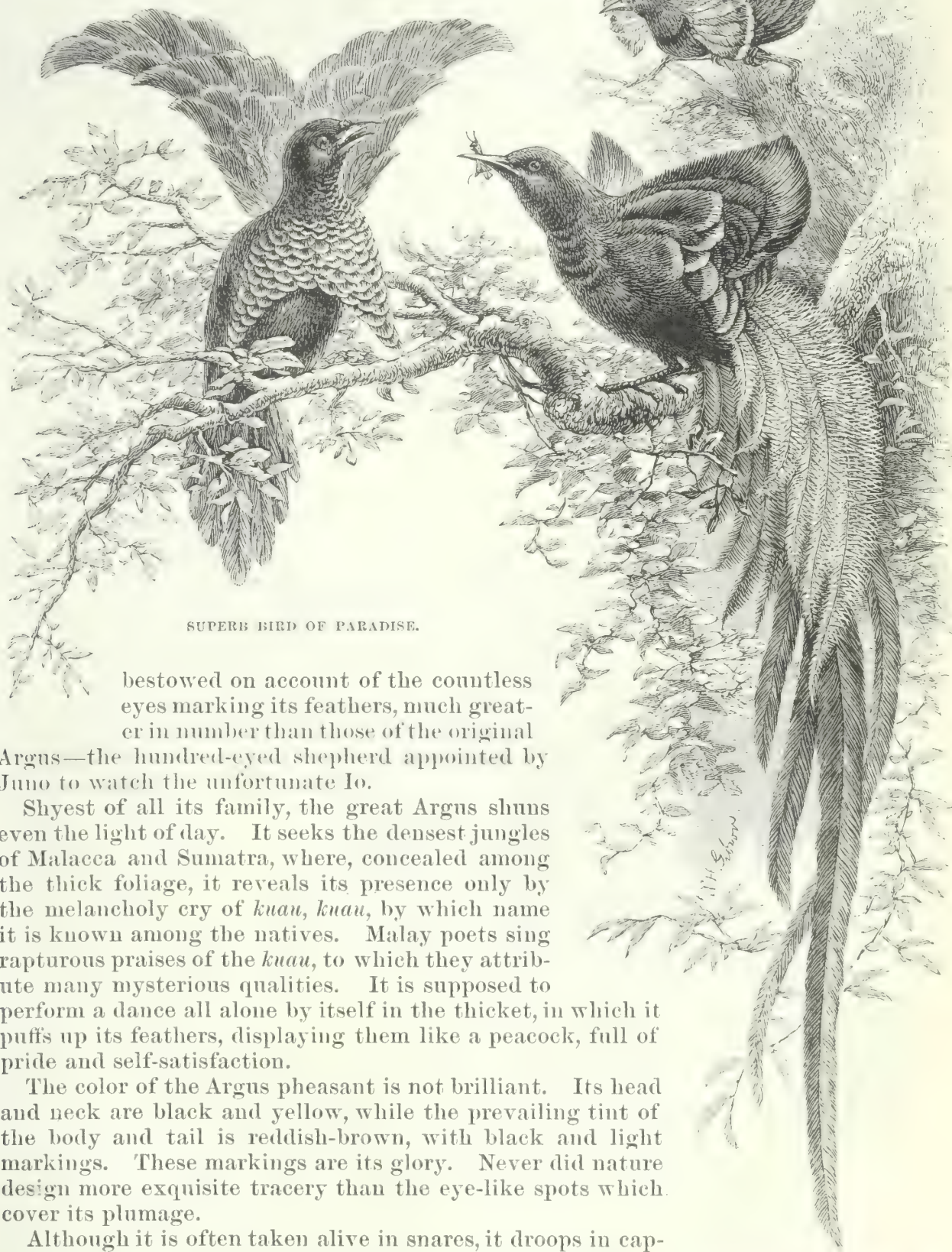
MAGPIE BIRD OF PARADISE.

RESPLENDENT EPIMACHUS.



home in many European pheasantries. It is affectionate, and the young are easily taught to recognize and watch for the coming of the keeper. It feeds upon insects, berries, tender grass sprouts, and all kinds of grain. The golden pheasant is among the most brilliant of birds. A golden tuft adorns its head, its body is shaded gold green, orange, and rust red, touched with fine lines of black, and its long tail feathers are a rich brown, with black spots. The males are distinguished by a ruffled collar of orange tipped with black.

Another celebrated member of the *Phasianide* is the great Argus pheasant—a bird almost as magnificent in its spotted costume as the peacock. Its name was



SUPERB BIRD OF PARADISE.

bestowed on account of the countless eyes marking its feathers, much greater in number than those of the original Argus—the hundred-eyed shepherd appointed by Juno to watch the unfortunate Io.

Shyest of all its family, the great Argus shuns even the light of day. It seeks the densest jungles of Malacca and Sumatra, where, concealed among the thick foliage, it reveals its presence only by the melancholy cry of *kuau, kuau*, by which name it is known among the natives. Malay poets sing rapturous praises of the *kuau*, to which they attribute many mysterious qualities. It is supposed to perform a dance all alone by itself in the thicket, in which it puffs up its feathers, displaying them like a peacock, full of pride and self-satisfaction.

The color of the Argus pheasant is not brilliant. Its head and neck are black and yellow, while the prevailing tint of the body and tail is reddish-brown, with black and light markings. These markings are its glory. Never did nature design more exquisite tracery than the eye-like spots which cover its plumage.

Although it is often taken alive in snares, it droops in captivity, and no European pheasantry has yet numbered a specimen of this magnificent bird among its treasures.

KING BIRD OF PARADISE AND GREAT BIRD.



New Guinea and a few small islands lying near are favored by the presence of the wonderful bird of paradise. Why this exquisite creature should live only in this small region where few appreciative eyes can feast upon its beauty, is one of nature's unsolved problems. Its home is as rich and lovely as the bird itself. The following beautiful description of a forest in the Arru Islands is by Lord Campbell, one of the favored few who have seen the bird of paradise in its native haunts: "Palms and tree-ferns mingle with trees whose branches droop with ferns, orchids, and parasites, and are festooned with lianas, rattans, and creepers of every kind. Along the shore, where the waves lisp and murmur in delightful harmony, above the dense undergrowth of foliage, rise tall casuarinas, mangroves, and pandanus palms. Both in the forest shadows and in the sunshine on the shore the most gorgeous and varied butterflies of all sizes, from huge ornithoptera to tiny blue and yellow gems, fly rapidly in the air or flutter through the pendent leaves. Scarlet dragon-flies dart to and fro; dull-colored little lizards glide across the wood-path; snowy cockatoos terrify echo with their harsh, resonant scream; and, listen! 'Wauk! wauk!' that's the great bird of paradise; 'Whreece!' that is the little king bird; now the note of a pigeon is heard booming low; yonder chatter a flock of lorriquets; and on the dark coral shores blue kingfishers and lovely gray herons are on the look-out for fish."

There are many varieties of the bird of paradise. Wallace mentions eighteen different species, the most beautiful of which are the great bird, the king bird, the red bird, the superb, the resplendent epimachus, and *Epimachus magnus*, or collared. In ancient times these birds were regarded with superstitious reverence in Europe, owing to the fact that the legs had been taken away from the first specimens, probably through the carelessness of the native hunter, and they were supposed to live continually floating in mid-air.

The color of the great bird is a rich brown, which deepens on the breast, shading toward purple. The head is like orange velvet, while the dainty little throat is metallic green. From under each wing springs the plume, of a brilliant orange near the body, shading toward the tips to a delicate brown. Nothing



could be more fairy-like than these plumes, which, waving over the back, almost conceal the small bird from view. In a high wind these plumes impede the flight, but, as an offset, the bird is provided with two long wiry tail feathers, which are used as steerers. The red bird is of similar coloring, with the exception of its plumes, which are of brilliant scarlet, shorter and less airy than those of the great bird. The king bird is of glossy crimson red, with small ashy plumes which it can erect like a small fan, or conceal under its wings at pleasure. Nature plays many freaks with the plumage of these small birds. The superb appears in a costume of black, green, and blue, glistening



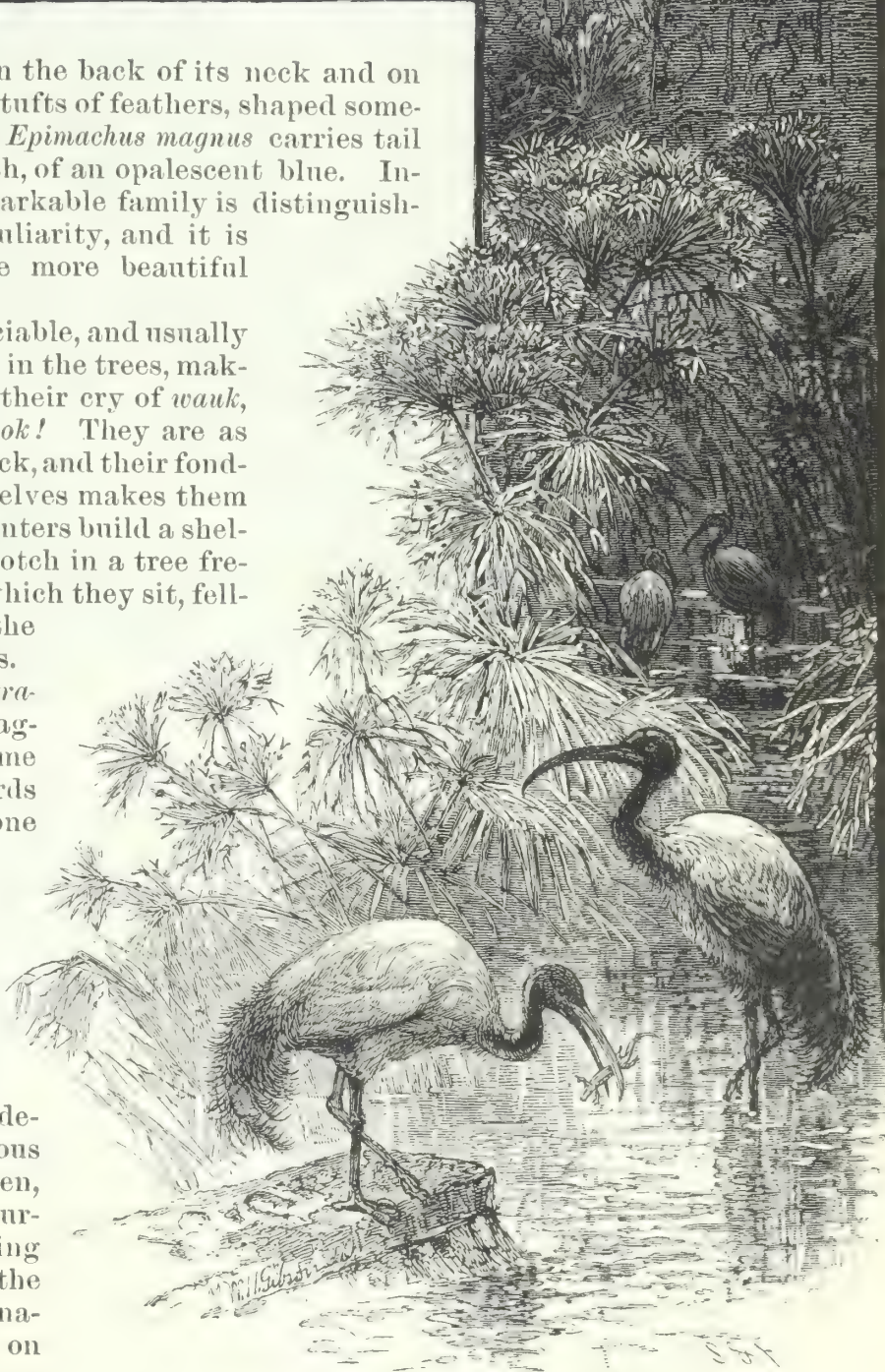


with iridescence, while on the back of its neck and on its breast it bears curious tufts of feathers, shaped somewhat like a shield. The *Epimachus magnus* carries tail feathers two feet in length, of an opalescent blue. Indeed, each one of this remarkable family is distinguished by some striking peculiarity, and it is impossible to count one more beautiful than the other.

These birds are very sociable, and usually congregate in large flocks in the trees, making the woods ring with their cry of *wauk, wauk, wauk!*—*wok, wok, wok!* They are as full of vanity as the peacock, and their fondness for displaying themselves makes them easy prey. The native hunters build a shelter of leaves over some crotch in a tree frequented by them, under which they sit, felling the small birds to the ground with blunt arrows.

Another species, the *Astrapia gularis*, or beautiful magpie bird, is classed by some naturalists among the birds of paradise. It inhabits one of the islands of the Archipelago, but a living specimen has rarely been seen except by native hunters. With the long tail feathers the bird measures about thirty inches in length. Its color defies description. It is a gorgeous blending of malachite green, garnet, gold, and dark purple, changing in glistening iridescence as it moves in the sunlight—another of nature's charms "wasted on the earth and sky" where no human eye can feast on its rare beauty.

What, then, shall be said of the humming-bird, that tiny dweller in lovely tropical forests, fluttering and darting among wildernesses of orchids, creepers, and air-plants, as



IBIS.





THE MARABOU STORK AND ITS YOUNG.

gorgeous and fairy-like as the great blue Brazilian butterfly, its playfellow in "those Amazonian plains, lone-lying as enchanted?" Professor Orton, writing of the South American wilds, says: "Lithe lianas, starred with flowers, coil up the stately trees, and then hang down like strung jewels; they can be counted only by myriads, yet they are mere superfluities. The dense dome of green overhead is supported by crowded columns, often branchless for eighty feet. The reckless competition among both small and great adds to the solemnity and gloom of a tropical forest." In these untrodden bowers the humming-bird makes its home. It is peculiar to America and the adjacent islands, and although bearing some relation to the sun-bird of Asia and Africa, it is never found across the water in all its tiny beauty. A few varieties live in the Northern United

States, and are often seen sporting over beds of flowers in the summer sunshine. Their motion is rapid and graceful. Now close at hand, plunging into a deep flower-cup, in an instant it is off like a ray of light, and disappears no one knows whither. Never appearing to alight, they hover on delicate wing, true creatures of the air and sunshine.

"Bright humming-bird of gem-like plumage,  
By Western Indians 'Living Sunbeam' named."

There are many species of this little creature, which is found in the greatest abundance in the West Indies and all through South America. Its coloring is a marvel of beauty. Now like a ruby, now a topaz, or emerald, or shimmering gold, it seems a fluttering rainbow, the most lovely and dainty of all the great bird family. Like the bird of paradise, the humming-bird is never seen on the ground. Its tiny nest, often no lar-



ger than a walnut shell, is fastened in the fork of a branch, or suspended by fine spider's webs to a leaf or the stalk of a creeper. Some varieties weave a nest as firm and durable as leather; others—those that build on a branch—cover it with dainty lichens, so that it appears as a portion of the original twig, being completely concealed. There are nests hard on the inside, others soft and downy as the finest silk lining, the fibre of certain plants, can make them. The female, which, like all other bird species, is dull and plain when compared to her gorgeous

they subsisted solely upon nectar of flowers. But it has now been proved that they can not long endure a diet of sweets alone. Minute flies, spiders, and almost invisible bugs are eagerly sought for by the humming-bird, and it has been seen to make a fine breakfast on the gossamer spider, which it neatly abstracts from the centre of its silvery web.

The forests of tropical America are especially rich in birds of brilliant plumage. Parrots and macaws climb and chatter among the thickly entwined branches, more gorgeous in their blue, red, and green cos-



consort, deposits one or, at the most,

two tiny white eggs. In ten days they are hatched, and in a week after birth the young are able to leave the nest, although some months must elapse before the male acquires the full beauty of his plumage. Much has been written about the food of these tiny creatures, the early naturalists believing that

tunes than the thousand flowers of the innumerable creeping vines. The macaw! what more blinding combination of color can be imagined than the rare plumage of this bird? Its long tail feathers give a certain grace and majesty to its movements, superior to other

members of the parrot family. It is not strange that the Indians of Yucatan considered it a sacred bird, and dedicated it to the sun. The *guacamayo*, as it is called by the natives, is easily tamed, and makes an amusing and affectionate companion. It imitates the human voice with great facility, talking, singing, and laughing in the manner of those with whom it lives.

Mingled with the screaming of parrots and other sounds of the wild South American woods is the monotonous *tucáno*, *tucáno*,



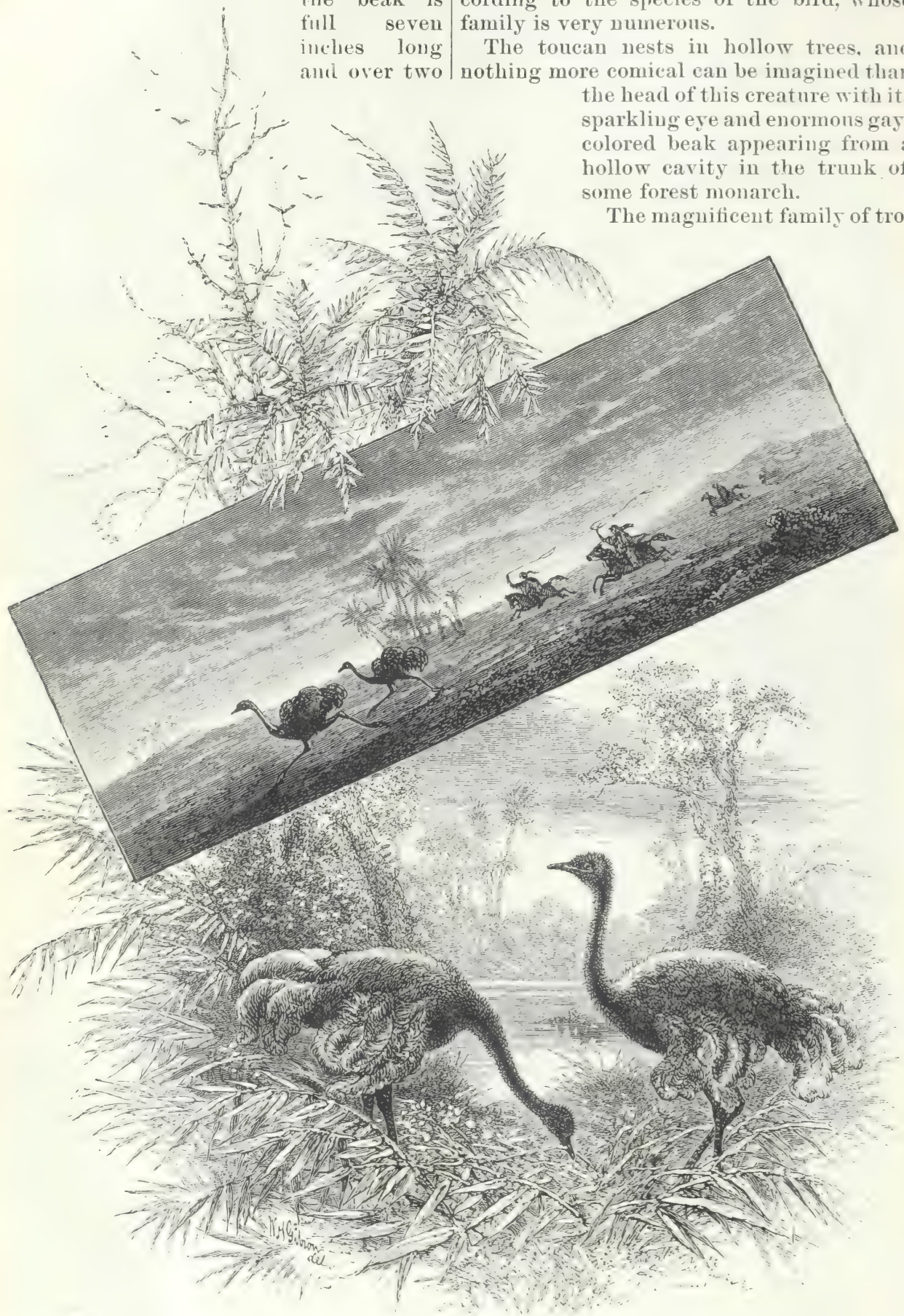
of the toucan, that singular bird which appears to have been made expressly to take charge of its huge banana-shaped beak. In

some species the beak is full seven inches long and over two

strong beak, whose strength no stem could resist. This beak is the most brilliant possession of the toucan. It is orange and black, scarlet and yellow, green and red, according to the species of the bird, whose family is very numerous.

The toucan nests in hollow trees, and nothing more comical can be imagined than the head of this creature with its sparkling eye and enormous gay-colored beak appearing from a hollow cavity in the trunk of some forest monarch.

The magnificent family of tro-

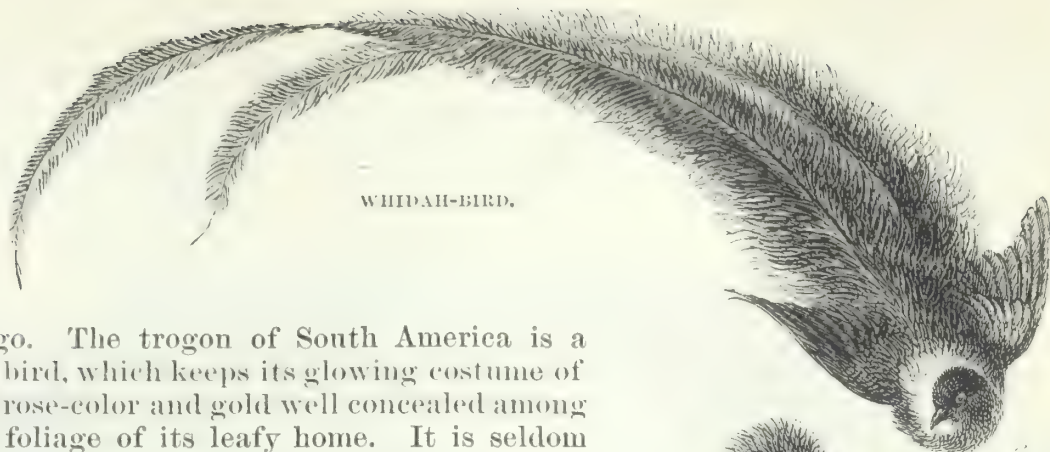


THE OSTRICH—HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

in width, entirely out of proportion with its comparatively small body. They are fruit-eaters, and climbing among the branches, they easily gather their food with their long

gons are found in their greatest perfection in the great river basins of the Orinoco and the Amazon, although certain branches of the species inhabit the islands of the Great





WHITE-BIRD.

Archipelago. The trogon of South America is a shy, sulky bird, which keeps its glowing costume of green and rose-color and gold well concealed among the thick foliage of its leafy home. It is seldom seen even by the most watchful hunter or naturalist, and as it is a silent bird, its haunts are difficult to discover. Varieties of this shy beauty are also found in Central America, Mexico, and Cuba. It feeds upon insects, and will often run about the trunks of trees like a woodpecker, hunting its little victims from under the bark.

Some members of the trogon family are the fortunate possessors of magnificent tail feathers. The resplendent trogon, a native of Central America, wears tail feathers of full three feet in length. They are black, and white with black bars, and form a rich contrast to the glistening golden green and scarlet body. These birds were favorites with the ancient Mexican kings, and their long plumes were eagerly sought for to decorate royalty, none but the royal family being permitted to wear them.

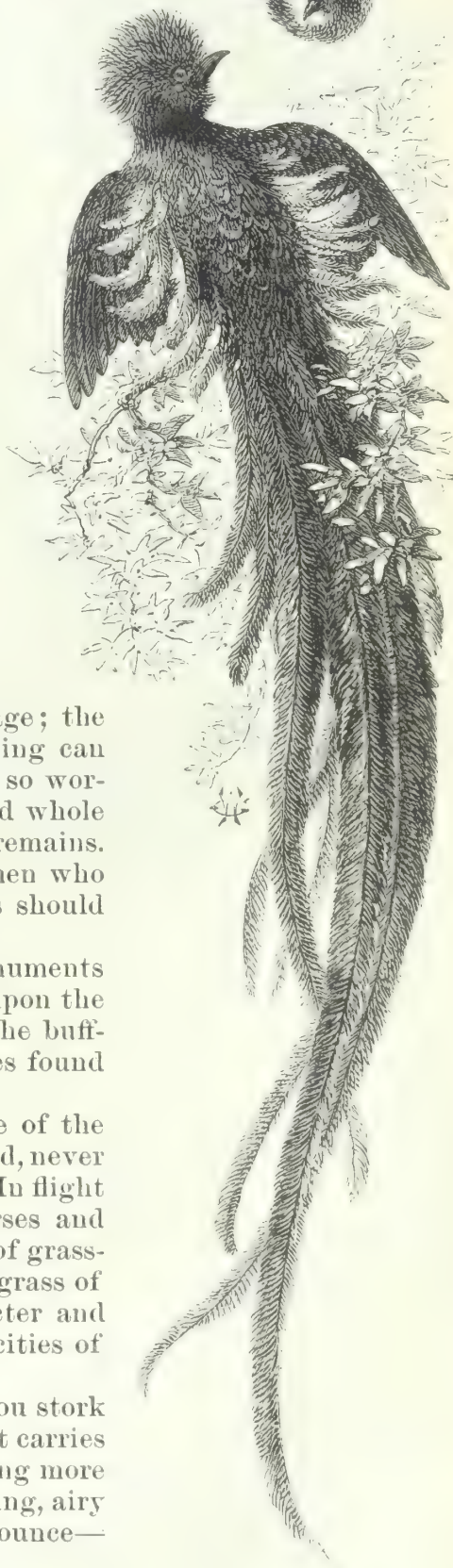
No country is richer than Africa in birds whose plumage, although not of such brilliant coloring, is valued throughout the civilized world for its exquisite grace and softness of texture. Here dwells the ostrich, that king among birds of useful plumage; the marabou stork, the delicacy of whose feathers nothing can surpass; and the strange, mysterious ibis, that bird so worshipped by the ancient Egyptians that they devoted whole chambers in their wonderful tombs to its embalmed remains. Strange indeed, says Stephens, the traveller, that men who could raise such mighty structures as the Pyramids should have fallen down and worshipped such puny birds.

The ibis represented by the Egyptians on their monuments is a more tropical bird than the species now found upon the banks of the Nile, which bears more similarity to the buff-backed heron than to the ancient dried-up mummies found in the Pyramids.

The modern ibis appears on the Nile at the time of the inundation, or shortly previous. It is a dignified bird, never running, but walking with slow and measured step. In flight it is light and graceful. It haunts the water-courses and marshy pools, and finds its food in the large swarms of grasshoppers and other insects which live in the tall rank grass of the lowlands. Solemn and mysterious in its character and habits, the ibis is a fitting inhabitant of the ruined cities of Egypt.

Odd, awkward, and ugly in appearance, the marabou stork is still to be respected for the exquisite little plumes it carries concealed under its ungainly wings. There is nothing more fairy-like in all the feather world than these trembling, airy ornaments, of which it takes basketfuls to weigh an ounce—the weight by which their market value is reckoned.

The marabou lives in Central Africa, where it stalks about on the sandy plains as grandly as if its very ugliness made it



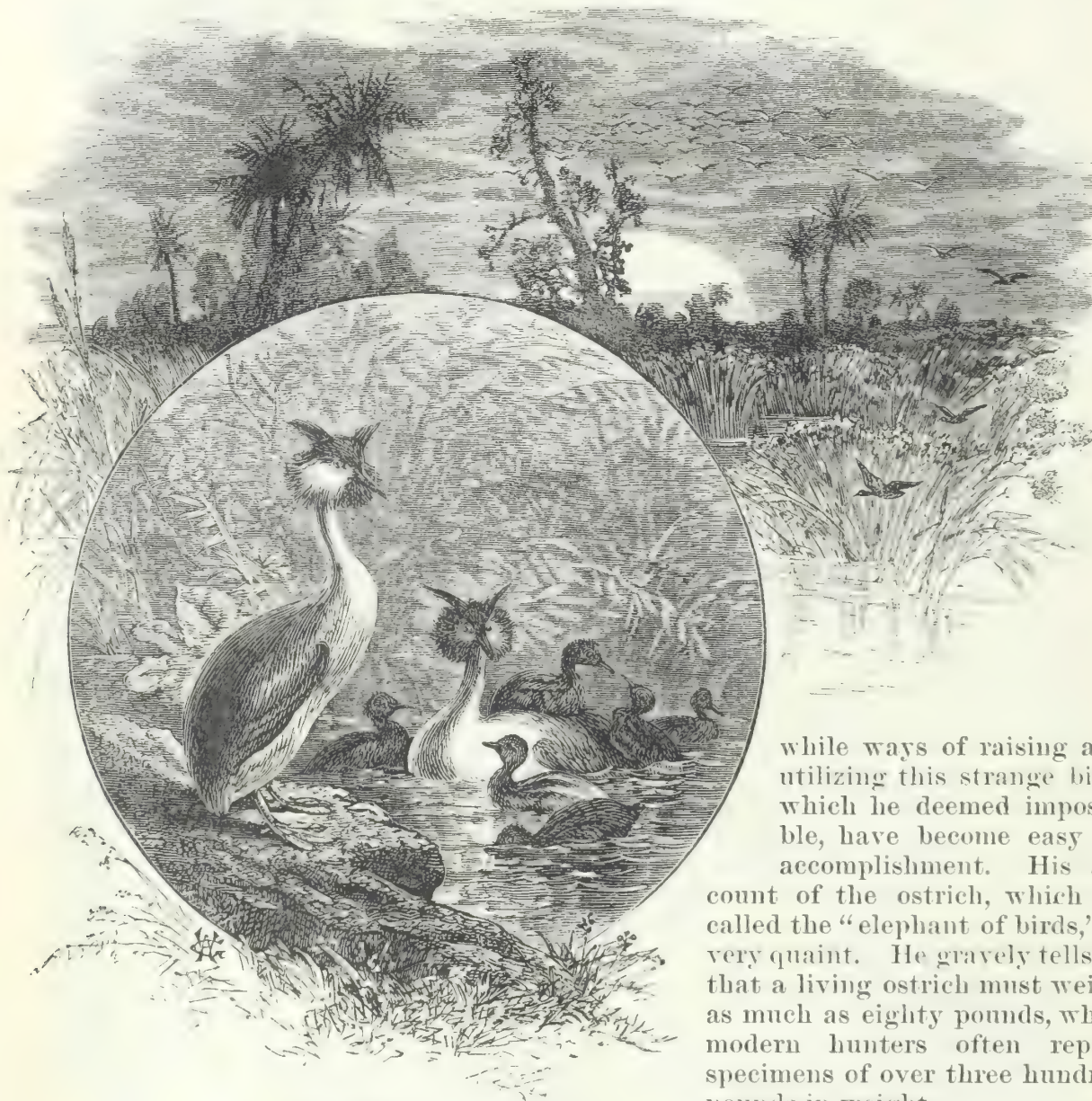
TROGON.



lord of its little world. Carnivorous in taste, it will visit the suburbs of small towns, where slaughter-house remains may be gathered up for its unsavory repast. Its flesh-colored head is almost bare of feathers, its neck is skinny, and in front on its breast it bears a disgusting pouch. Its

been successful in discovering the domestic habits of this shy, cunning bird.

"There is no bird," says Buffon, the French naturalist, "whose history is so obscured by absurdities as the ostrich." Buffon wrote a hundred years ago, and things of which he was ignorant have since been discovered,



THE GREBE.

feathers are dull green and black mixed with white. A more laughter-provoking bird could not well be imagined. It is wise, too, and not to be disturbed in its clumsy majesty even by the approach of the hunter. It is said to watch its pursuer with a sharp eye, and to measure well the distance, always taking care to keep out of the reach of the gunner. Does the hunter proceed slowly, the wary bird stumps off at its leisure; if he quickens his pace, the bird runs at full speed; but should he pause for breath, the marabou knows it at once, and calmly poises itself on one leg with tantalizing ease, until the hunter's movements start it on its way.

The natives assert that the marabou builds its nest in trees, but naturalists have not

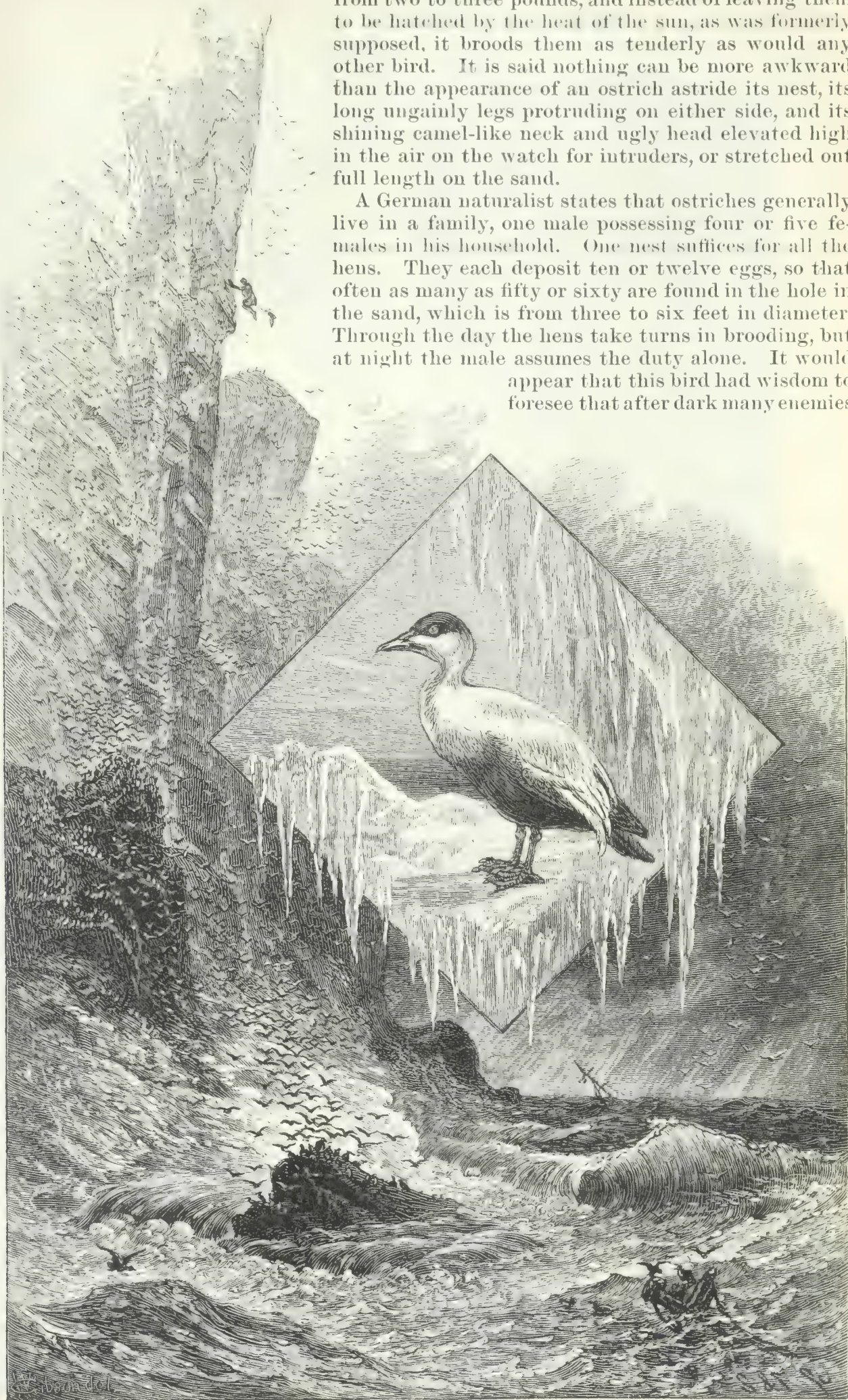
while ways of raising and utilizing this strange bird, which he deemed impossible, have become easy of accomplishment. His account of the ostrich, which he called the "elephant of birds," is very quaint. He gravely tells us that a living ostrich must weigh as much as eighty pounds, while modern hunters often report specimens of over three hundred pounds in weight.

The ostrich is the largest of all the feathered tribe, and is a bird of the earth, as he never rises from the ground. Gigantic indeed must be the wings which would hold such an enormous creature afloat in mid-air. A habitant of the sandy deserts of Africa, the ostrich is more akin to the camel than to any member of the bird family. Its broad horny feet and powerful legs are adapted to the coarse stubble of desert waste. It can live on any food that comes in its way. Although nourishing itself upon leaves, grass, seeds, and certain roots of the desert, it will swallow any thing at hand; chaff, wood shavings, pebbles, bits of old iron and glass, are all received kindly by the stomach of this feathered giant. Never seeking the haunting-places of other birds, it loves to graze on the broad plains with quagga and



zebra for company. Its hollow, hoarse cry may be heard at a great distance. Its nest is simply a hole in the burning desert sand, where it deposits its huge eggs, each weighing from two to three pounds, and instead of leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun, as was formerly supposed, it broods them as tenderly as would any other bird. It is said nothing can be more awkward than the appearance of an ostrich astride its nest, its long ungainly legs protruding on either side, and its shining camel-like neck and ugly head elevated high in the air on the watch for intruders, or stretched out full length on the sand.

A German naturalist states that ostriches generally live in a family, one male possessing four or five females in his household. One nest suffices for all the hens. They each deposit ten or twelve eggs, so that often as many as fifty or sixty are found in the hole in the sand, which is from three to six feet in diameter. Through the day the hens take turns in brooding, but at night the male assumes the duty alone. It would appear that this bird had wisdom to foresee that after dark many enemies



EIDER-DUCK.





THE HAUNT OF THE EGRETS.

ware, it serves him as a plate or drinking cup, or even as a receptacle for carrying water during his wanderings across the sandy plains.

The color of the ostrich differs according to the sex, the males being glossy black, the

may approach, to encounter whom the superior strength of the male ostrich will be needed. Jackals, panthers, and wild dogs are terrible foes to the ostrich and its nest, as they steal and eat the eggs, and even attack the bird itself, whose chief weapon of defense is its long muscular leg. The ostrich strikes forward with its foot like a man, and can direct a blow with such skill and power as to thoroughly overcome its assailant, often killing a powerful panther with the might of its gigantic foot.

Ostrich eggs are said by some travellers to be very palatable eating, one being sufficient for a meal for three men. Dr. Livingstone, however, thinks that only the keen appetite of the desert can rec-

oncile a civilized human being to the strong, unpleasant flavor of these eggs. The native Bushmen consider them delicious food. They break the shell at one end, and standing it in boiling water or over hot coals, they stir the contents until a kind of omelet is produced, which serves as a gala dish at a Bushman banquet, quite as palatable, no doubt, as ostrich brains—a favorite plate with Helio-gabalus.

To the Bushman the shell of the ostrich egg is an important article of domestic economy. Strong as ordinary crockery-



females grayish-brown. Both possess alike the soft, graceful wing feathers so valued for plumes, to gain which is the main object of ostrich-hunting. These plume feathers are sometimes of a yellowish-white, sometimes pure as snow. In some varieties they are delicate gray, or white with exquisite gray tippings and markings. From the most ancient times the rare feathers of these birds have been prized as decorations. They trembled on the helmet of the ancient warrior, and were used to adorn the head-dresses of favorite goddesses. There may still be seen at Rome ancient statues decked with ostrich plumes.

Ostrich-hunting is carried on to a large extent in Africa. So large is the demand for these valuable feathers that thousands of these birds must yearly yield up their glory and beauty that the demands of fashion may be satisfied. There are many modes resorted to by the native hunter. Some, secreting themselves in the nest, which is often covered with sand and left for a few hours during the heat of the day, greet the returning birds with poisoned arrows. The feathers are then hastily plucked while the bird is still warm, as they thus retain their gloss and curl, and bring more in the market than so-called dead feathers. Other natives, more tricky and full of device, disguise themselves in the skin of a dead bird, in which way they can approach within a few hundred yards of the feeding ground without arousing the suspicions of the much-desired game. In North Africa the sport is often followed on horseback, and the ostrich caught with the lasso. It is necessary, however, first to weary the bird with a long chase before the hunter can approach sufficiently near to secure it. No steed, however fleet, can run down an ostrich, except by his greater power of endurance. The bird, when terrified, will fly over the ground in twelve-foot strides, his legs appearing like the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel. An ostrich chase often continues for several days, the hunter picketing his horse at night with the certainty that the bird too will fall on the sand to rest, only to be aroused in the morning by renewed pursuit. In this way the game is soon exhausted, and, gasping and weary, becomes an easy prey.

Ostrich-farming has been during the last few years successfully tried at the Cape of Good Hope. It is much pleasanter to think of these valuable birds as tenderly cared for year after year than to fancy them shot down and murdered by desert savages to gain possession of a single growth of feathers.

Among the small feathered tribe of Africa the Whidah-bird is remarkable for the sombre beauty of its glossy black plumage. It is a species of finch, and is generally known as the widow-bird, or *Vidua*. It was im-

ported into Europe by Portuguese traders, who brought the first specimens from Whidah, on the west coast. It has thoroughly domesticated itself in its adopted country, and is to be found in every portion from the Mediterranean coast to the Cape of Good Hope. The long tail feathers of the male are exceedingly beautiful, but appear somewhat unmanageable, as the bird's flight is slow and laborious, the glossy ornaments seeming to be an unwieldy appendage. The handsomest member of this family is the golden-collared Whidah-bird, whose glossy black coat is brightened by brilliant yellow epaulets.

Far away from the tropics, in the land of eternal ice and desolation, lives one of the most important members of the great family of water-birds. Nothing could be more forbidding than the bleak shores where, on the banks of snow-water pools, the eider-duck carries on its small housekeeping. Here it builds its nest of dry moss gathered from the barren rocks, lining it with down plucked from its own faithful breast. The female is a plain brown bird, while her mate is of a velvety black, with glistening green head. Both possess the downy, cream-colored breast and neck which render them so valuable in the eyes of their robbers; for what other name can be given to those who cruelly strip the nests of these poor birds, which they have so carefully prepared for the comfort of their little ones? A female bird, it is said, will pluck her breast to re-line her despoiled nest until her own stock of down is exhausted, when, with plaintive cries, she summons her mate to give what she can no longer supply herself.

On the coasts of Norway and Iceland the eider-duck is numbered by thousands. It is protected in many places by law, in order that the desire to obtain its down may not finally result in the extermination of this valuable sea-bird. Only after the brooding season is past is it allowable to strip the nest of its valuable down. Were this law obeyed, the yield would still be immense, as nests are said to be so thick on the barren rocky islands lying near the coast that it is with difficulty one can avoid treading on them. But in many places the rapacious natives rob the mother bird of both down and eggs, until, discouraged and exhausted, she abandons the spot, seeking a more lonely location where she may rear her young in peace.

Even more romantic than the woodland homes of forest birds are the broad marshes, the hidden pools, and water-courses, the resort of thousands of aquatic birds whose plumage, although less brilliant than that of their sisters of the woods, is far lovelier in its silvery softness. The sparkling radiance of the splashing wavelet seems to cling to their glistening breasts, and the



dusky twilight of the damp recesses of the swamp is repeated in the subdued coloring of their wings. One of the most beautiful of this extensive family is the grebe, whose magnificent satin-like breast is much used in the manufacture of those silvery downy muffs in which fair fingers nestle, defying the attacks of frost. There are many varieties of grebe, and they are found in the solitary marshes of both Europe and America. By the mountain lakes of Switzerland, in the fens of Scotland and England, and among the rank water-grasses of the American tropics, this magnificent creature is equally at home. On land it is an awkward bird, standing upright on its short legs somewhat like a penguin, but once in the water it rides like a queen of its wild home. Its movements are quick and graceful, and as a diver it possesses remarkable skill, being able to descend to great depths in search of its food. Its nest is placed among the reeds away from the shore, so that the eggs are often partially submerged in water. The grebe are good parents, and both father and mother bird rear the young with great care, carrying them through the water on their backs, and teaching them to swim and dive and select proper food. There is no more beautiful sight than the domestic life of a grebe family. The color of the full-grown bird is brown on the back, wings, and crest, while the breast is glossy white, like thick satin. It is very rapid in flight, and when in cold countries it is driven seaward by the freezing of its inland retreats, it may be seen in large flocks flying in straight lines, and mostly by night. The whirring sound of its wings may be heard at a great distance.

Among the waders the white egrets are distinguished for their pure silvery white plumage. They inhabit the marsh lands of the Danube, and are also found in the Florida swamps, from whence large numbers of skins are brought to the Northern market. How serene would be the life of this bird in its shady, damp home, did not trade issue her demands for its snowy plumage! On the back of its neck the egret wears a cluster of long fine spiny feathers, which must be procured to serve as centres for *plon-plons*, and to add their grace and beauty to other adornments required by fashion. Some of the larger varieties of the egret have these delicate spiny feathers on the wings and tail. These birds are graceful pedestrians and lordly in flight. They nest in trees overhanging shallow pools, where long hanging mosses add beauty and romance to the seclusion of the wild, wooded swamp lands.

Feathers have been in use for ages as articles of adornment. Tossing in the *panache* of the warrior or nobleman, or on the head of some courtly dame, they have always held their place as the most graceful and beauti-

ful of all ornamentation ordained by fashion. Never was the trade in feathers larger than at the present day, for the decoration once confined to nobility is now sought for to grace the costume of the lowest as well as the highest.

Although the day has passed when the mistress of a feather shop might ask, as in an old play of Middleton's,

"What feather would you have, Sir?  
These are most worn and most in fashion  
Amongst the brave gallants,"

and this graceful addition to the toilet is left entirely for the use of ladies, the demand is still much larger than in the time when every fine gentleman, both king and noble, must appear gorgeously bedecked in this "borrowed plumage."

The business done in feathers in New York city alone in a single year is almost incredible, especially when one considers that plumes are only one small unit among many unnecessary requirements of fashion. The forests and marshes of the whole world contribute to a well-stocked feather emporium. Ostrich plumes, natural, colored, made into a thousand different forms of trimming, skillfully knotted and curled into "willow feathers," or combined with other species of plumage; marabou, natural or adorned with trembling spangles; peacock skins and tails; breasts of glossy grebe and blue heron; delicate egrets; the iridescent purple and green head and skin of the Impeyan pheasant; thousands of humming-birds, birds of paradise, red birds, birds green, black, yellow, blue—of every conceivable tint and mixture—are found here, each suggestive of foreign lands and wild forest life.

The chief business in feathers is with ostrich plumes, which are used for every variety of purpose. They come principally from South Africa, although the long soft Egyptian feather known as the Mogador is of a finer quality than the "Cape" feather, and brings a higher price. The Cape feathers are pure white, often tipped and streaked with a soft gray tint. Some varieties are gray throughout, and of the most delicate texture. Those from the wild Egyptian bird are sometimes as long as twenty-four inches, and the down on each particular spine is longer and thicker than on those from the Cape. They are pure white, or of an almost invisible yellow tint. The price per pound, which contains from eighty to a hundred long feathers, runs as high as three hundred dollars for the best qualities. There is often a considerable quantity of guano and other dirt, which must be carefully removed by the manufacturer. Acids are used in cleansing feathers, after which process they are assorted and prepared for the market. The thick quill is scraped with glass on the under side until about half its substance is removed, which leaves the



feather soft and graceful from stem to tip. Many are left in their natural purity, or soft gray coloring, while others are prepared in various tints to suit all tastes. The feather manufacturer uses mineral dyes adapted to the delicate nature of his plumes. Cloth dyes should never be applied to valuable plumes, as, however well the feather may appear at first, it is rotted, its natural gloss and softness gone forever, and it remains only a sorrowful relic of its former splendor. A feather once dipped in cloth dye soon wears out, and can never be renewed, while it may be cleansed or dyed every season by a professional worker in feathers, and still retain its brilliancy and valuable qualities for years.

Marabou, egret, and some other of the light airy plumes are sold in quantity by the ounce, and are worth from eight to sixteen dollars, according to quality. Birds which are imported whole, like humming-birds, birds of paradise, and hundreds of more common varieties, are reckoned by the dozen or hundred. Thousands of humming-birds are brought from South America. The Indians shoot them with blow-guns made from a small palm from which the pith is removed, leaving a polished bore. The tiny birds are in this way stunned, and captured without injury to their exquisite plumage. They are rudely stuffed, the wings secured by a narrow strip of paper fastened tightly around the body, and in this form they reach the feather manufacturer, who then cures them with acids, arranges them artistically, securing the wing open by means of fine wires, and displays them, a gorgeous show of glistening color, in his cases. Neither humming-birds nor whole birds of any kind are as much in use as a few years ago, and it is to be hoped the fickle changes of fashion will soon put an end to the wholesale slaughter of these small denizens of the forest and meadow.

No plumage is of more service to the manufacturer than that of the peacock, whose magnificence has been called the "consummation of art in feathers." Every feather on this noble bird is turned to some use; its long tail plumes, the tuft upon its lordly head, every one of its glistening scales, are of value. Yards and yards of green, blue, and purple trimming are manufactured by skillful fingers as decoration for cloaks, dresses, hats—whatever use fashion may dictate. In flat feather trimmings the maker may display much artistic skill in combination of colors. Every bit of plumage too small for other uses may be interwoven with an infinite variety of shades and tints. Here is trimming made from pure white marabou plumes, airy and graceful enough for a fairy bride; there, the feathers of the peacock, the Impeyan pheasant, the blue heron, are combined in gorgeous gold and

purple and drab as would suit the costume of a queen. The white peacock—where is his contribution to this rich array? The white peacock is not a species; only at intervals does he appear, a solitary albino of his tribe. Royal, indeed, was that *chapel de paon blanc* worn centuries ago by St. Louis, King of France.

Feathers must always hold a place far in advance of artificial flowers in decoration of costumes. Flowers are at best but a poor imitation of the reality, while plumes are a genuine and magnificent contribution of nature to man's desire for beautiful adornment.

## IN A CLOUD RIFT.

UPON our loftiest White Mountain peak,

Filled with the freshness of untainted air,  
We sat, nor cared to listen or to speak

To one another, for the silence there  
Was eloquent with God's presence. Not a sound

Uttered the winds in their unhindered sweep  
Above us through the heavens. The gulf profound  
Below us seethed with mists, a sullen deep.

From thawless ice-caves of a vast ravine  
Rolled sheeted clouds across the lands unseen.

How far away seemed all that we had known

In homely levels of the earth beneath,  
Where still our thoughts went wandering—"Turn  
thee!" Blown

Apart before us, a dissolving wreath  
Of cloud framed in a picture on the air:

The fair long Saco Valley, whence we came;  
The hills and lakes of Ossipee; and there  
Glimmers the sea! Some pleasant, well-known  
name

With every break to memory hastens back:  
Monadnock—Winnepesaukee—Merrimac.

On widening vistas broader rifts unfold:

Far off into the waters of Champlain  
Great sunset summits dip their flaming gold;

There winds the dim Connecticut, a vein  
Of silver on aerial green; and here,

The upland street of rural Bethlehem;  
And there, the roofs of Bethel. Azure-clear  
Shimmers the Androscoggin; like a gem  
Umbagog glistens; and Katahdin gleams  
Uncertain as a mountain seen in dreams.

Our own familiar world, not yet half known,

Nor loved enough, in tints of Paradise  
Lies there before us, now so lovely grown,  
We wonder what strange film was on our eyes  
Ere we climbed hither. But again the cloud,

Descending, shuts the beauteous vision out;  
Between us the abysses spread their shroud:

We are to earth, as earth to us, a doubt.  
Dear home folk, skyward seeking us, can see  
No crest or crag where pilgrim feet may be.

Who whispered unto us of life and death

As silence closed upon our hearts once more?  
On heights where angels sit, perhaps a breath

May clear the separating gulfs; a door  
May open sometimes betwixt earth and heaven,

And life's most haunting mystery be shown  
A fog-drift of the mind, scattered and driven

Before the winds of God: no vague unknown  
Death's dreaded path—only a curtained stair;  
And heaven but earth raised into purer air.





### A GLIMPSE OF NATURE FROM MY VERANDA.

THE cycle of the seasons has brought us again to midsummer, with all its luxuriant beauty, its wealth of verdure, and gorgeous tints of flower and leaf. Sight and sound and odors all proclaim the holiday of physical life. On the earth, in the air, and in the water all nature seems every where glad—"rejoicing with exceeding joy." The annual hegira from the town to the country has taken place. In all directions humanity seeks as if by an irresistible impulse a closer communion with external nature. The forest, the meadow, and the lake have resumed their wondrous attractions, and the denizens of the cities fly to them as to a refuge from the heat, the glare, the dust, and noise of the town. The summer months, especially July and August, have come to be regarded as a long holiday for townspeople, and all who can possibly lay aside the cares of life, the responsibilities of business, and the fatigue of daily toil devote themselves to the study of their personal comfort and enjoyment. With many thousands it is a period of frivolity or listlessness. Any exertion they make is simply "to kill time." The long hours of the long days are passed without a directing motive for either mental or physical effort. These precious hours are thus wasted year after year, especially by the young, that might be devoted to storing the mind with the great facts of nature, and acquiring a higher knowledge

of its beauties and its marvels. How few persons, for instance, deem it worth their while to consider for a moment the habits or modes of life of the countless myriads of living creatures in the lower organisms that share with us the elements of existence on this planet. Many of these are born to live only for a few moments, and then to die; others are reproduced in their descendants for many generations. All perform in the brief period of their existence with a vigorous power the functions assigned to them in the grand economy of nature. Of every shape and hue, they swarm around us every where. Regarded for the most part as pests and nuisances, they have, nevertheless, even in the most minute forms, so minute as to be invisible except by the aid of a highly magnifying medium, exhibited a power for destruction greater than that of armies in the field and navies on the ocean. More than this, the faculties that they exhibit, and which we call instinct, seem at times to rival the profoundest efforts of human reason in the means that they adopt to fulfill the apparent objects of their existence.

Most of them, also, in the exquisite tints of their natural attire, rival the most gorgeous costumes that human ingenuity ever invented for personal decoration. Even the peacock is outshone by the caterpillar, and the tints of the butterfly's wings are unex-



celled in beauty of coloring by any thing else in nature. And there are many thousands of insects, the color of which can not be seen with the naked eye, that are almost equal to the butterfly in brilliant and varied hues. It is not alone in their appearance, but in their daily habits of life, that insects awaken the deepest interest in the minds of those who choose to study their ways. Let me tell of some families of insects whose acquaintance I have made this summer, and with whom I have become quite intimate during my repeated visits to their little homes, enjoying their domestic life almost as much as if I could exchange with them the idle gossip of the day. Our intercourse has been, it is true, entirely through the medium of sight on my part, and even then I have had to call in the constant aid of the magnifying lens. On their part, I have begun to flatter myself that they have become so accustomed to my daily visits that they no longer exhibit the timidity they showed at first, but seem rather pleased that I take sufficient interest in them to observe their little ways and cunning devices. Perhaps the reader will go with me to make a morning call upon these little friends of mine, and form their acquaintance, and perhaps, too, the acquaintance may prove so agreeable that the pleasure I have enjoyed may be hereafter shared between us. These little friends of mine are all my nearest neighbors. They have chosen their homes so near to me that their very proximity first induced me to make their acquaintance. My house faces to the south, and a broad veranda extends around three sides of it—the south, the west, and the east. The roof of this veranda is supported by a number of columns, and each of these columns is encircled by a different vine, all meeting overhead along wires that extend from column to column at the top. Some of these vines have been selected as a permanent home by different families of harmless insects; others are the resort only at night of little winged messengers that select them as the place to make their nests and deposit their tiny eggs, from which in time the progeny emerge to take care of themselves. These vines that have wreathed in emerald green all the columns of my veranda, and erected leafy arches between them with the symmetry of an architect's elaborate plans, embrace the three varieties known as climbers, creepers, and twiners. The first of these, "the climbers," throw out their tendrils like human arms, and seize upon the twigs of trees, a projecting nail, or a wire, or even insert themselves into crevices, and there maintain their hold until the vine itself has a chance to grow up to them and wind itself around the projections, or secure a better footing with more tendrils—in short, exhibiting all those instincts which the younger

Darwin insists that plants share with the animal world.

The second, "the creepers," embrace those vines that, like the ivy, throw out at intervals from their stems little rootlets that seek the crevices in masonry or in the bark of trees, by which they secure a firm hold, and at the same time are the means of adding nourishment to the plant. These are not very well adapted to wooden columns, as the vine is a very succulent one, and needs the sustenance that comes through its rootlets, and as it does not get it when trained on a wooden pillar, it is apt to die down in the winter season, besides requiring a great deal of care to maintain it in an upright position. The "twiners" wind themselves round and round a tree or column, and support themselves by tightly clasping what they cling to. Like Samson at the temple, they frequently pull down the pillars that they embrace, by the sheer force of a vigorous growth. Of these last is the well-known wistaria (*Glycine*), that, springing from one root, covers all the columns and even the bottom and top of my easterly veranda, and has to be closely watched for fear it will pull the whole structure to the ground in the exercise of its exuberant natural affection. It is a beautiful vine, has a very rapid growth, and a remarkably clean foliage, with clusters of lilac flowers. The "twiners" are represented in the veranda decorations by two varieties of the honeysuckle (*Lonicera*)—the yellow-flowered and the trumpet honeysuckle, both very graceful and attractive, but the latter is the most satisfactory on account of its greater hardihood. Its rich dark green leaf has a waxen surface, with which its scarlet flowers, that are borne throughout the season, present a strong contrast. The former has a lighter green and more scanty foliage, with flowers perhaps more delicate in their coloring; but it requires a great deal of tender nursing and constant care in order to secure a satisfactory development. The "creepers" are represented by that prince of vines in vigor of growth and foliage, the Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis*). A good-sized root of this vine will cover an entire veranda in two seasons, fastening itself in exquisite drapery on any object within its reach. It will climb to the top of a tree seventy or eighty feet in height, and trail its long green pendants from the topmost branches almost to the ground. The leaves are larger than the hand when full grown, and in the autumn produce a very striking effect by their change of color. This vine is the home of several different families, who have become my intimate friends, and whom I propose to introduce to the reader's acquaintance. The large leaves have been converted into dairy-farms by a colored family named *Formica*, otherwise known as black ants. The race to which





this family belongs have for years been notorious as slave-drivers and cruel task-masters. They are extremely warlike, and go into battle with regularly organized battalions, making slaves of their prisoners, who, yielding to the force of circumstances, become faithful servants, and procure all the food that is eaten by their idle masters.

The family living under my veranda, although fierce and determined in their nature, have apparently devoted themselves exclusively to dairy-farming, having numerous herds of cattle—cows and calves—that are regularly milked by their owners, who drink the milk for their food. One of the larger leaves of the Virginia creeper forms a rich meadow, where from fifty to seventy-five cows and calves can pasture. These little domestic animals are known as *aphides*, and it is certainly an extraordinary sight to see the black ant to whom they seem to belong go through the field and milk these little cows. He carries with him a long whip (*antennæ*), with which he strikes the little docile animal on the back, when it immediately deposits the milk that its master eagerly drinks. When the pasture gives out, the ant carries his herd to another leaf, or field; and when the little calves are old enough to be milked, he begins their education by biting them.

It is curious also to see the owner defend his flock from an intruder. Let another

black ant come into the field—that is, on to the leaf—and he attacks him with great fury, driving him from the premises at once. All this, and more too, my lens shows me of my neighbor's peculiar habits. I find that if I venture too close and arouse the suspicion of the dairyman by placing my hand or finger near his little farm, that I am warned by a sharp bite to be more circumspect in my movements, and not to become too familiar on a short acquaintance.

M. Fowel, who has given a very close study to the ants of Switzerland, relates some very remarkable instances of an intelligence in these little creatures which seems almost incredible, and in fact it is almost impossible for any one to comprehend the absolute mental capacity of these tiny, and for the most part industrious dwellers on the earth, unless he seeks through the medium of his own observation a closer knowledge of their habits and modes of life.

One of the most interesting features of my veranda is a sort of "Stewart's Home" for seamstresses. There is one difference, however, that in this "home" all the sewing is



THE LITTLE DAIRYMAN AND HIS COWS.



done at night, while at Mrs. Stewart's no "machine" is allowed on the premises. The seamstresses are little winged insects that are seldom seen in the daytime, and are never at work during daylight, for the reason that while engaged at their labors their enemies the birds would be sure to pounce upon them, and either swallow them on the spot or carry them to their little ones in the nest for food. When I light my library lamp in the evening, these little messengers of the night cluster on the window-panes, or, if the windows are open, swarm into the room, and hover around the light until, dazzled or bewildered, they fall into the flame, or scorch their little wings and drop helplessly upon the table. Then with my lens I see how beautiful are their downy wings. Many of them are snow-white, as if dressed for an evening at the opera. Others are variegated with rings and spots, often of brilliant metallic hues. They are called in entomology *Noctorelites*, or owlets, on account of their night habits. Sometimes they are called "leaf-rollers," from the ingenious and almost human-like manner in which are prepared the nests in which the young are de-



MY EVENING VISITORS.



THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

veloped. The leaves are folded over and formed into a tent or cabin, and the edges fastened down with a floss-like thread at regular intervals, as if it had been done

with a sewing-machine. All air and light are excluded except that which comes through the green coloring matter of the leaf, and here the larvæ of these insects find a most comfortable home until such time as they choose to leave it. In the mean while the green chlorophyll of the leaf furnishes all the food that is necessary; and when the tenant of this snug little apartment feels like going abroad, it merely has to eat its way out, and thus equipped with a good breakfast, starts on its journey through life. After roaming around the world, tasting and eating what it likes, an abundance of which it finds on all sides, it adopts the occupation of a weaver, but only for the purpose of weaving its own shroud, in which it wraps itself, and in course of time appears upon the stage in an entirely new garb. It has been a creeping caterpillar during all its peregrinations, but now it becomes a beautifully decorated individual, ornamented with wings with which to discard the earth upon which it has crawled so long, and starts into the air to lead an entirely new existence, with new sensations, new hopes, and new fears, and is probably in the end caught in a spider's web and devoured by some piratical monster.

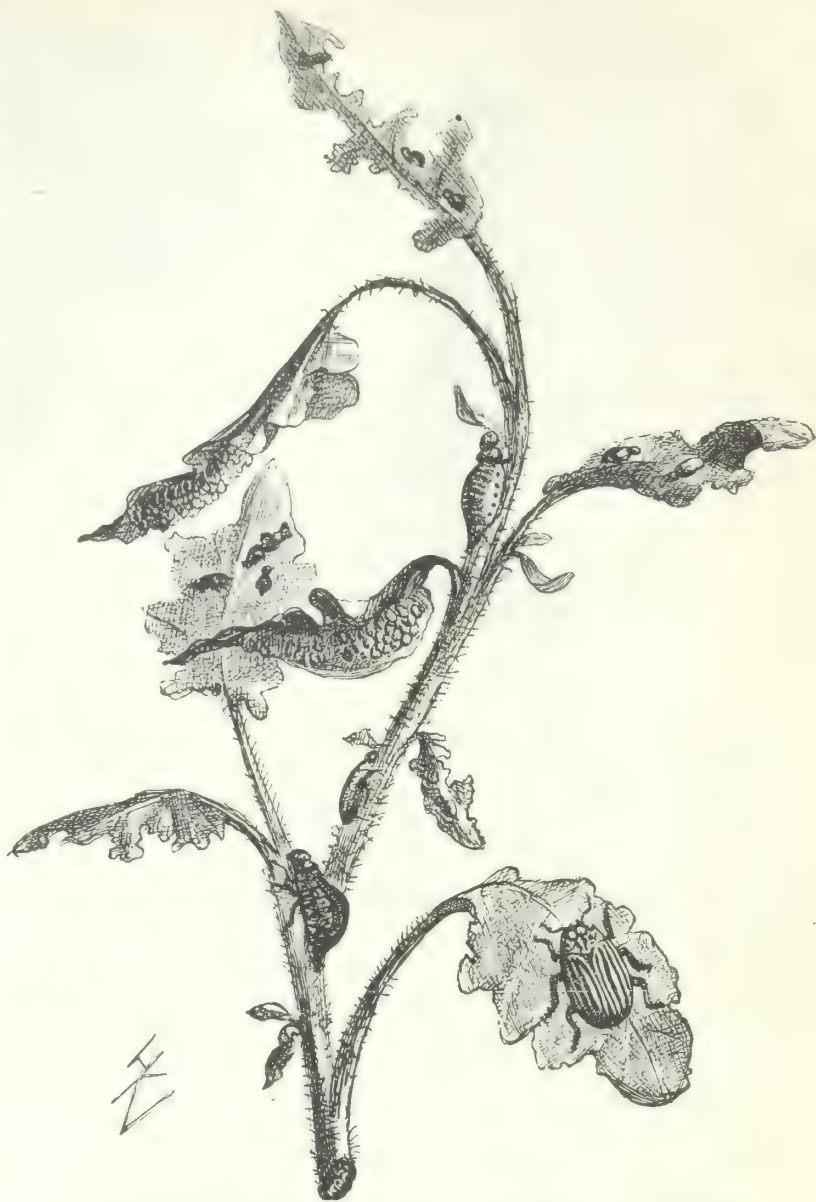
The spider families, by-the-way, are by no means the least interesting of my neighbors and acquaintances. The ingenuity they display is most remarkable; the webs or nets that they weave are so fine and close in texture that it requires a magnifier of a very high power to distinguish the threads. The finest cambric, when placed under the lens, looks like a collection of coarse cords when compared to these exquisitely wrought nets.







ception, they are entirely inoffensive, attending exclusively to their own business; but we can not possibly afford to keep them any longer, and I intend to contrive some effectual method to induce them to go somewhere else and live. The way they happened to migrate to our part of the country was this: Their home was in the Rocky Mountains, where the family has resided for many years, and if it had not been for the discovery of gold in those regions, and the rush of miners to the gold fields, they would have remained in the mountains where their ancestors were born, and would never have come to the East at all. They were poor out there. The family was comparatively small, having few relations and no friends. In fact, the food that they lived on in the mountains was scarce, and only sufficed for a few of them. It was uncultivated, and they had to gather it in its wild state, in which condition it is not very nourishing. Their principal food was what is known as *solanum*—a kind of wild potato, not very abundant nor nutritious. Under such circumstances it may readily be supposed that the family did not increase very rapidly in the West. But after the gold-seekers began to move in that direction in such numbers, a stage route was established, and subsequently a railroad was built across the plains, where for five hundred miles there was little or no vegetation, and nothing whatever for a traveller to eat except what he took with him. As soon as the miners began to cultivate the ground in order to provide themselves with food, this poverty-stricken family found an opportunity to get something more to eat, and as the land began to be cultivated at the stations along the route, this family, fortified by the additional food with which they had been furnished by the miners, seemed to have made up their minds to come to the East, taking passage in the railway trains, where, on account of their utterly insignificant appearance, no one seems to have noticed them as they were taking their free ride toward the Atlantic. Some of them since coming here have actually taken the steamer for Europe, where their arrival has caused the utmost consternation, giving occasion for special edicts to be issued for their instant arrest and execution. In short, the



THE SCOURGE OF ONE CONTINENT AND TERROR OF ANOTHER.

Colorado beetle (*Doryphora*), or potato-bug, has become the scourge of one continent and terror of another. The Goths and Vandals in their fierce onslaught upon the Southern nations were not more greatly feared. The great power for evil which it possesses is due to its enormous capacity for propagation. As we descend the scale of animal life, this capacity rapidly increases, and in the minute microscopic forms it reaches incredible proportions. The female of the Colorado beetle will lay over a hundred eggs at one sitting. I have counted 121 in one nest. Under a magnifier they bear the form and appearance of hens' eggs, being translucent and of a deep saffron color. Invariably deposited on the under side of the leaf, the eggs are hatched out in forty-eight hours, if the weather is favorable, the voracious little creatures beginning their attack at once upon the green chlorophyll of the leaf, gorging themselves by incessant eating until they can scarcely maintain their hold on the plant. When they first emerge from the shell they are totally black, but gradually bright saffron spots appear as they increase in size, which they do very rapidly.





THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

They soon drop to the ground, into which they burrow, and in ten or fifteen days emerge therefrom with striped wings, in full beetle form. If the season is favorable, two broods are developed into active force during the summer, and a third brood goes into the ground to hibernate, coming out in the spring in time to attack the young shoots of the potato. Some idea may be formed of the potentiality of this little insect from the fact that one thousand of them can produce a hundred thousand, and these in turn can produce ten millions. The European governments have become justly alarmed at the appearance on the Continent of this great destroyer of human food, and stringent measures have been taken to stamp it out, with what success remains to be seen. The natural food of this insect is the plant known to botanists as *solanum*, which includes the tobacco-plant, egg-plant, tomato, potato, and a number of other species. The potato is a native of the Cordilleras, where these insects also originated; so that in cultivating the potato for food, we have in turn come also to cultivate the *potato-beetle*.

But it is not the peculiar characteristics of insects alone that my veranda affords me an opportunity for observing. Plants and trees have also their peculiarities, and on close inspection become very different objects in nature than they appear to a casual observer. The question has been asked, "Who are the trees?" indicating that trees have real and not alone imaginary personalities; and certainly there are many traits that trees and plants exhibit which almost lead one to regard them as sentient beings. The beautiful linden or lime tree (*Tilia europæa*) that overhangs my veranda has some remarkable ways, that at first I found difficulty in understanding. This tree flowers late in the summer, while most trees blossom in the early spring-time. These

tardy buds not only lose a large amount of the actinic force of the solar ray, but they are more subjected to the increased force of light and heat, which, if unrestrained by some intercepting medium, would prevent their development, and eventually destroy them, just as a young child would, if exposed to the burning rays of the sun without protection, be prostrated; hence it is not a little singular to see how with an almost maternal instinct a light sea-green screen is held between the bud and the sun until it has blossomed and become matured. The screen is turned with the direction of the sun's rays, so as always to intercept them. This is a very near approach to personality.

Another relationship between the vegetable and animal world I see exhibited by the grand old maples (*Acer*), a row of which stands opposite my veranda. In the luxuriant branches of these noble trees many kinds of birds make their nests every summer, the hang-bird, the robin, and the wren more particularly. The labor and care and ingenuity exhibited by these little denizens of the air in the selection of the place and the material for the homes they build for their little ones display very much the elements of reason; and when these little ones are hatched, the parents hunt for their food with all the astuteness of trained sportsmen. The robin, standing on tiptoe looking over the tops of the blades of grass to see if a worm, unconscious of his presence, ventures to look out of his hole in the ground, is like a sporting man watching for game. But it is curious that, after affording shelter to these little birds for rearing their young until their wings are fledged and they have flown away, these old maples should send, also, their own young soaring into the air just as the birds have done, in the shape of winged seeds, that under the

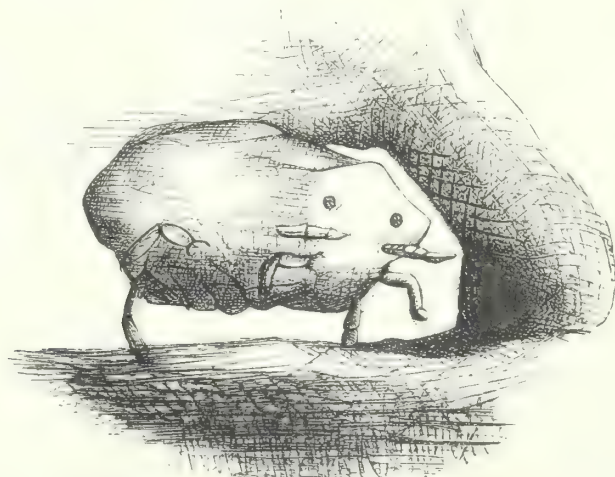


influence of favoring gales take their flight to distant regions, there to form new trees and new groves, new homes for birds, and new opportunities for observers.

And now if the reader has found sufficient interest in this "glimpse of nature from my veranda" to wish to derive some of the pleasure that it has afforded me, by making similar observation, let me suggest the procurement of a little pocket lens, double or single. Supplied with this, a common visiting-card or stiff paper, and a good-sized pin, there is hardly a step that he can take in the country without finding in some little insect or flower a thing of beauty and design of which he had before no conception. The insect fastened to the card with the pin gives every opportunity for studying its structure, form, and color; and a still further interest will be excited by making pencil sketches of these curious little creatures as they appear under the lens. In this way an opportunity is afforded to add to the all too meagre knowledge that still exists in regard to that portion of the animal world that so infinitely outnumbers all other living creatures. How little was known of that terrible scourge the *Phylloxera*, that has so recently devastated the fairest vineyards of France, and destroyed the industry of seven millions of people! This insect measures when full grown not more than *one-thirty-third of an inch in length*, and to be seen requires a powerful magnifier; yet through the power of reproduction, which constitutes the potentiality of insect life, it has been able by the mere force of numbers so to puncture and exhaust the vital force of the roots of the grape-vine that thousands of acres of the vine-clad hills of sunny France have become as barren as the desert, and one of the great sources of national wealth bids fair to be obliterated. Another microscopic insect, the parasite of the silk-worm, attacked that industry with the apparent ferocity of a wild beast, and such were its ravages that the utmost consternation prevailed. The cause was unknown. The silk-worms died in all direc-

tions. A terrible calamity was gradually overspreading a large portion of the country. At this juncture the great microscopist and devoted apostle of science, Pasteur, gave to the investigation of the gigantic evil all the energy of his noble soul. Such was his assiduity that his life was nearly sacrificed in the cause of science and industry; but he conquered. Although his health is permanently impaired, he has nevertheless given to his country as its price a knowledge of the parasitic cause, and the remedy by which alone a great and important industry has been saved from annihilation, and a pecuniary loss not easily calculated has been spared to France. Had Pasteur been an American, some one would assuredly have been found to claim the credit of his genius, and would probably have received the reward. As it is, however, France has recognized the genius and the legitimate rights of Pasteur, and has given him all the honors and granted him a suitable pension for life.

There is nothing in nature so minute or insignificant that mankind can afford to despise it. The very air we breathe is filled with the potentiality of a myriad invisible forms, that, under circumstances favorable to their development, carry havoc into the ranks of humanity more terrible than armies in the field or navies on the ocean. Science is gradually unmasking the mysteries with which infinite littleness has surrounded these microscopic beings; is classifying them, determining their powers for good and evil, and is showing us how to destroy them when their vital force is exercised to the detriment of man in his physical well-being, or to the injury of that upon which he depends for his existence. But aside from all the practical value that follows a study of the minute forms of animal life, there is a world of unseen beauty every where around us that is full of increasing interest if we will only take pains to examine it, and every "glimpse of nature" that is thus afforded to us will prove a source of the purest pleasure.



THE PHYLLOXERA.



## MACLEOD OF DARE.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## ENTHUSIASMS.

SHE was seated alone, her arms on the table, her head bent down. There was no red rose now in the white morning dress, for she had given it to him when he left. The frail November sunshine streamed into the room and put a shimmer of gold on the soft brown of her hair.

It was a bold step she had taken, without counsel of any one. Her dream was now to give up every thing that she had hitherto cared about, and to go away into private life to play the part of Lady Bountiful. And if doubts about the strength of her own resolution occasionally crossed her mind, could she not appeal for aid and courage to him who would always be by her side? When she became a Macleod she would have to accept the motto of the Macleods. That motto is *Hold Fast*.

She heard her sister come into the house, and she raised her head. Presently Carry opened the door; and it was clear she was in high spirits.

"Oh, Mopsy," said she—and this was a pet name she gave her sister only when the latter was in great favor—"did you ever see such a morning in November? Don't you think papa might take us to Kew Gardens?"

"I want to speak to you, Carry—come here," she said, gravely; and the younger sister went and stood by the table. "You know you and I are thrown very much on each other; and we ought to have no secrets from each other; and we ought to be always quite sure of each other's sympathy. Now, Carry, you must be patient, you must be kind: if I don't get sympathy from you, from whom should I get it?"

Carry withdrew a step, and her manner instantly changed. Gertrude White was a very clever actress; but she had never been able to impose on her younger sister. This imploring look was all very fine; this appeal for sympathy was pathetic enough; but both only awakened Carry's suspicions. In their ordinary talk sisters rarely use such formal words as "sympathy."

"What do you mean?" said she, sharply.

"There—already!" exclaimed the other, apparently in deep disappointment. "Just when I most need your kindness and sympathy, you show yourself most unfeeling—"

"I wish you would tell me what it is all about," Carry said, impatiently.

The elder sister lowered her eyes, and her fingers began to work with a paper-knife that was lying there. Perhaps this was only a bit of stage business; or perhaps she was really a little apprehensive about the effect of her announcement.

"Carry," she said, in a low voice, "I have promised to marry Sir Keith Macleod."

Carry uttered a slight cry of horror and surprise; but this too was only a bit of stage effect, for she had fully anticipated the disclosure.

"Well, Gertrude White!" said she, apparently when she had recovered her breath. "Well—I—I—I—never!"

Her language was not as imposing as her gestures; but then nobody had written the part for her; whereas her very tolerable acting was nature's own gift.

"Now, Carry, be reasonable—don't be angry: what is the use of being vexed with what is past recalling? Any other sister would be very glad at such a time—" These were the hurried and broken sentences with which the culprit sought to stave off the coming wrath. But, oddly enough, Miss Carry refrained from denunciations or any other stormy expression of her anger and scorn. She suddenly assumed a cold and critical air.

"I suppose," said she, "before you allowed Sir Keith Macleod to ask you to become his wife, you explained to him our circumstances?"

"I don't understand you."

"You told him, of course, that you had a ne'er-do-well brother in Australia, who might at any moment appear and disgrace the whole family?"

"I told him nothing of the kind. I had no opportunity of going into family affairs. And if I had, what has Tom got to do with Sir Keith Macleod? I had forgotten his very existence—no wonder, after eight years of absolute silence."

But Carry, having fired this shot, was off after other ammunition.

"You told him you had sweethearts before?"

"No, I did not," said Miss Gertrude White, warmly, "because it isn't true."

"What!—Mr. Howson?"

"The orchestra leader in a provincial theatre!"

"Oh yes, but you did not speak so contemptuously of him then. Why, you made him believe he was another Mendelssohn."

"You are talking nonsense."

"And Mr. Brook—you no doubt told him that Mr. Brook called on papa, and asked him to go down to Doctors' Commons and see for himself what money he would have—"

"And what then? How can I prevent any idiotic boy who chooses to turn me into a heroine from going and making a fool of himself?"

"Oh, Gertrude White," said Carry, solemnly. "Will you sit there and tell me you gave him no encouragement?"



"This is mere folly," the elder sister said, petulantly, as she rose and proceeded to put straight a few of the things about the room. "I had hoped better things of you, Carry. I tell you of an important step I have taken in my life, and you bring out a lot of tattle and nonsense. However, I can act for myself. It is true, I had imagined something different. When I marry, of course we shall be separated. I had looked forward to the pleasure of showing you my new home."

"Where is it to be?"

"Wherever my husband wishes it to be," she answered, proudly; but there was a conscious flush of color in her face as she uttered—for the first time—that word.

"In the Highlands, I suppose, for he is not rich enough to have two houses," said Carry; which showed that she had been pondering over this matter before. "And he has already got his mother and his old-maid sister, or whatever she is, in the house—you will make a pretty family!"

This was a cruel thrust. When Macleod had spoken of the far home overlooking the Northern seas, what could be more beautiful than his picture of the noble and silver-haired dame and of the gentle and loving cousin who was the friend and counsellor of the poor people around? And when he had suggested that some day or other Mr. White might bring his daughter to these remote regions to see all the wonders and the splendors of them, he told her how the beautiful mother would take her to this place and to that place, and how that Janet Macleod would pet and befriend her, and perhaps teach her a few words of the Gaelic, that she might have a kindly phrase for the passer-by. But this picture of Carry's!—a houseful of wrangling women!

If she had had her will just then, she would instantly have recalled Macleod, and placed his courage and careless confidence between her and this cruel criticism. She had never, in truth, thought of these things. His pertinacity would not allow her. He had kept insisting that the only point for her to consider was whether she had sufficient love for him to enable her to answer his great love for her with the one word "Yes." Thereafter, according to his showing, every thing else was a mere trifle. Obstacles, troubles, delays?—he would hear of nothing of the sort. And although, while he was present, she had been inspired by something of this confident feeling, now when she was attacked in his absence she felt herself defenseless.

"You may be as disagreeable as you like, Carry," said she, almost wearily. "I can not help it. I never could understand your dislike to Sir Keith Macleod."

"Can not you understand," said the younger sister, with some show of indignation, "that if you are to marry at all, I should

like to see you marry an Englishman, instead of a great Highland savage who thinks about nothing but beasts' skins? And why should you marry at all, Gertrude White? I suppose he will make you leave the theatre; and instead of being a famous woman whom every body admires and talks about, you will be plain Mrs. Nobody, hidden away in some place, and no one will ever hear of you again! Do you know what you are doing? Did you ever hear of any woman making such a fool of herself before?"

So far from being annoyed by this strong language, the elder sister seemed quite pleased.

"Do you know, Carry, I like to hear you talk like that," she said, with a smile. "You almost persuade me that I am not asking him for too great a sacrifice, after all—"

"A sacrifice! On his part!" exclaimed the younger sister; and then she added, with decision: "But it sha'n't be, Gertrude White! I will go to papa."

"Pardon me," said the elder sister, who was nearer the door, "you need not trouble yourself: I am going now."

She went into the small room which was called her father's study, but which was in reality a sort of museum. She closed the door behind her.

"I have just had the pleasure of an interview with Carry, papa," she said, with a certain bitterness of tone, "and she has tried hard to make me as miserable as I can be. If I am to have another dose of it from you, papa, I may as well have it at once. I have promised to marry Sir Keith Macleod."

She sank down in an easy-chair. There was a look on her face which plainly said, "Now do your worst; I can not be more wretched than I am."

"You have promised to marry Sir Keith Macleod," he repeated, slowly, and fixing his eyes on her face.

He did not break into any rage, and accuse Macleod of treachery or her of filial disobedience. He knew that she was familiar with that kind of thing. What he had to deal with was the immediate future, not the past.

"Yes," she answered.

"Well," he said, with the same deliberation of tone, "I suppose you have not come to me for advice, since you have acted so far for yourself. If I were to give you advice, however, it would be to break your promise as soon as you decently can, both for his sake and for your own."

"I thought you would say so," she said, with a sort of desperate mirth. "I came to have all my wretchedness heaped on me at once. It is a very pleasing sensation. I wonder if I could express it on the stage? That would be making use of my new experiences—as you have taught me—"



But here she burst into tears; and then got up and walked impatiently about the room; and finally dried her eyes, with shame and mortification visible on her face.

"What have *you* to say to me, papa? I am a fool to mind what a school-girl says."

"I don't know that I have any thing to say," he observed, calmly. "You know your own feelings best."

And then he regarded her attentively.

"I suppose when you marry you will give up the stage?"

"I suppose so," she said, in a low voice.

"I should doubt," he said, with quite a dispassionate air, "your being able to play one part for a lifetime. You might get tired—and that would be awkward for your husband and yourself. I don't say any thing about your giving up all your prospects, although I had great pride in you and a still greater hope. That is for your own consideration. If you think you will be happier—if you are sure you will have no regret—if, as I say, you think you can play the one part for a lifetime—well and good."

"And you are right," she said, bitterly, "to speak of me as an actress, and not as a human being. I must be playing a part to the end, I suppose. Perhaps so. Well, I hope I shall please my smaller audience as well as I seem to have pleased the bigger one."

Then she altered her tone.

"I told you, papa, the other day of my having seen that child run over and brought back to the woman who was standing on the pavement."

"Yes," said he, but wondering why this incident should be referred to at such a moment.

"I did not tell you the truth—at least the whole truth. When I walked away, what was I thinking of? I caught myself trying to recall the way in which the woman threw her arms up when she saw the dead body of her child, and I was wondering whether I could repeat it. And then I began to wonder whether I was a devil—or a woman."

"Bah!" said he. "That is a craze you have at present. You have had fifty others before. What I am afraid of is that, at the instigation of some such temporary fad, you will take a step that you will find irrevocable. Just think over it, Gerty. If you leave the stage, you will destroy many a hope I had formed; but that doesn't matter. Whatever is most for your happiness—that is the only point."

"And so you have given me your congratulations, papa," she said, rising. "I have been so thoroughly trained to be an actress that, when I marry, I shall only go from one stage to another."

"That was only a figure of speech," said he.

"At all events," she said, "I shall not be vexed by petty jealousies of other actresses, and I shall cease to be worried and humiliated by what they say about me in the provincial newspapers."

"As for the newspapers," he retorted, "you have little to complain of. They have treated *you* very well. And even if they annoyed you by a phrase here or there, surely the remedy is simple. You need not read them. You don't require any recommendation to the public now. As for your jealousy of other actresses—that was always an unreasonable vexation on your part—"

"Yes, and that only made it the more humiliating to myself," said she, quickly.

"But think of this," said he. "You are married. You have been long away from the scene of your former triumphs. Some day you go to the theatre; and you find as the favorite of the public a woman who, you can see, can not come near to what you used to do. And I suppose you won't be jealous of her, and anxious to defeat her on the old ground."

"I can do with that as you suggested about the newspapers: I need not go to the theatre."

"Very well, Gerty. I hope all will be for the best. But do not be in a hurry; take time and consider."

She saw clearly enough that this calm acquiescence was all the congratulation or advice she was likely to get; and she went to the door.

"Papa," said she, diffidently, "Sir Keith Macleod is coming up to-morrow morning—to go to church with us."

"Yes?" said he, indifferently.

"He may speak to you before we go."

"Very well. Of course I have nothing to say in the matter. You are mistress of your own actions."

She went to her own room, and locked herself in, feeling very lonely, and disheartened, and miserable. There was more to alarm her in her father's faintly expressed doubts than in all Carry's vehement opposition and taunts. Why had Macleod left her alone?—if only she could see him laugh, her courage would be re-assured.

Then she bethought her that this was not a fit mood for one who had promised to be the wife of a Macleod. She went to the mirror and regarded herself; and almost unconsciously an expression of pride and resolve appeared about the lines of her mouth. And she would show to herself that she had still a woman's feelings by going out and doing some actual work of charity: she would prove to herself that the constant simulation of noble emotions had not deadened them in her own nature. She put on her hat and shawl, and went down stairs, and went out into the free air and the



sunlight—without a word to either Carry or her father. She was trying to imagine herself as having already left the stage and all its fictitious allurements. She was now Lady Bountiful: having looked after the simple cares of her household, she was now ready to cast her eyes abroad and relieve, in so far as she might, the distress around her. The first object of charity she encountered was an old crossing-sweeper. She addressed him in a matter-of-fact way which was intended to conceal her fluttering self-consciousness. She inquired whether he had a wife; whether he had any children; whether they were not rather poor. And having been answered in the affirmative on all these points, she surprised the old man by giving him five shillings and telling him to go home and get a good warm dinner for his family. She passed on, and did not observe that, as soon as her back was turned, the old wretch made straight for the nearest public-house.

But her heart was happy; and her courage rose. It was not for nothing, then, that she had entertained the bold resolve of casting aside forever the one great ambition of her life—with all its intoxicating successes, and hopes, and struggles—for the homely and simple duties of an ordinary woman's existence. It was not in vain that she had read and dreamed of the far romantic land, and had ventured to think of herself as the proud wife of Macleod of Dare. Those fierce deeds of valor and vengeance that had terrified and thrilled her would now become part of her own inheritance; why, she could tell her friends, when they came to see her, of all the old legends and fairy stories that belonged to her own home. And the part of Lady Bountiful—surely, if she must play some part, that was the one she would most dearly like to play. And the years would go by; and she would grow silver-haired too; and when she lay on her death-bed she would take her husband's hand and say, "Have I lived the life you wished me to live?" Her cheerfulness grew apace; and the walking and the sunshine and the fresh air brought a fine light and color to her eyes and cheeks. There was a song singing through her head; and it was all about the brave Glenogie who rode up the king's ha'.

But as she turned the corner of a street, her eye rested on a huge colored placard—rested but for a moment, for she would not look on the great gaudy thing. Just at this time a noble lord had shown his interest in the British drama by spending an enormous amount of money in producing, at a theatre of his own building, a spectacular burlesque, the gorgeousness of which surpassed any thing that had ever been done in that way. And the lady who appeared to be playing (in silence mostly) the chief part in this hash of glaring color and roaring music and clashing armor had gained a

great celebrity by reason of her handsome figure and the splendor of her costume and the magnificence of the real diamonds that she wore. All London was talking of her; and the vast theatre—even in November—was nightly crammed to overflowing. As Gertrude White walked back to her home, her heart was filled with bitterness. She had caught sight of the ostentatious placard; and she knew that the photograph of the creature who was figuring there was in every stationer's shop in the Strand. And that which galled her was not that the theatre should be so taken and so used, but that the stage heroine of the hour should be a woman who could act no more than any baboon in the Zoological Gardens.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### IN SUSSEX.

BUT as for him, there was no moderation at all in the vehemence of his joy. In the surprise and bewilderment of it, the world around him underwent transfiguration: London in November was glorified into an earthly paradise. The very people in the streets seemed to have kindly faces; Bury Street, St. James's—which is usually a somewhat misty thoroughfare—was more beautiful than the rose garden of an Eastern king. And on this Saturday afternoon the blue skies did, indeed, continue to shine over the great city; and the air seemed sweet and clear enough, as it generally does to any one whose every heart-beat is only another throb of conscious gladness.

In this first intoxication of wonder and pride and gratitude, he had forgotten all about those ingenious theories which, in former days, he had constructed to prove to himself that Gertrude White should give up her present way of life. Was it true, then, that he had rescued the white slave? Was it once and forever that Nature, encountering the subtle demon of Art, had closed and wrestled with the insidious thing, had seized it by the throat, and choked it, and flung it aside from the fair roadway of life? He had forgotten about these things now. All that he was conscious of was this eager joy, with now and again a wild wonder that he should indeed have acquired so priceless a possession. Was it possible that she would really withdraw herself from the eyes of all the world and give herself to him alone?—that some day, in the beautiful and laughing future, the glory of her presence would light up the dull halls of Castle Dare?

Of course he poured all his pent-up confidence into the ear of the astonished major, and again and again expressed his gratitude to his companion for having given him the opportunity of securing this transcendent



happiness. The major was somewhat frightened. He did not know in what measure he might be regarded as an accomplice by the silver-haired lady of Castle Dare. And in any case he was alarmed by the vehemence of the young man.

"My dear Macleod," said he, with an oracular air, "you never have any hold on yourself. You fling the reins on the horse's neck, and gallop down hill: a very slight check would send you whirling to the bottom. Now you should take the advice of a man of the world, who is older than you, and who—if I may say so—has kept his eyes

knew of a young man thinking of such things when he was in love. He plunges in, and finds out afterward. Now it all comes to this—is she likely, or not likely, to prove a sisher?"

"A what?" said Macleod, apparently awaking from a trance.

"A sisher. A woman who goes about the house all day sighing—whether over your sins or her own, she won't tell you."

"Indeed, I can not say," Macleod said, laughing. "I should hope not. I think she has excellent spirits."

"Ah!" said the major, thoughtfully; and



"THEN FAR AWAY THEY HEARD A SLIGHT TAPPING ON THE TREES."—[SEE PAGE 418.]

open. I don't want to discourage you, but you should take it for granted that accidents may happen. I would feel the reins a little bit, if I were you. Once you've got her into the church, and see her with a white veil over her head, then you may be as perfervid as you like—"

And so the simple-minded major prattled on, Macleod paying but little heed. There had been nothing about Major Stuart's courtship and marriage to shake the world: why, he said to himself, when the lady was pleased to lend a favoring ear, was there any reason for making such a fuss?

"Your happiness will all depend on one thing," said he to Macleod, with a complacent wisdom in the round and jovial face. "Take my word for it. I hear of people studying the character, the compatibilities, and what not, of other people; but I never

he himself sighed. Perhaps he was thinking of a certain house far away in Mull, to which he had shortly to return.

Macleod did not know how to show his gratitude toward this good-natured friend. He would have given him half a dozen banquets a day; and Major Stuart liked a London dinner. But what he did offer as a great reward was this: that Major Stuart should go up the next morning to a particular church, and take up a particular position in that church, and then—then he would get a glimpse of the most wonderful creature the world had seen. Oddly enough, the major did not eagerly accept this munificent offer. To another proposal—that he should go up to Mr. White's, on the first day after their return from Sussex, and meet the young lady at luncheon—he seemed better inclined.



"But why shouldn't we go to the theatre to-night?" said he, in his simple way.

Macleod looked embarrassed.

"Frankly, then, Stuart," said he, "I don't want you to make her acquaintance as an actress."

"Oh, very well," said he, not greatly disappointed. "Perhaps it is better. You see, I may be questioned at Castle Dare. Have you considered that matter?"

"Oh no," Macleod said, lightly and cheerfully, "I have had time to consider nothing as yet. I can scarcely believe it to be all real. It takes a deal of hard thinking to convince myself that I am not dreaming."

But the true fashion in which Macleod showed his gratitude to his friend was in concealing his great reluctance on going down with him into Sussex. It was like rending his heart-strings for him to leave London for a single hour at this time. What beautiful confidences, and tender, timid looks, and sweet small words he was leaving behind him in order to go and shoot a lot of miserable pheasants! He was rather gloomy when he met the major at Victoria Station. They got into the train; and away through the darkness of the November afternoon they rattled to Three Bridges; but all the eager sportsman had gone out of him, and he had next to nothing to say in answer to the major's excited questions. Occasionally he would rouse himself from this reverie, and he would talk in a perfunctory sort of fashion about the immediate business of the moment. He confessed that he had a certain theoretical repugnance to a *battue*, if it were at all like what people in the newspapers declared it to be. On the other hand, he could not well understand—judging by his experiences in the Highlands—how the shooting of driven birds could be so marvelously easy; and he was not quite sure that the writers he had referred to had had many opportunities of practicing, or even observing, so very expensive an amusement. Major Stuart, for his part, freely admitted that he had no scruples whatever. Shooting birds, he roundly declared, was shooting birds, whether you shot two or twoscore. And he demurely hinted that, if he had his choice, he would rather shoot the twoscore.

"Mind you, Stuart," Macleod said, "if we are posted any where near each other—mind you shoot at any bird that comes my way. I should like you to make a big bag that you may talk about in Mull; and I don't really care about it."

And this was the man whom Miss Carry had described as being nothing but a slayer of wild animals and a preserver of beasts' skins! Perhaps in that imaginary duel between Nature and Art the enemy was not so thoroughly beaten and thrown aside after all.

So they got to Three Bridges, and there

they found the carriage awaiting them; and presently they were whirling away along the dark roads, with the lamps shining alternately on a line of hedge or on a long stretch of ivied brick wall. And at last they passed a lodge gate, and drove through a great and silent park; and finally, rattling over the gravel, drew up in front of some gray steps and a blaze of light coming from the wide-open doors. Under Lord Beauregard's guidance they went into the drawing-room, and found a number of people idly chatting there, or reading by the subdued light of the various lamps on the small tables. There was a good deal of talk about the weather. Macleod, vaguely conscious that these people were only strangers, and that the one heart that was thinking of him was now far away, paid but little heed; if he had been told that the barometer predicted fifteen thunder-storms for the morrow, he would have been neither startled nor dismayed.

But he managed to say to his host, aside:

"Beauregard, look here. I suppose, in this sort of shooting, you have some little understanding with your head keeper about the posts—who is to be a bit favored, you know? Well, I wish you would ask him to look after my friend Stuart. He can leave me out altogether, if he likes."

"My dear fellow, there will be scarcely any difference; but I will look after your friend myself. I suppose you have no guns with you?"

"I have borrowed Ogilvie's. Stuart has none."

"I will get one for him."

By-and-by they went up stairs to their respective rooms, and Macleod was left alone—that is to say, he was scarcely aware of the presence of the man who was opening his portmanteau and putting out his things. He lay back in the low easy-chair, and stared absently into the blazing fire. This was a beautiful but a lonely house. There were many strangers in it. But if she had been one of the people below—if he could at this moment look forward to meeting her at dinner—if there was a chance of his sitting beside her and listening to the low and sweet voice—with what an eager joy he would have waited for the sound of the bell! As it was, his heart was in London. He had no sort of interest in this big house, or in the strangers whom he had met, or in the proceedings of the morrow, about which all the men were talking. It was a lonely house.

He was aroused by a tapping at the door.

"Come in," he said; and Major Stuart entered, blooming and roseate over his display of white linen.

"Good gracious!" said he, "aren't you dressed yet? It wants but ten minutes to dinner-time. What have you been doing?"



Macleod jumped up with some shamefacedness, and began to array himself quickly.

"Macleod," said the major, subsiding into the big arm-chair very carefully, so as not to crease his shining shirt front, "I must give you another piece of advice. It is serious. I have heard again and again that when a man thinks only of one thing—when he keeps brooding over it day and night—he is bound to become mad. They call it monomania. You are becoming a monomaniac."

"Yes, I think I am," Macleod said, laughing; "but it is a very pleasant sort of monomania, and I am not anxious to become sane. But you really must not be hard on me, Stuart. You know this is rather an important thing that has happened to me; and it wants a good deal of thinking over."

"Bah!" the major cried, "why take it so much *au grand sérieux*? A girl likes you; says she'll marry you; probably, if she continues in the same mind, she will. Consider yourself a lucky dog; and don't break your heart if an accident occurs. Hope for the best—that you and she mayn't quarrel; and that she mayn't prove a sigher. Now what do you think of this house? I consider it an uncommon good dodge to put each person's name outside his bedroom door; there can't be any confounded mistakes—and women squealing—if you come up late at night. Why, Macleod, you don't mean that this affair has destroyed all your interest in the shooting? Man, I have been down to the gun-room with your friend Beauregard; have seen the head keeper; got a gun that suits me first-rate—a trifle long in the stock, perhaps, but no matter. You won't tip any more than the head keeper, eh? And the fellow who carries your cartridge bag? I do think it uncommonly civil of a man not only to ask you to go shooting, but to find you in guns and cartridges as well; don't you?"

The major chatted on with great cheerfulness. He clearly considered that he had got into excellent quarters. At dinner he told some of his most famous Indian stories to Lady Beauregard, near whom he was sitting; and at night, in the improvised smoking-room, he was great on deer-stalking. It was not necessary for Macleod, or any body else, to talk. The major was in full flow, though he stoutly refused to touch the spirits on the table. He wanted a clear head and a steady hand for the morning.

Alas! alas! The next morning presented a woful spectacle. Gray skies; heavy and rapidly drifting clouds; pouring rain; runnels of clear water by the side of every gravel-path; a rook or two battling with the squally southwester high over the wide and desolate park; the wild-duck at the margin of the ruffled lake flapping their wings as if the wet was too much even for them; near-

er at hand the firs and evergreens all dripping. After breakfast the male guests wandered disconsolately into the cold billiard-room, and began knocking the balls about. All the loquacious cheerfulness of the major had fled. He looked out on the wet park and the sombre woods, and sighed.

But about twelve o'clock there was a great hurry and confusion throughout the house; for all of a sudden the skies in the west cleared; there was a glimmer of blue; and then gleams of a pale wan light began to stream over the landscape. There was a rush to the gun-room, and an eager putting on of shooting boots and leggings; there was a rapid tying up of small packages of sandwiches; presently the wagonette was at the door. And then away they went over the hard gravel, and out into the wet roads, with the sunlight now beginning to light up the beautiful woods about Crawley. The horses seemed to know there was no time to lose. A new spirit took possession of the party. The major's face glowed as red as the hip that here and there among the almost leafless hedges shone in the sunlight on the ragged brier stem.

And yet it was about one o'clock before the work of the day began, for the beaters had to be summoned from various parts, and the small boys with the white flags—the "stops"—had to be posted so as to check runners. And then the six guns went down over a ploughed field—half clay and half chalk, and ankle deep—to the margin of a rapidly running and coffee-colored stream, which three of them had to cross by means of a very shaky plank. Lord Beauregard, Major Stuart, and Macleod remained on this side, keeping a look-out for a straggler, but chiefly concerned with the gradually opening and brightening sky. Then far away they heard a slight tapping on the trees; and almost at the same moment another sound caused the hearts of the two novices to jump. It was a quick *cuck-cuck*, accompanied by a rapid and silken winnowing of the air. Then an object, which seemed like a cannon-ball with a long tail attached, came whizzing along. Major Stuart fired—a bad miss. Then he wheeled round, took good aim, and down came a mass of feathers, whirling, until it fell motionless on the ground.

"Well hit!" Macleod cried; but at the same moment he became conscious that he had better mind his own business, for there was another whirring sound, and then he saw this rapidly enlarging object coming straight at him. He fired, and shot the bird dead; but so rapid was its flight that he had to duck his head as the slain bird drove past his face and tumbled on to the ground behind him.

"This is rather like firing at bomb-shells," he called out to Lord Beauregard.



It was certainly a new experience for Macleod to figure as a novice in any matter connected with shooting; but both the major and he speedily showed that they were not unfamiliar with the use of a gun. Whether the birds came at them like bomb-shells, or sprung like a sky-rocket through the leafless branches, they met with the same polite attention; though occasionally one would double back on the beaters and get clear away, sailing far into the silver-clear sky. Lord Beauregard scarcely shot at all, unless he was fairly challenged by a bird flying right past him; he seemed quite content to see his friends having plenty of work; while, in the interest of the beaters, he kept calling out, in a high monotone, "Shoot high! shoot high!" Then there was some motion among the brush-wood; here and there a man or boy appeared; and finally the under-keeper with his retriever came across the stream to pick up the dead birds. That bit was done with: *vorwärts!*

"Well, Stuart," Macleod said, "what do you think of it? I don't see any thing murderous or unsportsmanlike in this kind of shooting. Of course shooting with dogs is much prettier; and you don't get any exercise standing in a wet field; but the man who says that shooting those birds requires no skill at all—well, I should like to see him try."

"Macleod," said the major, gravely, as they plodded along, "you may think that I despise this kind of thing; but I don't. I give you my solemn word of honor that I don't. I will even go the length of saying that if Providence had blessed me with £20,000 a year, I should be quite content to own a bit of country like this. I played the part of the wild mountaineer last night, you know; that was all very well—"

Here there was a loud call from Lord Beauregard, who had overtaken them—"Hare! hare! Mark hare!" The major jumped round, put up his gun, and banged away—shooting far ahead in his eagerness. Macleod looked on; and did not even raise his gun.

"That comes of talking," the major said, gloomily. "And you—why didn't you shoot? I never saw you miss a hare in my life."

"I was not thinking of it," Macleod said, indifferently.

It was very soon apparent that he was thinking of something other than the shooting of pheasants or hares; for as they went from one wood to another during this beautiful brief November day, he generally carried his gun over his shoulder—even when the whirring, bright-plumaged birds were starting from time to time from the hedge-rows—and devoted most of his attention to warning his friend when and where to shoot. However, an incident occurred which entire-

ly changed the aspect of affairs. At one beat he was left quite alone, posted in an open space of low brush-wood close by the corner of a wood. He rested the butt of his gun on his foot; he was thinking, not of any pheasant or hare, but of the beautiful picture Gertrude White would make if she were coming down one of these open glades, between the green stems of the trees, with the sunlight around her and the fair sky overhead. Idly he watched the slowly drifting clouds; they were going away northward—by-and-by they would sail over London. The rifts of blue widened in the clear silver; surely the sunlight would now be shining over Regent's Park. Occasionally a pheasant came clattering along; he only regarded the shining colors of its head and neck brilliant in the sunlight. A rabbit trotted by him; he let it go. But while he was standing thus, and vaguely listening to the rattle of guns on the other side, he was suddenly startled by a quick cry of pain; and he thought he heard some one call, "Macleod! Macleod!" Instantly he put his gun against a bush, and ran. He found a hedge at the end of the wood; he drove through it, and got into the open field. There was the unlucky major, with blood running down his face, a handkerchief in his hand, and two men beside him, one of them offering him some brandy from a flask. However, after the first fright was over, it was seen that Major Stuart was but slightly hurt. The youngest member of the party had fired at a bird coming out of the wood; had missed it; had tried to wheel round to send the second barrel after it; but his feet, having sunk into the wet clay, had caught there, and, in his stumbling fall, somehow or other the second barrel went off, one pellet just catching the major under the eye. The surface wound caused a good shedding of blood, but that was all; and when the major had got his face washed he shouldered his gun again, and with indomitable pluck said he would see the thing out. It was nothing but a scratch, he declared. It might have been dangerous; but what was the good of considering what might have been? To the young man who had been the cause of the accident, and who was quite unable to express his profound sorrow and shame, he was generously considerate, saying that he had fined him in the sum of one penny when he took a postage-stamp to cover the wound.

"Lord Beauregard," said he, cheerfully, "I want you to show me a thorough-going hot corner. You know I am an ignoramus at this kind of thing."

"Well," said his host, "there is a good bit along here—if you would rather go on."

"Go on?" said he. "Of course!"

And it was a "hot corner." They came to it at the end of a long double hedge-row



connected with the wood they had just beaten; and as there was no "stop" at the corner of the wood, the pheasants in large numbers had run into the channel between the double line of hedge. Here they were followed by the keepers and beaters, who kept gently driving them along. Occasionally one got up, and was instantly knocked over by one of the guns; but it was evident that the "hot corner" would be at the end of this hedge-row, where there was stationed a smock-frocked rustic who, down on his knees, was gently tapping with a bit of stick. The number of birds getting up increased, so that the six guns had pretty sharp work to reckon with them; and not a few of the wildly whirring objects got clean away into the next wood—Lord Beauregard all the time calling out from the other side of the hedge, "Shoot high! shoot high!" But at the end of the hedge-row an extraordinary scene occurred. One after the other, then in twos and threes, the birds sprang high over the bushes; the rattle of musketry—all the guns being together now—was deafening; the air was filled with gunpowder smoke; and every second or two another bird came tumbling down on to the young corn. Macleod, with a sort of derisive laugh, put his gun over his shoulder.

"This is downright stupidity," he said to Major Stuart, who was blazing away as hard as ever he could cram cartridges into the hot barrels of his gun. "You can't tell whether you are hitting the bird or not. There! Three men fired at that bird—and the other two were not touched."

The fusillade lasted for about eight or ten minutes; and then it was discovered that though certainly two or three hundred pheasants had got up at this corner, only twenty-two and a half brace were killed—to five guns.

"Well," said the major, taking off his cap and wiping his forehead, "that was a bit of a scrimmage."

"Perhaps," said Macleod, who had been watching with some amusement his friend's fierce zeal; "but it was not shooting. I defy you to say how many birds you shot. Or I will do this with you—I will bet you a sovereign that if you ask each man to tell you how many birds he has shot during the day, and add them all up, the total will be twice the number of birds the keepers will take home. But I am glad you seem to enjoy it, Stuart."

"To tell you the truth, Macleod," said the other, "I think I have had enough of it. I don't want to make a fuss; but I fancy I don't quite see clearly with this eye. It may be some slight inflammation; but I think I will go back to the house, and see if there's any surgeon in the neighborhood."

"There you are right; and I will go back with you," Macleod said, promptly.

When their host heard of this, he was for breaking up the party; but Major Stuart warmly remonstrated; and so one of the men was sent with the two friends to show them the way back to the house. When the surgeon came he examined the wound, and pronounced it to be slight enough in itself, but possibly dangerous when so near so sensitive an organ as the eye. He advised the major, if any symptoms of inflammation declared themselves, to go at once to a skillful oculist in London, and not to leave for the North until he was quite assured.

"That sounds rather well, Macleod," said he, ruefully.

"Oh, if you must remain in London—though I hope not—I will stay with you," Macleod said. It was a great sacrifice, his remaining in London, instead of going at once back to Castle Dare; but what will not one do for one's friend?

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### AN INTERVIEW.

ON the eventful morning on which Major Stuart was to be presented to the chosen bride of Macleod of Dare, the simple-hearted soldier—notwithstanding that he had a shade over one eye—made himself exceedingly smart. He would show the young lady that Macleod's friends in the North were not barbarians. The major sent back his boots to be brushed a second time. A more smoothly fitting pair of gloves Bond Street never saw.

"But you have not the air," said he to Macleod, "of a young fellow going to see his sweetheart. What is the matter, man?"

Macleod hesitated for a moment.

"Well, I am anxious she should impress you favorably," said he, frankly; "and it is an awkward position for her—and she will be embarrassed, no doubt—and I have some pity for her, and almost wish some other way had been taken—"

"Oh, nonsense!" the major said, cheerfully. "You need not be nervous on her account. Why, man, the silliest girl in the world could impose on an old fool like me. Once upon a time, perhaps, I may have considered myself a connoisseur—well, you know, Macleod, I once had a waist like the rest of you; but now, bless you, if a tolerably pretty girl only says a civil word or two to me, I begin to regard her as if I were her guardian angel—in *loco parentis*, and that kind of thing—and I would sooner hang myself than scan her dress or say a word about her figure. Do you think she will be afraid of a critic with one eye? Have courage, man. I dare bet a sovereign she is quite capable of taking care of herself. It's her business."



Macleod flushed quickly, and the one eye of the major caught that sudden confession of shame or resentment.

"What I meant was," he said, instantly, "that nature had taught the simplest of virgins a certain trick of fence—oh yes, don't you be afraid. Embarrassment! If there is any one embarrassed, it will not be me, and it will not be she. Why, she'll begin to wonder whether you are really one of the Macleods, if you show yourself nervous, apprehensive, frightened, like this."

"And indeed, Stuart," said he, rising as if to shake off some weight of gloomy feeling, "I scarcely know what is the matter with me. I ought to be the happiest man in the world; and sometimes this very happiness seems so great that it is like to suffocate me—I can not breathe fast enough; and then, again, I get into such unreasoning fears and troubles—well, let us get out into the fresh air."

The major carefully smoothed his hat once more, and took up his cane. He followed Macleod down stairs—like Sancho Panza waiting on Don Quixote, as he himself expressed it; and then the two friends slowly sauntered away northward on this fairly clear and pleasant December morning.

"Your nerves are not in a healthy state, that's the fact, Macleod," said the major, as they walked along. "The climate of London is too exciting for you; a good, long, dull winter in Mull will restore your tone. But in the mean time don't cut my throat, or your own, or any body else's."

"Am I likely to do that?" Macleod said, laughing.

"There was young Bouverie," the major continued, not heeding the question—"what a handsome young fellow he was when he joined us at Gawulpoor!—and he hadn't been in the place a week but he must needs go regular head over heels about our colonel's sister-in-law. An uncommon pretty woman she was, too—an Irish girl, and fond of riding; and dash me if that fellow didn't fairly try to break his neck again and again just that she should admire his pluck. He was as mad as a hatter about her. Well, one day two or three of us had been riding for two or three hours on a blazing hot morning, and we came to one of the irrigation reservoirs—big wells, you know—and what does he do but offer to bet twenty pounds he would dive into the well and swim about for ten minutes, till we hoisted him out at the end of the rope. I forget who took the bet, for none of us thought he would do it: but I believe he would have done any thing so that the story of his pluck would be carried to the girl, don't you know. Well, off went his clothes, and in he jumped into the ice-cold water. Nothing would stop him. But at the end of the ten minutes, when we hoisted up the rope, there

was no Bouverie there. It appeared that on clinging on to the rope he had twisted it somehow, and suddenly found himself about to have his neck broken, so he had to shake himself free and plunge into the water again. When at last we got him out, he had had a longer bath than he had bargained for; but there was apparently nothing the matter with him—and he had won the money, and there would be a talk about him. However, two days afterward, when he was at dinner, he suddenly felt as though he had got a blow on the back of his head—so he told us afterward—and fell back insensible. That was the beginning of it. It took him five or six years to shake off the effects of that dip—"

"And did she marry him, after all?" Macleod said, eagerly.

"Oh dear, no! I think he had been invalidated home not more than two or three months when she married Connolly, of the Seventy-first Madras Infantry. Then she ran away from him with some civilian fellow, and Connolly blew his brains out. That," said the major, honestly, "is always a puzzle to me. How a fellow can be such an ass as to blow his brains out when his wife runs away from him beats my comprehension altogether. Now what I would do would be this: I would thank goodness I was rid of such a piece of baggage; I would get all the good fellows I know, and give them a rattling fine dinner; and I would drink a bumper to her health, and another bumper to her never coming back."

"And I would send you our Donald, and he would play 'Cha till mi tuilich' for you," Macleod said.

"But as for blowing my brains out! Well," the major added, with a philosophic air, "when a man is mad, he cares neither for his own life nor for any body else's. Look at those cases you continually see in the papers: a young man is in love with a young woman; they quarrel, or she prefers some one else; what does he do but lay hold of her some evening and cut her throat—to show his great love for her—and then he coolly gives himself up to the police, and says he is quite content to be hanged."

"Stuart," said Macleod, laughing, "I don't like this talk about hanging. You said a minute or two ago that I was mad."

"More or less," observed the major, with absolute gravity, "as the lawyer said when he mentioned the Fifteen-acres park at Dublin."

"Well, let us get into a hansom," Macleod said. "When I am hanged you will ask them to write over my tombstone that I never kept any body waiting for either luncheon or dinner."

The trim maid-servant who opened the door greeted Macleod with a pleasant smile: she was a sharp wench, and had discovered



that lovers have lavish hands. She showed the two visitors into the drawing-room; Macleod silent and listening intently, the one-eyed major observing every thing, and perhaps curious to know whether the house of an actress differed from that of any body else. He very speedily came to the conclusion that, in his small experience, he had never seen any house of its size so tastefully decorated and accurately managed as this simple home.

"But what's this!" he cried, going to the mantel-piece and taking down a drawing that was somewhat ostentatiously placed there. "Well! If this is English hospitality! By Jove! an insult to me, and my father, and my father's clan, that blood alone will wipe out. 'The Astonishment of Sandy MacAlister Mhor on beholding a Glimpse of Sunlight!' look!"

He showed this rude drawing to Macleod—a sketch of a wild Highlander, with his hair on end, his eyes starting out of his head, and his hands uplifted in bewilderment. This work of art was the production of Miss Carry, who, on hearing the knock at the door, had whipped into the room, placed her bit of savage satire over the mantel-piece, and whipped out again. But her deadly malice so far failed of its purpose that, instead of inflicting any annoyance, it most effectually broke the embarrassment of Miss Gertrude's entrance and introduction to the major.

"Carry has no great love for the Highlands," she said, laughing and slightly blushing at the same time; "but she need not have prepared so cruel a welcome for you. Won't you sit down, Major Stuart? Papa will be here directly."

"I think it is uncommonly clever," the major said, fixing his one eye on the paper as if he would give Miss White distinctly to understand that he had not come to stare at her. "Perhaps she will like us better when she knows more about us."

"Do you think," said Miss White, demurely, "that it is possible for any one born in the South to learn to like the bagpipes?"

"No," said Macleod, quickly—and it was not usual for him to break in in this eager way about a usual matter of talk—"that is all a question of association. If you had been brought up to associate the sound of the pipes with every memorable thing—with the sadness of a funeral, and the welcome of friends come to see you, and the pride of going away to war—then you would understand why 'Lord Lovat's Lament,' or the 'Farewell to Gibraltar,' or the 'Heights of Alma'—why these bring the tears to a Highlander's eyes. The pibrochs preserve our legends for us," he went on to say, in rather an excited fashion, for he was obviously nervous, and perhaps a trifle paler than usual. "They remind us of what our fami-

lies have done in all parts of the world; and there is not one you do not associate with some friend or relative who is gone away, or with some great merry-making, or with the death of one who was dear to you. You never saw that—the boat taking the coffin across the loch, and the friends of the dead sitting with bowed heads, and the piper at the bow playing the slow Lament to the time of the oars—if you had seen that, you would know what the 'Cumhadh na Cloinne' is to a Highlander. And if you have a friend come to see you, what is it first tells you of his coming? When you can hear nothing for the waves, you can hear the pipes! And if you were going into a battle, what would put madness into your head but to hear the march that you know your brothers and uncles and cousins last heard when they marched on with a cheer to take death as it happened to come to them? You might as well wonder at the Highlanders loving the heather. That is not a very handsome flower."

Miss White was sitting quite calm and collected. A covert glance or two had convinced the major that she was entirely mistress of the situation. If there was any one nervous, embarrassed, excited, through this interview, it was not Miss Gertrude White.

"The other morning," she said, complacently, and she pulled down her dainty white cuffs another sixteenth of an inch, "I was going along Buckingham Palace Road, and I met a detachment—is a detachment right, Major Stuart?—of a Highland regiment. At least I supposed it was part of a Highland regiment, because they had eight pipers playing at their head; and I noticed that the cab horses were far more frightened than they would have been at twice the noise coming from an ordinary band. I was wondering whether they might think it the roar of some strange animal—you know how a camel frightens a horse. But I envied the officer who was riding in front of the soldiers. He was a very handsome man; and I thought how proud he must feel to be at the head of those fine, stalwart fellows. In fact, I felt for a moment that I should like to have command of a regiment myself."

"Faith," said the major, gallantly, "I would exchange into that regiment, if I had to serve as a drummer-boy."

Embarrassed by this broad compliment? Not a bit of it. She laughed lightly, and then rose to introduce the two visitors to her father, who had just entered the room.

It was not to be expected that Mr. White, knowing the errand of his guests, should give them an inordinately effusive welcome. But he was gravely polite. He prided himself on being a man of common-sense, and he knew it was no use fighting against the inevitable. If his daughter would leave the stage, she would; and there was



some small compensation in the fact that by her doing so she would become Lady Macleod. He would have less money to spend on trinkets two hundred years old; but he would gain something—a very little, no doubt—from the reflected lustre of her social position.

"We were talking about officers, papa," she said, brightly, "and I was about to confess that I have always had a great liking for soldiers. I know if I had been a man I should have been a soldier. But do you know, Sir Keith, you were once very rude to me about your friend Lieutenant Ogilvie?"

Macleod started.

"I hope not," said he, gravely.

"Oh yes, you were. Don't you remember the Caledonian Ball? I only remarked that Lieutenant Ogilvie, who seemed to me a bonnie boy, did not look as if he were a very formidable warrior; and you answered with some dark saying—what was it?—that nobody could tell what sword was in a scabbard until it was drawn."

"Oh," said he, laughing somewhat nervously, "you forget: I was talking to the Duchess of Devonshire."

"And I am sure her Grace was much obliged to you for frightening her so," Miss White said, with a dainty smile.

Major Stuart was greatly pleased by the appearance and charming manner of this young lady. If Macleod, who was confessedly a handsome young fellow, had searched all over England, he could not have chosen a fitter mate. But he was also distinctly of opinion—judging by his one eye only—that nobody needed to be alarmed about this young lady's exceeding sensitiveness and embarrassment before strangers. He thought she would on all occasions be fairly capable of holding her own. And he was quite convinced, too, that the beautiful clear eyes, under the long lashes, pretty accurately divined what was going forward. But what did this impression of the honest soldier's amount to? Only, in other words, that Miss Gertrude White, although a pretty woman, was not a fool.

Luncheon was announced, and they went into the other room, accompanied by Miss Carry, who had suffered herself to be introduced to Major Stuart with a certain proud sedateness. And now the major played the part of the accepted lover's friend to perfection. He sat next Miss White herself; and no matter what the talk was about, he managed to bring it round to something that redounded to Macleod's advantage. Macleod could do this, and Macleod could do that; it was all Macleod, and Macleod, and Macleod.

"And if you should ever come to our part of the world, Miss White," said the major—not letting his glance meet hers—"you will be able to understand something of the old loyalty and affection and devotion the peo-

ple in the Highlands showed to their chiefs; for I don't believe there is a man, woman, or child about the place who would not rather have a hand cut off than that Macleod should have a thorn scratch him. And it is all the more singular, you know, that they are not Macleods. Mull is the country of the Macleans; and the Macleans and the Macleods had their fights in former times. There is a cave they will show you round the point from *Ru na Gaul* light-house that is called *Uamh-na-Ceann*—that is, the Cavern of the Skulls—where the Macleods murdered fifty of the Macleans, though Alastair Crotach, the humpbacked son of Macleod, was himself killed."

"I beg your pardon, Major Stuart," said Miss Carry, with a grand stateliness in her tone, "but will you allow me to ask if this is true? It is a passage I saw quoted in a book the other day, and I copied it out. It says something about the character of the people you are talking about."

She handed him the bit of paper; and he read these words: "*Trew it is, that thir Ilandish men ar of nature verie proud, suspicious, avaricious, full of decept and evill inventioun each aganis his nychtbour, be what way soever he may circumvin him. Besydis all this, they ar sa crewall in taking of revenge that nather have they regard to person, eage, tyme, or caus; sa ar they generallie all sa far addictit to thair awin tyrannicall opinions that, in all respects, they exceed in creweltie the maist barbarous people that ever hes bene sen the begynning of the world.*"

"Upon my word," said the honest major, "it is a most formidable indictment. You had better ask Sir Keith about it."

He handed the paper across the table; Macleod read it, and burst out laughing.

"It is too true, Carry," said he. "We are a dreadful lot of people up there among the hills. Nothing but murder and rapine from morning till night."

"I was telling him this morning he would probably be hanged," observed the major, gravely.

"For what?" Miss White asked.

"Oh," said the major, carelessly, "I did not specify the offense. Cattle-lifting, probably."

Miss Carry's fierce onslaught was thus laughed away, and they proceeded to other matters; the major meanwhile not failing to remark that this luncheon differed considerably from the bread and cheese and glass of whiskey of a shooting day in Mull. Then they returned to the drawing-room, and had tea there, and some further talk. The major had by this time quite abandoned his critical and observant attitude. He had succumbed to the enchantress. He was ready to declare that Gertrude White was the most fascinating woman he had ever met, while, as a matter of fact, she had been rather timidly making suggestions and ask-



ing his opinion all the time. And when they rose to leave, she said,

"I am very sorry, Major Stuart, that this unfortunate accident should have altered your plans; but since you must remain in London, I hope we shall see you often before you go."

"You are very kind," said he.

"We can not ask you to dine with us," she said, quite simply and frankly, "because of my engagements in the evening; but we are always at home at lunch-time, and Sir Keith knows the way."

"Thank you very much," said the major, as he warmly pressed her hand.

The two friends passed out into the street.

"My dear fellow," said the major, "you have been lucky—don't imagine I am humbugging you. A really handsome lass, and a thorough woman of the world too—trained and fitted at every point; none of your farm-yard beauties. But I say, Macleod—I say," he continued, solemnly, "won't she find it a trifle dull at Castle Dare?—the change, you know."

"It is not necessary that she should live at Dare," Macleod said.

"Oh, of course, you know your own plans best."

"I have none. All that is in the air as yet. And so you do not think I have made a mistake?"

"I wish I was five-and-twenty, and could make a mistake like that," said the major, with a sigh.

Meanwhile Miss Carry had confronted her sister.

"So you have been inspected, Gerty. Do you think you passed muster?"

"Go away, and don't be impertinent, you silly girl," said the other, good-naturedly.

Carry pulled a folded piece of paper from her pocket, and, advancing, placed it on the table.

"There," said she, "put that in your purse, and don't tell me you have not been warned, Gertrude White."

The elder sister did as she was bid; but indeed she was not thinking at that moment of the cruel and revengeful character of the Western Highlanders, which Miss Carry's quotation set forth in such plain terms. She was thinking that she had never before seen Glenogie look so soldier-like and handsome.

ment. He had seen her on the stage bid a pathetic good-by to her lover, and there it was beautiful enough—with her shy coquetties, and her winning ways, and the timid, reluctant confession of her love. But there was nothing at all beautiful about this ordeal through which he must pass. It was harsh and horrible. He trembled even as he thought of it.

The last day of his stay in London arrived; he rose with a sense of some awful doom hanging over him that he could in no wise shake off. It was a strange day, too—the world of London vaguely shining through a pale fog, the sun a globe of red fire. There was hoar-frost on the window-ledges; at last the winter seemed about to begin.

And then, as ill luck would have it, Miss White had some important business at the theatre to attend to, so that she could not see him till the afternoon; and he had to pass the empty morning somehow.

"You look like a man going to be hanged," said the major, about noon. "Come, shall we stroll down to the river now? We can have a chat with your friend before lunch, and a look over his boat."

Colonel Ross, being by chance at Erith, had heard of Macleod's being in town, and had immediately come up in his little steam-yacht, the *Iris*, which now lay at anchor close to Westminster Bridge, on the Lambeth side. He had proposed, merely for the oddity of the thing, that Macleod and his friend the major should lunch on board, and young Ogilvie had promised to run up from Aldershot.

"Macleod," said the gallant soldier, as the two friends walked leisurely down toward the Thames, "if you let this monomania get such a hold of you, do you know how it will end? You will begin to show signs of having a conscience."

"What do you mean?" said he, absently.

"Your nervous system will break down, and you will begin to have a conscience. That is a sure sign, in either a man or a nation. Man, don't I see it all around us now in this way of looking at India and the colonies? We had no conscience—we were in robust health as a nation—when we thrashed the French out of Canada, and seized India, and stole land just wherever we could put our fingers on it all over the globe; but now it is quite different; we are only educating these countries up to self-government; it is all in the interest of morality that we protect them; as soon as they wish to go we will give them our blessing—in short, we have got a conscience, because the national health is feeble and nervous. You look out, or you will get into the same condition. You will begin to ask whether it is right to shoot pretty little birds in order to eat them; you will become a vegetarian; and you will take to goloshes."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AT A RAILWAY STATION.

THE few days of grace obtained by the accident that happened to Major Stuart fled too quickly away, and the time came for saying farewell. With a dismal apprehension Macleod looked forward to this mo-



"Good gracious!" said Macleod, waking up, "what is all this about?"

"Rob Roy," observed the major, oracularly, "was a healthy man. I will make you a bet he was not much troubled by chilblains."

"Stuart," Macleod cried, "do you want to drive me mad? What on earth are you talking about?"

"Any thing," the major confessed, frankly, "to rouse you out of your monomania, because I don't want to have my throat cut by a lunatic some night up at Castle Dare."

"Castle Dare," repeated Macleod, gloomily. "I think I shall scarcely know the place again; and we have been away about a fortnight!"

No sooner had they got down to the landing-steps on the Lambeth side of the river than they were descried from the deck of the beautiful little steamer, and a boat was sent ashore for them. Colonel Ross was standing by the tiny gangway to receive them. They got on board, and passed into the glass-surrounded saloon. There certainly was something odd in the notion of being anchored in the middle of the great city; absolutely cut off from it, and inclosed in a miniature floating world, the very sound of it hushed and remote. And, indeed, on this strange morning the big town looked more dream-like than usual as they regarded it from the windows of this saloon—the buildings opal-like in the pale fog, a dusky glitter on the high towers of the Houses of Parliament, and some touches of rose red on the ripples of the yellow water around them.

Right over there was the very spot to which he had idly wandered in the clear dawn to have a look at the peacefully flowing stream. How long ago? It seemed to him, looking back, somehow the morning of life—shining clear and beautiful, before any sombre anxieties, and joys scarcely less painful, had come to cloud the fair sky. He thought of himself at that time with a sort of wonder. He saw himself standing there, glad to watch the pale and growing glory of the dawn, careless as to what the day might bring forth; and he knew that it was another and an irrecoverable Macleod he was mentally regarding.

Well, when his friend Ogilvie arrived, he endeavored to assume some greater spirit and cheerfulness, and they had a pleasant enough luncheon party in the gently moving saloon. Thereafter Colonel Ross was for getting up steam and taking them for a run somewhere; but at this point Macleod begged to be excused for running away; and so having consigned Major Stuart to the care of his host for the moment, and having bade good-by to Ogilvie, he went ashore. He made his way up to the cottage in South Bank. He entered the drawing-room and sat down, alone.

When she came in, she said, with a quick anxiety, "You are not ill?"

"No, no," he said, rising, and his face was haggard somewhat; "but—but it is not pleasant to come to say good-by—"

"You must not take it so seriously as that," she said, with a friendly smile.

"My going away is like going into a grave," he said, slowly. "It is dark."

And then he took her two hands in his, and regarded her with such an intensity of look that she almost drew back, afraid.

"Sometimes," he said, watching her eyes, "I think I shall never see you again."

"Oh, Keith," said she, drawing her hands away, and speaking half playfully, "you really frighten me! And even if you were never to see me again, wouldn't it be a very good thing for you? You would have got rid of a bad bargain."

"It would not be a very good thing for me," he said, still regarding her.

"Oh, well, don't speak of it," said she, lightly; "let us speak of all that is to be done in the long time that must pass before we meet—"

"But why '*must*'?" he said, eagerly—"why '*must*'? If you knew how I look forward to the blackness of this winter away up there—so far away from you that I shall forget the sound of your voice—oh! you can not know what it is to me!"

He had sat down again, his eyes, with a sort of pained and hunted look in them, bent on the floor.

"But there is a '*must*,' you know," she said, cheerfully, "and we ought to be sensible folk and recognize it. You know I ought to have a probationary period, as it were—like a nun, you know, just to see if she is fit to—"

Here Miss White paused, with a little embarrassment; but presently she charged the difficulty, and said, with a slight laugh,

"To take the veil, in fact. You must give me time to become accustomed to a whole heap of things: if we were to do any thing suddenly now, we might blunder into some great mistake, perhaps irretrievable. I must train myself by degrees for another kind of life altogether; and I am going to surprise you, Keith—I am indeed. If papa takes me to the Highlands next year, you won't recognize me at all. I am going to read up all about the Highlands, and learn the tartans, and the names of fishes and birds; and I will walk in the rain and try to think nothing about it; and perhaps I may learn a little Gaelic: indeed, Keith, when you see me in the Highlands, you will find me a thorough Highland-woman."

"You will never become a Highland-woman," he said, with a grave kindness. "Is it needful? I would rather see you as you are than playing a part."

Her eyes expressed some quick wonder,



for he had almost quoted her father's words to her.

"You would rather see me as I am?" she said, demurely. "But what am I? I don't know myself."

"You are a beautiful and gentle-hearted Englishwoman," he said, with honest admiration—"a daughter of the South. Why should you wish to be any thing else? When you come to us, I will show you a true Highland-woman—that is my cousin Janet."

"Now you have spoiled all my ambition," she said, somewhat petulantly. "I had intended spending all the winter in training myself to forget the habits and feelings of an actress; and I was going to educate myself for another kind of life; and now I find that when I go to the Highlands you will compare me with your cousin Janet!"

"That is impossible," said he, absently, for he was thinking of the time when the summer seas would be blue again, and the winds soft, and the sky clear; and then he saw the white boat of the *Umpire* going merrily out to the great steamer to bring the beautiful stranger from the South to Castle Dare!

"Ah, well, I am not going to quarrel with you on this our last day together," she said, and she gently placed her soft white hand on the clinched fist that rested on the table. "I see you are in great trouble—I wish I could lessen it. And yet how could I wish that you could think of me less, even during the long winter evenings, when it will be so much more lonely for you than for me? But you must leave me my hobby all the same; and you must think of me always as preparing myself and looking forward; for at least you know you will expect me to be able to sing a Highland ballad to your friends."

"Yes, yes," he said, hastily, "if it is all true—if it is all possible—what you speak of. Sometimes I think it is madness of me to fling away my only chance; to have every thing I care for in the world near me, and to go away and perhaps never return; sometimes I know in my heart that I shall never see you again—never after this day."

"Ah, now," said she, brightly—for she feared this black demon getting possession of him again—"I will kill that superstition right off. You *shall* see me after to-day; for, as sure as my name is Gertrude White, I will go up to the railway station to-morrow morning, and see you off. There!"

"You will?" he said, with a flush of joy on his face.

"But I don't want any one else to see me," she said, looking down.

"Oh, I will manage that," he said, eagerly. "I will get Major Stuart into the carriage ten minutes before the train starts."

"Colonel Ross?"

"He goes back to Erith to-night."

"And I will bring to the station," said she, with some shy color in her face, "a little present—if you should speak of me to your mother, you might give her this from me; it belonged to my mother."

Could any thing have been more delicately devised than this tender and timid message?

"You have a woman's heart," he said.

And then in the same low voice she began to explain that she would like him to go to the theatre that evening, and that perhaps he would go alone; and would he do her the favor to be in a particular box? She took a piece of paper from her purse, and shyly handed it to him. How could he refuse?—though he flushed slightly. It was a favor she asked. "I will know where you are," she said.

And so he was not to bid good-by to her on this occasion, after all. But he bade good-by to Mr. White, and to Miss Carry, who was quite civil to him now that he was going away; and then he went out into the cold and gray December afternoon. They were lighting the lamps. But gas-light throws no cheerfulness on a grave.

He went to the theatre later on; and the talisman she had given him took him into a box almost level with the stage, and so near to it that the glare of the foot-lights bewildered his eyes, until he retired into the corner. And once more he saw the puppets come and go, with the one live woman among them, whose every tone of voice made his heart leap. And then this drawing-room scene, in which she comes in alone, and talking to herself? She sits down to the piano carelessly. Some one enters unperceived, and stands silent there, to listen to the singing. And this air that she sings, waywardly, like a light-hearted school-girl:

"Hi-ri-libhin o,	Brae MacIntyre,
Hi-ri-libhin o,	Costly thy wooing!
	Thou'st slain the maid.
Hug-o-rin-o,	'Tis thy undoing!
Hi-ri-libhin o,	Friends of my love,
Hi-ri-libhin o,	Do not upbraid him;
	He was leal.
Hug-o-rin-o,	Chance betrayed him."

Macleod's breathing came quick and hard. She had not sung this ballad of the brave MacIntyre when formerly he had seen the piece. Did she merely wish him to know, by this arch rendering of the gloomy song, that she was pursuing her Highland studies? And then the last verse she sang in the Gaelic! He was so near that he could hear this adjuration to the unhappy lover to seek his boat and fly, steering wide of Jura and avoiding Mull:

"Hi-ri-libhin o,	Buin Bàta,
Hi-ri-libhin o,	Fàg an dùthaich,
	Seachain Mule,
Hug-o-rin-o:	Sna taodh Jura!"

Was she laughing, then, at her pronuncia-



tion of the Gaelic when she carelessly rose from the piano, and, in doing so, directed one glance toward him which made him quail? The foolish piece went on. She was more bright, vivacious, coquettish, than ever: how could she have such spirits in view of the long separation that lay on his heart like lead? Then, at the end of the piece, there was a tapping at the door, and an envelope was handed in to him. It only contained a card, with the message, "Good-night!" scrawled in pencil. It was the last time he ever was in any theatre.

Then that next morning—cold and raw and damp, with a blustering northwest wind that seemed to bring an angry summons from the far seas. At the station his hand was trembling like the hand of a drunken man; his eyes wild and troubled; his face haggard. And as the moment arrived for the train to start, he became more and more excited.

"Come and take your place, Macleod," the major said. "There is no use worrying about leaving. We have eaten our cake. The frolic is at an end. All we can do is to sing, 'Then fare you well, my Mary Blane,' and put up with whatever is ahead. If I could only have a drop of real, genuine Talisker to steady my nerves—"

But here the major, who had been incidentally leaning out of the window, caught sight of a figure, and instantly he withdrew his head. Macleod disappeared.

That great, gaunt room—with the hollow footfalls of strangers, and the cries outside. His face was quite white when he took her hand.

"I am very late," she said, with a smile.

He could not speak at all. He fixed his eyes on hers with a strange intensity, as if he would read her very soul; and what could one find there but a great gentleness and sincerity, and the frank confidence of one who had nothing to conceal?

"Gertrude," said he at last, "whatever happens to us two, you will never forget that I loved you."

"I think I may be sure of that," she said, looking down.

They rang a bell outside.

"Good-by, then."

He tightly grasped the hand he held; once more he gazed into those clear and confiding eyes—with an almost piteously anxious look: then he kissed her, and hurried away. But she was bold enough to follow. Her eyes were moist. Her heart was beating fast. If Glenogie had there and then challenged her, and said, "*Come, then, sweetheart; will you fly with me? And the proud mother will meet you. And the gentle cousin will attend on you. And Castle Dare will welcome the young bride!*"—what would she have said? The moment was over. She only saw the train go gently away from

the station; and she saw the piteous eyes fixed on hers; and while he was in sight she waved her handkerchief. When the train had disappeared she turned away with a sigh.

"Poor fellow," she was thinking to herself, "he is very much in earnest—far more in earnest than even poor Howson. It would break my heart if I were to bring him any trouble."

By the time she had got to the end of the platform, her thoughts had taken a more cheerful turn.

"Dear me," she was saying to herself, "I quite forgot to ask him whether my Gaelic was good!"

When she had got into the street outside, the day was brightening.

"I wonder," she was asking herself, "whether Carry would come and look at that exhibition of water-colors; and what would the cab fare be?"

## JOHN COMPRADOR.

FOR a period whose limits one can not define with exactness the so-called "Chinese question" has been a theme of importance. It is not by any means confined to the United States: in Australia and other British possessions, in South America, in Java, and in Japan even, the advent of John has led to discussions interminable, and promises to lead to interminable discussions more. The coming of the industrious and frugal Chinaman has troubled many lands and people, and caused a derangement of the system of local labor to an extent which many persons consider alarming. Prohibitory laws have been passed in some instances, and heavy taxes levied in the hope of restraining the immigration; the taxes are paid and the immigration goes on, perhaps in less degree, but certainly it has been in no instance altogether suspended. In California and Australia the people have defied law and risen in open violence against the obnoxious race; the mobs have been suppressed, but not without loss of life. In some of the conflicts between the races John has shown that he can "strike back," and all the injury to life and limb has not been on the side of the party attacked. The growing frequency of these disturbances calls for an earnest intervention of the strong arm of the government, and an intervention in a twofold sense. The condition of the labor market in California and the temper of the great majority of the people demand a check to the immigration of Chinese; the rights guaranteed to every man dwelling beneath our flag require that government should protect all who have violated no law and are rightfully and properly on our soil. Let us begin by an examination of the legal points of the subject under contemplation.



Down to the early part of this century, and later, China had maintained a position of comparative exclusiveness. With the exception of Canton, her ports were closed to the rest of the world, and even at that famous city the traffic was confined to a locality outside the municipal limits. The foreign merchants lived there, and thither went the Chinese merchants to exchange tea and silks for such produce of other lands as was useful to their countrymen. The balance of trade was largely in favor of China, and this balance was paid in silver, to the delight of John and the proportionate disgust of the foreigner. In course of time a way was found for equalizing the balance by means of opium, which was raised in enormous quantities in India. The Chinese were great consumers of the drug, and the English in India were great producers; nothing was more natural than that the producer should attempt to supply the consumer. Chinese laws stood in the way, as the government had prohibited the importation of the drug, which was killing many thousands of its people annually, and bringing sorrow and degradation to families all over the land. Though famous for their respect for laws at home, the English have little regard for those of other lands when they stand in the way of English commerce. India was a ruinous expense unless a market could be found for her opium. An English merchant in Hong-Kong said to me on this subject: "It was absolutely necessary to open the Chinese market to save India from ruin, and we could not possibly allow the Chinese to refuse." One is reminded of the country boy who was trying with a hoe to dig a woodchuck from a ledge of rocks. When told that it was impossible to accomplish his purpose with that implement, he replied: "'Tain't no use talking; I must dig him out, for there ain't no meat in the house."

Opium smuggling became a regular and honest employment among Englishmen, and not infrequently there were Americans with a hand in the business. The history of this curious phase of commerce would fill many a volume, as it extended over a considerable period, and covered amounts of an enormous aggregate. The boldness of the smugglers and the magnitude of their operations caused many remonstrances on the part of the Chinese government, and finally led to the seizure of a large quantity of opium and its subsequent destruction. Out of this affair grew the famous (or infamous) "Opium War," in which China was humbled, compelled to pay heavy damages, open other ports than Canton, and cede the island of Hong-Kong to England. The latter made Hong-Kong a free port, and since its settlement it has prospered commercially, less to the advantage of China than to the country that owns

it. The Chinese authorities pronounce it a nest of smugglers, and declare that but for Hong-Kong the customs dues of the empire would be increased by many thousand pounds every year. This is undoubtedly true; but in justice to Hong-Kong it should be stated that the smuggling is performed by Chinese, and not by English. The junks and other craft go to Hong-Kong, where they buy and receive their cargoes; then, at a favorable opportunity, they run to the main-land, often by connivance of their own officials, and land their goods at obscure points. The craft are owned and manned by Chinese, and the goods are under the same proprietorship. Sometimes a junk may have a Portuguese captain, but rarely indeed is she commanded by an Englishman.

The opium war was followed by other wars, and notably those of 1858 and 1860. The United States had a little hand in these matters, and we all know about Commodore Tatnall going to the relief of the British fleet at the Peiho, with the remark, which has since gained a world-wide fame, "Blood is thicker than water." Out of the various wars grew the English, French, Russian, and American treaties with China—treaties whose signature was virtually made at the cannon's mouth. An English artist once made a caricature of this treaty-making business, in which he represented a Chinaman affixing his signature to a document, while over him stood persons representing each of the above-named powers; the four were holding pistols at the head of the unfortunate Celestial, and behind him were the muzzle of a cannon and a whole armful of bayonets. The picture was entitled, "A voluntary act—China wishes to become one in the family of nations."

The terms of the treaty between Great Britain and China permitted the subjects of her Majesty the Queen of England to trade in China and to reside there, and it gave in return full permission for the subjects of his Majesty the Emperor of China to trade and reside in the British dominions every where. Many had already gone there, and also to California, and their action was fully legalized by the treaty. The treaties with the other powers were substantially the same. I was told in China that the clause permitting the Chinese to go to other countries was not asked for or even suggested by the Chinese ambassador, but was inserted by the English envoy, and afterward by the representatives of other powers, merely to make an appearance of fairness, and to round up a paragraph. I do not vouch for the truth of the above, as it came to me on hearsay evidence only, and I do not know any way of confirming or disproving it. Be that as it may, the treaty as a whole was forced upon China quite in the manner depicted by the artist, and was no doubt as difficult for



her to swallow as had been the opium pills hitherto crowded down her throat. And it is in consequence of that very treaty and its operations that California and Australia are now complaining of the hordes of Chinese on their soil, praying their authorities to remove the incubus of cheap labor, and occasionally rising into open defiance of law and order. There is no use in denying that we are in an awkward position in the matter. Our case is like that of the man who entered an Arkansas village and declared that he was "spoiling for a fight." He roamed up and down the street, and at last found a villager who was willing to have a brush with him for the sake of better acquaintance. Half an hour later the stranger limped from the village much battered as to visage, rent and soiled as to garments, and lisping through the crevices of his freshly broken teeth, "Seems to me I was a leetle too peart with my tongue, and can't blame that villager for licking of me."

Most of the treaties have since been revised, but only in some of their minor points; the trade and emigration clause remains unchanged, and Chinese are at liberty to go to other countries just as the subjects or citizens of those countries have a right to go to China. It is upon this point that a change is needed, and when the treaties next come up for revision it will doubtless be brought under consideration. It was discussed last year (1877) in several interviews between the British ambassador and the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs, but down to the time of my writing nothing has come of the discussion. The Chinese have expressed a willingness to revise the treaty and recall all their subjects, but what they will demand in return it is difficult to say. They see the dilemma in which the treaty powers are placed, and it is quite likely they will make the most of the situation, and secure important advantages for themselves. There is no doubt they would be glad to return to something like their former isolation, and, above all, to send the foreigner, bag and baggage, out of the country. From all I have heard, both from natives and foreigners, I am sure they would willingly tear up their treaties with us, recall their own people from other lands, and permit no more emigration, and pay every foreigner now living in China the full value of his property there, and give him free passage to his home. Of course there are many exceptions, but it may be set down as a rule that the Chinese detest the foreigner, and only tolerate him because they must. The feeling pervades all classes of the people, and not only the people, but the lower animals. Chinese ponies snort and start when you come near them, the dogs bark at you, the cats snarl and flee with enlarged tails and elevated back hair, and even the meek

and ruminant cow takes a shy at you with her horns. On this latter point I could relate a harrowing tale of how a friend and myself were pursued by an infuriated cow in a Chinese city, and how she would not be turned from her purpose, but kept after us for some ten minutes or more. My friend ran swiftly, and kept a little ahead of the beast; of course I wouldn't be so undignified as to run from a cow, but I managed to keep at the side of my fleet friend, and came out a trifle in advance of him. We furnished free amusement to a crowd of Chinese, who looked and laughed, thinking it was capital fun to see a couple of barbarians pursued by a Chinese cow, and never stopping to consider how the barbarians might like it. But the tables are turned, and more than turned, in San Francisco and Melbourne, where the white man has a great deal of sport at Chinese expense. In each of those cities it is not unusual to see a large dog pursuing a frightened Celestial, amid the jeers of a group of voters who have set the brute to his work.

There are those who fear that the Chinese, unless restrained, will overrun America, take control of the labor market, and ultimately secure the monopoly of many branches of commercial enterprise. Some of these are alarmists, and see great calamities in the immediate future, and some are demagogues, who talk what they do not believe, because it is for their political interest to do so. But there are others who judge the future by the past, and have given careful study to the question; they believe that the present evil will go on increasing steadily but not rapidly; and while there is no immediate danger to be feared, it is well to consider the distant future. Estimating the number of Chinese in the United States at a quarter of a million, and our whole population at a round forty millions, we can see no immediate danger to our prosperity or safety. Our annual increase is quite as great as any Chinese immigration in its most flourishing period, and there is little probability that their numerical proportions will be larger than at present. As is well known, not one emigrant in a thousand brings his family; the American consul at Hong-Kong informed me that while nearly twenty-five thousand Chinese men went from that port to San Francisco in one year, there were less than two hundred women, and this has been about the proportion ever since the emigration began. Of Chinese children born in America there are barely sufficient to fill an ordinary church, and certainly we must be timid indeed if we have fears of these.

Dry up the source, and the stream will disappear in time. We have only to revise our treaties so as to prevent the advent of new immigrants, and leave the matter of the return of those now in America quite



out of consideration. *Tempus edax rerum* will steadily reduce the number of those who stay, and by the beginning of the coming century less than half the present number will be alive. Another twenty-five years will make still further havoc, and long before the celebration of our second centennial the last Chinese among us will have gone to his grave, and left us a free and happy people.

The progress of the Chinese in the United States in the way of business and commercial matters in general (not including ordinary labor) is not as rapid as it has been in the far East. When the ports of the empire were opened, and for years afterward, business was in European\* hands, and the Chinese merchant had little to do with it. The foreigner found it convenient to employ a Chinese to transact his business with the natives, and in time the convenience became a necessity. The person thus employed was (and is) called a *comprador*, the name being borrowed from the Portuguese, and so important did the comprador become that the merchant could not get along without him. He bought the tea, silk, porcelain, and other goods that were wanted for export, and he sold all the imported articles, whether their value was great or small; he managed the insurances and shipments; he employed all the servants about the establishment, and was responsible for their honesty; he kept the bank account; in fact, he did so much that the wonder is the merchant could find any thing at all to lay his hand to. John Comprador was invariably a shrewd, clear-headed native, and watched his master's interest with a careful eye. That he looked out for his own as well is not to be wondered at, and it is pretty certain that he generally did. He had certain legitimate "squeezes" on nearly every thing he did; he had a commission on the servants he employed, on the provisions he bought, and on all the other general expenses of the house. One can see with half a glance what a chance he had in transactions with the native merchants; a thousand chests of tea or as many packages of silk could pay him ever so small a squeeze, and the aggregate would be a good addition to his regular wages. The comprador was earnest, active, and frugal, and by strict attention to business and rigid economy he could save five or ten thousand dollars a year out of an income of one thousand. Nobody cared if he did, as he was worth the money; he saved a deal of trouble and exertion on the part of the foreigner, and these are no joke in a country where for a large

part of the year the operation of winking your right eye will throw you into a perspiration.

At first a great convenience, the comprador soon became a necessity. Merchants began to think they were putting too much in the hands of a native, and some of them tried to do without him. Vain hope! He was an Old Man of the Sea whom they could not shake off. Probably there are no people in the world who understand the system of guilds and trades-unions better than the Chinese; they make combinations quite surpassing any of European or American origin, and the combinations hold together with iron tenacity. Had the foreign merchants begun originally to deal directly with the natives, they might have done so to this day; but having once adopted the comprador, he became a link in the chain of guilds and unions, and could not be set aside. Suppose I am in business in Shanghai, and determine to do without a comprador and attend to my own purchases. I go to a native merchant and ask for his tea samples; he shows them, and I ask the price of a thousand chests. "No have got," is the reply; "no can catchee." I go to another, and another, with the same result; not one has a pound of tea to sell to *me*; the guild has ordered it, and until I deal through a comprador I can do nothing in tea, or silk, or wax, or any other Chinese product. Let me send my comprador, I get the market quotations at once. So it goes with all that one buys or sells in Chinese ports, and so it goes with nearly all dealings with Chinese merchants. Their guilds are the most comprehensive and most perfect in their operations of all I have seen in any part of the world.

It is interesting (and pitiful too) to see how completely the merchant in Far Cathay is in the hands of the comprador. Go into any large house at Shanghai or Hong-Kong and ask any question concerning the market; the chances are twenty to one that the person you address will turn to the comprador and repeat the inquiry. The comprador's answer is final, and no one ever appeals from it—at least I have never known an appeal. If you have a draft to cash, it is the comprador who determines the rate of exchange and counts out the money; in the latter act he is assisted by another personage, known as a "shroff." The currency of the East is the Mexican dollar, and it has been so extensively counterfeited that great care is necessary to distinguish the genuine from the imitation. Here, again, the foreign merchants have left the matter to the native; it is the latter who settles the matter, and by whom every dollar is handled. The class of employes known as "shroffs" are found in every banking establishment and every commercial house of any impor-

\* By the term "European" are included all foreigners, whether from Europe or America. Japanese, East Indians, Malays, and the like, are usually grouped as "Asiatics;" persons born in Asia of mixed parentage are called "Eurasians," the name being formed from the two words Europe and Asia.



tance. In the smaller houses the comprador combines the duties of shroff with his own, but in the larger concerns he does not do so. The shroff is an autocrat by whose side the Emperor of Russia pales to insignificance. His word is absolutism in the extreme, and if you venture to doubt it, his glance is more withering than the breath of the upas-tree.

One day I drew some money from a leading house on which I had a letter of credit, and the amount was paid to me in Mexicans. I took my bag of dollars to my hotel, and locked it in my trunk; and a few days later, wishing to obtain some notes of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, I proceeded with the bag aforesaid to that establishment. I stated my wants, and the shroff was called to count my dollars. He rejected about ten per cent. of the coins; and on my expostulating, and saying that I received them from Blank & Co., and was sure they were all right, he turned on me a look that would have appalled a royal Bengal tiger. I felt my heart sink in my boots, and would fain have crept under a walnut shell had there been one handy. Not a word did he utter, but his contemptuous look and equally contemptuous wave of the hand spoke a couple of folio volumes (calf bound) at least. Verdantly I appealed to the meek foreigner to whom I had addressed myself at first; he spoke not, but shook his head to the extent of a small octavo, which said, "The shroff is king here, and I am nothing." Angrily I gathered up my money, swept it into the bag, rejected the notes which had been counted for me, and walked out of the place. Then they knew me for a novice; a year's residence in the country would have taught me to bow to the decision of the shroff as to that of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the land.

On my arrival in Shanghai I found in my trunk—pity I can't do so daily—an American gold piece of twenty dollars. I had a few purchases to make, and thought it a good opportunity to get rid of this stray coin. I bought some books, and tendered the piece. The party who served me was one of the proprietors, but he was dumb as to its value. "Comprador, how much is this worth?" said he to that functionary at the cash-box, and the reply was, "Eighteen forty." Eighteen dollars and forty cents in silver struck me as rather low for a twenty-dollar gold piece, and so I bagged the coin, paid in Mexicans, and went to the next shop I wished to patronize. There the same scene was enacted, with the difference that the response was, "Seventeen twenty." I suggested that I had just been offered eighteen forty, but neither comprador nor clerk ventured a reply; the former would not, and the latter dared not. In another shop I was offered nineteen ten, and in another nine-

teen thirty. I finally sold it for twenty dollars and twenty-five cents in silver, and had good opportunity to think of the possible and probable intentions of those compradors to squeeze that gold piece. Nineteen Thirty was not altogether unreasonable, but Mr. Seventeen Twenty was of exalted views, and doubtless had a family to support. And if one of them had offered me five dollars and a half for the coin, I have not the slightest doubt that his principal would have remained dumb as a sheep before him, and ventured not the slightest remonstrance. Go where you will, in all the great houses, banking or otherwise, of the open ports of China, you will find all the financial affairs of the concern in Chinese hands, and controlled by them in the most despotic manner.

The result of this association of the foreigner and the Chinese in business has been not altogether to the advantage of the former. The Chinese has learned the lesson which the foreigner has unintentionally taught him, and learned it well. He has set up for himself, and with his keenness and frugality is proving more than a match for his instructor. In all the Chinese ports there are Chinese banks, Chinese insurance companies, Chinese boards of trade, Chinese steam-ship companies, and other concerns, all in Chinese management, and supported by Chinese capital. There are Chinese importers and exporters, and they have their agencies in London and Marseilles, San Francisco and New York, so that they can transact any desired business without calling a middle-man to their aid. Even where they have no direct agencies, the leading Chinese houses have established their credit with manufacturers in England and elsewhere, so that they can make their purchases side by side with a foreign competitor, and with the certainty of selling directly to the native jobber or retailer without risking the possible squeeze of the comprador. Foreign commerce and foreign relations were forced upon China, and were a splendid thing for us at the start; the Chinese are taking their revenge now, and in a way quite unexpected to us, and which some of us pronounce unfair. The evil, if we may so call it, has grown to enormous proportions, and is growing every year. The sugar trade of Amoy and Formosa has gone into Chinese hands entirely. It was formerly a source of handsome income to general foreign houses. Nearly all the flour from San Francisco to China is on Chinese account; a foreigner might touch it with a ten-foot pole, perhaps, when the sacks are piled upon the dock, but it would be unsafe for him to touch it in any other way. The rice trade between China and other countries is almost entirely in Chinese hands, and the chances are that the Celestials will have a monopoly



of it within half a decade. The native merchant is satisfied with a very small profit, such as would not tempt a foreigner, and thus the foreigner is ousted. I know of one transaction—a shipment of flour from San Francisco to Hong-Kong—in which the net profit was exactly half a cent per sack, and the merchant was quite content. In another case a Chinese had bought twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of goods, and sold them next day for an advance of a hundred dollars. "My makee good pigeon allee same likee that," he said in my hearing, and the twinkle of his eye showed that he was satisfied with the operation, and ready for another like it.

Year by year foreigners are retiring from China and Japan, some by the not unusual process of failure, and others by the slower but more desirable means of liquidation. Some go away in wrath and profanity, and vaguely say that there has been "overtrading in the East," and "the country has been bought out," while others frankly confess that the Chinese are too much for them. They can not live on the wonderfully small profits which content the Chinese, and after making a thorough trial of business, they confess themselves worsted. Buyers will generally patronize the cheapest market, irrespective of nationality; and you may talk yourself hoarse about the necessity of supporting foreign trade and all that, but the chances are even you will buy of a Chinese because he will sell cheaper than a European.

In Yokohama I wanted some clothing suited to the climate, and proceeded, at the advice of a resident friend, to the shop of Quong Chang, tailor. Mr. Chang was polite and ready for business; he showed me samples of his goods, and gave me his prices, and the latter were certainly reasonable. He offered to make me a complete suit—"no fittee no takee"—of blue serge for ten dollars. With a fragment of the cloth I went to a foreign tailor, who wanted seventeen dollars for the same article. Other prices were in proportion; and I need hardly say that Quong Chang was my tailor during my stay in Yokohama, and that he rung with the utmost caution every Mexican dollar I paid him, lest he might unwittingly take in a counterfeit. Perhaps the cut of his clothing was not quite up to that of the foreigner, but the sewing was the same, as it was done in both cases by native workmen. But it required a sharp eye to distinguish the one from the other; and I have never seen reason to regret my patronage of the Celestial. The reason of the difference in price is easy to see. Quong Chang had a small shop, while Mr. Foreigner had a large one; Q. C. lived on ten cents a day, while F. needed three or four dollars; Q. C. had his family in a single back-room, while

F.'s family had a house to itself; Q. C. rode out on foot generally, while F. had a carriage with horse and groom; Q. C. was content with a living and a trifle beyond, while F. wanted to make a fortune in ten years and go home. If Quong could not make fifty cents profit on the transaction, he would put up with twenty-five, or even ten, while his competitor would not think the job worth touching unless it netted at least twenty-five per cent. on the amount of money handled.

I have thus detailed this matter, as it is a good illustration of the general competition between Chinese and foreigners in the East. In every instance the Chinese has the best of it, and there is no possible way to get ahead of him, or even to draw alongside. What with his guilds and the comprador drag on the foreigner, on the one hand, and his economic habits of life and the transaction of business, on the other, John is entirely at ease, and his power is growing every day. When the Chinese ports were first opened, the foreign trade went into English and American hands, but in a few years the Germans came in and took a large share of it. They could live and work cheaper than their competitors, and for a considerable while they flourished. But when the Chinese came to the front, all others suffered alike, as the new competitor could beat each and every one of them in the ability to get along with small profits. A Chinese official said one day to a friend of mine, "Englishman and Melican man come here makee big pigeon; bimeby long come German man eatee up Englishman and Melican man; Chinaman come now, he makee eat up German man; some time you makee see Chinaman eatee every ting." There is every reason to believe that his prediction will be fulfilled in the main; that the "eatee up" is going on pretty rapidly a great many persons can testify.

In Hong-Kong the Chinese houses are increasing annually, while the English and other foreign ones are decreasing. Rows of stores formerly occupied by English merchants have been given up to Chinese, and the number grows and grows with each recurring season. Nineteen-twentieths of the population of Hong-Kong are Chinese; and there is not a branch of business into which they have not entered. They have shipping and commercial houses, steam-ship, banking, and insurance companies, as I have already mentioned, and you can buy in their shops nearly every article of foreign manufacture that you can buy in the English stores, and almost invariably at a lower price. The complete free trade established at Hong-Kong has been good for the English manufacturer, but not so for the English merchant who established himself in the colony.



So much for John on his own soil. Let us see what he has done in carrying the war into the enemy's country.

We are all pretty well aware of what he has done in California, and so I will not take up that branch of the subject. In all the open ports of Japan the Chinese are thickly established. Their competition is more with Europeans than with the Japanese, and they have succeeded in making a very large inroad into the profits of the foreigner, though less so than at Hong-Kong, Shanghai, or the other Chinese ports. Going west from Hong-Kong, we come to Cochin China, the French possession, of which Sai-gon is the capital. There the Chinese have been steadily cutting into the trade, until they have by far the best of it, and have driven some foreign houses out of business. During 1876 the Chinese shipped nine-tenths of the rice crop, amounting to nearly 6,000,000 piculs (133 pounds to the picul). All other articles of export were shipped by them, with a very few exceptions, and they have at least five-sixths of the import trade. Much of the shipment is to Hong-Kong, and a great portion of it is in Chinese vessels, while many of the English ships find it expedient to employ Chinese agents. The Hong-Kong agency of the only line of steamers running to Bang-kok, Siam, is Chinese, and when I purchased my ticket by one of the company's ships, I was obliged to apply to the head of the Yuen Fat Hong, and make my negotiations with him. The captain told me that all the rice carried by him or his companion vessels was on Chinese account, and I found on reaching Bang-kok a Chinese line of steamers running to Singapore. Foreign business at Bang-kok grows smaller each year, while Chinese business increases. The Celestial has much of the local trade in Bang-kok. I was told that the government licenses for the sale of spirits were in the hands of a Chinese, while another had the monopoly of gambling-houses.

At Singapore there are more than 100,000 Chinese, one-fourth as many Malays, and about 1000 Europeans. The Chinese have gained in numbers, while the Europeans have lost, in spite of the steadily increasing importance of Singapore. While I was there a quarrel arose between the Chinese and foreign merchants—or rather it was in progress when I arrived—concerning the delivery of pepper, gambier, and other articles of merchandise which the former sell to the latter. The disputed point was on a matter of delivery, the latter demanding and the former refusing to make delivery at the foreign go-downs (warehouses). The foreigners united, and agreed not to buy until the point was yielded to them; the Chinese united, and refused to sell except at their own go-downs. See the advantage of a Chinese combination over a foreign

one: when I left Singapore two of the foreign houses had broken from the combination, and were buying pepper and gambier on the terms of the Chinese, while the latter were as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. I don't know who won the fight, but I think it is not hard to guess, especially as there had been similar troubles before, in which the Chinese came out ahead. Certainly they are a most indefatigable lot of merchants, and it is really a wonder how so many of the natives of the Flowery Kingdom manage to make a living on the little island of Singapore. There is not much to choose in that city between the Chinese and the Malay. Deal with one, and you will generally wish you had dealt with the other—or neither.

Java has not been extensively overrun by the Chinese, owing to certain restrictions that the Dutch have put upon their coming. The authorities claim the right to say who may or may not reside in Java, and not infrequently they put a negative on the advent of foreigners, not only of Chinese, but of other nationalities. Nevertheless there is a large number of them, and they are found in all parts of the island, as keenly alive to industry and profit as any where else. Many employments are almost or entirely in their hands; opium and liquor licenses are generally farmed out to Chinese contractors, and they rent and manage many of the rice, coffee, and other estates. When I wanted to hire a carriage for a journey into the interior, I was told that all such vehicles were in the hands of the Chinese, and the high price I was forced to pay found its way into a Celestial pocket. In Batavia and other parts of Java the Chinese are largely interested in commerce, and their monopoly of the rice trade is well-nigh complete. They import rice from Siam, Cochin China, and Burmah, as the rice crop of Java is not sufficient to meet the demand upon the island. Gradually they have extended the traffic until the local trade is completely in their hands, and if any outsider ventures to interfere with them, he is severely punished. Last year a Batavian firm (not Chinese) thought it saw a chance for profit in rice, and accordingly imported a cargo from Siam. But, to the surprise of the speculators, they found they could not sell the rice at any figure; the guild of Chinese merchants had given the order, and nobody would purchase. It was held for several weeks, and finally sold at a slight loss, and you may be sure that the firm in question has been careful to keep out of rice since that transaction.

In the interior of Java you find many Chinese, and they seem to have come to stay. A goodly proportion have married and settled, and as Chinese wives are scarce, they have intermarried with the Javanese,



just as in Siam they take to themselves Siamese wives. I was interested and amused at a road-side inn in Java, where I stopped for luncheon, to find a Chinese proprietor with a Javanese household. A couple of children of China-Javanese blood were running about the house, and a third was in the arms of the buxom mother, who sat near the box where John kept his cash. She was one of the fair of the land, and appeared to look with respect and obedience upon her liege lord, who was not overhandsome. I had been told that the Javanese (like the Siamese) women are quite fond of taking Chinese husbands, who are pretty sure to care for and support them, which is not always the case with their own countrymen.

In Manila, Penang, and Malacca the Chinese have established themselves quite as firmly as in Singapore and Java, particularly in Penang, where they leave comparatively little to the foreigner. At Maulmein and Rangoon, in Burmah, they are abundant and prosperous, and I could almost repeat word for word, in writing of their course in Rangoon, what I have written about Sai-gon. The chief export of Rangoon is rice, and a Chinese takes as naturally to the rice trade as a duck to water. He has taken to it in Rangoon, and taken it in—not so fully as in Sai-gon, since there is a large export to England and India in English hands, but sufficiently to cause discontent to foreign traders. His control of the rice trade is yearly increasing, and he has steam-ship lines of his own, so that he is under obligations to nobody. The British India Steam Navigation Company is an important concern, possessing many ships, and performing service over many routes. They have, among others, a line between Calcutta and Singapore, touching at Rangoon, Maulmein, Penang, and Malacca, and carrying the mails under a government contract. When they first began the service they had a fine business in carrying freight, and not a ship went either way without a full cargo at remunerative rates. From Rangoon and the other way ports to Singapore, and from Singapore to Rangoon, the shippers were nearly all Chinese, as they had the lion's share of the business on that route.

But a change came over the spirit of the dream of the B. I. S. N. Company. They had a couple of steamers which had become old and worn in the service, and they were astonished and delighted one day when some of the Chinese merchants offered to purchase the gamy ships aforesaid. The directors laughed as they received the money and transferred the vessels, and they laughed long and often when they thought how completely they had sold the Celestials in selling them the antiquated craft. The pig-tailed merchants started a line between Rangoon and Singapore with their two

steamers, and then the joke was complete. But in a very short time the freight list of the English company declined, and each month it declined more and more. The new line had all the business; its managers sent to London and bought some new steamers; it extended its service to the coast of Sumatra, and received therefor a subsidy from the government of the Netherlands Indies; and it has gone on prospering and prosperous ever since. The British India Company runs its steamers with the lightest cargoes, and sometimes none at all, and but for its mail contract it would withdraw altogether from that particular service. Its directors laugh no more at the verdancy of the Chinese in buying that pair of venerable steamers, and are inclined to avoid the subject when it is mentioned in their presence.

Westward beyond Burmah the Chinese have not penetrated in great numbers, but they are far from unknown. They are in Ceylon, and in Calcutta, Bombay, and other cities of British India, and some of them have strayed to London and a few of the Continental cities. In Calcutta and Bombay they have a monopoly of the manufacture of bamboo chairs and baskets, and many of them have set up as tailors, boot-makers, and the like, to the disgust of their competitors. Thus far the Chinese question has no importance in India, but if we may judge of that country by others where the Celestials have taken foot-hold, the discussion of the subject in the land of the Vedas and Shastas can not be long delayed.

Query: When will John Comprador consider his revenge complete, and pause in his career of commercial conquest?

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### A SUMMER DAY.

DEEP down beside the tangled sedge  
The meadow-lark sings all the day,  
And bursts at times from out the hedge  
The mimic chatter of the jay;  
And here and there a wandering note,  
A cricket's chirp, comes sweet and clear  
Where dreamy mists of summer float  
At noon upon the grassy mere.

Afar away below the hill  
I see the noisy mill-wheel go,  
The smooth broad lake above the mill,  
The flash of foam that roars below;  
And on the even slopes that rise  
So gently toward the mountain's brow,  
The cattle watch with sleepy eyes  
The lazy ploughboy at the plough.

My soul is sleeping, and its dreams—  
Ah! sad and sweet that dreaming thrills!  
For these are other vales and streams,  
And other flocks on other hills—  
The hills whereon I climbed to pull  
The golden-rods and weeds of May,  
When all the world was beautiful,  
And all my life a summer day.



## THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

## BOOK THIRD.

The man and his scheme are fully described; and he begins his work. But a rencounter leads to emotions which hamper his plans, and cause a sharp divergence of opinion, ultimately committing him to an irretrievable step which a few months earlier he did not dream of.

## CHAPTER V.

SHARP WORDS ARE SPOKEN, AND A CRISIS  
ENSUES.

WHEN Yeobright was not with Eustacia he was sitting slavishly over his books: when he was not reading he was meeting her. These meetings were carried on with the greatest secrecy.

One afternoon his mother came home from a morning visit to Thomasin. He could see from a disturbance in the lines of her face that something had happened.

"I have been told an incomprehensible thing," she said, mournfully. "Captain Drew has let out at the Woman that you and Eustacia Vye are engaged to be married."

"We are," said Yeobright. "But it may not be yet for a very long time."

"I should hardly think it would be yet for a very long time. You will take her to Paris, I suppose?"

"I am not going back to Paris."

"What will you do with a wife, then?"

"Keep a school in Budmouth, as I have told you."

"That's incredible. The place is overrun with school-masters. You have no special qualifications. What possible chance is there for such as you?"

"There is no chance of getting rich. But with my system of education, which is as new as it is true, I shall do a great deal of good to my fellow-creatures."

"Pooh! If there had been any other system left to be invented, they would have found it out at the universities long before this time."

"Never, mother. They can not find it out, because their teachers don't come in contact with the class which demands such a system—that is, those who have had no preliminary training. My plan is one for instilling high knowledge into empty minds without first cramming them with what has to be uncrammed again before true study begins."

"I might have believed you if you had kept yourself free from entanglements; but this woman—if she had been a good girl it would have been bad enough, but being—"

"So she is a good girl."

"So you think. A band-master's daughter."

"She is Captain Drew's granddaughter. And is a lady by instinct."

"They call him captain; but any body is captain. No doubt he has been to sea in some tub or other. Why doesn't he look after her? No lady would rove about the heath at all hours of the day and night as she does. But that's not all of it. There was something between her and Thomasin's husband at one time—I am as sure of it as that I stand here."

"Eustacia has told me. He did pay her a little attention a year ago; but there's no harm in that. I like her all the better."

"Clym, I have no proofs against her, unfortunately. But if she makes you a good wife, there has never been a bad one."

"Believe me, you are almost exasperating," said Yeobright, vehemently. "And this very day I had intended to arrange a meeting between you and her. But you give me no peace; you try to thwart my wishes in every thing."

"I hate the thought of any son of mine marrying badly. Yet that is what you seem determined to do. I wish I had never lived to see this; it is too much for me—it is more than I thought!" She turned to the window; her breath was coming quickly, and her lips were pale, parted, and trembling.

"Mother," said Clym, "whatever you do, you will always be dear to me—that you know. But one thing I have a right to say, which is, that at my age I am old enough to know what is best for me."

Mrs. Yeobright remained for some time silent and shaken, as if she could say no more. Then she replied: "Best?—is it best for you to injure your prospects for such a voluptuous, idle woman as that? Don't you see that by the very fact of your choosing her you prove that you do not know what is best for you? You give up your whole thoughts—you set your whole soul—to please a woman."

"I do. And that woman is you."

"How can you treat me so flippantly?" said his mother, turning again to him with a bitter look. "You are unnatural, Clym; and I did not expect it."

"Very likely," said he, cheerlessly. "You did not know the measure you were going to mete me, and therefore did not know the measure that would be returned to you again."

"You answer me; you think only of her. You stick to her in all things."

"That proves her to be worthy. I have never yet supported what is bad. And I do



not care only for her. I care for you, and for myself, and for any thing that is good. When a woman once dislikes another she is merciless."

"Please don't go setting down as my fault what is your obstinate wrong-headedness. If you wished to connect yourself with an unworthy person, why did you come home here to do it? Why didn't you do it in Paris?—it is more the fashion there. You have come only to distress me and shorten my days. I wish that you would bestow your presence only where you bestow your love."

Clym said, huskily: "You are my mother. I will say no more—beyond this, that I beg your pardon for having thought this my home. I will no longer inflict myself upon you; I'll go." And he went out, with tears in his eyes.

It was a sunny afternoon at the beginning of summer, and the moist hollows of the heath had passed from their brown to their green stage. Yeobright walked to the edge of the basin which extended down from Mistover and Blackbarrow. By this time he was calm, and he looked over the landscape. In the minor valleys between the hillocks which diversified the contour of the vale the fresh young ferns were luxuriantly growing up, ultimately to reach a height of five or six feet. He descended a little way, flung himself down in a spot where a path emerged from one of the small hollows, and waited. Hither it was that he had promised Eustacia to bring his mother this afternoon, that they might meet and be friends. He was in a nest of vivid green. The ferny vegetation round him, though so abundant, was quite uniform; it was a grove of machine-made foliage, a world of green triangles with saw edges, and not a single flower. The air was warm with a vaporous warmth, and the stillness was unbroken. Lizards, grasshoppers, and ants were the only living things to be beheld. The scene seemed to belong to the ancient world of the carboniferous period, when the forms of plants were few, and of the fern kind; when there was neither bud nor blossom, nothing but a monotonous extent of leafage, amid which no bird sang.

When he had reclined for some considerable time, gloomily pondering, he discerned above the ferns a drawn bonnet of white silk approaching from the left, and Yeobright knew directly that it covered the head of her he loved. His heart awoke from its apathy to a warm excitement, and jumping to his feet, he said, aloud, "I knew she was sure to come."

She vanished in a hollow for a few moments, and then her whole form unfolded itself from the brake.

"Only you here?" she exclaimed, with a disappointed air, whose hollowness was

proved by her rising redness and her half-guilty low laugh. "Where is Mrs. Yeobright?"

"She has not come," he replied, in a subdued tone.

"I wish I had known that you would be here alone," she said, seriously, "and that we were going to have such an idle pleasant time as this. Pleasure not known beforehand is half wasted; to anticipate it is to double it. I have not thought once to-day of having you all to myself this afternoon, and the actual moment of a thing is so soon gone."

"It is indeed."

"Poor Clym!" she continued, looking tenderly into his face. "You are sad. Something has happened at your home. Never mind what it is—let us only look at what seems."

"But, darling, what shall we do?" said he.

"Still go on as we do now—just live on from meeting to meeting, never minding about another day. You, I know, are always thinking of that—I can see you are. But you must not—will you, dear, dear Clym?"

"You are just like all women. They are ever content to build their lives on any incidental position that offers itself, while men would fain make a globe to suit them. Listen to this, Eustacia. There is a subject I have determined to put off no longer. Your sentiment on the wisdom of *carpe diem* does not impress me to-day. Our present mode of life must shortly be brought to an end."

"It is your mother."

"It is. I love you none the less in telling you; it is only right you should know."

"I have feared my bliss," she said, with the merest motion of her lips. "It has been too intense and consuming."

"There is hope yet. There are forty years of work in me yet, and why should you despair? I am only at an awkward turning. I wish people wouldn't be so ready to think that there is no progress without uniformity."

"Ah—your mind runs off to the philosophical side of it. Well, these sad and hopeless obstacles are welcome in one sense, for they enable us to look with indifference upon the cruel satires that Fate loves to indulge in. I have heard of people who, upon coming suddenly into happiness, have died from anxiety lest they should not live to enjoy it. I felt myself in that whimsical state of uneasiness lately; but I shall be spared it now. Let us walk on."

Clym took the hand which was already bared for him—it was a favorite way with them to walk bare hand in bare hand—and led her through the ferns. They formed a very comely picture of love at full flush, as they walked along the valley that late aft-



ernoon, the sun sloping down on their right, and throwing their thin spectral shadows, tall as poplar-trees, far out across the furze and fern. Eustacia went with her head thrown back fancifully, a certain glad and voluptuous air of triumph pervading her eyes at having won by her own unaided personality a man who was her perfect complement in attainments, appearance, and age. On the young man's part, the paleness of face which he had brought with him from Paris, and the incipient marks of time and thought, were less perceptible than when he returned, the healthful and energetic sturdiness which was his by nature having partially recovered its original proportions. They wandered onward till they reached the nether margin of the heath, where it became marshy, and merged in moorland.

"I must part from you here, Clym," said Eustacia.

They stood still and prepared to bid each other farewell. Every thing before them was on a perfect level. The sun, resting on the horizon line, streamed across the ground from between copper-colored and lilac clouds, stretched out in flats beneath a sky of pale soft green. All dark objects on the earth that lay toward the sun were overspread by a purple haze, against which groups of wailing gnats shone out, rising upward and dancing about like sparks of fire.

"Oh! this leaving you is too hard to bear!" exclaimed Eustacia, in a sudden whisper of anguish. "Your mother will influence you too much; I shall not be judged fairly; it will get afloat that I am not a good girl, and the witch story will be added to make me blacker."

"They can not. Nobody dares to speak disrespectfully of you or of me."

"Oh, how I wish I was sure of never losing you—that you could not be able to desert me anyhow!"

Clym stood silent a moment. His feelings were high, the moment was passionate, and he cut the knot.

"You shall be sure of me, darling," he said, folding her in his arms. "We will be married at once."

"Oh, Clym!"

"Do you agree to it?"

"If—if we can."

"We certainly can, being both of full age. And I have not followed my occupation all these seven years without having accumulated some money; and if you will agree to live in a tiny cottage somewhere on the heath until I take the house in Budmouth for the school, we can do it at a very little expense."

"How long shall we have to live in the tiny cottage, Clym?"

"About six months. At the end of that

time I shall have finished my reading. Yes, we will do it, and this heart-aching will be over. We shall of course live in absolute seclusion, and our married life will only begin to outward view when we take the house in Budmouth, where I have already addressed a letter on the matter. Would your grandfather allow you?"

"I think he would—on the understanding that it should not last longer than six months."

"I will guarantee that, if no misfortune happens."

"If no misfortune happens," she repeated, slowly.

"Which is not likely. Dearest, fix the exact day."

And then they consulted on the question, and the day was chosen. It was to be a fortnight from that time.

This was the end of their talk, and Eustacia left him. Clym watched her as she retired toward the sun. The luminous rays wrapped her up with her increasing remoteness, and the rustle of her dress over the sprouting sedge and grass died away. As he watched, the dead flat of the scenery overpowered him, though he was fully alive to the beauty of that untarnished early summer greenness which was worn for the nonce by the poorest blade. There was something in its oppressive horizontality which too much reminded him of the arena of life; it gave him a sense of bare equality with, and no superiority to, a single entity under the sun.

Eustacia was now no longer the Olympian but the woman to him—a being to fight for, support, help, be maligned for. Now that he had reached a cooler moment, he would have preferred a less hasty marriage; but the card was laid, and he determined to abide by the game. Whether Eustacia was to add one other to the list of those who love too hotly to love long and well, the forthcoming event was certainly a ready way of proving.

## CHAPTER VI.

### YEOBRIGHT GOES, AND THE BREACH IS COMPLETE.

ALL that evening smart sounds denoting an active packing up came from Yeobright's room to the ears of his mother down stairs.

Next morning he departed from the house, and again proceeded across the heath. A long day's march was before him, his object being to secure a dwelling to which he might take Eustacia when she became his wife. Such a house, small, secluded, and with its windows boarded up, he had casually observed a month earlier, near a village about five miles off; and thither he directed his steps to-day.



The weather was far different from that of the evening before. The yellow and vapory sunset which had wrapped up Eustacia from his parting gaze had presaged change. It was one of those not infrequent days of an English June which are as wet and boisterous as November. The cold clouds hastened on in a body, as if painted on a moving slide. Vapors from other continents arrived upon the wind, and seethed and panted round him as he walked on.

At length Clym reached the margin of a fir and beech plantation which had been inclosed from heath-land in the year of his birth. Here the trees, laden heavily with their new and humid leaves, were now suffering more damage than during the highest winds of winter, when the boughs are specially disencumbered to do battle with the storm. The wet young beeches were undergoing amputations, bruises, crippling, and harsh lacerations, from which the wasting sap would bleed for many a day to come, and which would leave scars visible till the day of their burning. Each stem was wrenched at the root, where it moved like a bone in its socket, and at every onset of the gale convulsive sounds came from the branches, as if pain were felt. In a neighboring brake a finch was trying to sing; but the wind blew under his feathers till they stood on end, twisted round his little tail, and made him give up his song.

Yet a few yards to Yeobright's right, on the open heath, how ineffectively gnashed the storm! Those gusts which tore the trees merely waved the furze and heather in a light caress. Egdon was made for such times as these.

Yeobright reached the empty house about mid-day. It was almost as lonely as that of Eustacia's grandfather, but the fact that it stood near a heath was disguised by a belt of firs which almost inclosed the premises. He journeyed on about a mile farther to the village in which the owner lived, and, returning with him to the house, arrangements were completed, and the man undertook that one room at least should be ready for occupation the next day. Clym's intention was to live there alone until Eustacia should join him on their wedding day.

Then he turned to pursue his way homeward through the drizzle that had so greatly transformed the scene. The ferns, among which he had lain in comfort yesterday, were dripping moisture from every frond, wetting his legs through as he brushed past; and the fur of the wild rabbits leaping around him was clotted into dank locks by the same watery leafage.

He reached home damp and weary enough after his ten-mile walk. It had hardly been a propitious beginning, but he had chosen his course, and would show no swerving. The evening and the following morning

were spent in concluding arrangements for his departure. To stay at home a minute longer than necessary after having once come to his determination would be, he felt, only to give new pain to his mother by some word, look, or deed.

He had hired a conveyance and sent off his goods by two o'clock that day. The next step was to get some furniture which, after serving for temporary use in the cottage, would be available for the house at Budmouth when increased by goods of a better description. A mart extensive enough for the purpose existed some miles beyond the spot chosen for his residence, and there he resolved to pass the coming night.

It now only remained to wish his mother good-by. She was sitting by the window as usual when he came down stairs.

"Mother, I am going to leave you," he said, holding out his hand.

"I thought you were by your packing," replied Mrs. Yeobright, in a voice from which every particle of emotion was painfully excluded.

"And you will part friends with me?"

"Certainly, Clym."

"I am going to be married on the twenty-fifth."

"I thought you were going to be married."

"And then—and then you must come and see us. You will understand me better after that, and our situation will not be so wretched as it is now."

"I do not think it likely I shall come to see you."

"Then it will not be by my fault or Eustacia's, mother. Good-by."

He kissed her cheek, and departed in great misery, which was several hours in lessening itself to a controllable level. The position had been such that nothing more could be said without, in the first place, breaking down a barrier; and that was not to be done.

No sooner had Yeobright gone from his mother's house than her face changed its rigid aspect for one of blank despair. After a while she wept, and her tears brought some relief. During the rest of the day she did nothing but walk up and down the garden path in a state bordering on stupefaction. Night came, and with it but little rest. The next day, with an instinct to do something which should reduce prostration to mournfulness, she went to her son's room, and with her own hands arranged it in order, for an imaginary time when he should return again. She gave some attention to her flowers, but it was perfunctorily bestowed, for they no longer charmed her.

It was a great relief when, early in the afternoon, Thomasin paid her an unexpected visit. This was not the first meeting between the relatives since Thomasin's marriage, and, past blunders having been in a



rough way rectified, they could always greet each other with pleasure and ease.

The oblique band of sunlight which followed her through the door became the young wife well. It illuminated her as her presence illuminated the heath. In her movements, in her gaze, she reminded the beholder of the feathered creatures who lived around her home. All similes and allegories concerning her began and ended with birds. There was as much variety in her motions as in their flight. When she was musing she was a kestrel, which hangs in the air by an invisible motion of its wings. When she was in a high wind her light body was blown against trees and banks like a heron's. When she was frightened she darted noiselessly like a kingfisher. When she was serene she skimmed like a swallow, and that is how she was moving now.

"You are looking very blithe, upon my word, Tamsie," said Mrs. Yeobright, with a sad smile. "How is Damon?"

"He is very well."

"Is he kind to you, Thomasin?" And Mrs. Yeobright observed her narrowly.

"Pretty fairly."

"Is that honestly said?"

"Yes, aunt. I would tell you if he were unkind." She added, blushing, and with hesitation: "He—I don't know if I ought to complain to you about this, but I am not quite sure what to do. I want some money, you know, aunt—some to buy little things for myself—and he doesn't give me any. I don't like to ask him; and yet, perhaps he doesn't give it me because he doesn't know. Ought I to mention it to him, aunt?"

"Of course you ought. Have you never said a word on the matter?"

"You see, I had some of my own," said Thomasin, evasively, "and I have not wanted any of his until lately. I did just say something about it last week; but he seems—not to remember."

"He must be made to remember. You are aware that I have a little box full of spade guineas, which your uncle put into my hands to divide between yourself and Clym whenever I chose. Perhaps the time has come when it should be done. They can be turned into sovereigns at any moment."

"I think I should like to have my share—that is, if you don't mind."

"You shall, if necessary. But it is only proper that you should first tell your husband distinctly that you are without any, and see what he will do."

"Very well; I will. . . . Aunt, I have heard about Clym. I know you are in trouble about him, and that's why I have come."

Mrs. Yeobright turned away, and her features worked in her attempt to conceal her feelings. Then she ceased to make any at-

tempt, and said, "Oh, Thomasin, do you think he hates me? How can he bear to grieve me so, when I have lived only for him through all these years?"

"Hate you—no," said Thomasin, soothingly. "It is only that he loves her too well. Look at it quietly—do. It is not so very bad of him. Do you know, I thought it not the worst match he could have made. With the exception of her father, Miss Vye's family is a good one; and he was clever."

"It is no use, Thomasin; it is no use. Your intention is good; but I will not trouble you to argue. I have gone through the whole that can be said on either side times, and many times. Clym and I have not parted in anger; we have parted in a worse way. It is not a passionate quarrel that would have broken my heart; it is the steady opposition and persistence in going wrong that he has shown. Oh, Thomasin, he was so good when he was a little boy—so tender and kind!"

"He was, I know."

"I did not think one whom I called mine would grow up to treat me like this. He spoke to me as if I opposed him to injure him. As though I could wish him ill!"

"There are worse women in the world than Eustacia Vye."

"There are too many better; that's the agony of it. It was she, Thomasin, and she only, who led your husband to act as he did: I would swear it."

"No," said Thomasin, eagerly. "It was before he knew me that he thought of her, and it was nothing but a mere flirtation."

"Very well; we will let it be so. There is little use in unravelling that now. Sons must be blind if they will. Why is it that a woman can see from a distance what a man can not see close? Clym must do as he will; he is nothing more to me. And this is maternity—to give one's best years and best love to insure the fate of being despised!"

"You are too unyielding. Think how many mothers there are whose sons have brought them to public shame by real crimes, before you feel so deeply a case like this."

"Thomasin, don't lecture me—I can't have it. It is the excess above what we expect that makes the force of the blow, and that may not be greater in their case than in mine: they may have foreseen the worst. . . . I am wrongly made, Thomasin," she added, with a mournful smile. "Some widows can guard against the wounds their children give them by turning their hearts to another husband, and beginning life again. But I always was a poor, weak, one-idea'd creature—I had not the compass of heart nor the enterprise for that. Just as forlorn and stupefied as I was when my husband's spirit flew away I have sat ever



since—never attempting to mend matters at all. I was comparatively a young woman then, and I might have had another family by this time, and have been comforted by them for the failure of this one son.”

“It was the more noble in you that you did not.”

“The more noble, the less wise.”

“Forget it, and be soothed, dear aunt. And I shall not leave you alone for long. I shall come and see you every day.”

And for one week Thomasin literally fulfilled her word. She endeavored to make light of the wedding; and brought news of the preparations, and that she was invited to be present. The next week she was rather unwell, and did not appear. Nothing had as yet been done about the guineas, for Thomasin feared to address her husband again on the subject, and Mrs. Yeobright had insisted upon this.

One day just before this time Wildeve was standing at the door of the “Quiet Woman.” In addition to the upward path through the heath to Blackbarrow and Mistover, there was a road which branched from the highway a short distance below the inn, and ascended to Mistover by a circuitous and easy incline. This was the only route for vehicles to the captain’s retreat. A light cart from the nearest town descended the road, and the lad who was driving pulled up in front of the inn for something to drink.

“You come from Mistover?” said Wildeve.

“Yes. They are taking in good things up there. Going to be a wedding.” And the man buried his face in his mug.

Wildeve had not received an inkling of the fact before, and a sudden expression of pain overspread his face. He turned for a moment into the passage to hide it. Then he came back again.

“Do you mean Miss Vye?” he said. “How is it—that she can be married so soon?”

“By the will of God and a ready young man, I suppose.”

“You don’t mean Mr. Yeobright?”

“Yes. He has been creeping about with her all the spring.”

“I suppose—she is immensely taken with him?”

“She is crazy about him, so their general servant of all work tells me. And that lad Charley that looks after the horse is all in a daze about it. The stun-poll has got fond like of her.”

“Is she lively—is she glad? Going to be married so soon—well?”

“It isn’t so very soon.”

“No; not so very soon.”

Wildeve went in-doors to the empty room, a curious heart-ache within him. He rested his elbow upon the mantel-piece and his face upon his hand. When Thomasin entered the room he did not tell her of what he had

heard. The old longing for Eustacia had re-appeared in his soul, and it was mainly because he had discovered that it was another man’s intention to possess her.

To be yearning for the difficult, to be weary of what offered; to care for the remote, to dislike the near: it was Wildeve’s nature always. This is the true mark of the man of sentiment. Though Wildeve’s fevered feeling had not been elaborated to real poetical compass, it was of the standard sort. Accident only had caused it to be limited in scope. The Swiss painter Godefroi Mind was known as the Raffaele of Cats. Wildeve in the same light might have been called the Rousseau of Egdon life.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE MORNING AND THE EVENING OF AN EVENTFUL DAY.

THE wedding morning came. Nobody would have imagined from appearances that Blooms End had any interest in Mistover that day. A solemn stillness prevailed around the house of Clym’s mother, and there was no more animation in-doors. Mrs. Yeobright, who had declined to attend the ceremony, sat by the breakfast table in the old room which communicated immediately with the porch, her eyes listlessly directed toward the open door. It was the room in which, six months earlier, the merry Christmas party had met, to which Eustacia came secretly and as a stranger. The only living thing that entered now was a sparrow, and seeing no movements to cause alarm, he hopped boldly round the room, endeavored to go out by the window, and fluttered among the pot-flowers. This roused the lonely sitter, who got up, released the bird, and went to the door. She was expecting Thomasin, who had written the night before to state that the time had come when she would wish to have the money, and that she would, if possible, call this day.

Yet Thomasin occupied Mrs. Yeobright’s thoughts but slightly as she looked up the valley of the heath, alive with butterflies, and with grasshoppers whose husky noises on every side formed a whispered chorus. A domestic drama, for which the preparations were now being made about three miles off, was but little less vividly present to her eyes than if enacted before her. She tried to dismiss the vision, and walked about the garden plot; but her eyes ever and anon sought out the direction of the parish church to which Mistover belonged, and her excited fancy clove the hills which divided the building from her eyes. The morning wore away. Eleven o’clock struck: could it be that the wedding was then in progress? It must be so. She went on imagining the scene at



that church to which he had by this time taken his bride. She pictured the little group of children by the gate as the pony-carriage drove up in which, as Thomasin had learned, they were going to perform the short journey. Then she saw them enter and proceed to the chancel and kneel, and the service seemed to go on.

She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, it is a mistake!" she groaned. "And he will rue it some day, and think of me!"

While she remained thus, overcome by her forebodings, the old clock in-doors whizzed forth twelve strokes. Soon after, faint sounds floated to her ear from over the hills. The breeze came from that quarter, and it had brought with it the notes of distant bells, gayly starting off in a peal: one, two, three, four, five. The ringers at East Egdon were announcing the nuptials of Eustacia and her son.

"Then it is over," she murmured. "Well, well! and life too will be over soon. And why should I go on scalding my face like this? Cry about one thing in life, cry about all; one thread runs through the whole piece. And yet we say a time to laugh!"

Toward evening Wildeve came. Since Thomasin's marriage Mrs. Yeobright had evinced toward him that grim friendliness which at last arises in all such cases of undesired affinity. The vision of what ought to have been is thrown aside in sheer weariness, and brow-beaten human endeavor listlessly makes the best of the fact that is. Wildeve, to do him justice, had behaved very courteously to his wife's aunt; and it was with no surprise that she saw him enter now.

"Thomasin has not been able to come as she promised to do," he replied to her inquiry, which had been anxious, for she knew that her niece was badly in want of money. "The captain came down last night and personally pressed her to join them to-day. So, not to be unpleasant, she determined to go. They fetched her in the pony-chaise, and are going to bring her back."

"Then it is done," said Mrs. Yeobright. "Have they gone to their new home?"

"I don't know. I have had no news from Mistover since Thomasin left to go."

"You did not go with her?" said she, as if there might be good reasons why.

"I could not," said Wildeve, reddening slightly. "We could not both leave the house; it was rather a busy morning on account of Southerton great market.—I believe you have something to give to Thomasin. If you like, I will take it."

Mrs. Yeobright hesitated, and wondered if Wildeve knew what the something was. "Did she tell you of this?" she inquired.

"Not particularly. She casually dropped a remark about having arranged to fetch some article or other."

"It is hardly necessary to send it. She can have it whenever she chooses to come."

"That won't be yet. In the present state of her health she must not go on walking so much as she has done." He added, with a faint twang of sarcasm: "What wonderful thing is it that I can not be trusted to take?"

"Nothing worth troubling you with."

"One would think you doubted my honesty," he said, with a laugh, though his color rose in a quick resentfulness frequent with him.

"You need think no such thing," said she, dryly. "It is simply that I, in common with the rest of the world, feel that there are certain things which had better be done by certain people than by others."

"As you like, as you like," said Wildeve, laconically. "It is not worth arguing about. Well, I think I must turn homeward again, as the inn must not be left long in charge of the lad and the maid only."

He went his way, his farewell being scarcely so courteous as his greeting. But Mrs. Yeobright knew him thoroughly by this time, and took little notice of his manner, good or bad.

When Wildeve was gone, Mrs. Yeobright stood and considered what would be the best course to adopt with regard to the guineas which she had not liked to intrust to Wildeve. It was hardly credible that Thomasin had told him to ask for them, when the necessity for them had arisen from the difficulty of obtaining money at his hands. At the same time, Thomasin really wanted them, and might be unable to come to Blooms End for another week at least. To take or send the money to her at the inn would be impolitic, since Wildeve would pretty surely be present, or would discover the transaction; and if, as her aunt suspected, he treated her less kindly than she deserved to be treated, he might then get the whole sum out of her gentle hands. But on this particular evening Thomasin was at Mistover, and any thing might be conveyed to her there without the knowledge of her husband. Upon the whole, the opportunity was worth taking advantage of.

Her son, too, was there, and was now married. There could be no more proper moment to render him his share of the money than the present. And the chance that would be afforded her, by sending him this gift, of showing how far she was from bearing him ill-will, cheered the sad mother's heart.

She went up stairs and took from a locked drawer a little box, out of which she poured a hoard of broad unworn guineas that had



lain there many a year. There were a hundred in all, and she divided them into two heaps, fifty in each. Tying up these in small canvas bags, she went down to the garden and called to Christian Cantle, who was loitering about in hope of a supper which was not really owed him. Mrs. Yeobright gave him the money-bags, charged him to go to Mistover, and on no account to deliver them into any one's hands save her son's and Thomasin's. On further thought she deemed it advisable to tell Christian precisely what the two bags contained, that he might be fully impressed with their importance. She had never had occasion to doubt his care or his honesty, and nobody could have foreseen that other qualities would be in requisition for such a simple errand. Christian pocketed the money-bags, promised the greatest carefulness, and set out on his way.

"You need not hurry," said Mrs. Yeobright. "It will be better not to get there till after dusk, and then nobody will notice you. Come back here to supper if it is not too late."

It was nearly nine o'clock when he began to ascend the ridge toward Mistover, but the long days of summer being at their climax, the first obscurity of evening had only just begun to tan the landscape. At this point of his journey Christian heard voices, and found that they proceeded from a company of men and women who were traversing a hollow ahead of him, the tops only of their heads being visible.

He paused and thought of the money he carried. It was almost too early even for Christian to seriously fear robbery: nevertheless, he took a precaution which ever since his boyhood he had adopted whenever he carried more than two or three shillings upon his person—a precaution somewhat like that of the owner of the Pitt or Regency diamond when filled with similar misgivings. He took off his boots, untied the guineas, and emptied the contents of one little bag into the right boot, and of the other into the left, spreading them as flatly as possible over the bottom of each, which was really a spacious coffer by no means limited to the size of the foot. Pulling them on again and lacing them to the very top, he proceeded on his way, more easy in his head than under his soles.

His path converged toward that of the noisy company, and on coming nearer he found to his relief that they were several East Egdon people whom he knew very well, while with them walked Fairway of Blooms End.

"What! Christian going too?" said Fairway, as soon as he recognized the new-comer. "You've got no young woman nor wife to your name to gie a gown-piece to, I'm sure."

"What d'ye mean?" said Christian.

"Why, the raffle. Going to the raffle as well as ourselves?"

"Never knew a word o't. Is it like cudgel-playing, or other smallest forms of bloodshed? I don't want to go, thank you, Mister Fairway, and no offense."

"Christian don't know the fun o't, and 'twould be a fine sight for him," said a buxom woman. "There's no danger at all, Christian. Every man puts in a shilling apiece, and one wins a gown-piece for his wife or sweetheart, if he's got one."

"Well, as that's not my fortune, there's no meaning in it to me. But I should like to see the fine spectacle, if there's nothing of the black-art in it, and if a man may look on without cost, or getting into any dangerous tumult?"

"There will be no uproar at all," said Timothy. "Sure, Christian, if you'd like to come, we'll see there's no harm done."

"And no unseemly gayeties, I suppose? You see, neighbors, if so, it would be setting father a bad example, as he is so outwardly given. But a gown-piece for a shilling, and no black-art—'tis worth looking in to see, and it wouldn't hinder me half an hour. Yes, I'll come, if you'll step a little way toward Mistover with me afterward, supposing night should have closed in, and nobody else is going that way?"

One or two promised; and Christian, diverging from his direct path, turned down the vale with his companions toward the "Quiet Woman."

When they entered the large common room of the inn they found assembled there about ten men from among the neighboring population, and the group was increased by the new contingent to double that number. Most of them were sitting round the room in seats divided by wooden elbows like those of cathedral stalls, which were carved with the initials of many an illustrious drunkard of former times who had passed his days and his nights between them, and now lay as an alcoholic cinder in the nearest churchyard. Among the cups on the long table before the sitter lay an open parcel of light drapery—the gown-piece, as it was called, which was to be raffled for. Wildeve was standing with his back to the fire-place, smoking a cigar; and the promoter of the raffle, a packman from a distant town, was expatiating upon the value of the fabric as material for a summer dress.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, as the new-comers drew up to the table, "there's five have entered, and we want four more to make up the number. I think, by the faces of those gentlemen who have just come in, that they are shrewd enough to take advantage of this rare opportunity of beautifying their ladies at a very trifling expense."

Fairway, Sam, and another placed their



shillings on the table, and the man turned to Christian.

"No, Sir," said Christian, drawing back with a quick gaze of misgiving. "I am only a poor chap come to look on, an' it please ye, Sir. I don't so much as know how you do it. If so be I was sure of getting it, I would put down the shilling; but I couldn't otherwise."

"I think you might almost be sure," said the peddler. "In fact, now I look into your face, even if I can't say you are sure to win, I can say that I never saw any thing look more like winning in my life."

"You'll anyhow have the same chance as the rest of us," said Sam.

"And the extra luck of being the last-comer," said another.

"And I was born wi' a caul, and perhaps can be no more ruined than drowned," Christian added, beginning to give way.

Ultimately Christian laid down his shilling, the raffle began, and the dice went round. When it came to Christian's turn he took the box with a trembling hand, shook it fearfully, and threw a pair-royal. Three of the others had thrown common low pairs, and all the rest mere points.

"The gentleman looked like winning, as I said," observed the chapman, blandly. "Take it, Sir: the article is yours."

"Haw! haw! haw!" said Fairway. "I'm d—— if this isn't the quarest start that ever I knowed!"

"Mine?" asked Christian, with a vacant stare from his target eyes. "I—I haven't got neither maid, wife, nor widder belonging to me at all, and I'm afeard 'twill make me laughed at to hae it, Master Traveller. What with being curious to join in, I never thought of that. What shall I do wi' a woman's clothes, and not lose my decency?"

"Keep it, to be sure," said Fairway, "if it is only for luck. Perhaps 'twill tempt some woman that thy poor carcass had no power over when standing empty-handed."

"Keep it certainly," said Wildeve, who had idly watched the scene from a distance.

The table was then cleared of the articles, and the men began to drink.

"Well to be sure!" said Christian, half to himself. "To think I should have been born so lucky as this, and not have found it out until now! What curious creatures these dice be—powerful rulers of us all, and yet at my command! I am sure I never need be afeard of any thing after this." He handled the dice fondly one by one. "Why, Sir," he said, in a confidential whisper to Wildeve, who was near his left hand, "if I could only use this power that's in me of multiplying money, I might do some good to a near relation of yours, seeing what I have got about me of hers—eh?" He tapped one of his money-laden boots upon the floor.

"What do you mean?" said Wildeve.

"That's a secret. Well, I must be going now." He looked anxiously toward Fairway.

"Where are you going?" Wildeve asked.

"To Mistover Knap. I have to see Mrs. Thomasin there—that's all."

"I am going there too, to fetch Mrs. Wildeve. We can walk together."

Wildeve became lost in thought, and a look of inward illumination came into his eyes. It was money for his wife that Mrs. Yeobright could not trust him with. "Yet she could trust this fellow," he said to himself. "Why, doesn't that which belongs to the wife belong to the husband too?"

He called to the pot-boy to bring him his hat, and said, "Now, Christian, I am ready."

"Mr. Wildeve," said Christian, timidly, as he turned to leave the room, "would you mind lending me them wonderful little things that carry my luck inside 'em, that I might practice a bit by myself, you know?" He looked wistfully at the dice and box lying on the mantel-piece.

"Certainly," said Wildeve, carelessly. "They were only cut out by some lad with his knife, and are worth nothing." And Christian went back and privately pocketed them.

Wildeve opened the door and looked out. The night was warm and cloudy. "By Gad! 'tis dark," he continued. "But I suppose we shall find our way."

"If we should lose the path it might be awkward," said Christian. "A lantern is the only weapon that will make it safe for us."

"Let's have a lantern by all means." The stable lantern was fetched and lighted. Christian took up his gown-piece, and the two set out to ascend the hill.

Within the room the men fell into chat, till their attention was for a moment drawn to the chimney-corner. This was large, and, in addition to its proper recess, contained within its jambs, like many on Egdon, a receding seat, so that a person might sit there absolutely unobserved, provided there was no fire to light him up, as was the case now and throughout the summer. From the niche a single object protruded into the light from the candles on the table. It was a clay pipe, and its color was crimson red. The men had been attracted to this object by a voice behind the pipe asking for a light.

"Upon my life it fairly startled me when you spoke," said Fairway, handing a candle. "Oh—'tis the reddleman. You've kept a quiet tongue, young man."

"Yes; I had nothing to say," observed Venn. In a few minutes he arose, and wished the company good-night.

Meanwhile Wildeve and Christian had plunged into the heath.

It was a stagnant, warm, and misty night, full of all the heavy perfumes of new vege-



tation not yet dried by hot suns, and among these particularly the scent of the fern. The lantern, dangling from Christian's hand, brushed the feathery fronds in passing by, disturbing moths and other winged insects, which flew out and alighted upon its horny panes.

"So you have money to carry to Mrs. Wildeve?" said Christian's companion, after a silence. "Don't you think it very odd that it shouldn't be given to me?"

"As man and wife be one flesh, 'twould have been all the same, I should think," said Christian. "But my strict documents was to give the money into Mrs. Wildeve's hand; and 'tis well to do things right."

"No doubt," said Wildeve. Any person who had known the circumstances might have perceived that Wildeve was mortified by the discovery that the matter in transit was money, and not, as he had supposed when at Blooms End, some fancy knickknack which only interested the two women themselves. Mrs. Yeobright's refusal implied that his honor was not considered to be of sufficiently good quality to make him a safe bearer of his wife's property.

"How very warm it is to-night, Christian!" he said, panting, when they were nearly under Blackbarrow. "Let us sit down for a few minutes, for Heaven's sake."

Wildeve flung himself down on the soft ferns, and Christian, placing the lantern on the ground, perched himself in a cramped position hard by, his knees almost touching his chin. He presently thrust one hand into his coat pocket, and began shaking it about.

"What are you rattling in there?" said Wildeve.

"Only the dice, Sir," said Christian, quickly withdrawing his hand. "What magical machines these little things be, Mr. Wildeve! 'Tis a game I should never get tired of. Would you mind my taking 'em out and looking at 'em for a minute to see how they are made? I didn't like to look close before the other men for fear they should think it bad manners in me." Christian took them out, and examined them in the hollow of his hand by the lantern light. "That these little things should carry such luck, and such charm, and such a spell, and such power in 'em, passes all I ever heard or seed," he went on, with a fascinated gaze at the dice, which, as is frequently the case in country places, were made of wood, the points being burned upon each face with the end of a wire.

"They are a great deal in a small compass, you think?"

"Yes. Do ye suppose they really be the devil's playthings, Mr. Wildeve? If so, 'tis no good sign that I be such a lucky man."

"You ought to win some money, now that you've got them. Any woman would marry

you then. Now is your time, Christian, and I would recommend you not to let it slip. Some men are born to luck, some are not. I belong to the latter class."

"Did you ever know any body who was born to it besides myself?"

"Oh yes. I once heard of an Italian who sat down at a gaming table with only a louis (that's a foreign sovereign) in his pocket. He played on for twenty-four hours, and won ten thousand pounds, stripping the bank he had played against. Then there was another man who had lost a thousand pounds, and went to the broker's next day to sell stock that he might pay the debt. The man to whom he owed the money went with him in a hackney-coach; and to pass the time they tossed who should pay the fare. The ruined man won, and the other was tempted to continue the game, and they played all the way. When the coachman stopped he was told to drive home again; the whole thousand pounds had been won back by the man who was going to sell."

"Ha! ha!—splendid!" exclaimed Christian. "Go on—go on!"

"Then there was a man named Rumbold, who was only a waiter at a club-house. He began playing first half-crown stakes, and then higher and higher, till he became very rich, got an appointment in India, and rose to be Governor of Madras. His daughter married a member of Parliament, and the Bishop of Carlisle stood godfather to one of the children."

"Wonderful! wonderful!"

"And once there was a young man in America who lost his last dollar. He went out, sold his watch and chain; came in, and lost them: went out and sold his umbrella; lost again: sold his hat; lost again: sold his coat, and came in in his shirt sleeves; lost again. Began taking off his boots, and then a looker-on gave him a trifle for his pluck. With this he won. Won back his coat, won back his hat, won back his umbrella, his watch, his money, and went out of the door a rich man."

"Oh, 'tis too good—it takes away my breath! Mr. Wildeve, I think I will try another shilling with you, as I am one of that sort; no danger can come o't, and you can afford to lose."

"Very well," said Wildeve, rising. Searching about with the lantern, he found a large flat stone, which he placed between himself and Christian, and sat down again. The lantern was opened to give more light, and its rays directed upon the stone. Christian put down a shilling, Wildeve another, and each threw. Christian won. They played for two. Christian won again.

"Let us try four," said Wildeve. They played for four. This time the stakes were won by Wildeve.



"Ah, those little accidents will, of course, sometimes happen to the luckiest man," he observed.

"And now I have no more money!" exclaimed Christian, excitedly. "And yet if I could go on, I should get it back again, and more. I wish this was mine." He struck his boot upon the ground, so that the guineas chinked within.

"What! you have not put Mrs. Wildeve's money there?"

"Yes. 'Tis for safety. Is it any harm to raffle with a married lady's money, when, if I win, I shall only keep my winnings, and give her her own all the same; and if t'other man wins, her money will go to the lawful owner?"

"None at all."

Wildeve had been brooding ever since they started on the mean estimation in which he was held by his wife's friends, and it cut his heart severely. As the minutes had passed, he had gradually drifted into a revengeful intention without knowing the precise moment of forming it. This was to teach Mrs. Yeobright a lesson, as he considered it to be; in other words, to show her, if he could, that her niece's husband was the proper guardian of her niece's property.

"Well, here goes!" said Christian, beginning to unlace one boot. "I shall dream of it nights and nights, I suppose, but I shall always swear my flesh don't crawl when I think o't."

He thrust his hand into the boot, and withdrew one of poor Thomasin's precious guineas, piping hot. Wildeve had already placed a sovereign on the stone. The game was then resumed. Wildeve won first, and Christian ventured another, winning himself this time. The game fluctuated, but the average was in Wildeve's favor. Both men became so absorbed in the game that they took no heed of any thing but the pigmy objects immediately beneath their eyes: the flat stone, the open lantern, the dice, and the few illuminated fern leaves which lay under the light were the whole world to them.

At length Christian lost rapidly; and presently, to his horror, the whole fifty guineas belonging to Thomasin had been handed over to his adversary.

"I don't care—I don't care!" he moaned, and desperately set about untying his left boot to get at the other fifty. "The devil will toss me into the flames on his three-pronged fork for this night's work, I know. But perhaps I shall win yet, and then I'll get a wife to sit up with me o' nights, and I won't be afeard, I won't! Here's another for 'ee, my man." He slapped another guinea down upon the stone, and the dice-box was rattled again.

Time passed on. Wildeve began to be as excited as Christian himself. When com-

mencing the game his intention had been nothing further than a bitter practical joke on Mrs. Yeobright. To win the money, fairly or otherwise, and to hand it contemptuously to Thomasin in her aunt's presence, had been the dim adumbration of his purpose. But men are drawn from their intentions, even in the course of carrying them out, and it was extremely doubtful, by the time the twentieth guinea had been reached, whether Wildeve was conscious of any other intention than that of winning for his own personal benefit. Moreover, he was now no longer gambling for his wife's money, but for Yeobright's: though of this fact Christian, in his apprehensiveness, did not inform him.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when, with almost a shriek, Christian placed Yeobright's last bright guinea upon the stone. In forty seconds it had gone the way of its companions.

Christian turned and flung himself on the ferns in an agony of remorse. "Oh, what shall I do with my wretched self?" he groaned. "What shall I do? Will any good Heaven have mercy upon my wicked soul?"

"Do? Live on just the same."

"I won't live on just the same. I'll die. I say you are a—a—"

"A man sharper than my neighbor."

"Yes, a man sharper than my neighbor; a regular sharper."

"Poor chips-in-porridge, you are very unmannerly."

"I don't know about that. And I say you are unmannerly, you are poor chips-in-porridge. Yes, that's what I say."

Christian then pulled on his boots, and with heavy breathings which could be heard to some distance, dragged his limbs together, arose, and tottered away out of sight. Wildeve set about shutting the lantern to return to the house, for he deemed it too late to go to Mistover to meet his wife, who was to be driven home in the captain's four-wheel. While he was closing the little horn door, a figure slowly rose from behind a neighboring bush, and came forward into the lantern light. It was the tall crimson form of the reddleman.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A NEW FORCE DISTURBS THE CURRENT OF THE GAME.

WILDEVE stared. Venn looked coolly toward Wildeve, and without a word being spoken, he deliberately sat himself down where Christian had been seated, thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a sovereign, and laid it on the stone.

"You have been watching us from behind that bush?" said Wildeve.

The reddleman nodded. "Down with your



stake," he said. "Or haven't you pluck enough to go on?"

Now gambling is a species of amusement which is much more easily begun with full pockets than left off with the same; and though Wildeve in a cooler temper might have prudently declined this invitation, the excitement of his recent success carried him completely away. He placed one of the guineas on the slab beside the reddleman's sovereign. "Mine is a guinea," he said.

"A guinea that's not your own," said Venn, sarcastically.

"It is my own," answered Wildeve, haughtily. "It is my wife's; and what is hers is mine."

"Very well; let's make a beginning." He shook the box, and threw eight, ten, and nine; the three casts amounting to twenty-seven.

This encouraged Wildeve. He took the box; and his three casts amounted to forty-five.

Down went another of the reddleman's sovereigns against his first one, which Wildeve laid. This time Wildeve threw fifty-one points, but no pair. The reddleman looked grim, threw a raffle of aces, and pocketed the stakes.

"Here you are again!" said Wildeve, contemptuously. "Double the stakes." He laid two of Thomasin's guineas, and the reddleman his two pounds. Venn won again; new stakes were laid on the stone, and the gamblers proceeded as before.

Wildeve was a nervous and excitable man; and the game was beginning to tell upon his temper. He writhed, fumed, shifted his seat; and the beating of his heart was almost audible. Venn sat with lips impassively closed and eyes reduced to a pair of unimportant twinkles; he scarcely appeared to breathe. He might have been an Arab, an automaton; he would have been like a red sandstone statue but for the motion of his arm with the dice-box.

The game fluctuated, now in favor of one, now in favor of the other, without any great advantage on the side of either. Nearly twenty minutes were passed thus. The light of the candle had by this time attracted heath-flies, moths, and other winged creatures of night, which floated round the lantern, flew into the flame, or beat about the faces of the two players. Then a rabbit, wonder-struck at the proceedings, would approach the edge of the hollow, and, with ears erect, fix its large timid eyes upon the scene, as if reasoning on what mankind and candle-light could possibly have to do in these haunts at this untoward hour; presently turning, stamping, and leaping away. Sometimes two or three rabbits would come and look on at the same time, and on hearing the rustle Wildeve would say, "What's that?" and lift

his eyes; when they instantly vanished behind the fern and heather.

But neither of the men paid much attention to these things, their eyes being concentrated upon the little flat stone, which to them was an arena vast and important as a battle-field. By this time a change had come over the game: the reddleman won continually. At length sixty guineas—Thomasin's fifty, and ten of Clym's—had passed into his hands. Wildeve was reckless, frantic, exasperated.

"Won back his coat," said Venn, slyly.

Another throw, and the money went the same way.

"Won back his hat," continued Venn.

"Oh, oh!" said Wildeve.

"Won back his watch, won back his money, and went out of the door a rich man," added Venn, sentence by sentence, as stake after stake passed over to him.

"Five more!" shouted Wildeve, dashing down the money. "And three casts be hanged—one shall decide."

The red automaton opposite lapsed into silence, nodded, and followed his example. Wildeve rattled the box, and threw a pair of sixes and five points. He clapped his hands: "I have done it this time—hurrah!"

"There are two playing, and only one has thrown," said the reddleman, quietly bringing down the box. The eyes of each were then so intently converged upon the stone that one could fancy their beams were visible, like rays in a fog.

Venn lifted the box, and, behold! a triplet of sixes was disclosed.

Wildeve was full of fury. While the reddleman was grasping the stakes Wildeve seized the dice, and hurled them, box and all, into the darkness, uttering a fearful imprecation. Then he arose, and began stamping up and down like a madman.

"Is it all over, then?" said Venn.

"No, no!" cried Wildeve. "I mean to have another chance yet. I must!"

"But, my good man, what have you done with the dice?"

"I threw them away. It was a momentary irritation. What a fool I am!" Here, come and help me to look for them—we must find them again." Wildeve snatched up the lantern, and began anxiously prowling among the furze and fern.

"You are not likely to find them there," said Venn, following. "What did you do such a crazy thing as that for? Here's the box. The dice can't be far off."

Wildeve turned the light eagerly upon the spot where Venn had found the box, and mauled the herbage right and left. In the course of a few minutes one of the dice was found. They searched on for some time, but no other was to be seen.

"Never mind," said Wildeve; "let's play with one."



"Agreed," said Venn.

Down they sat again, and recommenced with single guinea stakes; and the play went on smartly. But Fortune had unmistakably fallen in love with the reddleman to-night. He won steadily, till he was the owner of fourteen more of the gold pieces. Seventy-nine of the hundred guineas were now his, Wildeve possessing only twenty-one. The aspect of the two opponents was now singular. Apart from facial motions, a complete diorama of the fluctuations of the game went on in their eyes. A diminutive candle-flame was mirrored in each pupil, and it would have been possible to distinguish therein between the moods of hope and the moods of abandonment, even as regards the reddleman, though his facial muscles betrayed nothing at all. Wildeve played on with the recklessness of despair.

It was about this time that a large death's-head moth advanced from the obscure outer air, wheeled twice round the lantern, flew straight at the candle, and extinguished it by the force of the blow. Wildeve had just thrown, but had not lifted the box to see what he had cast; and now it was impossible.

"What the infernal!" he shrieked. "Now, now what shall we do? Perhaps I have thrown six. Have you any matches?"

"None," said Venn.

"Christian had some. I wonder where he is? Christian!"

But there was no reply to Wildeve's shout, save a mournful whining from the herons which were nesting lower down the vale. Both men looked blankly round without rising. As their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness they perceived faint greenish points of light among the grass and fern. These lights dotted the hill-side like stars of a low magnitude.

"Ah—glow-worms," said Wildeve. "Wait a minute. We can continue the game."

Venn sat still, and his companion went hither and thither till he had gathered thirteen glow-worms—as many as he could find in a space of four or five minutes—upon a dock leaf which he pulled for the purpose. The reddleman emitted a low, humorous laugh when he saw his adversary return with these. "Determined to go on, then?" he said, dryly.

"I always am in such cases," said Wildeve, angrily. And shaking the glow-worms from the leaf, he ranged them with a trembling hand in a circle on the stone, leaving a space in the middle for the descent of the dice-box, over which the thirteen tiny lamps threw a pale phosphorescent shine.

The game was again renewed. It happened to be that season of the year at which glow-worms put forth their greatest brilliancy, and the light they yielded was more than ample for the purpose, since it is pos-

sible on such nights to read the handwriting of a letter by the light of two or three. The incongruity between the men's deeds and their environment was striking. The soft, juicy vegetation of the hollow in which they sat, gently rustling in the warm air, the wild animals around, the uninhabited hills, the clink of guineas, the rattle of the dice, the exclamations of the players, combined to form such a bizarre exhibition of circumstances as had never before met on those hills since they first arose out of the deep.

Wildeve had lifted the box as soon as the lights were obtained, and the solitary die proclaimed that the game was still against him.

"I won't play any more: you've been tampering with the dice!"

"How—when they were your own?" said the reddleman.

"We'll change the game: the lowest point shall win the stake—it may cut off my ill luck. Do you refuse?"

"No—go on," said Venn.

Wildeve had now ten guineas left; and each laid five. Wildeve threw three points, Venn two, and raked in the coins. The other seized the die, and clinched his teeth upon it in sheer rage, as if he would bite it in pieces. "Never give in—here are my last five!" he cried, throwing them down. "Hang the glow-worms—they are going out! Why don't you burn, you little fools? Stir them up with a thorn."

He probed the glow-worms with a bit of stick, and rolled them over, till the bright side of their tails was upward.

"There's light enough. Throw on," said Venn.

Wildeve brought down the box within the shining circle, and looked eagerly. He had thrown ace. "Well done! I said it would turn, and it has turned." Venn said nothing, but his hand shook slightly.

He threw ace also.

"Oh!" said Wildeve. "Curse me!"

The die smacked the stone a second time. It was ace again. Venn looked gloomy, threw: the die was seen to be lying in two pieces, the cleft sides uppermost.

"I've thrown nothing at all," he said.

"Serves me right; it was I who cracked the die—I heard it. Here, take your money. Blank is less than one."

"I don't wish it."

"Take it, I say—you've won it!" And Wildeve threw the stakes against the reddleman's chest. Venn gathered them up, arose, and withdrew from the hollow, Wildeve sitting stupefied.

When he had come to himself he also arose, and, with the extinguished lantern in his hand, went toward the high-road. On reaching it he stood still. The silence of night pervaded the whole heath except in one direction, and that was toward Mistover.



There he could hear the noise of light wheels, and presently saw two carriage lamps descending the hill. Wildeve screened himself under a bush, and waited.

The vehicle came on and passed before him. It was a hired carriage, and behind the coachman were two persons whom he knew well. There sat Eustacia and Yeobright, the arm of the latter being round her waist. The course of their journey was toward the temporary home which Clym had hired and furnished, about five miles to the eastward.

Wildeve forgot the loss of the money at the sight of his lost love, whose preciousness in his eyes was increasing in geometrical progression with each new incident that reminded him of their hopeless division. Brimming with the subtilized misery that he was capable of feeling, he followed the opposite way toward the inn.

About the same moment that Wildeve stepped into the highway, Venn also had reached it at a point a hundred yards farther on, and he, hearing the same wheels, likewise waited till the carriage should come up. When he saw who sat therein, he seemed to be disappointed. Reflecting a minute or two, during which interval the carriage rolled on, he crossed the road, and took a short-cut through the furze and heath to a point where the turnpike-road bent round in ascending a hill. He was now again in front of the carriage, which presently came up at a walking pace. Venn stepped forward and showed himself.

Eustacia started when the lamp shone upon him, and Clym's arm was involuntarily withdrawn from her waist. He said, "What—Diggory? you are having a lonely walk."

"Yes; I beg your pardon for stopping you," said Venn. "But I am waiting here for Mrs. Wildeve: I have something to give her from Mrs. Yeobright. Can you tell me if she's gone home from the party yet?"

"No. But she will be leaving soon. You may possibly meet her at the corner."

Venn made a farewell obeisance, and walked back to his former position, where the by-road from Mistover joined the highway. Here he remained fixed for nearly half an hour, and then another pair of lights came down the hill. It was the old-fashioned wheeled nondescript belonging to the captain, and Thomasin sat in it alone, driven by Charley.

The reddleman came up as they slowly turned the corner. "I beg pardon for stopping you, Mrs. Wildeve," he said. "But I have something to give you privately from Mrs. Yeobright." He handed a small parcel; it consisted of the hundred guineas he had just won, roughly twisted up in a piece of paper.

Thomasin recovered from her surprise, and took the packet. "That's all, ma'am—

I wish you good-night," he said, and vanished from her view.

Thus Venn, in his anxiety to rectify matters, had placed in Thomasin's hands not only the fifty guineas which rightly belonged to her, but also the fifty intended for her cousin Clym. His mistake had been based upon Wildeve's words at the opening of the game, when he indignantly denied that the first guinea was not his own. It had not occurred to the reddleman that at half-way through the performance Thomasin's money was exhausted, the continuation being with that of another person; and it was an error which afterward helped to cause more misfortune than treble the loss in money value could have done.

The night was now somewhat advanced, and Venn plunged deeper into the heath, till he came to a ravine where his van was standing—a spot not more than two hundred yards from the site of the gambling bout. He entered this movable home of his, lit his lantern, and, before closing his door for the night, stood reflecting on the circumstances of the preceding hours. While he was standing thus, a form advanced haltingly from behind the van, and a trembling voice said:

"Mr. Venn, I seed the shape of your caravan in the dark, and I crept up to it, and waited till you came, to ask ye to be my champion in a great trouble. Oh, Mr. Venn, I am afeard to face Mrs. Yeobright again. What will be done to me for a wickedness without equal!"

"I hope it is a lesson you will never forget," said Venn, sternly. "But it is all right now. I saw it all. Go home, and tell Mrs. Yeobright to-morrow that the money is safe delivered. I took it from Mr. Wildeve, and gave it into the proper hands. Come, you need not be afraid—see there, the dawn is visible already."

He pointed as he spoke to the north quarter of the heavens, which, the clouds having cleared off, was bright with a soft sheen at this midsummer time, though it was only between one and two o'clock. Christian gasped his gratitude to Venn, fixed his eyes on the light sky as on a friend, and went his way. Venn, thoroughly weary, then closed his door and flung himself down to sleep.

## THE CLIFFS AT NEWPORT.

O NEWPORT! chosen sweetheart of the sea,  
Wooded by the waves at each returning tide:  
The strong rocks guard thee, lest thou daintily  
Shouldst, slipping 'twixt their crags, flee as his bride.

O waves! that beat upon a hopeless shore,  
That ask and call, and weeping, turn again:  
So shall you rise and fall for evermore,  
Nor even time shall bring you joy for pain.

Within the silent chamber of my heart  
It is as with the city and the sea;  
For Fate is strong, and holds me still apart  
From one who hopes, and trusting, waits for me.



## JENNY GRIDLEY'S CONCESSION.

JENNY GRIDLEY looked and listened, and one might almost say eavesdropped, with an interest which she did not think of restraining, nor hardly of hiding.

To be sure, the object of her attention was a man, and she had long since learned that young ladies must not be seen gazing at men with eyes of enthusiasm, especially if they are of marriageable age and attractive exterior.

But this man was something more than a man. He was a novelty, and a legitimate subject of curiosity and almost of awe; he was the very first "eminent author" who had ever come under her inspection. Without stopping to argue the matter at all, it seemed to her perfectly proper to watch a person whose books she had read, whose name she had seen scores of times in capital letters, and of whose distinguished presence at the Pier she had been informed by the newspapers. When a gentleman is public property to such an extent as that, what wonder that a country belle with a taste for light literature should feel free to take a seat in a parlor window, hide her eager face a little behind the stuffy crimson curtain, and so feed upon his sublime countenance and wondrous discourse?

Jenny did not envy the lady who was talking with the eminent author. She had seated herself on the inside of the window, with a feeling that she would not for any thing be on the outside of it and in that woman's thorny place. How very hard it must be to keep one's own end up in a dialogue where one's fellow is a genius, and can speak of nothing lower than the mistiest sublimities of thought and poesy! Having a New England girl's reverence for such altitudes, Jenny regarded people who belonged amid them with a kind of uneasy awe. Moreover, being something of a belle, and, what was much more, a Gridley, she did not fancy surroundings which made her conscious of personal inferiority.

"How little he would care to talk to *me*!" she said to herself; and the thought, instead of bowing her in willing humility, gave her a feeling akin to petulance. She was disposed to arise in her Gridleyhood and do some kind of battle.

"I wouldn't know him for any thing," thought this untamable young lady. "I couldn't bear to be joked at, and I'm not used to being patronized. I wonder if he would trouble himself to even patronize me? No, I don't wonder at all," she added, recalling the Gridley position in Windham County and the mints of Gridley money. "I won't wonder, and I won't care."

Meantime, without purpose, and almost unconsciously, she was listening to the conversation of the great novelist and lecturer.

To her surprise, and somewhat to her disappointment, he was not communing of literature. He was talking very much as inferior natures talk, and about just such subjects as interest people who have never corrected a proof-sheet. He was delighted with Narragansett Pier; he spoke with enthusiasm of the fun of surf-bathing; he told with boyish glee how he had been tumbled inshore by the rollers; he described with animation the rescue of a pretty young lady from a "hole" by a "dark and handsome" gentleman.

"It ought to have ended in an offer on the spot," he said. "I hoped to hear him say, 'My dear unknown, I love you to distraction.' But it appears that he was the wrong man in the right place. He has a wife already."

"Dear me!" thought Jenny, quite approving of these sentiments. "I'll get into a hole to-morrow, if *he* is only within reach of me."

The great man's pleasant, jolly, commonplace talk had quite dissipated her petulant suspicions as to his unapproachableness and his supposed scorn of her unliterary and unfamous self. She already began to feel sure that Mr. Ernest Massinger (to call him by one of his *noms de plume*) would be a most agreeable acquaintance, and might easily become a—well, a cherished friend.

"What a miserable failure of a romance!" said the lady in the veranda. "Why didn't you save the young person yourself, and have the thing turn out right? You shouldn't let such chances slip. You know you ought to get married."

Jenny so fully sympathized with these remarks, and especially perhaps with the final application, that she came near joining in the dialogue with a giggle.

"Only show me another pretty creature in a hole!" returned Massinger. "I'll drown the man who attempts to get ahead of me. And then, the lady once safe on the beach, we'll go straight to the altar in our bathing dresses. Will that be up to your notions of the correct thing, Mrs. Armstrong?"

"Oh, it's that showy, lofty New York woman!" thought Jenny, remembering a tall blonde lady whose beauty and style had already attracted her notice. "I hope she is a relative of his. They seem pretty intimate."

"You trifler!" Mrs. Armstrong was meanwhile saying. "I want you to talk seriously on this subject. It is high time that you solemnly attended to it. Do you mean to bachelorize your life out? Of course not. Then why don't you set to work at some one of these pretty girls here and make her happy? Now answer me seriously. I don't want any more levity."

"It isn't levity, Mrs. Armstrong; it's sheer desperation. I can't get married; I mustn't try. I haven't money enough."



Jenny drew back a little from the window, fearing lest she might soon hear overmuch even of the affairs of a notoriety. Meantime she thought of her own quarter of a million, and felt a solvent satisfaction in the possession of it—a true Gridley joy in abundant dollars and cents.

"What nonsense!" argued Mrs. Armstrong, with an earnestness which still made itself audible. "You don't want any money. The lady must furnish that. If you provide the fame and social position, your wife must contribute the filthy lucre. It is an even exchange, and every body would say so. Then you could take your time to write masterpieces, instead of being kept down, as you say, to mere ephemeralities because they sell."

"What a dream!" murmured Massinger, so light-mindedly that Jenny continued to listen. "What a sweet, sweet vision! Too sweet to be true. These heiresses—don't you know, my romantic friend?—these heiresses think ever so much of themselves. A girl with a hundred thousand holds that she has a right to demand youth, beauty, distinction—and two hundred thousand. Now I may be beautiful and distinguished, but I am thirty-five years old, and I have fifteen hundred a year. Please to show me the heiress who sets a monstrous value on a fame which is worth fifteen hundred a year."

"I think I could find one," affirmed Mrs. Armstrong. "Why, there's a lot of girls just come—four daughters of Cræsus, in brown bombazine, or something of that sort."

Jenny rose as suddenly as a regard to silence would permit, and slid away from the window with a face the color of a peony. Four daughters of Cræsus in brown bombazine, or something of that sort! She perfectly hated that insolent, flashy, overdressed New York woman, and would have been glad to see her swamped, with all her finery, by a Narragansett roller. Of course she heard no more of the conversation, and was infuriated that she had listened to it at all. Nor did she tarry in the parlor, although a local band of music had let loose its melodious clamor there, and some nice-looking minions of the world had commenced dancing. She hurried to her room, looked over all her dresses, selected one with many misgivings, and put it on. It was not satisfactory; they all seemed to her pitifully plebeian just now; but, at any rate, it was not brown, and it did not look like bombazine.

When she returned to the parlor she found her uncle and aunt, her four cousins, and three sisters all sitting in a row against the wall, as unobtrusive as so many figures in the paper, and gazing silently at the dancers. There were two solid millions of dollars to whom (or which) nobody spoke, and with whom nobody cared to caper. Meantime Mrs. Armstrong was the centre of a group

of sycophantic gentlemen, and Mr. Massinger was being stared at, or smiled at, or talked at, by a score of ladies. Jenny did not want to join herself to her own unnoticed flesh and blood, and had stern thoughts of going forth to pout in the seclusion of the veranda. However, her aunt grimly smiled her to a vacant chair, and so she sat herself down in the long battle front of Gridleys.

"What have you got off your pretty, quiet dress for?" solemnly whispered the dowager-general of the party.

"I hate it," said Jenny, remembering Mrs. Armstrong with indignation, and ready therefore to do battle with her aunt, so unreasonable are even the sweetest of us.

"Hate it!" stared Mrs. Tucker. (She was sister of Jenny's deceased father, and wife of the junior partner of the late Gridley and Tucker, the founders of the great Mohegan Mills Company.) "What do you mean, child? I'm sure it cost enough."

"I hate to see four of us dressed out of the same piece, as though we had bought it at wholesale. It looks so cheap!"

Mrs. Tucker crisped the thin lips of her wide mouth, and lifted her granite-colored eyes to the ceiling. There was a tendency to extravagance in Jenny which she often felt called upon to combat. But the girl was very sharp in an argument, and the dowager-general had found that she could usually do best by looking solemn, thus putting the thing, as it were, to Jenny's conscience.

"It gives us such an air of merchandise, too," added the young lady. "I've no doubt people often want to ask whether the four Misses Gridley are to be sold by the bale or by the yard."

There was something particularly wicked in that word "bale." All the younger members of the family but herself were a trifle too stout for perfect beauty.

"I am sure we ought not to speak lightly of merchandise," replied Mrs. Tucker, who saw, or thought she saw, that she must hold her peace no longer. "My dear good brother made all his property by manufacturing and selling merchandise."

Although Jenny's father had been taken from the world some six years previous, she felt that it was cruel thus to hurl his memory at her head, merely to silence her; but, being a girl of good heart, healthy temper, and sound principles, she suppressed her indignation, and tried to compose herself by a long imposition of silence. While she is in this quiescent state, doing nothing and saying nothing to push on our story, let us take a glance at the Gridleys as a race.

They were manufacturing people, able and successful in business, unimpeachable in character and works, excellent specimens of the old New England type. To Jenny and her three sisters the late Amos Gridley



had bequeathed a million of dollars, and his lamented wife had bequeathed the results of perhaps as many prayers and counsels. They would have been glad to have inherited a little more beauty, as, for instance, a little less breadth of cheek-bone and a little less squareness of figure. As it was, the only one of them whom people ever called pretty was the youngest, our heroine. For this reason, and also through sisterly affection, the three elders had come to speak of Jenny as a beauty, while she herself had learned in a manner to accept the character, although somewhat painfully aware that her brownish hair was of no particular color, and that her features were by no means classic enough to make her photograph salable. As for taste, style, and the other qualities which go to constitute a leader in fine society, we have heard how slightly her costume could be spoken of, and we must admit that in general she had much to learn.

Rustic as metropolitans and cosmopolitans might think these girls, they had a solid self-respect, and even a consciousness of patricianism. They thought something of themselves personally, and a very great deal of the Gridleys as a family, and not a little of the Gridley money. Why should they not hold their name in esteem? As far back as the oldest living representative of the breed could remember, it had always had a superior sort of house over its untarnished head, and the owner of that house had been called "Square Gridley." Of course they did not pretend to be Simon Pure aristocrats; they frankly admitted (if you pressed them a little) that they were not certainly of noble descent; nor did they consider themselves on a par with historic *gentes*, such as Pinckneys, Monroes, Jays, and Adamses.

But then, don't you see? they were Gridleys. There was an immense substructure and upbuilding of pride in the mere repetition of that statement. The oftener they said it over to each other, the more it seemed to amount to. It gave a dignity to their commonest ways, and a temple-like sanctity to their old-fashioned brick house, and an almost sacramental character to the favorite family dishes. They became accustomed, with only a slight subconsciousness of fiction, to speaking of Gridley things as the finest things known. Gridley bread was better than other people's bread, aside from the fact of its being more abundantly buttered. There was even a spring of Gridley water which was sweeter than all other terrestrial fountains. As for Gridley fashions of feeling, opinion, and statement, they possessed a solid, unpretending superiority which could be doubted by no one—that is, if he were gifted with the Gridley power of investigation and judgment.

Now these notions—these clan supersti-

tions—were partly the result of family affection, and partly of pride of purse. All the Gridleys, the young people as well as the elders, had a grain too much of veneration for their worldly possessions. They all believed, for instance, that every marriageable man who came near them wanted to espouse one of the girls, and wanted it mainly in order to secure a slice of the Gridley million. They believed, also, that this same million, combined with the kindred Tucker million, so finished off their natural worthiness as to make them fit for any society in the country. Nor did they frequent sufficiently those regions of the earth which knew not their greatness to shake these comfortable credences. Once a year they went to New York to shop, and once a year they visited the sea-side to bathe. In both these resorts they got small attention and reverence, but they kept self-respect fully and shyly to themselves, talked their own well-descended Gridley talk, and so preserved undiluted their Gridley notions.

Meantime all the girls held on to the ancient name which they prized so highly. It was two or three years since the youngest had come out, and still no break occurred in this harmonious quartette of virginity. There was even no breach of promise; there was even no engagement. Had there been no offers? Well, the girls all smiled when the subject was alluded to, as though it were not a sore one with them, whatever it might be to certain gentlemen. And, in the opinion of this writer, offers there probably were. Jenny was undeniably pretty, and her sisters were from fair to middling, and all of them were as good as gold. Besides, just think of the quarter of a million apiece, all safely invested!

I know, I concede, that most young Americans proudly expect to make their own fortunes, and sincerely dislike the idea of marrying for money, if they do not even scorn it. But there is a class of maturer lords of creation who have learned by experience that the earning of dross is not easy, and who are willing to have it conferred upon them by an adoring heart. And there are mothers in Israel, also, who believe that every fortune in their Canaan should be devoted to the service of the Temple, and who are always putting up their favorite Levite to make himself the humble instrument of such a pious transfer of stock.

But while I personally believe that these girls had had their share of both light and heavy courting, there was a public opinion forming to the effect that they were all cut out to be old maids. Very possibly; nothing is more likely to remain unmarried than a family group of heiresses; but we shall see.

They passed their first evening at the Narragansett House in the usual merry manner of wall-flowers. They clung, so to speak, to



their trellis, blooming undisturbed among all those frolicking butterflies of fashion, and merely sending forth an occasional rustle and whisper of Gridleyism. The heavy-weight boating lads from Yale did not plead with them to dance; and Mr. Massinger, the author, did not trouble them with his conversational gifts. Even the ladies present respected their obvious love of seclusion, and left them to enjoy themselves in their own interconvertible fashion.

They liked it, they all said, when they reached their family parlor; they had enjoyed the evening uncommonly and amazingly.

"So much better than if we had been obliged to frisk about that hot parlor!" said Dorothy, the eldest sister, and the heaviest.

"We have had a good old-fashioned Gridley evening in the midst of Vanity Fair," observed Mrs. Tucker, with a smile, which was meant to soften somewhat the gravity of the remark.

"Why not say a Gridley-and-Tucker evening, or a Mohegan-Mills evening?" scoffed the rebellious or frivolous Jenny.

"A feller told me that the band was hired by subscription among the boarders," put in Johnny Tucker, the only male of the family youth. "Father, ain't you going to give something?"

"We are not bound, John," replied his mother, promptly. "We were not consulted in the matter."

"My dear," said Mr. Tucker—a small, light-built, pink-faced man with white whiskers—"we were not consulted when several things were established, to which we nevertheless subscribe our share. Moreover, I think that, when it is known who we are, something will be expected of us."

"Well, perhaps so, my dear," conceded Mrs. Tucker, flattered, and of course convinced, by this last argument. "When it is known who we are, they may expect us to pay the whole. I suppose, however, we ought to put down something: say five dollars for the party."

"Fifty cents a head," commented Jenny. "I shall give five dollars myself, just for the fun of the thing."

Mrs. Tucker, naturally pained by the idea of paying out money in mere levity, immediately appealed to her niece's conscience by turning up her solemn eyes to the ceiling.

"And I mean to know somebody to-morrow," added the insubordinate Jenny. "I am thoroughly tired of seeing the whole row of us sticking up against the wall, like so many barnacles grown to the old Pier."

"So I say," echoed the boy John, looking to his father for approbation, and getting it in the form of an absent-minded smile. "I want to see the girls cut a swell. Why can't they talk an' dance like other folks?"

"Well, perhaps we ought to make a concession," admitted his mother, who was more moved by her son's opinion than by all the remainder judgment of the family, including the descended wisdom of her forefathers.

"Make a concession?" said Johnny. "We ought to make a rumpus."

Then all the Gridleys and Tuckers had a good old-fashioned Gridley laugh, and went cheerfully to their tranquil dreams concerning departed Gridleys.

By the time Jenny had rubbed her eyes open in the morning she had fully remembered that she was that day to set about knowing somebody. But how to do it was a serious question. There was such an atmosphere of respectable seclusion about the family, that few but gross and stupid and vulgar persons ever tried to break into it. Here, for instance, nobody had spoken to her but the wife of a tobacconist, who was too pushing and insensitive to care whether she were welcome or not.

"Is it the ghosts of the old Gridleys who keep people off?" thought Jenny. "Or are we so much finer than other fine folks that they are afraid of us? I am sure we are not finer than Mrs. Armstrong and Mr. Massinger, who are popular with every body, and seem to speak to every body. It is all because we are poky and stuffy and stuck up and uninterested and uninteresting. Nobody wants to know us. I won't stand it any longer. I'll give up my Gridleyhood. I'll know every body."

Dashing out ahead of her deliberate sisters, she went down to the breakfast-room with her one male cousin, the pride and hope of the Tuckers.

"Johnny, we must make a concession to-day," she giggled in his ear, meanwhile slapping the back of his jacket pettingly.

"Yes, and a wumpus!" laughed Johnny.

"Look here—I want to know somebody—I want to know that author," she confessed, blushing to avow the desire even to her youngster cousin.

"Oh, Mr. Massinger," said Johnny. "So do I. I mean to go for him and tell him I've read his stories. I'll tell you how *you* can work it. When we go in to-day you keep near him, an' get him to help you. If a feller ever gets familiarly acquainted with a girl, I tell you it's holding on to her in the rollers."

"Yes, I dare say," returned Jenny, coloring over the information. "But I can't wade up to him and ask him to duck me. Isn't there some other way? Can't you make his acquaintance and introduce me?"

"I don't know how to introduce," avowed Johnny. "I never introduced two people in my life."

"Why, you big goosey! It's perfectly easy. All you have to do is—I'll be stand-



ing there by accident, you know—and you—oh, don't wink; I hate it. I'll be standing there by accident—you must never tell that it was all arranged between us—and after you've talked with him a minute or two about his books, you'll turn to me and say, 'Let me introduce my cousin Miss Gridley.' That's all. Just nothing more than that."

"How's that?" asked Johnny. "Say it over again. Let's get it by heart."

Jenny repeated the lesson, and then Johnny stammered through it several times, until he seemed to have it at his tongue's end.

"But, by George! I hate it," he commented. "I hate to talk chicken fixin's."

"Johnny, we must all make a concession," laughed Jenny, to which he responded in a roar, "Yes, and a wumpus!"

The introduction occurred much sooner than our heroine anticipated. By a happy accident Mr. Massinger had a seat at the same table which had been allotted to the four Misses Gridley; and there he sat, quiet and pensive and handsome, when the head waiter conducted her to her place. Conscience as she was of a shameless conspiracy against his isolation, no wonder that her heart thumped as if it would burst through her muslins and run away.

Johnny affably said "Good-morning," ordered seven different dishes for his own consumption, and then offered Massinger his copy of the *Sporting Times*. The celebrity was a thorough gentleman. He declined the great weekly, but he declined with thanks and a smile; and then he said a few words to the little man about bathing and other sea-side topics. Jenny was in an agony of confusion and anxiety, blushing from her Gridley neck to her Gridley forehead. She felt that her cousin was making his "concession" with far too much haste and energy. She pinched him by way of warning.

"I'm a-coming to it as fast as I can," thought Johnny, and immediately asked, "Ain't you the author of *The Final Filibuster*?"

"I am," confessed Massinger, smiling, and also coloring. "I am ashamed to say that I am."

"I don't see why," opined the genial critic. "It's a first-rate thing. You wrote it for your first book, didn't you? I think it's the best. I've read it four times, an' I've read all your stories, an' we've all read 'em."

Jenny gave him another pinch—a pinch of deprecation and beseeching—a pinch of despair.

"Now's the time," inferred the youthful master of ceremonies, and instantly bolted out: "I wish you'd let me introduce my cousin—my cousin Miss Gridley," he added, scarcely able in his excitement to recollect the name; "and there are three more of

them," he concluded, bursting into a boy's laugh.

Both the others laughed. How could they help it? But Jenny's merriment was akin to hysteria, or rather to stark madness. There never was a Gridley more confounded since the first Gridley was turned out of Eden with Father Adam. She felt much as a person may who is suddenly pitched from a considerable altitude into several fathoms of water. When she came to the surface she was saying something in an indistinct voice, broken by a spasmodic giggle. Positively she was so shattered in mind by the catastrophe, and by the consciousness that she was discoursing to an "eminent author," that she could not talk rationally. She simply repeated Massinger's words after him, like a little child imitating the phrases of its elders.

In time, of course, her reason returned to her, and she was able to do herself some justice. The eminent man—as sweet-mannered as he was eminent—set her so quickly at her ease! He did not dazzle her; he did not cornuscate at all; he did not seem to think of it. He talked about the bathing, the landscapes and seascapes, the promenades and promenaders, just like other people—just like a lady. Moreover, he made the dialogue mercifully short by very soon rising and saying, in a gentle, friendly—curiously friendly—tone: "Excuse me. I am going to fish. I hope to see you both at tea. Good-morning."

"Ain't he tip-top?" demanded Johnny, looking after the fine receding figure. Next, turning to his cousin, "Didn't I do it right?"

Jenny, still reeling from her adventure, drew a long breath of relief, hesitated a moment, and then said, firmly, "Yes, Johnny, you did it perfectly."

I call that a noble speech, and beyond the powers of most people. He had almost killed her on the spot, and yet, instead of telling him of his awkwardness, she praised him. It shows—and I say it in all sincerity, wishing to hear no argument—it shows what a sensible, good heart the girl had at the bottom of her Gridleyfied nature.

Well, the acquaintance was made, and it endured. When Massinger met his two young breakfast companions at the tea table, he saluted them precisely as if they were old and valued friends, and began at once to tell them all about his fishing adventures, making out such a droll story that Johnny shook the room with laughter, while Jenny quite forgot the awkwardness of the morning. If she had thought of his manners at all, she would have called him a perfect gentleman. But really he seemed to have no manners—that is, he had nothing which you would call deportment. He was so entirely simple, limpid, fluent, and cordial that you were aware of nothing but the



man himself, and the pleasure of being with him. His courtesy was as unobtrusive, imperceptible, and transparent as a pure atmosphere or a perfect style.

Before the evening was over, Jenny felt as if she were an old friend of Mr. Massinger's. She wished him well, and with all her heart. She looked up to him and asked his advice. She trusted him, and made small confidences to him, and put forward claims for sympathy. If he had been an esteemed relative, just returned from a long absence, she would hardly have told him more of the family ways and of her own unromantic fortunes. With his easy, cordial fashions, and his readiness to hear all about even the dullest of his fellow-creatures, he was a more fascinating and bewildering being than Mr. Flatterer himself. It is my belief that Parley the Porter would have shown him all over the castle within twenty minutes.

The other Gridleys were less pleased, and for several good reasons. In the first place, they had less of him than Jenny, for, of course, he could not talk with all alike. In the second place, there was a dreadful family jealousy (something like the dragon of the Hesperides), as there is in most breeds which have a strong clan feeling. No Gridley could ever fancy an outsider without awakening a kind of loving wrath in all other Gridleys. No stranger could ever enter that fold of peculiar sheep without being looked upon as a goat, who should be butted out again. Accordingly, although Massinger was presented to all the Gridleys and Tuckers, and although he did his pleasant best to be gracious to the entire race, yet, when they saw how Jenny was bewitched by him, even the girls discerned his imperfections.

As for Aunt Tucker—one of the old stock, remember, and accustomed for many years to guard the family fold—she was nothing less than a roused watch-dog. It seemed at times as though she would bowwow and paw the air and break her chain.

"I think Jenny is talking altogether too much to that stranger," she murmured to her husband. "A complete stranger."

"We know perfectly well who he is," responded pink Mr. Tucker, from behind his white whiskers. "Every body knows who he is and what he is."

Mr. Tucker had a fair-minded way of admitting and stating facts which was sometimes very perplexing and vexing to his well-meaning but strenuous wife.

"A novelist!" she snapped, changing her statement. "I should think a man of his age could find something better to do than writing novels."

"It is a paying business, I understand," pleaded Tucker, showing that he had been shamefully misinformed on the subject. "I

suppose the man has a right to make a living, so long as he does no harm."

Mrs. Tucker would have attacked the morality of novels, only that she had been known to read them freely herself.

"I should like to go to bed," she declared; "only I can't leave Jenny alone in such a mixed company."

"My dear, I'll sit up for her," volunteered the husband.

His wife gave him such a glance of impatience and indignation that I hope she repented of it before she said her prayers. Surely, too, a gentleman who had piled up his million by honest business talents deserved more respect from a born Gridley, even though he were her husband.

It must not be supposed, all this while, that Massinger spent his whole evening with Jenny. He talked with her, and slipped away to other people, and then rejoined her for a quarter of an hour, several times over. How the time flew by her, even during his absences! She liked to watch him winning others as well as to hear him speaking to herself. And how tired she was, tired in body and in spirit, when the hour for bed came! She had thought and felt and lived so much and so energetically in so little time that she was dead weary.

In the morning, and before she was up, too, Massinger was off fishing again. It seemed to her as if a friend of twenty years' standing had failed to be of her party. Why should gentlemen fish? Byron was right in setting down fishing as "a solitary vice." It ought to be frowned upon by society, like smoking and other habits tending to isolation; and especially should this be done in the case of men whose conversation was agreeable and improving. What propriety was there in an author abandoning fellow-creatures who liked him, to pass his time among marine monsters who held him in abhorrence? It appeared to indicate a perverse preference for dispensing annoyance rather than pleasure.

Jenny felt free enough with her new friend to say things of this sort to him when he came in to the tea table. He laughed, and looked quite gratified, and also a little surprised at her brightness. The result was that during the evening she enjoyed several of those pleasant quarters of an hour which he knew how to accord to all ages and conditions.

To make a long story short, this sort of thing went on for a week. Massinger's precious time was pretty evenly divided between sea-bass, and his old friend Mrs. Armstrong, and his new friend Miss Jenny. There began to be Gridley family councils about it. Jenny's sisters were afraid that the business would end in a marriage, and that such a marriage was sure not to be a happy one. "So different a person from



us!" was the profound judgment of the three large-waisted, grave-minded sisters.

"Certainly," coincided Aunt Tucker, with a motion of the head which was equivalent to bucking Massinger out of the Gridley fold. "Our family has always preferred business people with some visible means of support. I do wish, Mr. Tucker, that you would inquire into this man's means."

"I'm afraid, my dear, that there's no *Financial Register* for novelists," said Tucker. "I don't believe that any body has taken the trouble to rate them."

"I suppose not," retorted Mrs. T., triumphantly. "Probably there is very little to rate."

"You see, an able man generally gets what he works for," proceeded the successful manufacturer, meanwhile fingering his corpulent pocket-book. "Now this man works for fame, I take it; and that he has got."

"It would be a shame for Jenny to put up with a perfectly penniless person," affirmed the lady, as if the charge of impecuniosity had been fully proved against Massinger. "A fortune like hers—a quarter of a million in registered bonds—has a right to mate with a fortune. I don't, of course, insist upon an equal fortune; there are very few such in the country; but there should be *something*."

"But ain't it a little too early to be worrying about this matter? I don't see that Jenny is hotly interested. She seems to me to be fond of the man's conversation rather than of himself."

"One never knows;" and Mrs. Tucker shook her head. "A love affair, once quietly started, goes like a—like a—"

"Like a dam breaking away," put in the mill-owner, furnishing a simile out of his own experience.

"Yes; and we ought to leave here," declared his wife, thoroughly roused by the power of the figure.

But this decision was met by a roar of disapprobation and grief from Johnny Tucker, who just at that moment entered the family parlor with an armful of fishing tackle.

"I don't want to go," thundered the twelve-year-old heir-apparent. "I never had such a bully time in my life. Mr. Massinger takes me on all his fishing trips. We caught more'n twenty sea-bass yesterday. Then I'm just learning to swim on my back an' under water. He's a-teaching me. If we go away, perhaps I'll never see him again."

And Johnny's powerful voice trembled with emotion. Mrs. Tucker was completely overthrown, horse, foot, dragoons, and artillery. That great and stern Gridley soul could not stand up a minute against a cry of woe from its youngest child and only boy. In one charge the battle was over,

and the defeated party remained captive on the field, and the family might now stay on at Narragansett Pier.

Every body was content with the result, not excepting the routed lady. Even the adult Gridleys and Tuckers had never before had such a "bully time." Owing to the fact that they were petted by Massinger, who was courted by every body and talked with every body, they also knew every body, and were on good terms with every body. They passed sixteen hours a day in the jolliest gossiping, sauntering, bathing, card-playing, and dancing. The girls were sought after by spindling well-dressed young gentlemen as they had never been sought after before. Mr. Tucker had got into a happy gang of able whist-players, every one of whom but himself was a judge of County Court. Mrs. Tucker had pleasantly detailed the Gridley genealogy and relationships to at least twenty ladies, and received from them much interesting information concerning their own ancestors and connections by marriage. Had it not been for that fear lest one of her rich nieces might mate with a poor man, her sun of enjoyment would have been without a spot.

Meanwhile, as she had decided to permit a further continuance at the Pier, she felt it to be her privilege as well as her duty to "say something" to Jenny. To the dialogue which ensued thereupon let us gladly listen, for we also want to learn the young lady's sentiments and purposes.

"Marry him?" said Jenny, when that solemn possibility was at last forced upon her consideration; "I don't think of marrying him. Why, he is fourteen years older than I am. I am only twenty-one, and he is thirty-five. He told me his age yesterday. What perfect nonsense to talk of a marriage! I think it very likely he told me all that to put me quite at my ease. He is just as good and considerate as he can be. I think of him as an elder brother, or as a—as a young uncle," she laughed. "We never talk about love. He doesn't flirt a bit. We don't think of such a thing, either of us. There, now, aunt; you have no right to know, don't you see? but I have told you just the whole of it—the whole honest, insignificant truth. Of course I like him. I like him immensely. Who doesn't? The whole parlorful of people lights up when he comes in. Do you suppose they all want to marry him?—all the girls and the old ladies and the young men and the boys? What a grand ceremony it would be!"

"I am so relieved!" sighed Aunt Tucker. "I am so glad to find you so sensible! In marriage—a business for life, you know—there should really be some similarity of fortune, or there will soon be contempt on one side and humiliation on the other. Now for one of you girls such a match as young



Mather of the Higganum Mills would be altogether suitable."

"Oh, do st-o-p!" begged Jenny. "I hate young Mather of the Higganum Mills. Keep him and fat him for one of your own daughters. I hate this whole subject of marriage," she went on, her eyes suddenly brightening, perhaps with indignation, perhaps with tears. "I never think of it. I like to pass my time, without one thought of it, in talking to Mr. Massinger—talking of people, characters, and poetry, never talking of ourselves. I am having a beautiful time—what Johnny calls a 'bully time.' But by-and-by it will end, and the four Misses Gridley will go quietly home, and grow up into contented, snappish old maidenhood. So do set your mind at ease about marrying and giving in marriage."

Well, if we have not penetrated the interior arcana of the case, we have no doubt got at what Jenny supposed to be the facts. She had so much Gridley courage and honesty that if she would speak at all of a subject which was her own, she spoke, as law papers phrase it, to the best of her knowledge and belief.

Meantime what were Massinger's inclinations and intentions with regard to the young lady?

"I haven't any," he replied, when Mrs. Armstrong teasingly catechised him. "Honestly, I can't find any thing in my soul which is serious enough to call an intention."

Mrs. Armstrong, now thirty years of age, had been for six years the zealous friend of her husband's friend. She deplored his occasional disappointments, rejoiced in his occasional successes, and longed for him to triumph completely over a stubborn world.

"I wish you had money," she said. "It is so comforting," she added, with a glance at her new set of laces. "I hate to see you producing masterpieces at the rate of fifteen hundred dollars a year. I hate to see you go about mourning because you can't get out a library edition of your books. Our select few—our critical circle of readers in America—is too small to give you what you should get. Now, if the world won't pay you in your way, let it pay you in its own way. Let it furnish you with a rich wife. The bargain is fair—fame against fortune; there is no cheating about it."

"Well, I don't object, as I told you before. If the wealthy young person can be found who will love me, and whom I can love, I don't mind striking the bargain. But, as every man says in such dialogues, where is she?"

"Jenny Gridley! Why not? She is pretty enough, and she is very bright. I agree to her completely. Don't you?"

"Oh, *she* is good enough—too good! It would be a horrid shame. A poor man of thirty-five mustn't take in a rich girl of

twenty-one. It would be a slaughter of the innocents. People would call me King Herod."

"It would be no shame at all. You are fine enough for any body."

"I tell you I mustn't and won't think of it."

"Then you had better let her alone," said Mrs. Armstrong, spitting her linen slipper against the floor with pretty vexation. "You are magnetizing her."

"Nonsense! I told her yesterday how old I was, and how poor. She doesn't think of me as an admirer."

"Oh, you humbug—or dunce! You won her confidence and admiration all the more. She was pretty well bewitched with you already, and that nobility of yours will finish her. Perhaps she doesn't know it; perhaps she still deludes herself. But no girl of twenty-one can fool *me*. If you should talk downright love to her for ten minutes, she would be ready to marry you in the surf."

"I don't believe it. Still, if there is any chance of this, I *must* let her alone. I am sorry for it. It will hurt her kindly feelings. But I must begin to keep by myself. Shall I go away?"

"I will tell you something better," said Mrs. Armstrong, with a cunning smile. "Your old friend Miss Upton is due this afternoon. You can devote yourself entirely to her. She is seasoned, and won't catch any hurt."

What are we to think when Jenny Gridley, who ought to have known her own mind, and Mrs. Armstrong, who ought to have been a good judge of love matters, disagree so diametrically? It is obvious that to learn all about this history we shall have to wait for the end of it.

With evening arrived Miss Upton and her father, the latter a distinguished lawyer of immense income and equally immense expenses, the former a queenly, black-eyed brunette, twenty-eight years old, but still in the bloom of her beauty.

"Victorine," said Mrs. Armstrong, catching her friend aside at the earliest possible moment, "I want you to accept all Mr. Massinger's attentions for a day or two."

"Of course I will," laughed Victorine. "Did you ever know me to refuse any body's? But what is this for?"

"He has got a little entangled with a country belle, and he wants to disentangle."

"Yes, but that won't do it," stared Victorine. "What game are you up to now? There's nothing above-ground so tricky as a married woman. You pass so much time in outwitting your husbands that you learn to beat us girls out of sight."

Mrs. Armstrong faintly smiled at the phrase "us girls," and proceeded with her conspiracy.

"Of course I don't mean to cook up a match between you and Mr. Massinger; you



can't afford each other. I just want to set him free for a day or two, so that he can think over his situation."

"Some hours of solemn meditation about the other girl in my company," said Victorine. "Very good; he shall have them. Which is the young lady?"

"The one in the pink tarlatan."

Miss Upton gave one glance at her rival, saw every thing that she had on, and smiled superior.

And now came lonesome, meditative, serious times for Jenny Gridley. Her elder brother by adoption was devoted to another sister, who, as she plainly saw, was twice as handsome as herself and ten times as stylish. Mr. Massinger, when he met her, still talked with that gentleness and cordiality which made him so fascinating to all; but then he changed his seat to the Upton-Armstrong table, and with Miss Upton he spent nearly all his leisure hours. They communed indefatigably; they took long walks together; they bathed in the same interlacing billow; they drove in the same phaeton. Jenny tried to bear it sensibly, but she could not help feeling deserted. It was quite a torment when people said to her, "What has become of your friend Mr. Massinger?"

"He likes old acquaintance best, I suppose," she answered, with dignity. "Miss Upton appears to be a very charming person."

And then, with a despondent, hopeless admiration, she glances at the perfect toilet of the city belle.

"I say, why ain't Massinger around as he used to be?" complained Johnny Tucker, who had been very proud of his cousin's intimacy with the agreeable notoriety.

"He *is* around Miss Upton," Jenny tried to joke. "I think he is enjoying himself. Why don't you talk to him, Johnny?"

"*She's* always there, an' looks like she wished I wasn't. What do you let her have it all her own way for? Why don't you cut her out?"

"I don't want to cut her out," replied our contented heroine, stung almost to tears.

"I am so glad, Jenny!" said Aunt Tucker, a little annoyed to see a Gridley eclipsed, but trying to put a triumphant face upon the matter—"I am so glad that you have got rid of that man! You show your Gridley sense."

"To tell you the truth, I haven't tried to get rid of him," replied the honest girl. "I am sorry to lose so much of his intelligent and pleasant company. I am simply giving up an eminent man to people whom he knows better and likes better."

"I wonder if he is engaged to that—that Queen of Sheba?" queried Mrs. Tucker, hoping it might be so.

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Jenny.

Then, blushing deeply over her outburst, she added, "So I have heard, at least."

"If he isn't, he will be," said Aunt Tucker, determined that her niece should not indulge a false hope, and so be led to a harmful perseverance. "When a clever woman has once determined to please a man, she generally brings it about."

This commonplace, and I suppose but imperfectly true, remark struck Jenny with the force of a revelation, and also with a kind of hortatory puissance. Heart and mind too full for further mere talk, she walked away by herself to ponder and struggle, and, oh! if possible, to decide.

"I must make a concession," was the decision. Then she suddenly laughed at the old Gridley phrase—laughed at it with a revolt of contempt and anger. She had developed rapidly within the last week or two; she had outgrown and sloughed off much of her Gridleyism.

"I will not keep away from him any longer," was her next statement of the matter. "I have made him think, perhaps, that I don't care for him, or don't like him. I will speak, and try my best to be—to be agreeable to him, and let what will happen."

Oh, my dear critical ladies, there were plenty of arguments to support her in this project, and to make it seem not only right, but a duty. Was he not poor, and she very rich? He was no doubt one of those most noble men (whose existence she had been taught to question) who are sensitive about paying civilities to heiresses. He had probably guessed that she, from the height of her quarter of a million, looked down scornfully upon his avowed poverty. Indigence he could bear, but contempt he could not bear. How superb it was of him, and what a fascinating pathos it gave him! She must dispel those delusions; she must show him that her wealth did not make her haughty; she must set herself right in his eyes. You see that she had not quite got rid of her Gridleyism, and of the conceit that cobwebs most heiress noddles. But yet—at the bottom of some nonsense—there was a fairly sensible head, and there was a good, sweet heart.

Mysteriously—unintentionally, of course—she had got herself into the moon-lit veranda while making these reflections. To her great joy, if there can be great joy in frightful heart-beating, she discovered Mr. Massinger walking there, for once without Miss Upton. He recognized her, and bade her a good-evening, but did not approach her. She wanted to go to him, and something passed through her mind about "making a concession," but still she stood palpitating in her place. Before she could stir a foot she had to hearten herself by repeating her aunt's phrase, "When a clever woman



has determined to please a man, she generally brings it about."

Then, trembling to a degree which a week before would not have seemed possible to her, she walked quickly up to Massinger and put a rose-bud into his button-hole. She did not speak while she made this mighty—concession; she positively had not voice enough to utter a syllable. He bent upon her a glance of gentle surprise and a smile of pleasure.

"Thank you, Miss Gridley," he said, conscious meanwhile that he ought not to throw so much fervor into his tone. "How came you to guess that I wanted that very rose-bud?"

"I merely hoped it," she had the audacious strength to say. "I am glad to know that you did want it."

They had never before been so near each other. In a single panting minute they had crossed, as it were, a great dividing desert, and come face to face. The forced separation of a few days, one understands, had made a moment's nearness seem a soul-stirring familiarity, as well as an immense privilege.

"I saw it in your hand, and I wished that you would give it to me," the overtempted man of delicacy went on to say. "Come, take my arm, and let us have a walk. We haven't promenaded together for a year."

Oh, the gladness of believing that it appeared a long time to him, as well as to herself! She took his arm with such a sense of hilarity, such a bubbling of glee from a relieved heart, that it was like skipping girlhood come again. For an hour they walked up and down the long gallery, prattling and laughing as if they were but happy children.

Miss Upton came out, discovered them with a start, glided back into the parlor, stooped over Mrs. Armstrong, and whispered, "You horrid trickster! You merely used me to bring the lovers to an understanding."

Mrs. Armstrong rustled to the window, peeped through a fold of the curtain, giggled with delight, slid away to the piano, and played the "Carnival of Venice."

Something like a carnival it was, that play under the mellow moonlight, in face of the glinting waters. And the next morning Mr. Massinger was as sick and sorry as men are apt to be after an evening of revelry. What had he done? Merely to enjoy an hour's happiness he had taken advantage of a good, sweet girl's inexperienced youth and country innocence. He lacked scarcely half a dozen years of being old enough for her father, and yet he had behaved toward her as if he were of suitable age to become her husband. He could earn something like fifteen hundred a year, and he had said entangling words to an heiress of fifteen thousand. How selfish and cruel he had been to her! and how he had besmirched his own

honorableness! His conduct had been all the more weak and shameful because he had finally been brought to believe that it was possible for him to win this child's heart and hand.

"I have behaved like a dunce or a scamp," he said to himself; "and I must put a complete end to it, or despise myself forever. When a gentleman can not resist temptation, he must run away from it."

He paid his bill, packed his trunk hastily, got himself into a hack, and drove break-fastless to the station. There must be no good-byes, not even to Mrs. Armstrong—above all, not to Jenny Gridley—lest they should shake his virtuous resolution. As he drove away from the hotel, looking back at it through the curtained window, he was a very melancholy eminent author. It seemed as if there were an iron chain attached to his heart, which led back to the Naragansett House, and which grew heavier at every yard. So downright miserable was he that he partially forgot Jenny Gridley's possible disappointment in the desire to soothe his own sorrow. He tried to console and hearten himself by imagining some good fortune in the future. But his exhortations to courage and hope ended only in repeating the melancholy verse of Omar Khazam:

"Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say;  
Yes, but leaves *where* the rose of yesterday?"

The disappearance of Massinger from the hotel caused as much excitement among the lady boarders as if a murder had been committed in their midst.

"Gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, turning scarlet with vexation. Then, her face lighting up to a wild hope, "Has Miss Gridley gone too?"

"No, indeed," said Miss Upton. "I just told her myself of Mr. Massinger's vanishing."

"I wonder if the little minx has refused him?" glared Mrs. A.

"I don't believe it. She didn't look like it."

"Did she turn pale?"

"Pale isn't the exact word for it, my dear. She turned to a delicate and touching ashes-of-rose."

"Then the great, big, intelligent simpleton has run away from a fortune!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong. "I do believe," she added, nearly ready to cry, "that there's no such fool in love matters as a true-hearted gentleman."

Nearly every lady in the house queried and argued warmly concerning Massinger's hegira. Some thought that he had been rejected by Miss Upton, while others held that he had fled from her blandishments. A far smaller faction had the same conflict of opinion with regard to Jenny Gridley.

"My belief is," said a scoffing and probably jealous old bachelor, "that he has ske-



daddled on general principles. I never saw a man before who was courted by the whole sex."

Chorus of feminine denials and laughter, out of the midst of which fluted this intelligent explanation: "Of course we like a man who always thinks of us, and never of himself."

But there was one lady who felt no grief, and that was excellent Mrs. Tucker.

"I am so rejoiced that he is gone," she said to her husband, with as much virtuous satisfaction as if Satan had been bound for another thousand years. "It is a narrow escape from a great danger. I trust and hope that Jenny is saved."

"He doesn't seem to have been very anxious to destroy her," suggested Tucker, who had taken a strong personal liking to Massinger, was able to appreciate other kinds of greatness than that of lucre, and would rather have liked the match.

"I suppose he had some sense of propriety left," retorted the lady. "He probably knew that he was totally unsuitable for a Gridley. I must admit that he showed more sense than Jenny. That girl needs some more advice."

"Don't you say one word to her!" broke out Tucker. "She has enough to bear without our interference. Don't you speak to her about this matter for a month, madame!"

Now whenever the usually mild Tucker addressed his wife as madame, he meant to be hearkened to; and she, having learned that fact by solemn experience, could not help quailing before the title. The consequence was that Jenny got no advice that day, and was allowed to remember and ponder and grieve undisturbed, bearing all the while her pathetic ashes-of-rose.

What did she think of her Gridley blood now? She saw that the earnest, the almost outspoken love of a Gridley could be neglected. What did she think of her hitherto venerated quarter of a million? Apparently it wasn't worth a cent. There was even a possibility that it had been a damage; that if she had owned far less, Mr. Massinger might have cared for her far more; that if her love had reached out its hand from a cottage, he might have felt free to accept it.

"I don't care for my money," she sobbed to herself. "I hate it. Oh, how willingly I would give it to him, and be as poor as a church mouse myself, if only that would make a difference! But how can he think my fortune a stain on me, when he sees that I care nothing for it?"

Then she pondered over the disparity of age. But that—his seniority of fourteen years—that was one of his advantages, one of his charms. How could any woman desire to win the admiration and the heart of a man who was but a little older than her-

self? Boys, she said, scornfully; one's own equals in force and intellect; hardly that. But a man who knew the world, who had fought with it and triumphed over it, who had made himself a place in its rolls of honor—such a man was worth one's money and life. Yes; but such a man had seen both laid before him, had looked at them for a little, and turned away.

Thus Jenny talked with herself all the morning, meanwhile saying very little to any one else. She positively did not care whether people saw or did not see that she was miserable. All her pride of Gridleyhood, her pride of heiresshood, and even her pride of womanhood had either departed from her or had turned into a pride of suffering. Aunt Tucker herself felt a little pity (though quite contrary to her sense of duty), and said, "Something must be done to divert Jenny's thoughts." The result of this suggestion was that after dinner all the Gridleys and Tuckers got into a long open omnibus and were driven, bumping and jolting, to Point Judith.

Every one who has made that pilgrimage will remember the glaring ghost of a light-house, the four or five gray skeletons of wrecks, the long sweeps of low, stony shore, the narrow sea haunted by spectral sails, and the far-away, other-world sand-lines of island. Descending from the omnibus on the green knoll which forms the pedestal of the light-house, the whole party hastened toward the beach, hungry to penetrate the mystery and pathos of a wreck. Jenny followed the others a little way, lagging behind as wounded creatures do; but suddenly she turned about and ran swiftly toward the ghastly column of warning. Had she seen, or heard, or divined that there was peace for her on the verges of that dizzy altitude? Did she mean—could it be possible that she even toyed with the purpose—to leap from the cornice? We shall have to follow her in the long, breathless climb up the spiral stairway. She was paler than even ashes-of-rose when she at last stepped into the little glass tabernacle at the summit. There was a man there alone; he was watching intently to see who would enter; at sight of her he turned as white as herself.

"Ah, Miss Gridley!" he exclaimed, stepping forward. "What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"I saw you hiding here from us," she answered, in a palpitating whisper. "What did you do it for? Why did you go away?"

"Ah, my dear little girl!" broke out Massinger. "I must tell you the whole truth. I love you with all my heart and mind. I tried to run away, and could get no farther than here. I am not worthy of you—not worthy of your youth and wealth. What can I—what may I—say to you?"



If it had been left to words, they would have found it difficult to come to an understanding, so very knotty were those questions of disparity of fortune and years. But they were in each other's arms, and every difficulty and perplexity had somehow melted away, and when they came to themselves they were engaged.

Fancy what must have been the feelings of Mrs. Gridley-Tucker when she found them together in the lantern of the lighthouse, and learned what a "concession" her rich niece had made! I wish that I had been there myself to witness her astonishment and discomfiture, and to laugh aloud with her boisterous Johnny.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

DECORATION-DAY, which becomes every year more of a general holiday, appears to be one of the most efficient allies of the cause which it commemorates. That cause was a true union, the union which rests upon right understanding and common friendly feeling, and the celebrations of Decoration-day promise signally to promote it. The personal commemoration of the dead and the celebration of their heroism are naturally passing, as on the Fourth of July, into a consideration of the newer duties and relations which the contest opened. There is no need of saying that the bravery and the cause are not to be forgotten, for nobody can forget them. Nor is there any need of supposing that a sincere desire of perfect good understanding between all parts of the country is a kind of neglect of the memory of the soldiers, or treachery to the cause for which they fought. If they did not fight for a common government and a common country, what did they fight for?

It was a very pleasant incident of this year's celebration that the General of the Army should have gently satirized the belligerent non-combatants, and with his hearty and touching tributes to his old comrades, living and dead, and his eloquent declarations of pride for the cause in which he and they fought, that he should have appealed earnestly to the patriotic good sense of all parts of the country to join in repairing the waste and sorrow of war. Indeed, one of the great advantages of the day is that it gives opportunity to the soldiers who fought to show what feelings they now cherish. They have no ulterior motives, and when they speak, they are believed to say what they think—unless, indeed, no man among the millions of good citizens can be supposed ever to speak in public without thinking how it will affect his chance for the Presidency.

All-saints Day has long been one of the beautiful festivals in Europe—a day of visitation to the cemeteries, with prayer and votive offerings of remembrance. Decoration-day is our All-heroes Day; and falling in the season of flowers and early summer, no holiday is more significant. The very office of remembering the dead and honoring them with flowers is a ministry of good feeling. Bumptio, indeed, is disposed to think that all talk about good feeling is sentimental swash. Bumptio does not propose to be humbugged or taken in, and he evidently believes that vigorous denunciation proves soundness of opinion, and that a man who sneers at one who differs from him as a Miss Nancy and a milksop has really made some progress in the argument. There were great numbers of John Bulls, a hundred years ago, who thought that Burke's plea for conciliation with America was gush and mush and cowardly truck-

ling to insurrection. It does not seem to be so now, nor was Burke much troubled by that kind of remark. Bumptio believes in the statesmanship of King George the Third. But King George was a statesman who divided his empire irretrievably.

National good feeling will be more and more the gospel preached upon Decoration-day. Nature does not more persistently heal the wounds and scars on tree and field than in another way she renews the interrupted life of a nation. It is a very soft and gentle and gradual process by which the grass climbs over the wall of the fort, and the frost rends it asunder, and the earth receives it. But slowly the wall disappears, and only a green mound or a level field remains. It is a very sentimental process of fond, foolish Nature to gush over breastworks and arms of war with healing and concealing verdure. But, Bumptio, 'tis her way. And as surely as she covers the battle-field of ten years ago with flowers, if you leave it to her care, does she restore the union of States that have a common tradition and a common glory, if you do not balk her efforts.

THERE has been a great deal of animated discussion in and out of the newspapers about the Women's Hotel, which was designed as a practical charity by the late Mr. Stewart, the dry-goods merchant, and intrusted to the care of Judge Hilton. The judge has had a great deal of trouble with his hotel enterprises, and has probably often found himself confronted in his own consciousness with the question whether he could keep a hotel. His experience of last summer could not have been pleasant, and it is certainly not agreeable to be roundly denounced by a mass-meeting of women as in some manner a calumniator and enemy of the sex. That, indeed, is a unique fate. The men of Calais are to be supposed forever grateful to a woman. It would be a melancholy fate to go into history as the man whom the women of New York collectively denounced.

The intention of Mr. Stewart seems to have been intelligible and excellent. It was to provide in a healthful and convenient situation a spacious, secure, and comfortable home for working-women of good character. It was neither a foolish nor an impracticable scheme. It was in effect a form of assistance, perhaps, rather than charity, although substantially a charity, like any endowed institution such as the Sailors' Snug Harbor. Mr. Stewart was too shrewd a man of business not to know that we value what we pay for, and he did not wish that those who should be the recipients of his bounty should suffer the want of self-respect that attends the receipt of alms, nor be exposed to the jeer that they were inmates of a poor-house. What his own execution of the plan



in detail might have been, it is, of course, impossible to say. The enterprise has been abandoned, and apparently on the ground that it was not profitable. But if the impression that Mr. Stewart designed a form of charity be correct, unprofitableness would not be a valid reason for closing the house as a working-woman's home. If, however, it was a business enterprise, the adverse experience of three months may, perhaps, be deemed conclusive. In any case, if it were a business affair merely, its continuance or its abandonment are matters upon which the public has no more right to express an opinion than upon the financial management of Stewart's store.

The superstitious, we hope, did not regard the lightning stroke which last summer shivered the flag-staff upon the building as a sign of ill omen. The public interest in the brilliant opening in March should rather have set the key-note of expectation. The crowd was enormous, and the accounts in the papers were copious and exhaustive. Ventilation, heating, furniture, food, all the primary elements of a pleasant home, seemed to have been well considered, although the sagacious and inquisitive eye of woman detected the absence of what Aunt Margery fondly called "clusers." The proverb that what is every body's business is nobody's business was read backward, and there was a fusillade of sharp and rattling criticism and censure upon the details of arrangement and management. The fact meanwhile remained that an admirable house admirably appointed offered a home to working-women who could pay the reckoning required, and who would conform to the rules of the house.

That the prices were too high was a comment often made, and that they defeated the object of the foundation, which was a home for working-women. But the reply was that the working-women who could pay the prices were legion, and that they were those for whom the house was founded. There could be no answer to this unless the critic assumed to know the purpose of the founder more truly than the trustee. There was also a great deal of censure of the rules as being absurdly arbitrary, and necessarily depriving the house of the distinctive character of a home, and making it rather a dreary hotel, if not an ameliorated penitentiary. As the weeks passed, it was rumored that the rooms were not taken, that the number of guests was very small, and that the daily loss in expenses was very great. Suddenly, after three months' trial, the doors of the house as a working-woman's home were closed. That enterprise was relinquished, and after a little delay the doors were opened again as those of the Park Avenue Hotel, for the entertainment of strangers and travellers.

Here, again, were fine chances for the commentator, and the papers for some time teemed with articles and letters, and the feeling finally culminated in a woman's mass-meeting at the Cooper Institute, at which a considerable part of the audience that greets the Count Joannes appears to have assembled, and it saluted the denunciations of Judge Hilton with great noise of applause and laughter. The reason of the failure of the enterprise which was generally given was the strictness of the rules. But evidence instantly arose on all sides conclusively showing that working-women's homes with similar or severer restrictions were in prosperous operation. A friend of

one of them in Boston wrote to the *Nation*: "We pay expenses entirely, and have something over for repairs, improvements, etc., and have no debts even through all the hard times. No union of numbers of men or women are more honorable in meeting all their obligations, more conservative, discreet, and reasonable." The same correspondent says, very sensibly, that the reasons of failure in such an enterprise are not to be found in any peculiarity of women, but that, "to succeed in any thing, character and needs must be studied."

This was, perhaps, forgotten in the Stewart Home. It was apparent to many intelligent women who looked into the matter that women of interest and experience in such work had not been intelligently consulted; and there was, over all, a doubt whether the success of the design was earnestly desired. No man can build wisely in such enterprises without faith. The correspondent whom we quote says, "He who most helped the helpless lived among them—knew them by the most intimate and comprehensive sympathy. In no other method can one begin to know the struggle and need, the worth and worthiness, of working-girls." If the conditions imposed by Mr. Stewart were that the house must pay its own way or be abandoned, and if the management has decided that after fair and patient and intelligent trial it has failed to do so, the only question—which there is no ready method of determining—is, whether the trial has been fair, patient, intelligent, and within the just spirit of the founder's intention. There is no conceivable reason why a working-woman's home of the best kind should not "pay expenses entirely" in New York, if it does in Boston.

THE Reverend Mr. Murray, who is favorably known in many ways, and who for three years has been preaching to a large congregation in the Music Hall in Boston, has proposed a plan for a church, which shall be as comprehensive and as suitable to the peculiar wants of a great modern American city as the Roman Catholic church has long been to its adherents in Europe. Mr. Murray takes account of the large transitory population, of the desire and enjoyment of fine music and eloquence, and of the tendency to include great moral and public questions in pulpit or church platform discourses. He takes less account of the old foundation of church organizations or theological creeds. He is himself an orthodox Congregationalist, but his religious sympathies are very catholic and generous, and while he retains his place within the Christian communion, he is apparently more interested in religious life and character than in dogma. In two discourses he has set forth his plan, and proposes a new church building in Boston, which is already especially the city of churches, decorated with their new and stately structures as her proudest gems.

It is evident enough that a vast multitude of the people in all our great cities are not included within any religious organization, and it is no less evident that costly churches under the Protestant voluntary system will not be sought by those who have no pew, and who feel that they are in some sense intruders and interlopers. Such persons, also, do not care to attend "free" chapels, both because there is a natural feeling that they are



alms chapels, and because they doubt whether the preaching will interest them. Then there are also the greater freedom of religious thought and the wider emancipation from all ecclesiastical observances to be considered in an estimate of church-going in modern cities. Mr. Murray undoubtedly sees that the tradition of the Sabbath, the Sunday, either in its Puritan or other forms, has for many reasons lost something of its hold, and that its formal observance is very much changed. He attributes probably much of this to the want of elasticity in methods, and feels that a church, without any surrender of faith, might be so adapted to the requirements of to-day as to satisfy them fully.

There are very serious questions involved in the proposition. But apart from them, the plan of a vast church, in which seats should be held at low rates, which should be itself a work of art, in which eloquence and music should appeal to the religious sentiment, and in which, also, the usual limitations of a purely sectarian organization should be wanting, is one which has struck the imagination of many as desirable and practicable. It is, perhaps, too vague and shadowy for realization. It may be found that it is the fervor of the denominational spirit which collects congregations and builds churches, and that as that is excluded, the appeal upon the simply Christian or religious ground will falter and fail. The experience of the Moody and Sankey movement shows how strong is the popular fervor of emotional religion. It seems to indicate that the forms and character of the early Methodist movement of the last century are still the most congenial to the largest number of persons. It is not to be supposed that these would be banished from the proposed enterprise, but it would not, as we understand it, be built upon them.

THERE is probably no living man more profoundly satisfied with his position than Lord Beaconsfield. It is impossible not to imagine him delighted with the sensation which it is impossible to suppose that he did not intend. He is the first minister and really the ruler of England, because it is well understood that British policy is his policy. He is one of the most conspicuous figures of the time. He is apparently one of the most mysterious and successful of statesmen. Yet there is no man about whom there is more speculation and wonder and admiration and distrust; and there is probably only one thing in which those who admire him and those who dislike and distrust him agree entirely, and that is his inexpressible enjoyment in the consciousness of being precisely the spectacular kind of man that he is. We are, indeed, contemporary with one of the picturesque characters of English history. There is nothing more remarkable than that the grandson of a Venetian Jew of Spanish descent, growing up in England socially in the solitude of his race, dashing into literature as a brilliant novelist, and into politics as a free lance, should rise to supreme power, and, as a peer of the realm, control her foreign policy at a most critical moment, supported by the court, the aristocracy, and the squirearchy, a Tory of Tories, and restoring by what seems sheer audacity the ancient renown of England.

Prime Ministers not native to the countries which they controlled are not unknown in Euro-

pean history, notably in Spain, which ranks as one of the proudest of nations. But the English feeling has always regarded these instances as those of the amazing success of adventurers, who sometimes left the countries that they had ruled, and died neglected and exposed. It has considered both Alberoni and Ripperda as Cagliostro in politics, and it is this feeling, invincible in the British breast, which looks upon Lord Beaconsfield as a charlatan. The word is openly and generally used in speaking of him, and some striking articles in recent numbers of the *Fortnightly Review* were devoted to the political adventures of Lord Beaconsfield—a cunning implication that Lord Beaconsfield is a political adventurer. It is a curious inquiry whether the kind of distrust and aversion with which this dazzling and successful career is regarded is due wholly to the fact of race. It is not mere party spite, because it is not peculiar to party, and it is unique in the history of British parties. It is not due wholly, and perhaps not at all distinctively, to the conviction of want of principle. Lord Palmerston was not supposed to be troubled with principle, but he was the darling of the exclusively British feeling which now cherishes Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Palmerston wanted England to have a finger in every pie, “as the saying is,” and his foreign policy charmed the bully instinct in John Bull. The clubs and the courtiers and the whole Tory interest have applauded in the same way the foreign policy—not quite honorable and fair, as it seems to many—of the brilliant Beaconsfield, with his jaded face and his vanishing curl, relic of the days of gorgeous and half-vulgar coxcombray.

There is a drawing, by Charles Martin, of Disraeli in the old dandy days. It represents him lounging at length in a huge luxurious easy-chair in a loose coat and the gaiter trousers of the time, fully forty years ago. The head is very handsome, the head of an Antinous. The hair clusters around the fine dome of the brain, so to speak, and the mouth is full, rich, and of voluptuous lines. It is precisely the figure that every romantic and fascinated reader of *Vivian Grey* would expect to see as that of the author—an imaginative and intellectual Sybarite. Yet a photograph of Lord Beaconsfield to-day in his seventy-second year, showing the familiar Hebrew expression more strongly defined, and the look of supreme satisfaction in the fullness of passionate youth faded into the weariness of dandyism grown old, is not unlike that earlier drawing. It is easy to believe that either of them is the dramatic personage of the Berlin Congress. “Lord Beaconsfield,” said the report of the opening days, “is the centre of attraction. His personal qualities, past career, and recent successes equally command the interest of the public. The Kaiserhof Hotel, at which the British Premier alighted, attracts hundreds of curious visitors all day. If on passing before the Kaiserhof one sees a crowd, it is certain they are watching to see Lord Beaconsfield.”

You smile as you read. Thousands and thousands of persons in England and America smile as they read, and say to themselves, “Aha! old Truepenny!” This is Disraeli. No greater self-satisfaction is conceivable than that of the luxurious lounge of Park Lane reflecting that, as Prime Minister of England, he is the chief and mysterious and popular figure at a great European



Congress to re-adjust the map and compose the continent. It is the measure of the man that undoubtedly the feeling is universal that the *éclat* of the position is as delightful to him as any service that he may do, and that even if he could restore to England, as his sycophants allege that he has already restored, the foreign renown that it had in the days of Pitt, his chief interest in the matter would be his own glory rather than the welfare of England. This feeling may be very unjust to his patriotism, but it is undeniable that it is a general conviction, and equally undeniable that it is not an impression that Pitt, or Canning, or Gladstone, or any other of the great English ministers could have possibly produced.

At this time of writing it is altogether too soon to try to foretell the actual results of the Congress. But it may be surmised safely that the unostentatious skill of Russian diplomacy, which has been so successful thus far, is not to be easily baffled. The agreement upon which the Congress assembled showed conclusively that Russia had made no serious concessions. If what is now said to be the aim of Lord Beaconsfield—an English protectorate over Turkey—should be attained, the advance of Russia would nevertheless have been accomplished, and the Turkish Empire would have been overthrown. These, however, are not matters for the Easy Chair. But certainly all the Easy Chairs in the world could not have a more sensational figure to contemplate than the first Lord Beaconsfield, the last earl of his race.

MR. BRYANT was one of the very old men in the country who were still vigorous and active, and his most famous poem had been published nearly seventy years before he died. Yet the editor who received and approved that poem survives him. Richard Henry Dana in a serene old age still lives, as old as the nation by which his name is honored. There was a mournful propriety in the circumstances of the death of Bryant. He was stricken just as he had discharged a characteristic duty with all the felicity for which he was noted, and he was probably never wholly conscious from that moment. Happily we may believe that he was sensible of no decay, and his intimate friends had noted little. He was hale, erect, and strong to the last. All his life a lover of nature and an advocate of liberty, he stood under the trees in the beautiful Park on a bright June day, and paid an eloquent tribute to a devoted servant of liberty in another land. And while his words yet lingered in the ears of those who heard him, he passed from human sight.

There is probably no eminent man in the country upon whose life and genius and career the verdict of his fellow-citizens would be more immediate and unanimous. His character and life had a simplicity and austerity of outline that had become universally familiar, like a neighboring mountain or the sea. His convictions were very strong, and his temper uncompromising; he was independent beyond most Americans. He was an editor and a partisan; but he held politics and all other things subordinate to the truth and the common welfare, and his earnestness and sincerity and freedom from selfish ends took the sting of personality from his opposition, and constantly placated all who, like him, sought lofty and virtuous objects. Those who watched the char-

acter of his influence upon public affairs, and who saw him daily moving among us a venerable citizen noiselessly going his way, as they marked the hot and bitter strife of politics, could not but recall the picture by the French painter Couture of the "Decadence of Rome," in which the grave figure of the older Roman stands softly contemplating the riotous license and luxury of a later day. Bryant carried with him the mien and the atmosphere of antique public virtue. He seemed a living embodiment of that simplicity and severity and dignity which we associate with the old republics. A wise stranger would have called him a man nurtured in republican air upon republican traditions.

We do not mean that he regarded his country with the sorrowful despair of the old Roman in the picture. His faith in the government and in the people was firm. Indeed, he was so much a natural republican that he would have been the last to doubt. This same bent of nature showed itself in the character of his verse. His poetry is intensely and distinctively American. He was a man of scholarly accomplishment, familiar with other languages and literature. But there is no tone or taste of any thing not peculiarly American in his poetry. It is as characteristic as the wine of the Catawba grape, and could have been written only in America by an American naturally sensitive to whatever is most distinctively American.

As Dr. Bellows said at his funeral, Bryant's was a singularly fortunate and complete life. Few men who are very precocious live to old age, or live to be old with constantly increasing fame. And his fame grew not by the greater popularity or charm of his work, but by the unswerving fidelity of his life. Bryant's fame as a poet was made half a century before he died, and the additions to his earlier verse, while they did not lessen, did not materially increase, his reputation. But the mark so early made was never effaced, either by himself or others. Younger men grew by his side into great and just fame. But what Shelley says of love is as true of renown:

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away."

The tone of Bryant remained, and remained distinct, individual, and unmistakable. Nature, as he said in "Thanatopsis," speaks "a various language" to her lovers. But what she said to him was plainly spoken and clearly heard and perfectly repeated. His art was exquisite. It was absolutely unsuspected, but it served its truest purpose, for it removed every obstruction to full and complete delivery of his message.

He was reserved in manner, and in no sense magnetic or responsive. Lowell, in the "Fable for Critics," gayly puts into sparkling rhyme the general impression of the man and his character, and Dr. Bellows concedes "the snow" that seemed to invest him. There was something in his manner of the New England hills among which he was born—a little stern and bleak and dry, although suffused with the tender and scentless splendor of the white laurel, solemn with primeval pines, and musical with the organ soughs of the wind through their branches. But this reserve was not forbidding, and there was always kindness with all the dryness of his manner. Indeed, his manner was only expressive of that



independence which largely made him what he was. He stood quietly and firmly on his own feet. His opinions were his own conclusions, and he made no compromises to save his reputation for consistency, or to secure immunity from criticism, or to retain the sympathy of associates. He, too, was one of the men who are able to go alone, and who can say No. The cobwebs of sophistry which the spiders of fear and ambition in a thousand forms spin around the plain path of duty, to conceal or to deter, he so unconsciously and surely brushed away that at last it came to be understood that his course would be not what his party expected or what a miscalled consistency required, but simply what seemed to him to be the right course.

There has been some discussion about his editorial position or character. But this explains it. It is said that Mr. Bryant was not a great editor because he was not a great partisan. That may prevent a man from being an accepted or successful party leader, but it is not necessary to qualify him as an editor. The distinctive editorial excellence of Bryant was that he maintained party measures from a conviction of their justice, and had nothing to say for them when he could not see this. Thus he was a leader of the forces that form parties, if he did not, or would not, or could not skillfully direct the party movement. But this is the highest function of an editor. The other is that of an organ-grinder. Mr. Bryant was perfectly able to pierce the flimsy veil of common party reasoning and prejudice upon this subject, and because he thought, upon the whole, that a party should be sustained, he despised the attempted conclusion that therefore all party measures and party men should be supported, lest any question or criticism or censure should divide the party and encourage the enemy. This is the method by which individual independence and conviction and elevation are degraded into a servile conformity. It is by this kind of appeal

that the intelligent and honorable men in a party are so often led at the cart's tail of wretched schemers and rascals. And this Mr. Bryant heartily despised and avoided. It injured his reputation as a party "war-horse" and "wheel-horse." But it increased his power, not as a horse, but as a driver. His appeal was not to passion or prejudice, but to reason, and it is only the reasonable policy that endures. It is the qualities that distinguished him as an editor, and not the qualities of the great partisan editors, that work for the purification of politics.

All the circumstances of his career were happy and fitting to the last. When he died on a beautiful June day, every body remembered that in his poem of "June," which has been often quoted since his death, he had expressed the wish to die in June—a fancy merely, a poet's tribute to the loveliness of the month, and an inspiration of the natural wish to disarm death, if possible, by association with the blossoming fullness of life in midsummer. The feeling for his death and the tributes to his memory were universal and immediate and most sincere. Then on a perfect day came the simple burial service, as he had wished, in the church which he attended, and in the presence of the most eminent citizens and a vast throng of quiet spectators. His minister, Dr. Bellows, made an admirable address, glowing but moderate in tone, for he doubtless felt that any other would have been discordant with the occasion and the character of the man. A few friends accompanied the family to Roslyn, his summer home, at the head of Hempstead Harbor, on the north shore of Long Island, and there, in the June sunshine, he was laid in his grave by the side of his wife, to whom he had addressed the poem,

"How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead?"

And that grave, as Dr. Bellows said, will long be a bourne of pilgrimage from many lands.

## Editor's Literary Record.

MR. JOHN KENNEDY has produced a very radical and therefore a very useful little treatise on education, entitled *The School and the Family* (Harper and Brothers). While in strictness it deals only with the "ethics of school relations," its principles are equally applicable in the main to all who are intrusted with the care and training of children. Discipline, government, order—not so much the methods of obtaining them as the principles which underlie their maintenance—are the themes of his papers, which are in some measure independent, though so correlated as to form a continuous essay. He recognizes—and in this, perhaps, the chief merit of the book consists—that children have rights as well as duties; that teachers and parents have duties as well as rights; that disorder in the district or in the school is more likely to be due to the faults of the parents or the teacher than to those of the children; and that the first place to look for remedies is in the government, not in the governed. He has seen clearly and felt deeply the evils of our present system, which affiliates the school with politics and the politician, and brings it under political

control. Perhaps he is somewhat of a pessimist in this matter, and recognizes more clearly the evils which are incidental than the merits which are essential in our common-school system. But there are plenty of eulogists of the American common schools, and one severe critic is not out of place. He does not, however, point out very definitely how he would secure, in a popular government, our schools from political interference. His style is clear and vigorous, though severely simple. His work would reach a larger number of readers if fancy and imagination were waiting on him to interpret his thoughts. The interest of his work lies wholly in the principles expounded, not in the form in which he dresses them.

Mr. L. T. TOWNSEND contributes to the current discussions a treatise on *The Intermediate World* (Lee and Shepard). It is based in part on Scripture, in part on science, and in part on the wishes, not to say the fancies, of the author. He argues with considerable power, both from analogy and from the Bible, that there is an intermediate state; that it is a definite place; that in this intermediate place there are two distinct regions



—one for the righteous, the other for the impenitent; that Christ is the Lord of both, and, if we understand him aright, is in a peculiar sense present in this under-world, the Hades of the ancient Hebrews; that He proclaims His Gospel there to the dead as they enter it; that the Gospel is at once accepted by those who are in a readiness to accept it, whether heathen or Christian; that it is instantly and defiantly rejected by those, heathen or Christian, who are unchristlike in character; and that the final judgment is determined by this final choice. He dwells at length on the fixedness of character; and the principle weight of his treatise is given to an attempt to show that there is no probation, properly speaking, in this intermediate state. Professor TOWNSEND's style is always clear, and sometimes eloquent; and he never writes a dry book, whatever the theme. Whether as much is really known about the future state as he seems to think, may be a doubtful question; but his work is interesting as a presentation, in a fresh form, of what is substantially the view current in most orthodox Churches.

*Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of her Life* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.), just escapes being a most capital biography. Yet why it escapes and what it lacks it is not by any means easy to say. The editor evidently had not a great deal of material at her disposal. Miss Cushman seems to have kept no journal. Her diary was a mere memorandum of her engagements, and possesses little interest, or indeed meaning, except as it awakened in her memories that were unwritten. It does not appear that she was a great letter-writer, either in quantity or quality. At all events, letters were not forthcoming in any great numbers, and such as have been preserved give little sign of her genius, or even her breadth of sympathy. If we except one or two giving advice to a young actress, and one or two in which she gives expression to her religious views, there is nothing in her correspondence that is notable—nothing that one might not find equalled in thousands of unpublished letters by persons of no genius or distinction. In this respect her biography is singularly unlike the fragmentary and unsatisfactory but entertaining one of Mr. Macready. Yielding to the temptation presented by this lack of material, Miss EMMA STEBINS has amplified and sometimes even diluted her story, making a book at least half as large again as was necessary to tell all that was to be told. She is, also, too enthusiastic a friend to be a critic; and her attempted descriptions of Miss Cushman's personations will, for this reason, be rather valuable as reminders to those who are familiar with them than as pictures for those who are not. There are, however, some entertaining anecdotes scattered through the book; and it gives one a pleasant view of the stage, possibly too optimistic a view. The intensive earnestness of Miss Cushman's life will be an inspiration to others than members of her profession, and in this respect the story of her life is a peculiarly healthful one. Despite, therefore, a somewhat diffusive style and a decidedly uncritical spirit, it is entertaining, and from its perusal one rises with both kindlier views of his fellow-men and with a more earnest heart for his own duties and trials.

We give a very hearty welcome to the "Young Folks' Series of Heroes of History," the first vol-

ume of which, *The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama*, by GEORGE M. TOWLE (Lee and Shepard), lies on our table. The true way to neutralize the evil sensational literature of the day is to give our young folks something better and equally fascinating; and for this purpose there is no field that furnishes an amount of material equal to that furnished by biography. In size of volume as well as in general design this series is analogous to Mr. John S. C. Abbott's "Patriots and Pioneers;" and it may be compared with, though it differs somewhat in character from, the Abbott "Red Histories." The object of the latter is primarily to instruct, and they are written on the hypothesis that an instructive history, if simply and clearly written, will interest. The primary object of this series is to interest; and it assumes that a biography, if it is made entertaining, will be instructive. Both hypotheses are true. The "Heroes of History" promises to be an excellent series to start a confirmed romance-reader on a better course of reading; once so started, he will soon acquire an appetite for a still plainer and more substantial diet. Vasco da Gama is a hero little known; but his adventures are full of an almost melodramatic interest, and the author has the skill to bring that interest out so as to serve his purpose admirably. He brings to his task a mind naturally well qualified for its performance, both by a native taste for history and by a life devoted to its study. Pizarro is announced as in press, and others of the same general character are soon to follow.

*Modern Dwellings in Town and Country, adapted to American Wants and Climate*, by H. HUDSON HOLLY (Harper and Brothers), differs from Mr. Clarence Cook's *House Beautiful* in being perhaps less artistic, but much more practical, and giving much more detail respecting the whole subject of house-building and house-furnishing. The author begins with the site, ends with locks, bolts, bars, and hinges, and covers pretty fully all the intermediate ground. Architects' plans and duties, building materials, specifications, methods of construction, plumbers' blunders, heating and ventilation, adaptation of various rooms to their respective purposes—the library, the parlor, the kitchen, etc.—together with the whole subject of inside furnishing and decoration, are among the themes treated. The information is much more practical, and the author goes much more into detail, than is usual in similar works. His pages are illuminated with one hundred designs, comprising a great variety of houses, from the most modest cottage to the most complete country mansion. Such a book is of no small value to any one who is intending to build; for although it can not make of him an architect, or dispense with the special professional knowledge which only a regular course of study, followed and supplemented by practical experience, can give, yet it will at least enable the builder of a house to be on the look-out for the more common blunders into which our common carpenters, masons, plumbers, and upholsterers fall. It will even enable him to form some judgment of his architect; for architects, like the rest of mankind, are more apt to be familiar with precedents than with general principles. But such a book is not only useful to the man who means to build, it is also entertaining reading to one who does not mean to do so. There is a certain charm in a process of im-



aginary building, and it costs nothing but a little time. Besides, as it is an advantage for any one to know something about music, though he may never mean to play, or about drawing, though it only teaches him how to form a discriminating judgment about art, not how to practice it, so there is a real value in knowing the general principles of architecture—using that word in its largest sense—that one may know what is in good taste and what violates it, what is really practical and useful, and what is an impractical ideal, or brings more actual inconvenience than it affords of æsthetic enjoyment. And nearly every man and woman sooner or later has occasion to know the general principles which should govern in the inside arrangement of a house, and put his knowledge into practical use, even if he has not the misfortune to have to build one for himself.

The republication of some of the more notable papers from several of the foremost English reviews in book form, under the title of "Current Discussion" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is likely to be more useful than such republications are generally, for many of these papers are of rare ability, and the reviews in which they originally appeared have but a small circulation in this country. The volume on *International Politics* is mainly occupied with papers on the Turkish question; that upon *Questions of Belief* includes a discussion of some of the most fundamental problems of the present age.—*Constantinople*, by E. DE AMICIS (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a translation from the seventh edition of an Italian work. The author has been not inaptly called the Taine of Italian literature. He has something of the same brilliance of coloring, and something of the same insight into character, but not the power of generalization which is at once the strength and the weakness of the French critic. The book lacks unity; it is rather a series of fragments than a harmonious picture, but the fragments are fine. The Italian's portrayal of the Turkish character is not hopeful. He recognizes the Turk's virtues, but he regards him as essentially incapable of progress.—Dr. SOUTHALL may be regarded as the most pronounced opponent, on a scientific basis, of the theory of evolution. His latest contribution to the problem of the origin of man is the *Epoch of the Mammoth* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). He maintains that the oldest human remains are not improbably to be identified with the living Eskimaux; that the stone age and the iron age are contemporaneous; that the Swiss lake-dwellings are of as late a date as the days of Trajan, A.D. 114; that the glacial age closed in Europe within historic periods. The author's spirit is scientific, whatever may be thought of his conclusions.—The seventh *Annual Record of Science and Industry*, 1877 (Harper and Brothers), is laid on our table. This work has become so recognized as an essential history of scientific progress that it is only necessary to announce its publication. The editor thus describes a change which has been made in its character: "Heretofore the *Annual Record* has for the most part been composed, first of a summary of scientific progress during the year; and second, of a series of abstracts of the more important articles contained in the proceedings of learned societies and in the scientific and industrial journals of the day. With the rapid increase in the number of such papers, it has been found impossible to

compress the abstracts in the limits necessarily assigned to the annual volume, and it has therefore been concluded to omit them entirely, and, by an extension of the summaries, to furnish what will probably better answer the purposes of the student."—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE has, we judge, gathered from various periodicals the sketches which make up the entertaining volume of *Memorial and Biographical Sketches* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.). It embraces nineteen papers, most of them in the nature of personal reminiscences, though there are two or three that are literary and critical. They are in general anecdotal rather than strictly biographical, suggestions of character afforded in single glimpses rather than attempted portraits.—*As You Like It*, Mr. ROLFE has selected as the latest addition to his edition of Shakspeare. We can add nothing to the commendation which we have already given to this admirable edition, both for the class-room and the parlor, and we see only reason for increasing approbation as the successive volumes appear.—We rather wonder that there are not more books such as *Yusuf in Egypt* (American Tract Society) published for the benefit of youthful readers. It is an entertaining book of travels, and may be read with profit by the elders as well as the young folks. Next to good biography a good book of travels furnishes the best combination of entertainment and instruction.

The third volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort* (D. Appleton and Co.) is largely occupied with an account of the part which the Prince took in the diplomatic and political aspects of the Crimean war. His letters and memoranda take up a considerable part of the volume. This portion of the work has a special interest at this time, and Prince Albert's views will be eagerly read by the English people. The general reader will be perhaps more interested in the accounts of the visit by the French Emperor and Empress to England, and the return of the visit by the Queen and the Prince in 1855. The reflections of the Queen upon the character of Napoleon and the beauty of Paris do not speak very highly for her insight. They were both "much pleased with every thing, liking the Emperor and Empress—the latter particularly."—Scribner, Armstrong, and Co. publish from the English the (love) *Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne, written in the Years 1819 and 1820, and now given from the Original Manuscripts, with an Introduction and Notes by Harry Buxton Forman*. It is declared in the preface that there is good reason to believe that the lady herself did not regard their eventual publication as unlikely—which does not speak highly for her delicacy, if we are also to understand that she did not think it undesirable; and we are further assured that their publication is now arranged for by her family. The moral is, be careful to whom you write love-letters. If any thing reduced to writing can ever be confidential, it should be, one would think, the outpouring of a perfectly free heart.—JAMES BRYCE, in *Transcaucasia and Ararat* (Macmillan and Co.), introduces the reader to a region of country little visited. His book gives "first impressions only, for which no value can be claimed, except that which belongs to impressions formed on the spot, and (as the author trusts) without a prejudice in favor of either of the states which are



now contending in the regions here described." Mr. Bryce is an observant and seemingly an unprejudiced traveller. We do not recall anywhere else so good a description of Mount Ararat as he gives. There is real romance in his unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit, and a story-teller accustomed to color his actual experiences with his imagination would have made out of the narrative a much more romantic chapter than Mr. Bryce has done. The attempt to make the ascent entirely alone was an act of courage which would have excused, if not justified, a little tone of boasting, but no boasting is discoverable in his account.—We do not know who Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN is, except that he is member of Parliament for Louth, and any book on Ireland by an Irish member of Parliament must be read with caution, but *New Ireland* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) possesses certain marks of genuineness and veracity. As we sometimes judge a witness by the expression of his face and the tone of his voice, so sometimes a book by certain indescribable but unmistakable indicia. This volume consists of a series of pictures, not very closely connected, representing different phases of life in Ireland, and illustrating the various changes, social and political, which have taken place there. If Mr. Sullivan writes in a partisan spirit, he succeeds remarkably in concealing that fact. His book has every aspect of simple fidelity to truth; the pictures are graphic, the incidents and historical episodes are full of romantic and sometimes of tragic interest. In it the reader will find admirable accounts of the Ribbon Confederacy, Father Mathew and his work, the Tenant League, the Fenian movement, and the effects of Irish disestablishment.—GODWIN'S *Cyclopædia of Biography* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has been a long time before the public. It is a convenient manual, and the supplement in the new edition, bringing the work down to the year 1876, makes it comparatively modern. But the larger and fuller works which have been given to the public since this one was first issued have supplanted it for the student's library. It now takes its place simply as a book of ready reference, a dictionary rather than a cyclopædia.—The new edition of BARTLETT'S *Dictionary of Americanisms* is really a new work; the considerable additions that have been made to the actual language of America within the eighteen years since the last revision called for it. The author points out in the preface several sources of these additions—the civil war, Wall Street operations, which the papers and the telegraph have made common to the whole country, college slang, and politics, which by its changes requires a new dictionary or glossary every quarter century. The objection to such a work as this, that it tends to perpetuate the use of expressions that should be allowed to fall forgotten or to remain confined to the locality that gave birth to them, is based on a false conception of the uses of knowledge. It is a part of the duty of every scholar, if not of every intelligent and well-educated American, to know the language that is actually spoken in his time and by his fellow-citizens. Moreover, it ought not to be forgotten that life makes language; that it has never been stationary, and never can be so long as the people that use it are really a living people; that words which were at first local have become by their utility universal, and others that

were at first denied admittance to good society have become in time civilized and even elegant. The word "telegram" is an invention of the last few years, and there is no special reason why the as yet doubtful word "cablegram" should not also become recognized whenever the rates for cable telegraphing become so reasonable that cablegrams become common. The term "Confederate" is a pure Americanism, but it is an indispensable one in the history of the past civil war, and the less elegant one "carpet-bagger" can be avoided only by an awkward circumlocution. Bartlett's Dictionary is an almost necessary appendix to Webster or Worcester.

Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN has earned a well-deserved reputation as one of the best masters of classic English. His style is always pure and good, at once enticing and free from strained effects, and he possesses an artist's eye for beauty both of form and color. His *Atlantic Islands as Resorts of Health and Pleasure* (Harper and Brothers) is more by far than a guide-book, though it is the best kind of guide, to the regions described. The islands, both American and British, of the North Atlantic, from the Bahamas to Newfoundland, are portrayed. The book is very elaborately illustrated; it contains a great deal of information that could have been gathered only by extensive reading or inquiry; but its characteristic is the vein of personality that runs through it, the author having personally visited all the places described, and recounting what he saw and experienced. Nor is he content with a mere superficial account of what is patent to the casual traveller; he has made a conscientious study of the regions and their people, and thus gives to his book the triple interest of a book of travels, a history, and a practical guide to future visitors.

The *Memoir of William Francis Bartlett*, by FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.), preserves the memory of a noble soldier who sacrificed a life, not only by the final death, but by all the suffering that preceded, for his country. It is only one of many lives equally worth telling; but every such narrative makes one think better of his country and of his fellow-men, and gives new inspiration toward a noble living. He was wounded repeatedly, suffered the tortures of a lingering imprisonment, aggravated by the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, preserved a cheerful courage through it all, showed a soldier's spirit by going again and again under orders where his superior wisdom knew that the sacrifice which must result would be useless, and finally died in December, 1876, his constitution worn out by privation and sickness. The key to his character was his simple fidelity to truth and duty; and the biographer has made that to appear by giving, as far as might be, without note or comment, the story of his life as narrated in his own familiar letters.

*Paganuc People* (Fords, Howard, and Hulbert) is Mrs. STOWE'S last. It is a very quiet story, almost without movement; the scene laid in New England in the olden time; the stage, and to some extent the characters, those with which her readers are thoroughly familiar; but with all her power of scene-painting and local coloring. It is a far better book, we think, than some of her later ones, if it be measured by artistic standards, but lacks in the dramatic element.—The idea of *Reaping the Whirlwind*, one of the "Half-hour Series"



(Harpers), is unique, and the story is characterized, as are nearly if not all of MARY CECIL HAY'S stories, by a moral and artistic unity. The characters are pleasant, and the story is pleasantly told; and what might have well been a most pathetic drama ends in the final victory of love. The authoress shows rare skill in producing all the effects of contrast without introducing any villains to set off her heroes and heroines; and the movement of the story is so enticing that it is not till you have quite finished it that you awake to the consideration of the fact that the plot is, if not quite impossible, at least so nearly so as to defy credence.—*Adventures of a Consul Abroad*, by LUIGI MONTI (Lee and Shepard), is an amusing and apparently simply truthful account of the actual experiences of one of our foreign consuls. We should not want to warrant that there is no exaggeration in the story, but its realism is its charm. The contrast between the appointee's great expectations and his small realizations is more entertaining to the reader than it could well have been to the consul himself. The narrative is not very flattering to American national pride.—*Rothmell* (Lee and Shepard), by the author of *That Husband of Mine*, is a very different story, and a great deal more of a book. The author has shown unexpected strength both in the drawing of characters and the depicting of passion, and the contrast between the two books is so marked as to suggest the possession by the author of great variety of talent.—*Stepping-Stones*, by SARAH DOUBNEY (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), is one, we believe the first one, of the "Spare-hour Series." It is distinctively a religious story, reprinted from the English. The moral is indicated by the title, namely, that all the trials of life are but stepping-stones to a higher religious life. The lesson is an old one—as old as the Book of Job; but the parable which illustrates and enforces it is one of considerable dramatic as well as moral interest. It is an excellent book for the Sunday reading of the older young people of the household.—Harpers begin two new series of novels—the "Library of American Fiction" and the "Franklin Square Library." The former series begins with two novels by American authors—*Esther Pennefather*, by ALICE PERRY, and *Justine's Lovers*, by an unknown writer. Neither of these stories can be called commonplace. *Esther Pennefather* is marred by some unripeness of execution, as though it were the work of not only an inexperienced but also of a youthful writer. The story is hardly strong enough to carry the abnormal characters which abound in it. Original it certainly is, but the originality is somewhat forced withal—an originality planned with overmuch forethought, but alike in character and in incident it is unique. The unhuman Miriam Snow, the self-imprisoned Helen, the grotesque Mrs. Verney, and the self-sacrificing Esther are all quite original conceptions, though not one of them is a probable, if, indeed, a possible, character. They are creations of an imaginative faculty of unusual fertility. The story of their commingled lives is ingenious and striking rather than either great or true; the work of decided talent rather than of genuine genius on the one hand, or of experience and culture on the other; weird, strange, fanciful, but fascinating. *Justine's Lovers* is, if a less striking, a more entertaining novel. It is written with

greater freedom, and apparently by a more experienced hand. It is autobiographical in form, and tells the experience of the heroine, who loses one lover when she loses her fortune, and a second, who leaves her as his heir at his death; and she is left, at the close of the story, waiting for a third, with the philosophical remark that "there are prophetic moments when I fear that I discern distinctly the coming lord. It does not matter. If he arrive, I shall know how to keep him; if he tarry, I shall know how to spare him." The author shows no inconsiderable power in portrait painting, albeit her characters sometimes become, as in the case of Mrs. Starkenburgh, caricatures. But the spice of exaggeration does not impair the interest, and hardly the artistic quality, of the work.—The "Franklin Square Library" is a marvel of cheapness. How one of Trollope's long stories can be afforded, on good paper and in clear type, for fifteen cents, is an enigma to the novel-reading public. *Is he Popenjoy?* by Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is a society novel, in which Mr. Trollope's photographic art is exercised in depicting a series of scenes and a set in society which have in themselves no special attractions. The interest of the novel lies rather more in the development of the plot, and rather less in the pictures of life, than is usual in most of Mr. Trollope's works. We will not spoil the reader's enjoyment of the story by an analysis and explanation of the mystery hinted at in the inquiring title of the book.—*Paul Knox, Pitman*, by JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, is a story of English mining life; rather this is the background of the pictures or series of pictures, the stage on which and the scenery with which the drama is played. It is one of the strongest stories that we have read for many a day. One instinctively compares it with *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, and it does not suffer by the comparison; indeed, it seems to us to be the more artistic work of the two. In reading it one is not so much impressed by the art, but far more by the facts narrated. It is a history, not a fiction. We forget the painter, and gaze only on the picture. The crash of the railroad, the fall of May into the mouth of the old mine and her rescue, the imprisonment of the party in the mine and their deliverance, well-worn and accustomed incidents of a mining life, as well as the various features of a mining society, are all told with a simplicity and absence of apparent effort that are characteristic of the highest and finest art.—The *Youth's Health-Book*, one of the "Half-hour Series" (Harpers), is by the same author who has given to the public the *Bazar Books of Health, of Decorum, and of the Household*. It is serviceable for, if not actually intended as, a text-book of instruction, and is in style adapted to thoughtful youth, though it makes no attempt by special devices to attract their attention or compel their interest. Its hints are characterized by great good sense, and that impracticableness which is so apt to despoil such books of their real value is not at all observable in this little treatise.—"H. H." sends out, as a kind of companion volume to her *Bits of Travel* and *Bits of Talk*, a little volume of *Bits of Travel at Home* (Roberts Brothers). This author is always pleasant, and often strikingly pictorial. But either she or the publisher has endeavored to crowd too much into one small book. The consequence is a type too small and a page too black for either beau-



ty or the greatest convenience.—The immediate object of the *Primer of Design* (Lee and Shepard) is stated by the author to "give immediate aid to drawing teachers, especially to those who are officially required by drawing committees of school boards to teach elementary design in public schools." We should think that it would be found equally useful in home instruction. It embraces about a hundred pages, and contains a number of designs for industrial drawing, both models to be copied and illustrations of errors to be avoided.—We must content ourselves with simply announcing the publication of three notable volumes of poetry: *Poems and Ballads*, by CHARLES

ALGERNON SWINBURNE (R. Worthington and Co.); *Kéramos and other Poems*, by H. W. LONGFELLOW (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.); and *Fantasy and Passion*, by EDGAR FAWCETT (Roberts Brothers). The first contains about fifty miscellaneous poems, besides some translations from the French; the second, to "Kéramos," originally published in this Magazine, adds about thirty short poems, besides some translations and seven sonnets; the third is a collection from the magazines and papers of the contributions of several years from the pen of one of the most promising of our younger poets. They are characterized by exquisite finish and great felicity of diction.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

*Astronomy.*—The transit of Mercury on May 6 was observed in Europe very fully. So far, no unexpected physical appearances have been recorded, except that Mr. Talmage, of Leyton, observed a luminous ring about Mercury, which was very well defined. He had, however, only a few seconds of clear weather. In this country it was extensively observed, and many photographs were made. These are to be measured at the Naval Observatory, Washington.

Dr. Fearnley, director of the Christiania Observatory, states that a ninth-magnitude star,  $\alpha = 11$  h. 13 m. 31 s.,  $\delta = +66^\circ 31' 25''$  (1875), has a proper motion of  $3.04''$  in a great circle, as shown by a comparison of his observations with the Bonn observations of 1855. This star is  $60^\circ$  distant from the solar apex, and the direction of its motion is such as to indicate that we have really to do with a star near to us, and therefore suitable for observation for parallax.

No. 4 of the publications of the Cincinnati Observatory for 1877 has just been received. It is devoted to measures of 517 double stars. The introduction contains an account of the methods of observing. Positions are measured by placing the objects between parallel wires, and with both forward and backward motions of the tangent screw and distances, so as to eliminate the zero, and to make the bisections symmetrical. The three observers were found to have a personal equation in position angle, which Professor Stone refers primarily to the position of the observer's head. The observations are compared with older series, and the probable errors determined. The colors are noted on a new plan by using numbers, which allows them to be expressed briefly. The measures are first given in detail, and are followed by a table giving mean results.

Dr. Schrader, of the O'Gyalla Observatory (Hungary), has published a list and maps of all stars visible in northern latitudes from the first to the fifth magnitude. There are five charts in all—one polar chart and four others, equatorial charts—so divided that in each season of the year (as spring, etc.), only one of these, or at the most two, will be needed. This is a convenience in observations of meteors, and in other ways. The maps have a peculiarity which is new, we believe. The sizes of the circles which represent stars of the various magnitudes are proportioned to the absolute amount of light received by the eye from the stars themselves; 1840 stars are mapped. An appen-

dix gives the method of computing the orbit of a meteor swarm from observations with tables.

The conclusions of Mr. Neison upon the atmosphere of Jupiter are that it may be regarded as certain that it is physically impossible for Jupiter to have an atmosphere of great depth, unless the temperature of the planet be supposed to be many million times hotter than a white heat, or unless the atmosphere is constituted of some substance unknown to us, and widely different from substances familiar to us.

Dr. Doberck has given in *Nature* (February 14, 1878) an abstract of D'Arrest's *Undersogelse* on spectra of nebulous stars, which will be valuable to English readers, the original paper being almost unknown. About 6000 nebulae were known in 1872, of these 150 have been examined with the spectroscope—only one-fortieth part. Of these about three-fourths give the continuous spectrum, while only one-fourth are true gaseous nebulae. Gaseous nebulae are, with few exceptions, characterized by greenish-blue light, sharply defined circular or elliptic disks, and often have bright condensations within, almost stellar in appearance. A few are, however, large, irregular, and complicated, like nebula *Orionis*, for example. The ray-like elongated nebulae are, so far, always characterized by a continuous spectrum. The characteristic lines of a gaseous nebula have the wave lengths, according to D'Arrest (A) 5004.0, (B) 4956.6, and (C) 4860.6, with a fourth line occasionally present. From a great number of observations Bredichin gives these: (A)  $5003.9 \pm 1.2$ , (B)  $4957.9 \pm 11.4$ , (C)  $4859.2 \pm 3.1$ .

Mr. Lockyer has published in *Nature* a series of articles on the "Modern Telescope," which gives a useful and convenient popular summary of the principal defects and advantages of the telescopes now in use. The paper by Mr. Grubb on the same subject is taken as a basis, and some of the difficulties described by Mr. Grubb are considered.

Mr. Henry Bessemer, in considering these difficulties, has been led to propose (*Nature*, January 24, 1878) a plan for overcoming the difficulties in mounting and figuring large glass reflectors, according to which plan he is now making a  $50\frac{1}{2}$ -inch silvered glass reflector.

First, as to support: a ribbed casting of iron  $52\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter and 13 inches thick, weighing 1400 pounds, is to be made and annealed in oil. Its face will be turned to a true plane, and in this face a spiral groove one-sixteenth



of an inch deep and wide will be cut all over the face, the channels being half an inch apart.

The back surface of an ordinary rolled glass is turned to a plane and moistened with oil, and placed on the iron back, and fastened round the edge to a projecting ring on this back with marine glue. The air is then exhausted from the channels in the cast-iron back through an orifice, and the glass and iron are thus fastened together. The figuring is to be done by diamond points, which are mounted on a slide-rest, and which cut at the same time both a concave surface on the glass for the mirror, and a convex surface of the same radius on another glass or metal which is to serve as a grinding tool. The spherical surface to be thus obtained is to be turned into a paraboloid by mechanical means not described.

In *Physics*, Blaikley has contrived a simple method for experimentally determining the position of the nodal points in tubes of varying section—a matter of great importance in the theory of brass musical instruments. For example, given a conical tube open at both ends, whose pitch is C 512 vibrations. The node is nearer the small end, and by sinking one end in water and holding a fork of the pitch of the tube over the other, the exact position of the node is shown by the level of the water at maximum resonance.

Tisley has improved his compound pendulum apparatus for drawing curves, and now gives to it the name harmonograph. It is capable of giving a great variety of curves, since parallel and elliptic motions can be combined in it with rectangular vibrations. Each pendulum is independent, and one of them carries at its upper end a table which can be caused to rotate by clockwork if required; the other carries a pencil which moves over the table. If two pens be used two and a half inches apart, two curves will be traced, not exactly similar, but which combine in the stereoscope to give a solid figure. By changing the relative motions of the pendulums, very curious forms of curves have been obtained, resembling those given by biaxial crystals under the polariscope.

Mayer has written an illustrated article in *Nature* on the phonograph of Edison, calling it, in Indian parlance, "the sound-writer who talks." After a detailed description of the instrument and the mode of operating it, he describes his method of getting the form of the indentation in the foil. A delicate lever has a point on the under side of the shorter arm, which, by turning the cylinder, is made to traverse the indented groove. At the same time a style of copper foil attached to the longer end of the lever moves over the smoked surface of a piece of glass held vertical, and reproduces the curve magnified in the ratio of the arms. A cut is given of the indentations, of the tracing thus made from them, and of the corresponding manometric flame curve of Koenig, showing their identity. Impressions have been got by Edison on copper foil and on Norway iron.

Lodge has described a simple form of apparatus for determining the conductivity for heat of rare substances, such as crystals, which can not be obtained in slabs or rods. It consists of two small tin cans, with a copper arm about eight inches long projecting horizontally from each, the external ends being clean and flat. These arms are placed in a straight line, with the crys-

tal between them, and held together by a slight horizontal pressure. Holes are drilled in the copper rods for thermometers, and the curves of temperature being given by these, that for the crystal inclosed between the bars can be calculated very readily.

Victor Regnault, whose death took place on the 19th of January, 1878, was a man of the highest scientific eminence. Born at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1810, he entered the store of a draper in Paris, and at twenty the École Polytechnique, where he remained two years. He then went to Lyons, occupying the chair of chemistry, and worked at research so successfully that in 1840 he was elected to the French Academy and appointed professor in the École Polytechnique. In 1841 he was made Professor of Physics in the Collège de France. His removal to Paris changed the character of his investigations. First he made his celebrated research on specific heat, in the course of which he invented the air thermometer in its present form; then he studied the phenomena of expansion, vapor tension, and hygrometry. In 1854 he was made director of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory, and improved considerably the ceramic art at that place. The death of his son Henri, an artist of promise, on the battle-field during the Prussian war, depressed him exceedingly; and on his return to Sèvres after peace had been declared, the discovery that the results of his last great research on the heat phenomena accompanying gaseous expansion, drawn from over 600 observations, had been destroyed, seemed to shatter still more his nearly exhausted frame. He never recovered from these shocks, but died on the day that the artists of Paris were laying their wreaths upon the grave of his son.

Joule has made a new set of experiments with a view to increase the accuracy of his former determinations of the mechanical equivalent of heat. The result he has now arrived at, from the thermal effects of the friction of water, is, that taking the unit of heat as that which can raise a pound of water weighed in vacuo from 60° to 61° of the mercurial thermometer, its mechanical equivalent, reduced to the sea-level at the latitude of Greenwich, is 772.55 foot-pounds.

Masse has called attention to the explanation given many years ago by Arago and Babinet of the phenomena exhibited by the so-called Japanese magic mirrors. These mirrors are made of an alloy of copper and tin, are circular in form, are from one-eighth to one-tenth inch in thickness, and have Chinese or Japanese characters in strong relief on the back. When sunlight is reflected from them on a wall, the characters appear. Since these mirrors are cast, they are not equally dense in all parts; and hence in the operation of polishing they become concave or convex over the characters in relief, and these characters are therefore shown in the reflection. Notwithstanding this entirely sufficient explanation—proved a year or more ago by President Morton, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, by polishing the letters S. I. T. with a little rouge on his finger on an ordinary Japanese mirror showing no characters on reflection, and obtaining these letters in the reflected image—the magic mirror is brought forward every few years as a phenomenon entirely inexplicable by science.

Rosenstiehl has made use of rotating disks for the purpose of studying the phenomena of the



sensations produced by colored light, using a method employed so successfully already by Rood. With regard to the chromatic circles of Chevreul, he has proved that what Chevreul calls equidistance between colors is really the result of a mixture of color sensations according to an arithmetical progression. It has not been possible to recognize the relation between the tones of a scale when the color is modified by white, in Chevreul's circles. For most of the scales each tone has another complementary to it, and there is no common measure between them.

Lockyer has suggested the use in the solar eclipse of July 29 of a Rutherford reflection grating in place of prisms for the purpose of observing the corona, using the coronal atmosphere in place of a slit. To test the question he constructed an artificial eclipse by means of a circular aperture two inches in diameter cut in cardboard and placed thirteen yards distant from a  $3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch telescope, the circular slit being illuminated by a parallel beam of electric light. Some distance short of the focus of the telescope the grating was so placed as to throw the spectra of the circular slit on the photographic plate, and then photographed for the first, second, and third orders on one side, the slit being illuminated with sodium and with carbon vapor. The third order spectrum gave in forty-two seconds a photograph showing the rings due to the carbon vapor flutings. Hence he thinks the third order spectrum of the eclipse may be photographed in at least four minutes, the second order in two, and the first in one minute.

Sir William Thomson has presented a paper to the Royal United Service Institution upon a new form of azimuth and steering compass, with adjuncts for the complete application of the principles of correction for iron ships suggested by the Astronomer Royal. Hitherto, owing to the large size of the needles in the marine compass, the method of correcting the quadrantal error by placing masses of soft iron on the two sides of the binnacle, suggested by Professor Airy, has been practically unattainable. The new compass proposed depends upon the principle discovered by the author, that steadiness can only be obtained by increasing the vibrational period. It consists of a thin strong paper card supported on a thin rim of aluminum, from which 32 silk threads or fine copper wires pass to a central boss of aluminum, which rests on the projecting lip of an inverted aluminum cup in which a sapphire cap is mounted, the whole resting on an iridium pivot. Eight small steel needles from  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to 2 inches long, weighing 54 grains, are fixed, like the steps of a rope-ladder, on two parallel silk threads, and slung from the aluminum rim by four fine copper wires through eyes in the four ends of the outer pair of needles. The weight of the central boss, aluminum cup, and sapphire cap is only five grains. For the 10-inch compass the whole weight upon the iridium point is about 180 grains. The period of vibration of this card is about 40 seconds. With this compass the application of the principles of correction is easy and sure. The paper also describes an adjustable deflector for completely determining the compass error when sights of the heavenly bodies or compass marks on shore are not available, a new form of marine dipping-needle for facilitating the correction of the heeling error, and the navigational sounding-machine

for taking soundings of 100 to 150 fathoms from a ship under full headway.

Breguet has invented an exceedingly ingenious and novel telephone, based on an entirely new principle. This is the fact, first observed by Draper, and thoroughly investigated by Lippmann, that a close connection exists between capillarity and electricity, and that electric tension will change the form of liquid meniscus, and changing by mechanical means the form of the meniscus will develop an electric current. In Breguet's apparatus the sender and receiver are exactly similar. Each consists of a vessel containing mercury with dilute acid above it, into which dips a tube containing mercury, the lower end of which is drawn out to a capillary point. On speaking into the top of one of these tubes the sound waves depress the mercury, increase the convexity of the meniscus, and generate an electric current, which passes by a wire to the other tube, affecting its meniscus, and causing oscillations in the mercury which reproduce the sound. The return current is through earth.

In *Chemistry*, Nilson and Petersson have prepared beryllium with great care, and have studied its properties, especially its specific heat, in order to fix definitely its atomic weight. The metal was obtained, by heating the chloride with sodium to bright redness in an iron cylinder, as a net-work of brilliant microscopic crystals of the color and lustre of steel. It is permanent in the air, does not decompose water when boiled with it, is easily soluble in acids and alkalies, does not burn at a red heat even in oxygen. Allowing for impurities, its specific gravity is 1.64. The specific heat was found to be 0.4079. To give a normal atomic heat this value must be multiplied by 13.8, which must be, therefore, its atomic weight.

Warington has given in *Nature* a statement of the results obtained at Rothamsted in testing the new theory of nitrification proposed by Schloesing and Müntz, which completely confirm those of the French chemists. According to their view, nitrification, instead of being brought about by purely chemical forces, is, in fact, the work of a living organism. In proof of this, they show that the process, however active, is stopped at once by the vapor of chloroform, and also by a temperature of boiling water. It must therefore be that the production of nitre in the soil is due to oxidation brought about by these living mycoderms.

Buchanan, chemist of the *Challenger* expedition, in his analyses of sea water, observed the curious fact that from the surface down to 300 fathoms the oxygen continuously decreases in amount, while below 300 fathoms it continuously increases. This is due to the scarcity of animal life at the greater depths.

Pasteur has recently stated that water containing bacteria—and all water, even distilled water, contains them, and can contaminate any cultivation liquid with a growth of them—if allowed to stand for several weeks at a constant temperature, becomes purer in its upper portions, the bacteria settling to the bottom. Dowdeswell has repeated the experiment, and though the water was perfectly clear and bright in appearance, the sediment showed under the microscope amorphous particles, spores of filamentous fungi, micrococci in great numbers, bacteria of the common form, and bacilli in long slender filaments.

*Anthropology*.—The Smithsonian Institution



has just published a well illustrated quarto, by Mr. William H. Dall, upon the mummies or desiccated bodies found in a cave on Kagamil Island, Aleutian group. These interesting objects were presented to the National Museum in 1874 by the Alaska Fur Seal Company, and excited a great deal of curiosity at the time.

M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in pursuance of a scheme projected for our Centennial Exhibition, but not carried into effect, has brought from Greenland to the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris a group of Esquimaux. They are fitted out, as to their house, dress, and accoutrements, in primitive fashion, and will form an attractive feature among the notable objects at the French Exposition.

We announce the first number of *The American Antiquarian*, a quarterly periodical devoted to early American history, ethnology, and archaeology. It is published by Brooks, Schinkel, and Co., Cleveland, Ohio, under the editorial charge of the Rev. Stephen D. Peet. The leading article is upon "The Ancient Garden Beds of Michigan," by Bela Hubbard. The editor contributes a valuable paper on "The Discovery of the Ohio: Early Maps of the Great West."

The third part of *Anales del Museo Nacional de México* contains two important papers on Mexican antiquities, viz., "Un Cíncel de Bronce de los Antiguos Aztecas, por el Sr. D. G. Mendoza," and "Códice Mendozino, Ensayo de Descifración Gero-glífica, por el Señor Don Manuel Orozco y Berra." The last-named article is illustrated by a colored plate from Lord Kingsborough's work.

The February number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, just received, is chiefly occupied by a series of articles from the pen of H. H. Howorth, entitled "The Ethnology of Germany: The Germans of Cæsar;" "The Migrations of the Saxons, Part 3;" and "The Croats."

On April 30 Mr. Francis Galton read a paper before the London Anthropological Institute on composite portraits made by combining those of various persons into a single resultant figure. The author collected photographs of persons with the same general physiognomy, and sitting in the same posture. After being reduced photographically to the same size, they are placed in a frame in front of the camera. Instead of exposing one of them the whole time—say, 100 seconds—to the apparatus, they are removed successively after an exposure of ten seconds. The result is a handsome face, preserving what is common to all, and obliterating individual peculiarities. This process will be very useful in securing anthropological types or family features.

The first and second parts of *Revue d'Anthropologie* come to us together. The first article in Part 1 is by the editor, Dr. Broca, upon the brain of the gorilla. The consideration of this question has lost some interest to anthropologists, since, as Dr. Broca admits, "the transformists [evolutionists] generally agree that man is not descended from any anthropoid ape known, nor, indeed, from any other living species." The first article in Part 2, by the same author, is upon "cerebral nomenclature, denominations of the divisions and subdivisions of the hemispheres and of their anfractuosités." Although we have not space even to mention the contents of these two numbers, all who are acquainted with it will admit that it is the leading journal now devoted solely to anthropology. The "Revue Préhis-

torique" in each number is by M. Gabriel de Mortillet.

Professor Max Müller begins in the May number of the *Contemporary Review* a series of papers on the origin and growth of religion.

*Zoology*.—Some points in the anatomy of recent crinoids (*Pentacrinus* and *Rhizocrinus*), especially with reference to the blood system of these animals, are discussed by P. Herbert Carpenter in the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*. He has also published a morphological account of a new crinoid from the Philippine Islands, named *Actinometra polymorpha*.

Two paper-nautilus shells were found on the coast of Florida this winter, and last winter one was found with the animal entire, besides another empty shell, according to a correspondent of *Forest and Stream*. The *American Naturalist* (Vol. XI., p. 243) contains a notice, by S. Lockwood, of the occurrence of this animal on the New Jersey shore. This species, *Argonauta argo*, Linn., inhabits the Mediterranean Sea, and is undoubtedly a waif from the eastern shores of the Middle Atlantic.

In a paper on the ornamental colors of the daphnidæ, or water fleas, Professor Weismann concludes that secondary sexual characters can in these animals become general specific characters, and illustrate the Darwinian view of the origin of the colors of butterflies.

While the whip-tail scorpion (*Thelyphonus giganteus*) of Mexico and adjoining parts of the United States has lately been shown to be poisonous, by a writer in the *American Naturalist*, Mr. E. Wilkinson, Jun., states that this animal is offensively odorous, apparently emitting the smell from its tail, which is long and filiform.

The vessels attached to the end of the stomach of myriopods, arachnidæ, and insects, which, from being first discovered by the Italian anatomist Malpighi, were called Malpighian vessels, though at first regarded as corresponding to the liver of the higher animals, have of late years, by the best observers, especially Plateau, of Gant, Belgium, been thought without doubt to be excretory in their function, and to correspond to the kidney and ureters of the higher animals. In a paper just published in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift*, Dr. E. Schindler reviews the whole subject, and, from a thorough examination of insects belonging to all the orders, concludes that the Malpighian tubes are specifically urinary in their function, finding in their urinary concretions leucin, uric, oxalic acid, and oxalate of lime.

A study of the poison apparatus of ants and the anal glands present in certain forms has been made by August Forel, and published, with two plates, in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift*. The poison apparatus consists of a sting and gland for secreting the poison, while the two anal glands are very much larger, and situated above the termination of the intestine. These capacious glands, when they occur, secrete a clear fluid which, when thrown out in certain species under excitement, emits a very strong smell of formic acid. Forel incidentally mentions that in the bee the maxillary gland is an odorous gland, while the same gland in the wasps and certain ants (*Lasius*) is used in making the paper of their nests, being mixed with the particles of wood they gnaw off. In the stinging hymenoptera the organ of smell is situated in the antennæ, according to several



eminent late observers, Wolff, Landois, Paasch, Perris, Forel. Dr. Joseph considers that in beetles and other insects the organs of smell are to be found in the stigmata, or breathing holes.

The mechanism of the movements of the flying-fish through the air has been described with much detail by Professor Moebius, of Kiel, who concludes, from the observations of those who have published on the subject and his own, that the flying-fish dart from the water with great speed without reference to the course of the wind and waves. They make no regular flying motions with their pectoral and ventral fins, but spread them out quietly, though very rapid vibrations can be seen in the outstretched pectoral fins. The hinder part of the body, while the fish moves in the air, hangs somewhat lower than the forepart of the body. They usually fly farther against the wind than with it, or if their track and the direction of the wind form an angle. Most flying-fish which fly against or with the wind continue in their whole course of flight in the same direction in which they come out of the water. Winds which blow from one side on to the original track of the fish bend their course inward. All fish which are at a distance from the vessel hover in their whole course in the air near the surface of the water. If in strong winds they fly against the course of the waves, then they fly a little higher; sometimes they cut with the tail into the crest of the same. Only such flying-fish rise to a considerable height (at the highest, by chance, five meters above the surface of the sea) whose course in the air becomes obstructed by a vessel. In the daytime flying-fish seldom fall on the deck of the ship, but mostly in the night; never in a calm, but only when the wind blows. For the most part they fall on ships which do not rise higher than two or three yards above the water, when they are sailing on the wind, or with half-wind, and are making a good course. Flying-fish never come on board from the lee side, but only on the windward side. Before vessels which pass between their swimming schools the fish fly into the air as before predaceous fish or cetaceans.

In an essay by Von Nathusius in Siebold and K  lliker's *Zeitschrift*, he separates the order of oscine birds from the clamatores, scansores, and columbid  , by the structure of the egg-shell.

An exhaustive history of the American whale-fishery from its earliest inception to the year 1876, by Alexander Starbuck, consisting of 767 closely printed pages, appears in the report of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for 1875 and 1876. This is a laborious and most comprehensive examination of the subject, containing an account of the whale-fishery from 1600 to 1876, with a very detailed list of returns of whaling vessels from 1715 to 1784.

That the musk-rat will at times repair old beaver dams is averred by Mr. Russell Hill, from direct observations which he made in Kansas, and published in the *American Naturalist*.

Additional information concerning the range of the wild camel in Central Asia is afforded by Colonel Prejevalsky, who secured several specimens in the mountains of the Altyn-Tag range, which lies north of Thibet. Twenty years ago they were said to have been very common, occurring in herds of dozens, and even of upward of a hundred, together. The animals seek the

upper valleys of the Altyn-Tag in the summer, and the most inaccessible deserts in the winter. Their sight (says the account in the *Geographical Magazine*), sense of hearing and of smell, are exceedingly quick, a striking contrast to the domesticated camel, which is just the opposite. The natives, however, declared that the Kum Tag desert was the most likely place for them. With regard to their origin, Colonel Prejevalsky argues that the preponderance of evidence is in favor of their being of wild stock, the descendants of which, however, have mingled with tame camels.

The Zoological Garden in Philadelphia has been specially favored. Its management has been in the hands of gentlemen of the highest character and position, and the exceptionally large receipts coming to it during the Centennial and preceding years have so assisted its rapid development that what is usually the growth of many years has been accomplished by the Philadelphia society in a few months. This garden was opened in July, 1874. Up to March 1, 1878, it had been visited by the large number of 1,508,501 persons, and its gate receipts amounted to \$226,301 79. Its collection of animals is the finest in the country, and consists of 434 mammals, 453 birds, 58 batrachians, and 63 reptiles. Some specimens in its cages have never been heretofore exhibited, and its rhinoceros is the largest in any garden of the world. The beauty of the grounds, the taste with which they have been laid out, the elegance of the buildings (perhaps too costly for their purposes), and the excellence of their collection combine to make the Philadelphia Zoo compare favorably with many of the long-established gardens of the Old World. Already some of the dissections and observations of its inhabitants have made important contributions to science. The first complete dissection and structural description of the manatee (*Manatus americanus*) was made from its specimens, and many valuable contributions to comparative anatomy and physiology have resulted from their observation. Philadelphians have reason to be proud of their Zoological Garden.

In *Botany*, we have to notice a number of works relating to the plants of the United States. The most important is a *Synoptical Flora of North America*, by Professor Asa Gray. This elaborate work, the result of the study of many years, is a continuation of the *Flora of North America*, by Torrey and Gray, of which only two volumes were ever published. The *Synoptical Flora* includes the "Gamopetal  ," which follow the "Composit  ," being a direct continuation of the *Flora of North America*, the second volume of which ends with the "Composit  ." The typography of the volume is excellent, and of the botanical value of the work, it is sufficient to say that no other person than Professor Gray has a sufficiently extensive knowledge of the North American flora to have written the present volume. The first two fasciculi of an illustrated work entitled *The Native Flowers and Ferns of the United States* have just appeared. The text is by Professor Thomas Meehan, and the plates are chromo-lithographs, by Prang and Co., from drawings by Alois Lunzer. The scope of the work is the same as that undertaken by Professor Goodall and Mr. Sprague in the *Wild Flowers of North America*, and by Professor Eaton and Mr. Emerton in the *Ferns of North America*; but the



work is presented to the public in a more condensed form, and at a decidedly lower price. In the *American Naturalist* for June is an article on the "Genealogy of Plants" by Lester F. Ward. In the way of *Exsiccatae*, there has appeared the first fasciculus of a series of North American fungi, published by Mr. M. C. Cooke, of London. The fasciculus contains a hundred species collected in the Southern United States by Mr. H. W. Ravenel, the well-known mycologist. The second fasciculus of *Algæ Am. Borealis*, by Farlow, Anderson, and Eaton, contains fifty species of marine algæ, the most interesting of which are from the California coast. There is announced by Mr. J. B. Ellis, of Newfield, New Jersey, a general series of fungi of the United States, two centuries of which are to be published annually. Mr. Ellis announces that he is to be aided by several well-known botanists, and the determination of the *Uredineæ* and *Peronosporæ* is to be undertaken by Professor Farlow.

In Europe we have to notice a work by Professor Carnel, of Pisa, on vegetable morphology, which is adapted to the wants of Italian students. In *Hedwigia*, Gobi reports the occurrence in the Gulf of Riga of *Rivularia fluitans* recently discovered by Cohn in stagnant streams in Silesia. The third and fourth fasciculi of *Algæ Scandinavice*, by Wittrock and Nordstedt, contain a number of interesting species, some of which were collected by Nordstedt in the Mediterranean.

*Engineering*.—The issue of the *Railroad Gazette* for May 31, in its record of new railroad construction, notes the completion of 385 miles of track in the United States during the year 1878, against 393 miles reported for the corresponding period of 1877.

In view of the circulation of certain absurd statements recently published to the effect that the jetties had proved a failure, and that he is asking to be relieved of the obligation to create over twenty-five feet depth, Captain Eads has felt called upon to publicly contradict the rumor. He states that the jetty act was framed with the view of saving the government from any possible risk, either during construction or by the failure of the system; hence the payments were to be made in installments, contingent upon securing certain depths of channel with substantial works. The original estimates will not be exceeded, but the amount of work that it has been found necessary to complete, in order to secure the two payments already made, is greatly in excess of what was supposed at the outset would be required. The total cost of the work is fixed at \$5,250,000. Already four-fifths of the whole have been completed, and the projectors of the enterprise have only received thus far \$1,000,000. Apropos of this subject, at latest accounts the depth of water at the jetties was  $23\frac{1}{2}$  feet at high tide, and over the shoal at the head of the pass 24.6 feet. A 24-foot channel by 250 feet wide will entitle Captain Eads to receive his third installment of \$500,000.

From a recent report of the inspector of the St. Gothard Tunnel it appears that the irregular character of the rock formations pierced by the tunnel, and which we lately noticed as a serious obstacle to the rapid progress of the work, had entirely ceased, and that the work is now progressing through uniformly regular strata, in gneiss on the south side at the rate of ten feet

per day, and at a somewhat slower rate on the north side, where the boring is still in serpentine. Meantime, while the tunnel-work appears to be progressing favorably, financial difficulties threaten to embarrass its regular continuance. A large supplementary grant of money has been asked for to complete the railway, and the proposition was made to divide the amount proportionately between Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Late advices, however, convey the news that in the canton of Zürich the grant of the subsidy was rejected by a popular vote, and that other cantons will most likely do likewise. Should this prove to be the case, the railway will have to be completed by Germany and Italy.

Professor R. Weber, who has lately received the prizes of the Berlin *Verein für Gewerbefleiß* for his careful study of the causes of mill fires, has demonstrated that all kinds of flour in dust clouds are inflammable, and makes it out to be extremely probable that some of the so-called fire-damp explosions of coal mines are really caused by the ignition of the clouds of dust floating in the air of the mines. He urges free and steady ventilation as the best remedy against destructive explosions in mills, and for dry mines the frequent sprinkling of the headings and galleries with water conveyed in flexible pipes from the pit mouth.

With the view of effecting the possible utilization of the enormous quantities of anthracite coal at present wasted as dust or dirt, experiments have been instituted, at the instance of a member of the corps of the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of producing therefrom a coke, by mixture of the anthracite with bituminous dust as a cementing material, and coking the mixture in coking furnaces. The result proved that by this means an excellent coke could be produced, but that the operation on the large scale would be of doubtful commercial value at the present prices of coal.

Experiments made in Nassau, Germany, to utilize the common nettle as a textile fibre have apparently been successful. When treated like hemp, it is affirmed to yield a fibre as strong as hemp, and having the fineness and lustre of silk.

A factory at Auckland, New Zealand, manufactures cattle food on the large scale from the cocoa-nut. The oil, which is a valuable product, is first expressed, the operation being similar to that employed with linseed.

*Nature* reports that the announcement of important gold discoveries on the island of New Guinea (Papua) has already had the effect of directing an expedition of adventurers from Australia to that hitherto unknown country.

Recent exploration of a vast tract of country in the northwestern part of New Zealand, which hitherto has been supposed to be quite valueless, has revealed the fact that it is extremely rich in minerals, containing especially enormous beds of iron; gold, copper, and tin have also been found. From Peru, likewise, comes the statement of the discovery of an immense deposit of coal of unknown thickness and extent at Chala Alta, in the province of Libertad. The report of a government commission of scientists lately appointed to examine it expressed the opinion that the Chala Alta field will be able to supply the wants of the whole of South America for many years.



# Editor's Historical Record.

## POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of June.—On the 24th of May, Mr. Edmunds reported to the Senate a bill regulating the method of counting the electoral vote. The bill provides that when there is but one return from a State it shall not be rejected except by the affirmative votes of both Houses of Congress; that when there is more than one return from a State, the votes of those electors shall be counted who have been lawfully appointed according to the decision of the proper State tribunal; that when there shall be any question as to which of two or more State tribunals is the proper one, the votes "of those electors, and those only, from such State shall be counted whose title as electors the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide is supported by the decision of the tribunal of such State so provided for by its Legislature;" and that "in such case of more than one return, or paper purporting to be a return, from a State, if there shall have been no such determination of the question in the State as aforesaid, then those votes, and those only, shall be counted which the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide to be the lawful votes of the legally appointed electors of such State."

The Senate, May 28, passed the House bill forbidding the further retirement of legal-tender notes.

June 3, the House passed Mr. Cox's bill to reorganize the Life-saving Service. The bill was passed by the Senate June 17. Mr. Wood's Tariff bill was defeated in the House June 5.

The River and Harbor and the Army Appropriation bills passed both Houses June 16. The reduction and reorganization of the army and the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department are referred to commissions. The Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill passed both Houses June 19, including the Halifax Fishery Award.

The House, June 19, passed a bill authorizing the payment of customs duties in legal-tender notes after October 1. The bill was not acted upon in the Senate. The House passed a joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment prohibiting the payment of Southern war claims to disloyal persons.

The House, June 14, by a vote of 215 to 21, adopted the following preamble and resolution: "Whereas, At the joint meeting of the two Houses of the Forty-fourth Congress, convened pursuant to law and the Constitution for the purpose of ascertaining and counting the votes for President and Vice-President for the term commencing March 4, 1877, on counting the votes Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected President and William A. Wheeler was declared elected Vice-President for such term; therefore, *Resolved*, That no subsequent Congress, and neither House, has jurisdiction to revise the action at such joint meeting, and any attempt by either House to annul or disregard such action, or the title to office arising therefrom, would be revolutionary, and is disapproved by this House."

General John C. Fremont was confirmed as Governor of Arizona June 12. On the 19th, the Senate confirmed the nominations of Reuben E. Fenton, William S. Groesbeck, and Professor F.

A. Walker as members of the Monetary Commission.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned *sine die* on the 20th of June.

State Conventions have been held as follows: The Iowa Democratic, at Cedar Rapids, May 29, nominating T. O. Walker for Secretary of State; Indiana Republican, at Indianapolis, June 5, nominating Isaac S. Moore for Secretary of State; Maine Greenback, at Lewiston, June 5, nominating Joseph W. Smith for Governor; Michigan Greenback, at Detroit, June 5, nominating Henry S. Smith for Governor; Ohio Republican, at Cincinnati, June 12, renominating Milton Barnes for Secretary of State; Maine Democratic, at Portland, June 18, nominating Dr. Alonzo Garcelon for Governor; Iowa Republican, at Des Moines June 19, nominating J. A. T. Hall for Secretary of State; Vermont Democratic, June 20, nominating W. H. H. Bingham for Governor.

The European Congress assembled in the Radziwell Palace, at Berlin, June 13, Prince Bismarck occupying the presidential chair. The following representatives were present: Prince Bismarck and Count von Bülow, for Germany; Lords Beaconsfield, Salisbury, and Odo Russell, for Great Britain; Prince Gortchakoff, Count Schouvaloff, and M. D'Oubril (Russian ambassador at Berlin), for Russia; Count Andrassy and Von Haymerle, for Austria; MM. Waddington and De St. Vallier, for France; Count Corti and Count de Launay, for Italy; and Sadyk Pasha (late Chief of the Ministry) and Catheodori Effendi, for Turkey.

Another attempt was made to assassinate Emperor William, June 2, while he was driving in the avenue Unter den Linden, by one Nobiling. The Emperor received thirty small shot in the face, head, back, and arms, but none of the wounds proved mortal.

The Prussian Federal Council, June 11, unanimously voted Prince Bismarck's proposal to dissolve the Reichstag.

The Old Catholic Synod, meeting at Bonn, has resolved in favor of marriage of the clergy.

## DISASTERS.

April 11.—Tornado at Canton, China. Estimated loss of ten thousand lives.

May 31.—Collision of two German iron-clads in the English Channel—the *Grosser Kurfürst* and the *König Wilhelm*. The former sank, and two hundred and eighty lives were lost.

June 7.—Colliery explosion at Haydock, near Wigan, England. Over two hundred lives lost.

## OBITUARY.

June 12.—In New York city, William Cullen Bryant, the poet, in his eighty-fourth year.

June 19.—At Princeton, New Jersey, the Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D., aged eighty years.

June 23.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Colonel George P. Kane, Mayor of that city, aged sixty-one years.

May 28.—At Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, Surrey, England, Earl Russell, aged eighty-six years.

June 9.—At Constantinople, Turkey, John A. MacGahan, a distinguished newspaper correspondent, aged thirty-two years.



## Editor's Drawer.

IN the Rev. James Freeman Clarke's *Memorial and Biographical Sketches* occurs the following characteristic and amusing anecdote of the late Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky:

An elder of the Presbyterian church in Butler, Pennsylvania, wished one Saturday to go to Pittsburgh on business of importance. The stage from Erie came through so full that he could get no seat; but presently there followed an extra stage, containing only one gentleman and two ladies. He asked permission of the gentleman to take a seat, and was permitted to do so. As he rode on, he allowed his hand carelessly to drop on some flowers belonging to the ladies, which were in a pot beside him. This happened repeat-

tion for a place of interment for a friend, and the attendant expense, the word friend being so written as to leave doubt as to its being "friend" or "friends." Mr. Clarke called on Mr. Booth, and asked him if the death of his friend was sudden.

"Very," he replied.

"Was he a relative?"

"Distant," said he, and changed the subject.

A long dialogue ensued as to the lawfulness of taking the life of an animal to be eaten as food.

"I eat no animal food. There is my supper," said he, pointing to the plate of bread.

Booth then read with fine effect the whole of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and Shelley's argument against the use of animal food at the end



MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS BEFORE THE HOUSE.

edly, notwithstanding the request of the original traveller to the church elder to be more cautious. At the last he said: "Sir, I have permitted you to take a seat with us because you said you were anxious to reach Pittsburgh; but you shall leave the stage if you touch those flowers again, even if I have to put you out myself."

This made a little "unpleasantness" for the rest of the journey. The elder did his business, and then went to a friend's house, who said, "It is fortunate that you came to-day, for to-morrow we have the celebrated Robert J. Breckinridge to preach for us."

The elder went to church, and saw in the pulpit his stage-coach companion, and found that he had used his excellent opportunity for becoming well acquainted with Robert J. Breckinridge by making himself specially disagreeable to him.

MR. CLARKE'S account of a droll scene between himself and the elder Booth is exceedingly diverting. Mr. Clarke, then (in 1834) living in Louisville, received a note from Booth asking informa-

tion for a place of interment for a friend, and taking one of the candles, said to him, "Would you like to look at the remains?"

Mr. Clarke assented; looked toward a bed in the corner of the room, but saw nothing there. Booth went to another corner of the room, where, spread out upon a large sheet, he showed Mr. Clarke *about a bushel of wild-pigeons!*

"Booth knelt down by the side of the birds, and, with evidence of sincere affliction, began to mourn over them. He took them up in his hands tenderly and pressed them to his heart. For a few moments he seemed to forget my presence. For this I was glad, for it gave me a little time to recover from my astonishment, and to consider rapidly what it might mean. At first I thought it was an intentional piece of practical fun, of which I was to be the object. I afterward decided that it was a sincere conviction—an idea, exaggerated perhaps to the borders of monomania, of the sacredness of all life.

"'You see,' said he, 'these innocent victims of man's barbarity. I wish to testify in some public



way against this wanton destruction of life, and I wish you to help me. Will you?"

"'Hardly,' I replied. 'I expected something very different from this when I received your note. I did not come to see you expecting to be called to assist at the funeral solemnities of birds.'

"'Nor did I send for you,' he answered. 'I merely wrote to ask about the lot in the graveyard. But now you are here, why not help me? Do you fear the laugh of man?'

"'No,' I replied. 'If I agreed with you, I might have the courage to act out my convictions. But I do not look at it as you do. There is no reason, then, why I should have any thing to do with it.'

"'That is fair,' he said. 'I am obliged to you for coming to see me. My intention was to purchase a place in the burial-ground, and have them put into a coffin and carried in a hearse. I might do it without any one's knowing that it was not a human body. Would you assist me then?'

"'But if no one *knew* it,' I said, 'how would it be a public testimony against the destruction of life?'

"'True, it would not. Well, I will consider what to do. Perhaps I may wish to bury them privately in some garden.'

"'In that case,' said I, 'I will find you a place in the grounds of some of my friends.'

"I heard in a day or two that he actually purchased a lot in the cemetery, had a coffin made, hired a hearse and carriage, and had gone through all the solemnities of a regular funeral. For several days he continued to visit the grave of his little friends, and mourned over them with a grief which did not seem at all theatrical. Meantime he acted every night at the theatre, and, my friends told me, with unsurpassed excellence."

A GERMAN with affectionate tendencies says that even in Vaterland there are women who in the tenderest moment of their existence do not forget the trade dollars, as per example in

#### POPPING THE QUESTION.

I showed my love my fond heart,  
And asked would she be mine  
Till cruel death do us part?  
She answered me, *Ach nein!*

I showed my love my bank-book,  
And then I touched her soul.  
She sighed with such a frank look,  
And sweetly lisped, *Yah wohl!*

A WASHINGTON correspondent, walking along Pennsylvania Avenue a few days since, was led into a peculiar vein of thought as to the possibilities of the future of the negro race on hearing the following ambitious announcement from a half-grown negro newsboy, made with entire gravity: "Gentlemen, I have the Sunday papers *still yet*—the Sunday *Capitol*, the Sunday *Herald*, and the Sunday *Gazette still more*."

THERE are yet living old residents of Boston who can recall the little emaciated form, pinched features, and oft-quoted sayings of "old Tommy B——." He amassed an ample fortune, and gave liberally to objects of benevolence, but toward religion he was intolerant. He was never known to laugh; but his keen wit, quaint sayings and sarcasms, delivered in a shrill, piping tenor key, made him a favorite in company.

A most estimable daughter, while in delicate health, much against her fond father's wishes, was baptized by immersion. Immediately after

the ceremony she drooped, and in a few days died. Old Tommy always persisted that she was drowned, and seemed delighted to assert it. "Drowned, yes, Sir—drowned as dead as a rat, Sir. The girl was short-winded and short-waisted; it didn't take long to fill her up; and the old fool was absent-minded; he dowsed her under, and forgot to pull her up till after she was drowned. Yes, Sir; it's a fact, Sir."

Late in life he attended the funeral of a cherished friend of his youth among the Worcester County hills. It was a dreary February day. A deep snow covered the ground. Tommy was not known to a soul in that crowded farm-house. In a close room, heated by an "air-tight stove," he sat through the tedious, droning service like a statue. At the close, just as the gentle bustle of preparation to bear out the body began, Tommy addressed his next neighbor in a shrill, piping whisper, audible all over the room, and all eyes were bent upon them in wonder: "Were you acquainted with the corpse?"

The embarrassed farmer gave a shrug, and replied, "Yes, Sir, I was."

"Well, Sir," continued Tommy, in a shriller key, "Sam was a mighty smart man; an awful smart man Sam was; and I'll tell you one thing: if Sam had the running of this slow, one-horse, country funeral, he'd have had himself tucked under-ground two hours ago; *yes, Sir!*"

THEY have a style of doing things in Oregon that is unique. In the way of declining public office nothing could be neater than the following letter of Mr. John Nestor, addressed to Dr. Bailey, chairman of the Democratic Convention, declining the nomination of County Superintendent of Public Instruction:

CORNELIUS, OREGON, April 23, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—Being nominated for the office of County Superintendent of Public Instruction by the Democratic County Committee, I beg leave to return through you to the honorable body my thanks for the generous token of recognition. I desire to state that I am not an aspirant for honors, or a candidate for any at present. Three years ago I gave up office life and settled down to hard knocks. I have fifty acres of sorrel land and fifty thousand squirrels that I have labored for three years to exterminate, and without success. I have concluded to devote one more effort to the same object this coming season, and then, if not successful, I will announce myself ready for a call for any easy, lazy, *honorable* position, such as preaching, teaching school in hot weather, hotel waiter, barber, or some other of those honorable callings that so many broad-shouldered men pursue, which will secure to me bread and butter for my family in the *shade*. Until such time, gentlemen, allow me to decline any office that would detract interest from the object in view. With great regards, dear doctor, I remain your obedient servant,

JOHN NESTOR.

Dr. BAILEY, Chairman, etc.

THE telephone may prove a dangerous matter for some folks. One of our leading merchants, whose home is not a thousand miles from Brooklyn, and who occasionally luxuriates in his leisure hours in mechanical and philosophical experiments, put up the other day an excellent telephone at his residence, connecting the parlor with the rear of the house. On a certain evening, while he was at work at one end of the instrument, there were a couple of young bucks being entertained in the parlor by the young ladies of the family, and one of them, whose wish may have been father to the thought, spoke—just for the fun of the thing, of course—at the instru-



ment. The quiet old gentleman received at his end of the wire this complimentary message: "Old Mr. Watkins, isn't it most time you went to bed?"

The young sauce-box in the parlor nearly jumped from the floor at the reply that came back: "*Yes, Sir; and quite time you went home, young man!*"

"I WAS in Nashville, Tennessee, a few days ago," writes a clerical friend in New Haven, Connecticut, "and heard a colored preacher describe the rainbow in the following language:

"'You will observe, my breddren, dat de rainbow is composed of all colors except *white*. Dere

Rochester when the fisherman began his tour of salutation and hand-shaking. He had passed through all but the last car, when Jack — said to him: "Seth, you are out of place; you should be in the car where the Fish is" (referring to the Hon. H. Fish, who was in a forward car).

Seth, after surveying those around him, and noticing certain red noses, replied: "I guess I'm in the right place, as there seem to be plenty of *suckers* here!"

THIS comes from the kingdom of Great Britain:

A good story is being told at his own expense by a celebrated old university oar and well-known London athlete. He was making his way the other

day along the Thames towing-path with three companions, when they were overtaken by a sudden thunder-storm, and drenched to the skin. Making their way to a small river-side inn, they ordered the best cheer the house could afford, immediate hot liquor, and a large fire in the parlor. Round the fire they gathered to dry themselves as best they could. Now in the tap-room immediately adjoining were a couple of bargemen, also wet, who, observing the fire, resolved to intrude themselves on the society of their betters and enjoy it. As the two strangers entered the room its four occupants crowded round the fire and shut them out. Four to two is long odds, but the bigger of the two bargemen could not find it in his heart to withdraw without at least a "display of moral force." Walking up to the circle of sitters, he noisily expectorated over their heads upon the flames. "When swells is about, Bill," he observed to his colleague, "it ain't perlit to spit on the floor."

The leader of the hostile forces, foreseeing that a bold front was the only way to prevent a disturbance, turned round in his seat and asked, "Where may you come from, my fine fellow?"

"Hell," was the uncompromising answer.

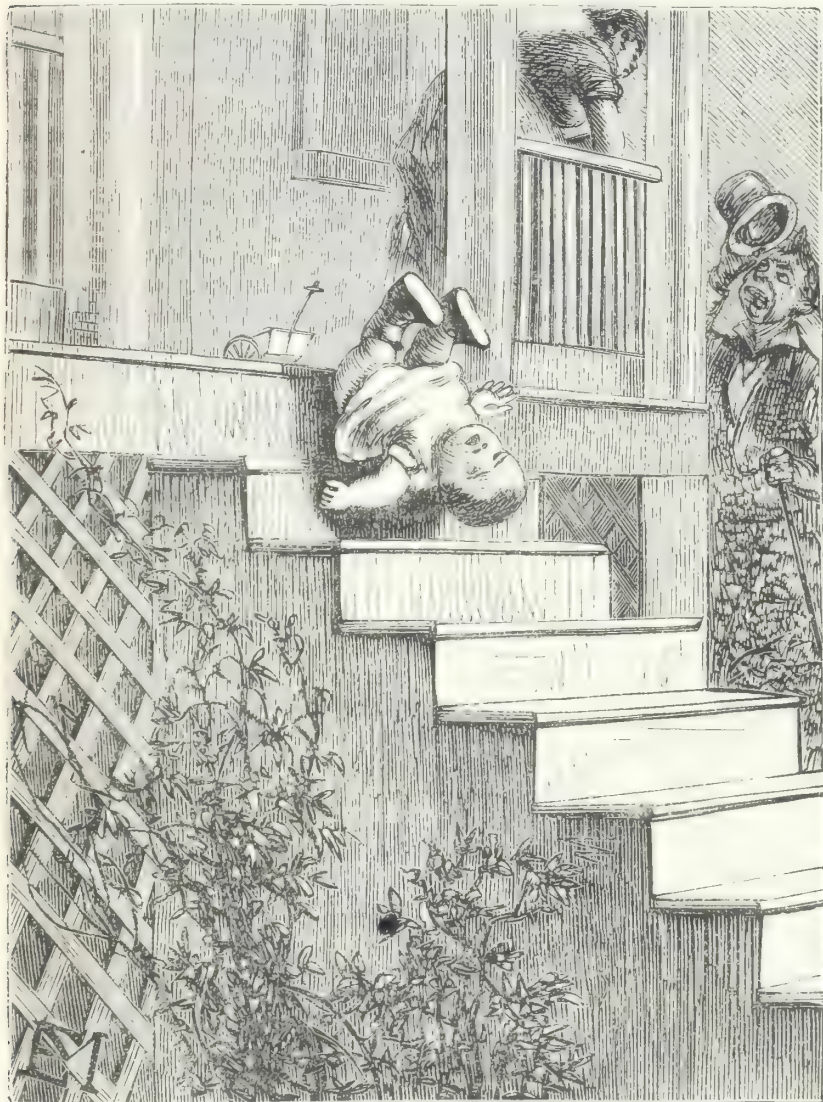
This, of course, was the retort courteous, to which came in reply the quip modest: "And what's the last thing there in good manners?"

"Same as yere," was the bargeman's reply churlish. "The swells are keeping all the fire to their blooming selves."

Beyond this point the narrative runneth not.

Who will say that Anglo-Saxon English is on a par with Latin English after reading the following, which we pick out of an old collection of memorabilia?

At the close of one of the sessions in the trial of Warren Hastings, when most of those engaged had gathered in the anteroom, Dr. Parr went up and down the room, in his grand, pedantic, and portentous way, growling out praises of the speech-



THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.

ain't no white in it. Derefore de rainbow is a bow of promise for de *colored race*. Perhaps you don't know how de rainbow is made. I'll tell you, and I want you to remember it. De sky comes down an' scoops up de water from de ocean, de winds blow it over on de land, an' den de 'lectricity disintegrates de water, an' de rain comes down before de sun, an' in dis way de rainbow am formed."

EVERY body in this hemisphere has heard of Seth Green, our principal fisherman; but few are aware that he hath a merry wit which cometh out on occasion. A few weeks since, at the celebration of the completion of the new State Line Railroad, Seth was invited to join the excursion. Scarcely had the well-filled train started from



es of Fox and Sheridan, but omitting to say a word of Burke's. Burke, sensitive at the omission, and ambitious for a eulogium from the great authority, could at last contain himself no longer, and burst out: "Doctor, didn't you like my speech?"

"No, Edmund," said Parr; "your speech was oppressed with metaphor, dislocated by parenthesis, debilitated by amplification."

PAUL COURRIER, in describing a fanatical and particularly obstinate politician, said his conservatism was of that extreme character that if he had been present on the morning of the creation he would have cried out, "Mon Dieu! conservons le chaos!"

EDWARD A. SAMUELS, author of *Birds of New England*, is a stoutish man—a very stoutish man. He tells this about himself:

"I got into the cars the other day, and the only seat vacant was in one of the two-third seats near the door, that was already partly occupied by a very small man. I thought perhaps there would be room for me, as the man was so small. I therefore squeezed myself into the seat, remarking, as I did so: 'We fat people are to be pitied.'"

"The reply, in a faint, smothered voice, was, 'I think lean people should be pitied sometimes.'"

SOME years ago Dr. H. D. Paine, of this city, as one of the members of the New York Medical Club, took his turn at its entertainment in the following style:

"SCIENS, SOCIALITE, SOBRIETE."

DOCTORES.—Ducum nex mundi nitu Panes; tritucum at ait. Expecto meta fumen tu te & eta beta pi. Super attento, uno. Dux, hamor clam pati, sum parates, homine, ices, jam, etc. Sideror hoc. Anser.

"FESTO REASONAN FLOAS SOLE."

One of the "fumen" invited replied in kind, and not less in quality. If that "anser" is extant, perhaps Dr. Paine will "tritu" look it up for us.

AND so Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, is dead. "I met him," writes a Boston friend, "but once, at Montreal. I noticed that this fine-looking man, when he arrived at the hotel in Montreal, was placed at the head of our table, but did not know who he was. He came home by the same route and at the same time with us, and was very kind and courteous to my travelling companions as well as myself. What I remember more distinctly than any thing else was a 'happening' at Rouse's Point while we were waiting for the steamer. The professor was talkative and communicative in his quiet way, and was full of incidents of travel and adventure. Soon the steamer appeared in sight, and while she was approaching us the professor sat upon the wharf looking dreamily at her. Presently he aroused himself, and said: 'I see a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer, where the sun shines upon her' (it was almost sunset). 'I wonder what the cause of it is? I have seen phosphorescent light before, but never exactly like this. And see! there it is also upon the other, the darker side of the steamer. Well, certainly that is very curious.' We looked, and indeed it seemed remarkable. First upon the bright side of the steamer, and then upon the dark side, would appear these curious flashes of light, and disappear almost instant-

ly. They seemed to come at regular intervals, and it was beautiful as well as strange. Our reveries were rudely disturbed, however, by one of the customs inspectors approaching.

"Looking at them flashes?"

"Yes," said the professor. "I wonder what they are?"

"Oh, them's hot ashes they are throwing out of the ash pits."

"The professor was nonplussed for a moment. Then saying, quietly, 'Well, well, live and learn—live and learn,' he lapsed into silence."

A CLEVER contributor who had a MS. declined by the editor of this Magazine sends the following:

#### TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

I WAS watching the postman this morning—  
Watching and waiting to see  
If out of his well-filled budget  
He was bringing one letter to me,  
Until, as I lingered and wondered,  
And doubted and hoped, why, it came—  
My letter—and bore in one corner  
A mystic device and a name.

A name so far-famed that—no matter,  
You'll guess it directly, I know;  
And the symbol—a hand just extending  
A torch to a hand held below.  
"That device," so I said, as I viewed it,  
"Is full of bright meanings for me;  
'I illumine the hopes half extinguished,'  
Yes, thus says the torch, I can see."

Meanwhile, in a flutter of pleasure,  
I opened the missive; and, lo!  
Instead of kind words of acceptance,  
The editor coolly said *no*.  
Not even a reason to soften  
The force of the terrible blow;  
But "*regrets*," and "*obliged to decline it*,"  
And "*thanks*," and "*yours truly*," you know.

Now when I refolded my letter,  
And studied that symbol once more,  
How far its significance varied  
From the meaning I fancied before!  
That torch was the saddest of omens;  
It seemed to say plainly: "*You dunce*,  
*Ignite all the trash you have written*,  
*And make a good bonfire at once!*"

COLONEL DELANCEY KANE should be delighted that his name has in a mild way suggested a Biblical criticism. On the Sunday succeeding the annual parade of the Coaching Club a lad of seven years was asked by his Sunday-school teacher if he could tell the class any thing about Cain and Abel. The lad replied, promptly, "Yes, Sir; Cain drove a coach!"

THE following comes to the Drawer from a Buffalo friend:

Shortly after the war with Great Britain an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he inclosed his grounds with a high tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman, "one of the olden time," with the exception that none but the *élite* of the province and the officers of the garrison were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap who stuttered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into some sort of mischief. One day this chap took the



small boat that lay moored at the foot of the wall of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in rear of Fort George without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree in the inclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, fired, and brought down his game. Colonel B—— witnessed the transaction, and advanced while the soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand,

ed the command. There was "shoot" in the Englishman's eye; there was no help for it; and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite of the crow; but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his toe-nails. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave. After the man had wiped his eyes, the colonel handed him his gun, with this remark: "Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gentleman's inclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulations were useless. There was "shoot" in the American's eye, as there had been in the Englishman's. There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough, and while the Englishman was in an agony of sickness Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early the commandant at Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when the colonel was announced.

"Sir," said the colonel, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have here three hundred men, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer.

"He is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a moment Tom entered, and stood all attention and straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

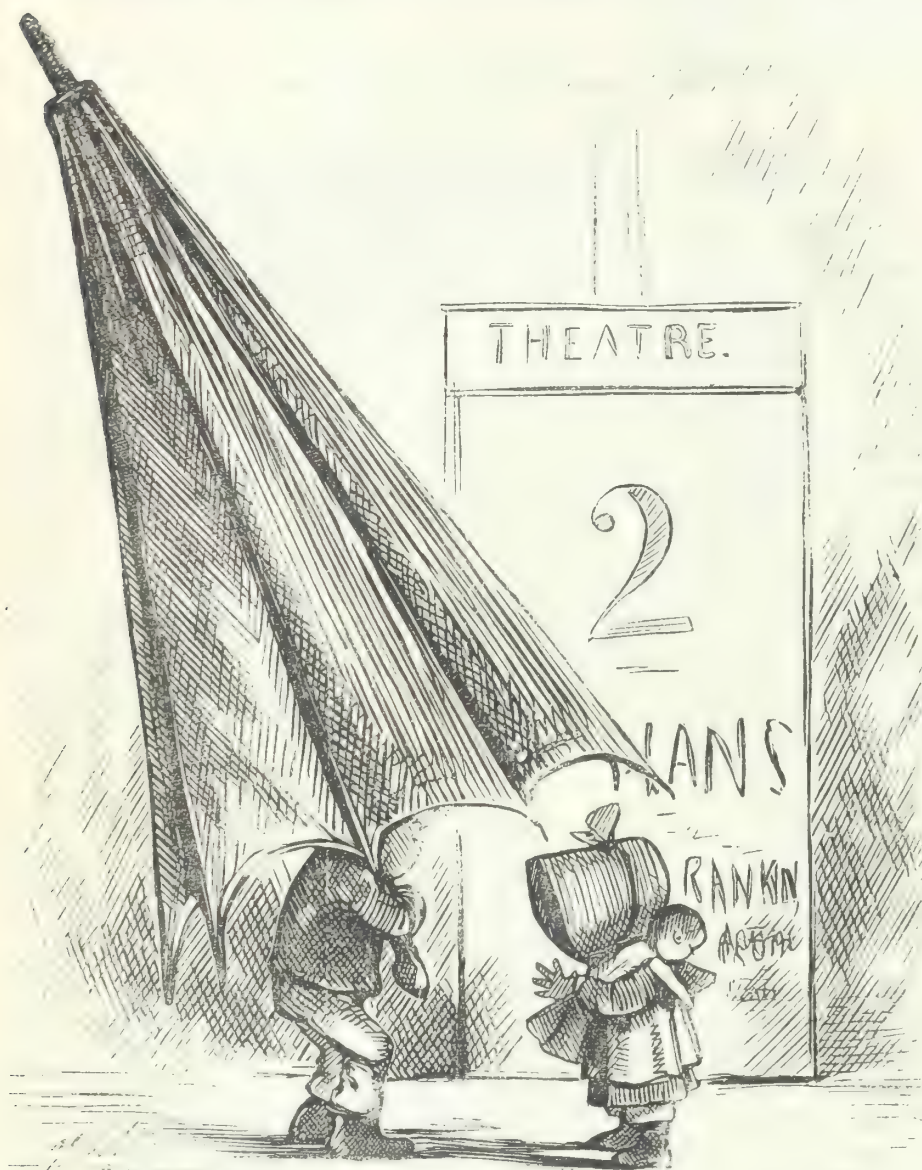
"Tom," said his officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-yes, Sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I—I—I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but regaining the grave expression natural to his face—"I di-di-dined with him yesterday."

Tom was not punished.



YOUNG MAIDEN. "Why Tom, what makes you carry an Umbreller such a lovely day?"

CROSS OLD BACHELOR (who has evidently loved and been deceived). Because the Weather is so much like your Sex that it can't be depended on for two moments together."

gulped down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the colonel, "for he was a pet. By-the-bye, this is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, entreated. It was no use. The colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeat-



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXL.—SEPTEMBER, 1878.—VOL. LVII.



TWICKENHAM.

## SHEEN, THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?  
The choice perplexes. Say, shall we wind  
Along the streams, or walk the smiling mead,  
Or court the forest glades, or wander wild  
Among the waving harvests, or ascend,  
While radiant summer opens all its pride,  
Thy Hill, delightful Sheen?"

**C**OULD the "gentle bard" who set the  
changing "Seasons" to such tuneful  
notes look forth from his peaceful corner of  
the ancient Church of St. Mary Magdalene,

Richmond, would his kindly heart regret or  
rejoice to see so fair and large a town creep-  
ing up the heights that overhung his well-  
beloved "vale of bliss?"

His own modest dwelling, after undergo-  
ing many shifting fortunes, has now become  
a refuge for the ailing poor; the "Star and  
Garter's" blooming terrace steps out into the  
forest of waving elms that whisper down  
the sloping hill-side; while of the ancient  
"Lass of Richmond Hill," naught now re-  
mains but a cellar and a name.





THE TERRACE, RICHMOND HILL, IN SUMMER.

The low and rambling roofs that once but sparsely showed themselves among the tree-tops have expanded into hundreds of solid modern mansions, and instead of postboy's winding horn, the short wild cry of sudden-loosened steam startles the fragrant air.

But in the new days, as in the old, the claim of Richmond to her ancient title of Shine or Sheen, the Shining or the Beautiful, remains uncontested, and a bidding to her pleasant shades is a sweet alluring call which it rarely enters into the heart of man to resist.

Time only mellows the green luxuriance of those eternal hills whose feet rest in the winding Thames, and a sail up that cool blue tide while the dew upon its banks is yet sparkling with the sun-glints upon the water, drifting back as shadows deepen, and the nightingale's note of "lingering sweetness long drawn out"

sings in the tender twilight, is a calm and restful summer idyl whose charm seems ever fresh and new.

And even when the warm blue skies have lost themselves in chilly gray, and the restless waves toss poor dead leaves instead of

sunbeams to and fro, when, instead of lark and nightingale, the sighing wind alone beats a rhythm to the unquiet waters' rush, the vale of Sheen, her soft green mantle changed to one of white, has still a strange pathetic beauty all her own. In June she is enchanting; and in January—enchanting still! Nature in a moment of joyous *abandon* seems to have woven with fond and cunning hand a perfect harmony of woodland and water, of hill and dale, that should defy both time and change. Other towns may rise into repute to be admired, then neglected, and then often finally left to



ST. MARY MAGDALENE.



slumber anew in their pristine dullness; but to Sheen, the Beautiful, inconstant man is constant still.

And no long tables, whose convives breakfast upon hope, and dine—alas! how often!—upon despair, entice him hither with their shining heaps of gold; no wondrous healing springs, that cause the blind, the halt, and the lame to shout for joy, disport their wa-

had remembered the lonely island around which stormed the wild Atlantic, almost as fondly as his own bright land, whose “arched and lovely foot” dips into the heaven-dyed Southern sea.

Although a palace was built at Sheen by Edward the Confessor, the earliest written mention of the place states that it was granted to a certain Michael Belat, a fol-



THE TERRACE, RICHMOND HILL, IN WINTER.

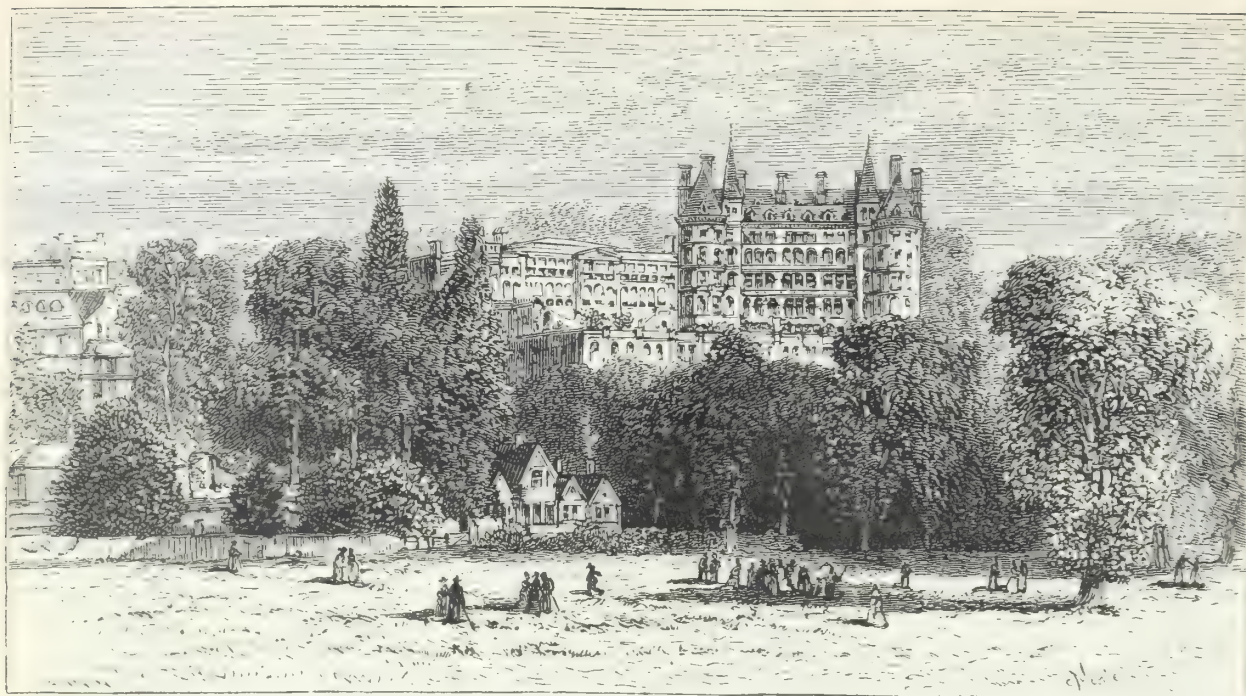
ters in the sunshine. The “Parade,” too, and the ubiquitous “Band,” are alike “conspicuous by their absence;” and even the one poor theatre, built beneath the watchful eye of Garrick himself, and echoing almost the last words of the immortal Kean, mourns in silence the glory of departed days. The idler in Thomson’s “enchanted vale” covets not the shifting pools of gold that fleck the hill-side; he is glad to drink in the healthful breeze in lieu of nauseous waters; and Nature, with her rustling forests and choirs of sweet-voiced birds, has set the “radiant summer” to melodies that even Strauss’s seducing strains can never hope to rival.

Since the mystical “dark ages” Surrey seems to have been the loved and chosen retreat of king and commoner; and even the stern Roman warrior whose walls encircled her heights a decade of centuries ago must have confessed in his heart, as he looked into the smiling valley beneath, and “over the hills and far away” beyond, that Nature

lower of the Conqueror, and until the close of the thirteenth century it seems not to have found its way back into the hands of royalty. In 1305, however, Edward I. gave audience at his “Manor-house in Sheen:” and it was there that the broken-hearted Edward III., lonely, and forsaken by all save a priest who chanced to pass, dropped into the silent slumber of the grave.

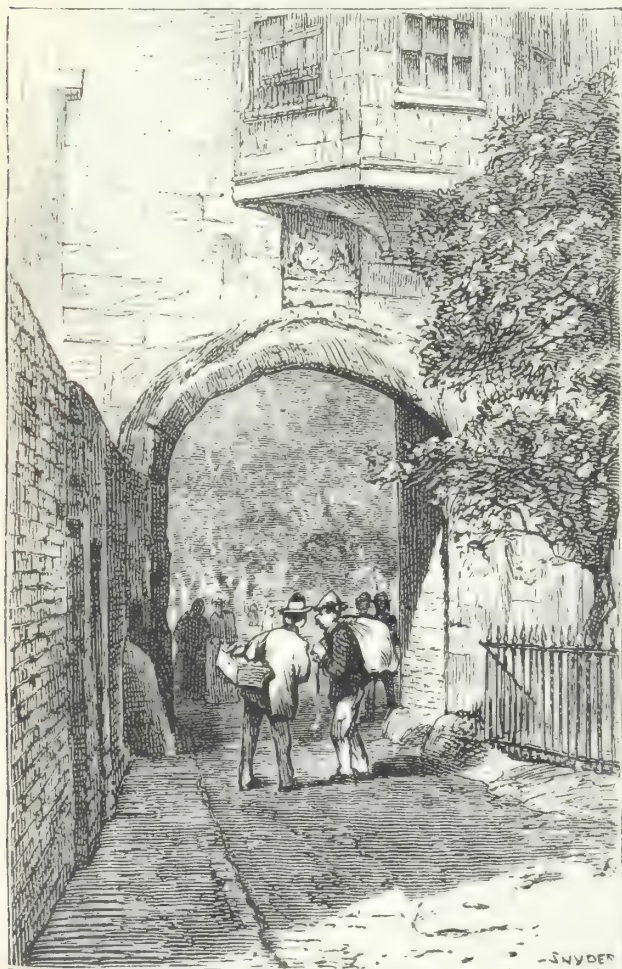
To Sheen, also, Richard brought his “good Queen Anne,” of blessed memory. For her enjoyment he widened and embellished the modest dimensions of the “Manor-house” into a “Royal Palace,” and was so affected by her death within the walls she loved so well that he abandoned the spot, leaving the work in which he had delighted to crumble in solitude, until it was restored by Henry V., who made it his favorite country abode. Another score of years saw it again a ruin; a pitiless fire consumed its treasures, leaving only a memory of splendor behind. But the smouldering ashes were scarcely cold before new walls began to rise,





RICHMOND HILL.

new wings and pointed latticed windows and turrets with their gilded vanes to glisten in the sunshine, and in the birth-year of the sixteenth century was completed the "New Palace of Rychemonde."



OLD PALACE ARCH.

Here did its founder, that royal miser Henry VII., hoard up treasure day by day, and here finally did "that modern Solomon of England, having lived two-and-fif-

ty years and eight months, being in good memory and most blessed mind, in the great calm of a consuming sickness, pass to a better world." The walls of the "New Rychemonde Palace" witnessed the festivities that ushered in the first Christmas of "bluff King Hal," who quaffed long and deep at the "was-sail-bowl," and who fought in disguise in a grand tournament of knights held in the park. Elizabeth, too, despite the memory of a sister's harshness that imprisoned her beneath its roof, kept to the end a place in her capricious heart for the fair, inviting shades of Rychemonde. Here Raleigh, Leicester, and Essex, Spenser and Shakespeare, with scores of minor lights, revolved about their flame-tressed sun; and still at Rychemonde did that same fading sun, its mortal brightness spent, flicker forth a last reluctant feeble flash.

The monstrous flattery in which her soul delighted seems to have fancied itself still heard when the great queen was lying deaf evermore to praise or blame, for we are gravely told, in quaint uncertain rhyme, that

"The queen was brought by water to Whitehall.  
At every stroke the oars tears let fall;  
More clung about the barge. Fish under water  
Wept out their eyes, and swome blind after."

It was among the quiet haunts of Sheen that "England's darling," Prince Henry, grew in years and promise, only to disappoint by death a nation's hopes; and through its "forest glades" wandered, also, the "Merry Monarch," with a glittering train. The place increased in favor and in splendor down to the day when the iron hand of Cromwell scattered its inmates, and remorselessly offered the roof around which clustered so many kingly memories for public sale.

"That magnificent mansion in which Hen-



ry VII. had displayed his taste, and on which he had bestowed his name; where Henry VIII. had entertained right royally imperial guests; where Queen Elizabeth had loved to retire her dignity from the pressure of affairs of state; the residence Prince Henry had adorned with the taste of a Francis and

fully out over the same green upon which the morris-dancers enacted the scenes of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck, and upon whose dewy grass armor-clad knights struggled for the prize of victory bestowed by Beauty's slender hand.

With the exception of this one lone arch-



POPE'S VILLA.

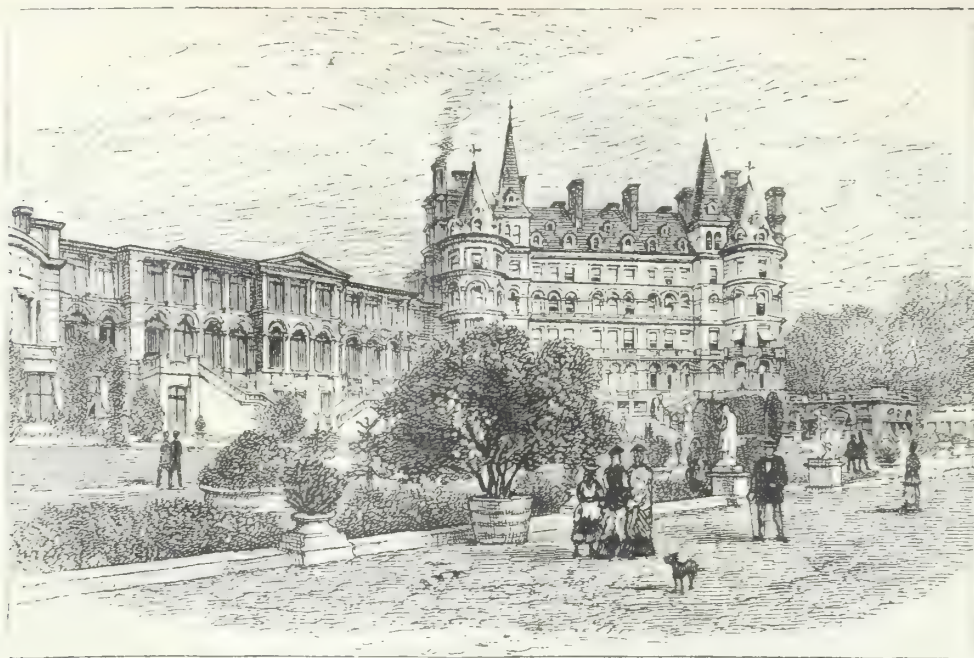
the magnificence of the Medici; whose corridors had been familiar with the dignity of Wolsey, the wisdom of Burleigh, the gallantry of Sydney, Essex, and Raleigh; and whose presence-chamber had been illumined by the beauties of a dozen successive generations—was to be explored in every part, and all its features noted in detail, preliminary to its being offered for sale to the highest bidder."

That "highest bidder" proved to be Sir Gregory Norton, one of the late king's judges; but a tribunal not of men early summoned him from the enjoyment of his princely acquisition, and upon the Restoration the "Royal Palace" again reverted to the crown. But although visited by Charles from time to time, the days of its splendor had departed. The memory of glory could not bind together crumbling walls or prop up falling arches, and it was finally left in melancholy desertion, to vanish silently before the march of years. And now all that remains of that brilliant monument of the "olden time" is one lonely—lonely though jostled on either side—solemn, gray old archway, whose sculptured arms look reproach-

way, and the ancient "Chapel of Sheen"—now the Church of St. Mary Magdalene—strangely few relics of that early greatness are found within the town itself. But Richmond is somehow always identified with its *entourage*, and here the mile-stones of history have been dropped by slow-revolving centuries on every side.

The "Star and Garter's" eastern windows look out into the famous Park, whose matured loveliness but little suggests the waste lands of Petersham from which it was reclaimed. Turning to the right, beneath the spreading oaks and beeches, the wanderer's steps instinctively pause before a small green hillock—now inclosed by a slight railing within the charming grounds of that vigorous octogenarian and ex-Prime Minister, Lord John Russell—known as the "King's Mound." Here, gazing through the avenue from which St. Paul's in London itself was visible before the kindly years had added so to nature's wealth of green, stood that many-wived Turk of England, moody and alone, listening for the cannon boom that should tell him the hapless Anne Boleyn was no longer a fetter to his new lover.





STAR AND GARTER, GARDEN VIEW.

The eye, too, despite its modern look, dwells with interest upon the modest walls of White Lodge, distinguished alike for being the home of the popular Princess Mary of Teck, and for possessing a table upon which the great Nelson—in conversation with Lord Sidmouth, who then occupied the Lodge—traced with his finger the meditated plan of attack at the battle of Trafalgar.

From the Park's westerly gate the ancient yews and cedars that guard its entrance send down their dark and solemn shadows into the quiet vale of Petersham, upon the outskirts of whose old-fashioned quaintness Ham House, of famous memory, lies hidden among its waving trees. Its ancient arms of brick first stretched themselves toward the Thames during the days of James I., and became subsequently the home of the Earl of Dysart, in whose family the house has since remained.

From beneath its stone-bound portals

once looked out the fair face of the brilliant Elizabeth of Dysart—that “woman of great beauty, but of greater parts”—student alike of history and divinity, philosophy, mathematics, and politics, and withal the shining centre in a court of stars.

The gigantic elms of Ham swept their caressing shade about a loveliness which even the brush of a Van Dyck was feeble to reproduce, and the mansion's lofty marble hall, with the trophies of battle that line its sculptured staircase, echoed the witching tones of a voice that found its way into the stern heart of Cromwell himself.

The walls, that have gathered treasures of painting and tapestry and priceless books which would make the heart of an antiquarian sing with joy, cradled John Campbell, the great Duke of Argyll, and its protecting roof sheltered the flying Charles when hunted by the Roundheads. Tradition says that since the heavy iron gates leading to Ham



WHITE LODGE.





HAM HOUSE.

avenue swung back to speed forth the fugitive king, they have never more unclosed to mortal man.

From the deep cool shades of Ham the eye searches out, across the Thames, the English home of that well-beloved exile, the Duc d'Orleans, whom the poor long and gratefully remembered for his tender, generous interest in their burdened lives. The octagonal room, built for the entertainment of George II., no longer boasts the presence of royalty, and the stately aspens, chief glory of the smiling garden, challenge admiration mostly from the idlers drifting up within their stretching shadows to where the trailing branches in Pope's dewy garden whisper their secrets to the rushing tide.

This charming villa, set in a bower of waving green, is an exact reproduction of the poet's own dwelling, so ruthlessly demolished by Lady Howe, into whose possession it fell early in the present century; and the curious grotto in which Gray and Swift, Young and Bolingbroke, met to dis-

course of things and men, remains intact. Here, where the waters' depths give back the softest blue, and the still, cool shadows woo to rest and dreams, the great genius imprisoned in so unfit a home drew inspiration from nature's many voices; and from hence, leaving that poor deformed body to sleep in the old church of Twickenham, upon whose tower have beaten the storms of eight

centuries, the tender spirit went bravely forth toward that unknown bourne "from whence no traveller returns."

Of that pile of splendor given by the "butcher's dogge" to an ungrateful king, let history and guide discourse. The glories and treasures of Hampton Court are a more than twice-told tale, and need a volume to themselves. Pilgrims from East and West enter with hushed and wondering feet to worship at that gorgeous English Mecca. But how many choose—as pilgrim should—to wend their way on foot along the grateful shades of Cholmondeley (less awkwardly, but unreasoningly, called Chumley) Walk?—once the favored promenade of gay-decked squires and dames, who filed out through the grim old archway of Sheen's ancient palace to shake their brilliant plumage in the sunshine.

Does the pilgrim try, as he wanders through the old "Deer Park," now given over to peaceful lambs that nibble daintily at its dew-laden grass, to build up in his



ORLEANS HOUSE.





CHOLMONDELEY WALK.

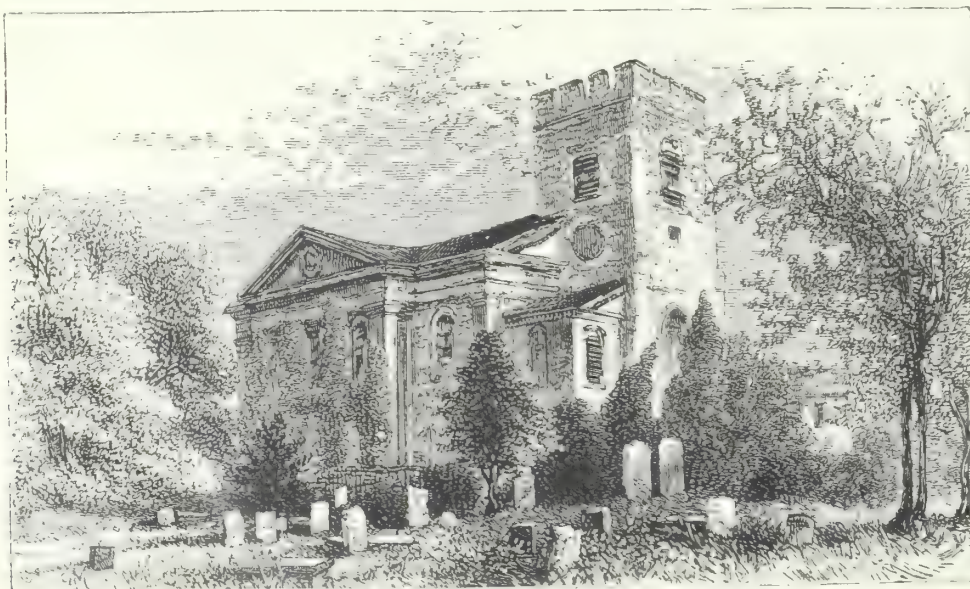
"mind's eye" the ancient "Monastery of Sheen," dedicated to "Jesus of Bethlehem," whose solemn walls looked out upon its green expanse? Not a stone remains to mark the work of John of Gaunt's regretful grandson; only the stately drooping elms and gnarled and knotted oaks are left to whisper of the days when Perkin Warbeck took sanctuary beneath the sacred roof, or when the fallen James of Scotland was brought there dead from Flodden Field.

And further down the sinuous stream of blue, beyond the ivy-mantled tower of Isleworth—and here, still without "rhyme or reason," a syllable is added, and the word called *Izleworth*—camping ground alike of Simon de Montfort and of Fairfax, the wanderer finds himself before the site, now occupied by Syon House, upon which stood another of the monuments of Henry V.'s repentance. The walls were erected to "Our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and St. Bridget," and sheltered sixty nuns, thirteen priests, four deacons, and eight laymen. From its windows, nun and priest dispersed, and the monastic revenues appropriated,

the imprisoned Catherine Howard dropped her sighs into the hurrying tide below; and—strange retributive fate!—the same portals that so cruelly shut her in from wood and stream, unclosed to the funeral train of her dead tyrant on its way to Windsor.

But not alone upon the river's smiling banks do voices of the silent past whisper into the wandering pilgrim's ear. The rushing waters call him to their midst, where, from out its setting of liquid blue that seems alive with glancing sunbeams, the "emerald isle" of Twickenham Ait rises like a dewy verdant bower.

Within its shade the feeble young Duke of Gloucester drilled his plaything regiment of boys; and in later years, beneath the trees that stoop to kiss their shadows in the stream below, the uneasy soul of Edmund Kean sought nature's balm of restful soli-



TWICKENHAM CHURCH, BURIAL-PLACE OF POPE.



tude. Here, after a last bow to the applauding public in Richmond Theatre, he would wander about in the moonlight until the morning sent a shimmering stream of red

and gold across the waters, and awoke him from his dreams to work-day life again. He, too, beneath the shadow of Sheen's gray and ancient chapel, sleeps safe and well.

### AB'M: A GLIMPSE OF MODERN DIXIE.

**T**RAVELLING through the Southern States a few years after the close of the late war, as I was passing through Atlanta, Georgia, my attention was arrested at the dépôt by a gentleman who was hobbling painfully over the platform on a pair of crutches—an empty leg of his pantaloons showing that his right leg had been amputated at the thigh. He was attended by several negroes, who waited on him with careful assiduity—carrying his valise and parcels, and assisting him with such an excess of caution as to impede rather than aid his progress.

I was particularly interested by the demeanor of one of the attendant negroes, to whom the others seemed to defer, and whose solicitude for the comfort of the lame gentleman manifested itself by numerous minute and affectionate attentions. He was a tall, spare, powerful fellow, long-limbed and straight as an arrow; and his good-looking face was surmounted by a well-worn and seriously dilapidated hat of soft felt, which had once been black, and whose broad brim was flattened up in front against the crown in an exceedingly knowing and wide-awake manner. Negligently thrown on the back of the man's head, the old felt seemed full of character, and at the same time revealed the whole of a dusky and hard-featured frontispiece which was remarkable for its mobility, and in which I read as in an open book the lines of sagacity, resolution, gentleness, and fidelity. I could have trusted him on sight with my life—such an air of downright honesty and transparent trustworthiness played over his expressive countenance. He helped the gentleman into the car, found a convenient seat in which to dispose of his traps, looked out for his comfort with genuine if somewhat superfluous zeal, and after carefully wrapping a rug around his "game-leg"—for the morning air was keen—passed into a forward car, but not until some parting words of mutual kindness had been exchanged in a low tone between them.

After the cars got in motion a conversation sprung up between the gentleman and myself, in the course of which, in response to an inquiry asking from what part of Georgia I came, I informed him that I was a Jerseyman.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you don't talk like a Yankee. I thought you were a Georgian; no one would know you from one by your speech." This, indeed, was true

enough, for I had already observed that the vernacular of such Georgians as I had met was remarkably free from the idioms peculiar to Virginia and Tennessee, and so nearly resembled that of New York and New Jersey as to make it difficult to distinguish between them.

As we thawed into acquaintanceship, I ventured to say that although I was not a professional politician, and was visiting the South on a business errand, I was yet travelling with my eyes and ears open, especially as to the relations of the white and colored races.

To this my companion rejoined: "I had better not undertake to enlighten you on that subject, for in the present state of opinion at the North, and in view of the prevalent ideas there as to the social and political relations of the two races, however candid I might be, or however careful to be accurate, you would instinctively credit me with being either partial or prejudiced. Nor, under the circumstances, could I blame you if you did. I will therefore only say that I am a hearty friend to the negro, and have good reason to be so, for I was born and brought up among them, and was nursed by them; they were my playmates when I was a child, and I have necessarily been a good deal thrown among them since I became a man. No one ever had truer or more disinterested friends than they have been to me. Let me relate an incident that will show you what grounds I have for saying this. When General Sherman's army marched across Georgia I was in the Confederate army, and in one of the engagements near Atlanta my leg was shattered by a cannon-ball. The surgeon had just finished operating on me when our army was forced to beat a hasty retreat; and as it was impossible to carry me along in my exhausted condition, I was left lying on the field under the shelter of the tree beneath which the operation had been performed. I was in a deplorable condition, physically and mentally, and fully expected to die from exposure and want of care, or from the brutality of some of Sherman's bummers. Already I could hear the rumble of the approaching army, when a party of negro lads, led by Abraham—the boy you saw assist me into the car—came to where I lay, and carried me six miles off of the route of the advancing troops, to a place of safety, where they nursed me tenderly until my family were apprised of my whereabouts. Though these lads undoubtedly



sympathized with the Union army, we never had a moment's apprehension that Abe and his companions, who were old slaves of ours or of neighboring planters, would betray me; and it is to their care, but especially to the untiring devotion of Abe, that I owe my life. You see, therefore, that I have good cause to profess myself a grateful and hearty friend of the negro. Nevertheless it is not desirable that you should derive the information you seek concerning the relations of the races from me. Better far go to the negroes themselves. They are simple-minded, but very shrewd; and though sadly given to lying, as their best friends must admit, they are not more so than any other children—and negroes are only grown-up children. You can easily discriminate between what is true in what they may tell you and what should be taken with some grains of allowance. By-the-way, Abe is in the smoking-car, which you will probably find full of darkies. Get into conversation with him; he is intelligent, perfectly truthful, though somewhat of a diplomate; and what he don't know about negroes, and all that is going on among them, isn't worth knowing."

After a time, acting on the suggestion of Colonel Johnston—for such I afterward discovered was my companion's name—I took my leave of him and went forward to the smoking-car. Stopping to light a cigar and look around as I entered it, I descried Abe sitting in the hinder part of the car, and, taking possession of an unoccupied seat immediately behind him, I proceeded to take a survey of my surroundings. The car was two-thirds full of negroes of nearly every age and of both sexes. Soon after my entrance the train boy passed through with a basket of apples, for which the negroes were eager customers. He then "worked the car" successively for ground-nuts (Georgian for pea-nuts), chestnuts, and oranges, of each of which all of them, with the exception of Abe, bought lavishly and ate unremittingly. Finally he came through with packages of prize candy, and again met with numerous customers among the sable travellers, Abe being in the number this time. Just as he was opening the package he had bought I leaned over the back of his seat, and tapping his shoulder, said, "Abraham?"

Starting up in undisguised surprise at being thus addressed by an entire stranger, Abe exclaimed, "Gosh-a'mighty, massa, who tole you my name's Ab'm?"

Smiling at his discomposure, and fancying I could almost detect a flush of color stealing over his dark visage, I replied: "A gentleman in the next car, whom you know very well, Abraham, gave me your name."

On my saying this the honest fellow's face relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Dat must ha' bin de kurnel: guess he tole

you I's a pretty good sort o' nigger—eh, massa?"

"Yes, Abraham, the colonel spoke highly of you as one of his best and most valued friends."

"I know'd it, massa," he replied. "De kurnel allers did stan' up for me, de kurnel did."

"But, Abraham," I said, "the colonel has also been telling me how nobly you stood up for him when he lost his leg."

"Well, now, massa, what de debbil else could I do but stan' up for de kurnel? Kurnel Bob an' I's know'd each udder ever sence we know'd any thin'. We've fit *fur* one anudder, an' we've fit *agin* one anudder; we've got one anudder into all kinds o' scrapes, an' we've got one anudder out of 'em agin; we've bin boys togedder, an' we've bin men togedder; we've hunted togedder, an' we've fished togedder, an' we've went arter de gals togedder all our lives—an' so jis lemme ax you, massa, how de debbil I could help it. Don't you see 'twa'n't possible, nohow?"

"Yes, I see, Abraham," I answered, "and what you say raises both you and the colonel in my regards. But now let me tell you why I have come in here. I am from the North, and I want to learn for myself about some things down South, the real truth of which we find it hard to get at where I've come from. Your friend Colonel Bob tells me you can enlighten me, and at his suggestion I have come to you."

"All right, Sir; I'm at your sarvice," was the reply.

"First let me ask you a question, Abraham. Since I came into this car I've noticed that when the train boy went through with apples nearly all the colored people bought some; then when he went through with ground-nuts and chestnuts and oranges, they invested in them; and last of all, when he went through with packages of prize candy, they invested in them also. I have noticed the same thing wherever I have been in the South. The train boy always reaps a harvest among the colored folks, but he don't seem to get much out of the white people. Now how do you account for this?"

While I was setting forth this rather formidable indictment, Abraham's first impulse seemed to be to get the prize package he had bought slyly out of sight; and as I went on, his face gradually grew soberer and more thoughtful, as if he were pondering some difficult problem. When I had concluded, he sat silent for a moment, scratching his head in a brown-study, and then looking up, with a gleam of humor illuminating his face, he responded: "I dunno jis how to splain dat, massa, but I spect it's because de niggers is all dam fools! De fac' is, niggers is jis like chillen—deir eyes is allers bigger'n deir bellies, an' dey've got to have





"WELL, DAT NIGGER CHEAT DE BURER—HE S-T-O-L-E, MASSA!"

whatever dey sets deir eyes on; an' ef dey gits any money in deir pockets, it won't stay in nohow, but burns a hole in 'em quicker'n lightnin'. Now dem niggers over yender," he continued, pointing to some rather showily dressed darkies of both sexes seated in the forward part of the car, who were industriously munching their purchases from the train boy, and in whose attire there was a profuse display of gaudy ribbons and neckerchiefs—"dem niggers ain't o' no 'count; dey're only house niggers, an' all dey've got's on deir backs. Laws-a-massy! dey dunno what work means; an' ef dey gits a few dollars, dey moves roun' a mighty sight spryer to spend it dan dey did to airn it. No, Sir!"—with a very positive shake of the head—"dey ain't o' much 'count."

"Why, Abraham," I said, "you seem to have a poor opinion of the people of your own color."

"By George, massa," he exclaimed, "it makes me bilin' mad to see sich deb'lish fools. I dessay you've heern tell of white trash? Well, Sir, dar's black trash jis same as dar's white trash, but dat don't make de hull on 'em trash. Now you see dem udder fellers—dem I mean dat has de big bags wid 'em? Dey ain't got on no stiff white collars, nor no black coats, nor no red hanketchers, an' all sich like nonsense; but dem niggers *kin* work, an' dey're willin' to work. Dey don't put all dey've got in de world onto deir backs an' into deir bellies—

not by a long shot dey don't; but when dey airn deir money dey hang on to it fur a rainy day. I tell *you*, massa, dar's somethin' in dem niggers—dey're farmers." And then he added, with a touch of pride, "I's a farmer myse'f."

"What do you mean by farmers?" I inquired.

"Oh, dey work in de cotton fields, an' sich like," he replied. "Some on 'em works fur demselves an' some works on sheers, an' some has contracks wid de Freedmen's Burer. Dey'll git along, you bet, massa."

"You say you are a farmer, Abraham," I interposed; "but I don't see that you carry a bag like those others whom you say are farmers."

At this observation the worthy fellow's countenance suddenly fell, and for a moment the light that had sparkled in his eye was extinguished, and his vivacity quenched. Recovering himself, however, he replied, with a prefatory rueful scratching of his head:

"Well, no, massa, I ain't got no bag, an' I'll jis tell you how dat come. You see, two year ago I worked for myse'f, an' I tell you I laid myse'f out on it late an' airly; an' when de crop was sold I had more'n five hundred dollars—f-i-v-e h-u-n-d-r-e-d dollars!" he repeated, with his eyes and hands thrown wide open. "Well, Sir, dar was anudder nigger I know'd what had made a contrack wid de Freedmen's Burer



to do somethin', an' he comes to me an' axes me to go his bail. An' I went his bail. Well, dat nigger cheat de Burer—he s-t-o-l-e, massa! an' den he runs away 's if de debbil was arter him, an' de Burer comes down on me fur de bail, an' dey got my five hundred dollars; an' dat's what I got fur goin' dat nigger's bail. Ki! massa, you don't ketch dis nigger goin' bail fur anudder nigger agin, not ef he knows it. Arter dat I was dead broke, an' had to give up farmin' fur a bit, an' now I'm a-railroadin' till I kin airu enough fur anudder start. So dat's why I don't carry no bag, massa; but I's a farmer fur all dat."

When Abraham had concluded the relation of his dear-bought experience, he averted his face and brooded moodily for a moment over the recollection of his misfortunes; but he soon cast the gloom aside, and, turning round as bright and cheery as ever, resumed the conversation.

"Massa," he said, "a while ago I tole you dat mebbe niggers is all blame fools; but dey ain't. Dessay you've heerd tell 'bout Willum Shakspeare?"

Wondering what turn the conversation would now take, I replied affirmatively to Abraham's apparently irrelevant question.

"I spect Willum Shakspeare's a pretty good kind o' poick—eh, massa?"

"Yes," I said, "Shakspeare was a great poet."

"Jis so, massa; dat's what I say. Guess you 'member de story he tells of dat ar Lady Macbef, what sot her husban' on to kill de ole king, an' den swore like all posset because she couldn't clean de blood off of her han'? An' de one 'bout de king what tore roun' like a mad bull when he got licked, an' promised to give his kingdom for a hoss when he had no kingdom to give? An' de one 'bout dat pretty little queen what got bewitched an' fell in love wid a jackass? An' dem udder ones 'bout de fat ole feller what bragged like J'hosaphat, but took mighty good keer to keep his skin hull, but wasn't smart enough to keep hisse'f from bein' pitched out of a dirty buck-basket into de river when he got caught foolin' roun' wid udder folks's wives? Sakes alive! massa, I knows all dem. Dessay you've heern tell o' Bobby Barns, too, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, "I've heard a good deal of him also."

"Well, I guess Bobby Barns is anudder pretty good poick—eh, massa?"

"Yes, he was a charming poet, Abraham. Do you know where William Shakspeare and Robert Burns belonged?"

"N-n-no, I dunno *zactly* whar dey b'longed, massa, but I spect dey b'long up Norf somewhere."

Here Abraham apparently thought it expedient to change the subject, and to divert

my attention brought out from its concealment the prize package he had bought, and began searching its contents with great assiduity. Presently he found among them a pair of showy gilt ear-rings, and holding them up, exclaimed, with great glee:

"Dat ar prize package wasn't sich a bad investment arter all, massa. See yere what I've got fur my quarter: dar's a hull lot o' candy fur de chillen, an' dar's dis pair o' ear-rings fur de ole woman. Guy! but won't dey set her up! Shoh!" And he dangled the glittering gewgaws, his face bright with pleasure, as he pictured to himself the delight they would afford to his wife and children.

By this time my cigar being nearly consumed and a fresh one in order, I drew a couple from my pocket, and offered one to Abraham. The joy he manifested at the trivial gift was unbounded, and his manner of exhibiting it full of comic drollery. Holding the cigar first to one nostril and then to the other, he inhaled its fragrant aroma by repeated demonstrative sniffs that drew all eyes upon him, and after a prolonged inhalation exclaimed:

"Guy! dat does my heart good; it goes 'way down to my boots. Ah, dat's de gine-wine article, an' no mistake, dat is!" After repeated dandlings of the luxury, and sundry anticipatory testings of its quality by nose and eye, Abraham at last almost reluctantly lighted his cigar. Then gingerly placing its tip in his capacious muzzle, he began talking at the other colored folk in a tone that was intended to attract their notice, and which very evidently excited their intense admiration. "Yah! yah!" he exclaimed, "dis yere ain't none o' your common tobies like dem udder niggers is a-pullin' at—yah! yah! Dis yere's a reg'lar bannanner sich as de big bugs smokes, dis is—yah! yah! Jis smell dat smoke, you niggers over dar; dar ain't no charge for smellin' it, an' dem what can't smoke kin have a smell at half price—yah! yah!"

When I thought he had sufficiently enjoyed himself at the expense of his fellow-darkies, I renewed the interrupted conversation by asking him: "What church do you belong to, Abraham?"

"Well, now, massa," he replied, "ef you means what church I was fetched up in by my ole mammy, den I's a Baptister. but I don't zactly b'long to no church jis at present. Gin (dat's my wife, Sir) an' de chillens does, though, kase, you see, Kurnel Bob's sister looks arter 'em pretty sharp, an' takes 'em 'long wid her to church an' to Sunday-school."

"Is Colonel Bob's sister a Baptister too?" I inquired.

"Kurnel Bob's sister a Baptister!" he exclaimed. "No, Sir, not ef I knows it, she ain't! Lord, Sir, she an' ole massa's fam'ly



don't none of 'em take no stock in de Baptisters; dey're all reg'lar 'Piscopals, jis like de rest o' de big folks."

"How is it with the rest of you colored people, Abraham—what church do they belong to?"

"Oh, dey're mos'ly Baptisters and Mefodis, an' a good many are Prisbterians," he replied; "but I dunno much about deir religion, massa. De fac' is, 't'pears to me it's mos'ly shoutin', like a ingin' blowin' off de steam to keep de biler from bustin'. I'low, on de hull, deir religion ain't much 'count, fur de mos' of 'em seems to set more store on de yarbs an' roots dey gits from de ole Guinea wenchies dan dey do on deir prayers, an' dey're a mighty sight 'fraider of a rooty Oby [Obeah] man dan dey are of de Ten Comman'ments. De way I looks at it, niggers ginrally are more anxious to buy off de debbil dan dey are to sarve de Lord, an' so de debbil runs in deir heads a good deal more'n de Lord does. Anudder thing 'bout 'em, massa, is dat de debbil dey're 'fraid of is one dat's here on de yerth in de shape o' some udder nigger; dey don't give demselves much consarn about de debbil what 'll git hold of 'em in anudder world."

"Abraham, how do the white and the colored people get along together at the South?"

"Why, dey gits along well enough; to be sure dey do. Why shouldn't dey git along togedder? Dey all b'longs yere, an' dey was all born an' brung up yere. Of course dey gits along. But, massa, WE WOTES!"

As he uttered the words "we wotes," Abraham's face was a study. The index finger of his right hand was pressed against his lips, and his countenance assumed an expression at once full of meaning and yet as blank as a stone wall. Finding that he was disposed to take refuge behind this pantomime from further revelations, I replied: "Yes, I know you vote, Abraham, but the thing that I want to know is whether there are not serious troubles and differences here between the colored people and the white people. How is it?"

"Why, to be sure dar's troubles an' differences down here; in course dar is. Don't ye see niggers is niggers, an' white folks is white folks down Souf, jis like dey is all overs? I spect dar's troubles 'tween folks up Norf, an' dat's de way 'tis down Souf. Sometimes de white folks has a row, an' den agin sometimes de niggers has a row; sometimes de white folks pitch into de niggers, an' sometimes de niggers pitch into de white folks—an' den agin dey don't. But, I say, massa, WE WOTES!"

Again Abraham resorted to the same expressive pantomime, but I pretended not to comprehend his meaning, though I began to have a glimmering of it. So I resumed: "You have told me that twice, Abraham,

but it is no answer to my question. Now no dodging, but come straight to the point—are the white people and the colored folks friends or enemies? Do you understand that?"

"Oh yes, massa, dat talk's plain enough. I guess I kin understan' it widout kickin'. Now jis lemme tell you how 'tis. S'pose a nigger gits sick: well, dar ain't no nigger doctors, an' we've got to go to de white doctors. Understan'? Well, jis so, dar ain't no nigger lawyers, nor bankers, nor butchers, nor bakers, nor noffin', an' we've got to 'pend on de white lawyers an' butchers an' bakers. Understan', massa? Very well, den, ef I wants to buy any thin', or ef I've got any thin' to sell, dar ain't no niggers to go to, an' I've got to go to de white folks. S'pose my chile was to die, d'ye spect I'd want anudder common nigger jis like myse'f to bury him? No, Sir. He should have de best white minister dar is a-goin'. An' den agin, s'pose dar's sickness or trouble in my fam'ly, an' I want good keer an' words o' comfort, do you spect I'd run to udder niggers to git 'em? All I've got to say is, ef I did, I'd be disapp'inted, sure. But I don't do it, an' no niggers does it what kin help it. Ef my wife or chile gits taken bad, I goes to Kurnel Bob's sister, an' den I knows it's boun' to come right ef any thin' kin make it come right; an' ef I gits into trouble, like dat dam bail, why, I jis goes to Kurnel Bob hisse'f, an' he helps me to pull through. Dat's what we niggers has got to do, massa. But den, you see, WE WOTES!"

No ingenuity of which I was the master could extract a more direct reply from Abraham, who seemed to be an adept in the art of saying nothing with his tongue while his face and eyes and hands spoke volumes. I had no doubt, however, that the impression he sought to convey was that while there were many strong ties of interest, affection, and sympathy between the two races, and that while the negroes instinctively resorted to the whites in great emergencies, deferring to their superior intelligence in matters of domestic or business concernment, they still held themselves distinct politically, because they perceived that somewhere in this field there was an antagonism of interests, which they held in restraint by massing their votes as an undivided unit.

We were now drawing near to Columbus, where we were to dine; and the conductor having informed me that, owing to a failure in our connections, we would remain there for several hours, Abraham proposed that after I had dined I should accompany him in some visits to a few of his negro acquaintances. My experience at one of these visits was so amusing that I will relate it. I will premise that Abraham had informed me that one of his friends on whom we were to call was a merchant, an



office-bearer in the Baptist church, and deservedly respected by men of his own race and the ladies and gentlemen of the town.

Dispatching my dinner quickly, I found Abraham waiting for me on the hotel porch, and after several other visits we called on his merchant friend, William Blackshear. I found that Blackshear's store was quite a large one, and it seemed to be liberally stocked with general supplies of the coarser kind, intended both for the outer and the inner man, as well as for his ox and his ass

spending his money with a liberal hand. Blackshear and his wife evidently realized that now was their golden opportunity, and they industriously plied the bewildered ducky with all sorts of attractive articles of merchandise, chiefly bright-colored calicoes, gay handkerchiefs, brilliant ribbons, and resplendent finery generally, though the more substantial materials, coffee, sugar, bacon, etc., were by no means lost sight of. Of all these things the simple fellow was a ready purchaser; but at length he be-



"THEN CAME THE TUG OF WAR."

and all that is his. When I entered the store, Blackshear, a stirring, wiry fellow, and his wife, a buxom, shrewd-looking woman—both as black as the ace of spades—were intently busy waiting on numerous customers, assisted by several likely-looking younger negro clerks. Bidding Abraham not to disturb Blackshear till he had served his customers, I sat down on a friendly sugar barrel, and took a quiet observation of the scene. One of the customers of this worthy pair was a country negro, a huge but innocent-looking lout, who had been selling his share of some cotton that day, and was now

thought himself that he must have a new pair of shoes, when a large assortment was laid before him, all of which, even to my unpracticed eye, were far too small for his prodigious feet. Still Blackshear and his wife determined that he should be suited, and handing him a pair, bade him sit down and try them on. Then came the tug of war. The unfortunate negro toiled and twisted in the vain effort to insert his foot into a pair of shoes many sizes too small for him, Blackshear repeatedly exclaiming, "Dar, I tole you dey'd fit you; don't you see dey're jis your size?" and urging his victim to re-



newed exertions in the fruitless—or perhaps I should say *bootless*—effort, till the perspiration rolled in great white beads down his oily skin. At the critical time, when the much-perspiring negro was nearly exhausted, Mrs. Blackshear, who had come from behind the counter and was standing beside him, burst into a roar of derisive laughter, and exclaimed: “Yah! yah! Look at dat nigger wraslin to git his foot into de shoe when de tongue’s turned down inside of it! Gi’ me de shoe!” And seizing it out of the hands of the passive negro, she dextrously thrust her hand inside and pretended to whip out of it the tongue which had prevented the admission of the foot. “Yah! yah!” she again shouted, holding the shoe up to her husband, “didn’t I tell ye so? See yere, dis nigger was a-tryin’ to git his foot into de shoe wid de tongue down on de inside! Yah! yah!” And without permitting any further trial, she wrapped the shoes up in paper, and tying them securely with a strong cord, handed them to her docile patron, assuring him that they would fit him exactly. For his part, the darky laughed as loudly as Mrs. Blackshear at his own blundering mistake, apparently completely convinced that it was just as that astute negress alleged; and soon after he left the store, wearing a thoroughly beaming and well-satisfied look.

After the departure of the country darky, Abraham introduced me to Blackshear; and after some introductory talk, in which I found that the merchant was really very intelligent, and that he plumed himself upon his standing and reputation in the community, I said: “William, I observed that when that country fellow who has just gone out was trying to get on a pair of shoes that were much too small for him, you pretended that he couldn’t get them on because the tongue had slipped inside; and without giving him a chance to try them, after he knew the tongue was all right, you declared that the shoes would fit him, and he has carried them away in that belief, only to find out the contrary when he gets

home. Now I ask you as a friend how you can reconcile such a course with your character as a man and member of the church?”

William looked like any other culprit when faced by an indictment so overwhelming. At first he was staggered by my question, but soon recovering, replied: “’Twa’n’t me, Sir; I didn’t swade him one way nor de udder.”

“No,” I replied, “I know you did not; but you looked on approvingly when your wife did, and as I think you are too much of a man to hide yourself under your wife’s petticoats, I think you will acknowledge that her act was the same as your own.”

“Well, Sir,” he frankly replied, “dar ain’t no use in my beatin’ de bush no longer. But we ain’t done dat nigger no harm, fur he won’t want to wear de shoes till arter frost sets in. You see, Sir, ef we hadn’t made him take dem shoes along wid him, he’d ’a gone right away to some udder store, an’ got a pair what fitted him, an’ we’d ’a lost de sale on ’em. Now when he gits to hum and tackles dem shoes agin, he’ll soon find out he mout as well try an’ git a horse and buggy into ’em as to try an’ git his foot into ’em; an’ den de nex’ time he comes to town he’ll fetch ’em along, and decla’ he can’t git ’em on nohow. By dat time we’ll have a pair what ’ll fit him, an’ so *he* won’t lose noffin, an’ *we* don’t lose de sale. Dat’s all dar is ’bout it, I spect.”

My time was now nearly up, and Abraham and I retraced our steps to the dépôt, where I found my train in readiness to leave. Shaking hands good-by with him, I left in his hand several crisp slips of paper, which I told him were for his wife and children, and without waiting for his thanks hastened into the car. I could see, however, from the car window that his eyes were suffused with tears and dilated with pleasure at the vision of household joy which his mind was picturing as he looked at the bills in his open palm; and as the train moved off I could easily fancy that I heard him exclaim: “Guy! how dis yere will set up Gin and de chillen!”

## ON REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS.

I HAVE beheld the stately sun arise

Ere the pale earth had yet forgot the night,  
Blushing all rosy with a glad surprise,

Like to a girl who sees her heart’s delight.

Folding the crags that gird the mountain-top,

Night’s messenger, the creeping cold gray cloud,  
Holds close its arms; before the sun they drop,

And leave the cliff uncovered by their shroud;  
And the fair valley is again revealed;

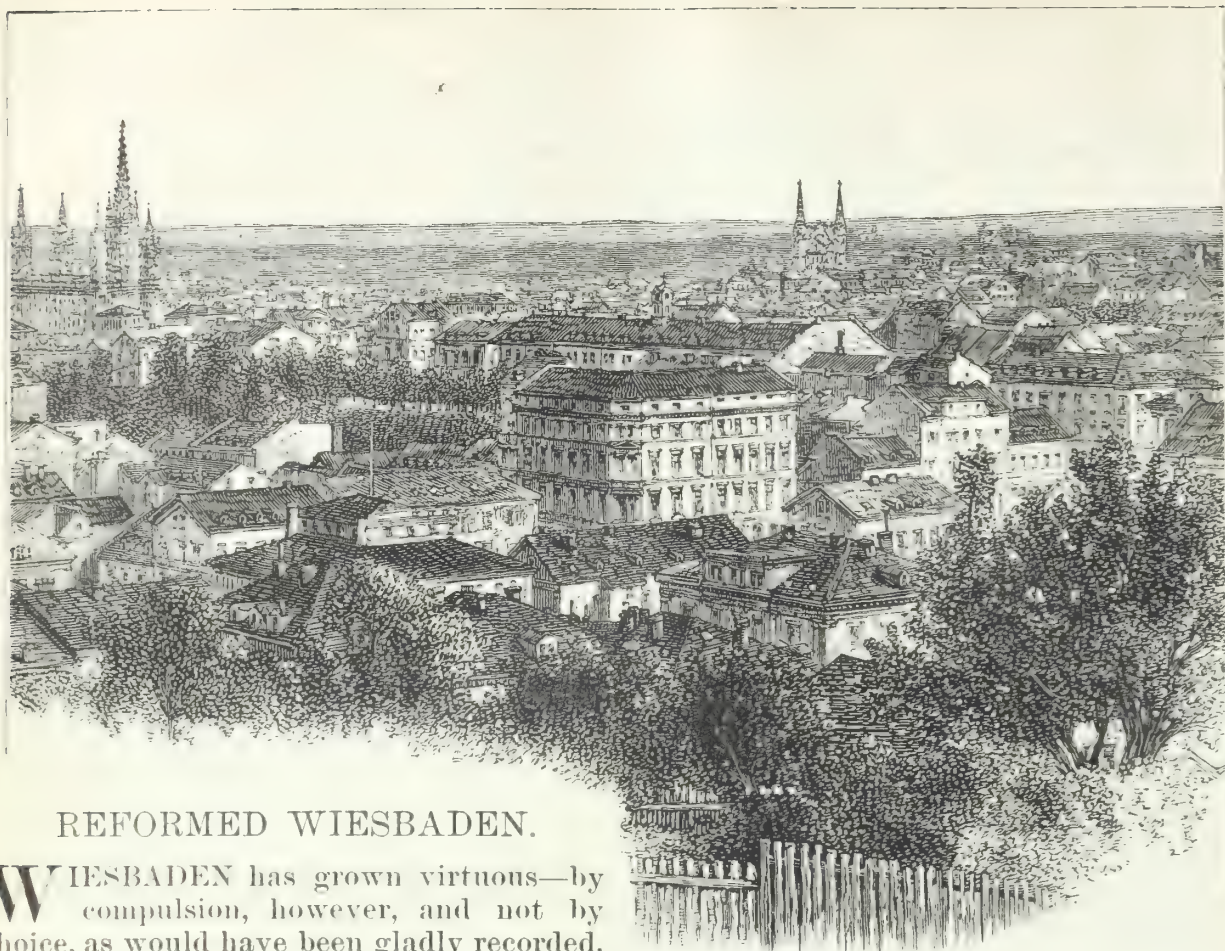
Once more the mountains call unto the deep;  
The searching sun has freed what was concealed:

So life has breathed upon my death-like sleep,

The silent, stealthy cloud has rolled away,

And I stand forth to meet another day.





### REFORMED WIESBADEN.

**W**IESBADEN has grown virtuous—by compulsion, however, and not by choice, as would have been gladly recorded. When Nassau, in which province Wiesbaden is situated, was, by the astute policy of the patriotic Bismarck, ever on the watch for a chance to aggrandize his country, annexed to the constantly expanding domain of Prussia, a law was passed to abolish legal gambling, which had been so long the public disgrace of Germany. With the political redemption of Prussia, and the general diffusion of education and intelligence among its people, came a more scrupulous sentiment of national morality. This was encouraged by the court, hitherto not noted for a nice sense of moral obligation, which had taken a decidedly religious tone under the late sovereign and the present King and Emperor, who, whatever scandal may whisper about private irregularities, have, it must be acknowledged to their honor, thrown the weight of their influence in favor of public morality.

The law against gambling had been promulgated some years before it was to take effect, that, with a scrupulous regard to vested interests, those who had embarked their capital in this immoral and prosperous enterprise might have full time and opportunity for diverting their money into other, and it is hoped purer, channels of business.

The fiat finally went forth, and in 1873 the law abrogating licensed gambling was put into force, and Wiesbaden assumed a new character.

There was as the hour approached a good deal of interest exhibited not only on the part of the usual *habitués* of the gambling saloons, but among the population generally,

and an immense throng gathered on the last night in the rooms, and crowded about the tables. It was soon observed, however, to the surprise of many of the spectators, that the play was unusually dull. Where ordinarily gold was showered down, there trickled only here and there a few spare florins. The *croupiers* did their best to arouse the languid gamblers; as the final moment came nearer and nearer, they shouted louder and louder, adding to their usual formula, "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs,*" the words, "*le troisième*" (as it might be) "*dernier!*"—the third last chance; "*le deuxième dernier!*"—the second last. "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*" But the players, ordinarily so eager, failed to respond to this emphatic appeal. "*Le dernier! Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*"—the last chance, gentlemen—rung in their ears; but it seemed to sound like a death-knell, and to stifle all emotion and paralyze every movement. A florin may have been seen to move here and there as it was noiselessly slid by some timid and unfamiliar hand into its destined place, but the audacious spirit of the gambler had evidently departed, and there was none to try a last serious struggle with fate. At midnight Fortune closed her eyes forever in Wiesbaden. Her tables, at which she had so long dispensed a tempting but uncertain hospitality to her ever-thronging and greedy guests, were cleared, and have been cast into that limbo where lie

"All things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built their fond hopes of glory."



The change was like a convulsion of nature to Wiesbaden. Its society, which had been so long lying upon the fluctuating surface of chance, was suddenly upheaved, broken into fragments, and scattered. A general confusion reigned for a while in the place. There was a universal hurry-scurry in hotel and lodging-house, and the streets were thronged with hastening travellers and sweating porters, while the railway stations were blocked with eager applicants for passage tickets. The old gambling saloons were taken possession of by the municipal authorities, and stripped of their furniture; their windows and doors were thrown open to the pure air, and a host of painters, white-

as there was none to enter them, for their guests had departed, never to return. The shop-keepers, more especially the jewellers, who generally were pawnbrokers too, and all dealers in articles of luxury, were great losers by the change, but most of them had made so much by their exorbitant charges that they could live upon their past profits. Wiesbaden, which, as has been said, is reformed, is by no means penitent, for it does not cease to bewail the loss of the loose change which used to flow into its tills from the pockets of those inveterate spendthrifts, the gamblers.

The gambling proprietary—for it was a joint-stock company—dissolved, of course,



LAST OF THE GAMBLERS.

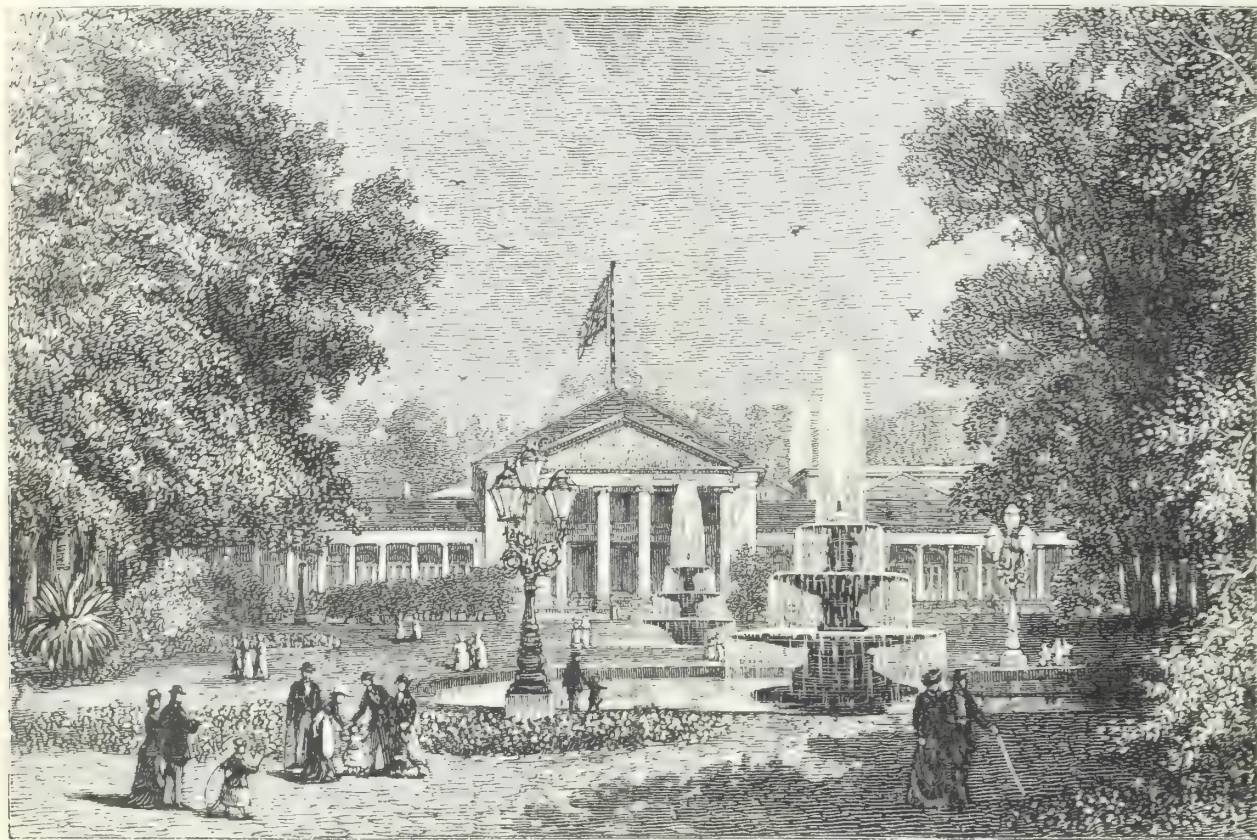
washers, and scrubbers was let in. The green tables were thrown out, and cast into entangled heaps, ready to be carted away by the *bric-à-brac* dealers and old-furniture brokers. Packs of playing-cards and pin-pricked papers were emptied out by the pailful. Many of the hotels fell into bankruptcy, and were forced to close their windows—their doors they might have left open,

and it is said to have divided, after its many years of enormous dividends, a large amount of surplus. Many of the bankers and tradesmen of Wiesbaden, who were shareholders, are now enjoying in wealth and luxury the results of their serpent-like investments in the simplicity of the doves. The *employés* generally, being forewarned, took care to be fore-armed in time, and provided themselves



with the resource of other employments. One of the two directors, however, took the dissolution of the company so much to heart that he soon after drank himself to death; or, perhaps, missing the habitual excitement of his life, he sought another in the beer-flag-

public schools, Eton or Harrow, and perhaps a short residence at either Oxford or Cambridge, an appointment in the civil service of India was procured for him through the influence of his powerful friends. Promotion was sure, and the prospect of respect-



FRONT OF KURSAAL, THE FORMER GAMBLING-HOUSE.

on and the wine-glass, and sacrificed himself in the search. The flunkies found a ready service as door-openers and ticket-takers of the reading-rooms and music saloons under the new administration. They still wear their old livery of blue and silver, but its faded colors and tarnished buttons show a woful falling off in the supply of *Trinkgeld*, or gratuities, since the days when they were allowed to pick up the golden crumbs which fell from the gambling tables.

The gamblers themselves have almost entirely disappeared from Wiesbaden—gone, it is hoped, to repent in retirement of their past sins, and prepare for heaven; but it is feared that many took the first train for Monaco, or some other paradise of nature which perverse man still turns into a hell for such doomed souls.

Wiesbaden, however, has one of the old set left, who is regarded as a rare specimen of an extinct species—a kind of *trilobite* or *ichthyosaurus*, or some other fossil monster, belonging to a former stratum of society. His history may serve to point a moral, though it is hardly picturesque enough to adorn a tale. He is an Englishman by birth, of an old historic name and a family of distinction and aristocratic connection. After the usual education of the sons of the wealthy and high-born at one of the English

ability and independence certain, if not wealth and a governor-generalship; but the perverse youth, becoming impatient of his slow but regular advance, threw up his appointment, and pocketing whatever salary was due, and such money as an indulgent father might allow him, made his way to the continent of Europe. Wiesbaden was then in the fullness of her gambling splendor, and the youth was soon sporting in its fatal blaze. His pockets were cleaned out again and again, as they were replenished by generous remittances from home. Finally his father died, leaving him as a younger son some £20,000 for his share of patrimony. This was soon staked and gone; but fortune occasionally smiled upon him, and one night he went home with some 30,000 dollars in his pockets. He hastened next morning to deposit this handsome sum in the hands of his banker, and made known to all his relatives and friends that he had bidden farewell forever to the green tables of *roulette* and *trente et quarante*, and was resolved to live a purer life. His resolution, however, hardly survived the time for a response of congratulation from his family in England to his welcome announcement. In less than a week he had withdrawn and lost all his money, and was again a beggar, suing for the bounty of his friends, who now, be-





THE OLD TOWN.

lieving him to be incorrigible, settled upon him an annual pittance, barely enough to keep him in daily bread and beer and supply him with a yearly suit of coarse broadcloth. So inveterate, however, was his passion for gambling that he never failed, at the very moment of receiving his small quarterly allowance, to stake it all on the green cloth. Now, at last, that Wiesbaden has got rid of gambling and its seducements, the old sinner is said to be penitent; but it is suspected that it is his vice that has left him, not he his vice, as the cynical Rochefoucauld says of old age in its supposed reformation. He continues to live in Wiesbaden partly from choice and partly from necessity, for he wants the means of going elsewhere, and, besides, is loath, no doubt, to leave his habitual beer-house and favorite sausage-shop, and perhaps the scene of his former delights. We have heard that at one time he was one of the gayest of the moths that fluttered night after night about the gas-lights of the gambling saloon. In his youth—for he has spent the larger part of a

life of more than threescore years in Wiesbaden—he was regarded as the very pink of fashion, was the chosen companion of the young bucks of *ton* and rank, and shone not an unfavored beau in the eyes of the miscellaneous fine dames of this gay resort. He is now a pitiful old man, who goes shambling about the streets in the shabbiest of suits, with his old felt hat over his eyes, his head hanging, his body bent, and his ungloved hands deep in the great gaping pockets of his loose shooting-jacket, as if he were ever searching for a stray florin, never, alas! destined to be found. He is the very personification of shabby slouchiness and despairing dreariness, with never a reminder about him of his former gentility, save as it may be an occasional clean collar and a dangling eyeglass.

Though Wiesbaden has “grown virtuous,” it must not be supposed that it has “no more cakes and ale” to offer. These it still has, though they may be of a less spicy kind than those of a former time. Wiesbaden is a typical German spa or wa-



tering-place of an eminently respectable character. It has all the general attractions of such resorts, with some of a special kind of its own. These would seem to be highly appreciated by the world, and especially by the German part of it, if we could believe the somewhat problematical statistics of the place. According to these, Wiesbaden has a population, inclusive of the military, of about 50,000 souls, most of whom are sup-

posed to live here by choice, or to be such as administer to the necessities or pleasures of those who do. The nationalities of these, supposing the whole number to be 43,674, which was the estimate a year or two since, were severally enumerated as follows: 38,394 of Prussia, 1242 of Hesse-Darmstadt, 869 of Bavaria, 366 of Baden, 299 of Württemberg, 176 of Saxony, 100 of Saxe-Weimar, 424 of Great Britain and Ireland, 351 of Russia, 313 of the United States of America, 168 of Hol-



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

land, 162 of Hungary, 105 of Switzerland, 77 of France, 31 of Belgium, 16 of Sweden and Norway, 15 of Brazil, 13 of Italy, 10 of Denmark, 6 of Mexico, 5 of the Argentine Republic, 4 of Venezuela, 3 each of Canada, Algiers, and Spain, 2 of Colombia, and 1 each of Turkey, Tunis, Java, British India, Australia, *Pennsylvania* (*sic*), British Guiana, and Uruguay. The authorities, who take care to publish annually a highly encour-

aging account of the progressive increase of Wiesbaden, claim that during the last year there has been an addition to the place of 405 families and 164 single persons, and that, besides, the town has had during the same time at least 50,000 more or less transient visitors! These last, like the more permanent dwellers, are a motley mixture of all nationalities—Germans, English, Dutch, French, Russians, Americans, Poles, Austrians, Swedes, Swiss, Italians, Holsteiners,



THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AT WIESBADEN.



Danes, Moldavians, Turks, Greeks, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese.

There are some notable personages among the residents of Wiesbaden. First and foremost there is his Imperial Majesty the King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, who, in virtue of his succession to the plain structure built by the late reigning Duke of Nassau in the market-place, called by courtesy a palace, and his periodical occupation of it for some few days every summer, may be classed among the residents of Wiesbaden.

tion through the broad Wilhelmstrasse to his palace, the streets all fluttering with flags and streamers and the lively emotion of a loyal people. The Emperor is nothing if not a soldier, and is hardly ever seen out of his *Pickelhaube* (the Prussian helmet) and his closely buttoned, well-filled blue uniform, and is always bustling about from *caserne* to *caserne* inspecting muskets and cannon, soldiers' quarters and fortifications, or counselling with staff officers and reviewing the troops.



THE CROWN PRINCESS.

The old King Wilhelm is a great favorite here, in spite of the grievances which the Nassau people complain of in being deprived of the easy and economical administration of their former sovereign, the Duke of Nassau, and subjected to the rigid rule and oppressive taxation of Prussia. His visit is always welcomed with great enthusiasm, and all the people of Wiesbaden are sure to turn out to lift their hats and raise their loud *hochs* in honor of the gracious old sovereign, ever bowing and smiling as he dashes in an open *calèche* from the railway sta-

The Crown Prince and his family are also among the periodical visitors at Wiesbaden; and although received with royal and military honors, their advent is generally hailed with a greater sobriety of welcome. He and his wife seem to affect much of the simplicity of ordinary citizens, and may be seen daily in the streets, arm in arm, in plain costume, accompanied by their children, clinging to father and mother's hands, and perhaps followed by a tall flunky in the royal livery, at a respectful distance behind. They both are regular attendants, when at Wies-



baden, of the English Church, where chairs are especially provided for them in front of the chancel. They have been much annoyed, it is said, by the English flunkysm

peror, and who, woman though she is, so much resembles her ancestor Frederick the Great that, with a cocked hat on her head, jack-boots on her legs, a sword in her hand,



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

which insists upon stopping in the pew, and rising and staring, you may be assured, as the princely group enters and leaves the church. The whole party has a very *bourgeois* look, with the tall, well-brushed prince in plain suit of gray and felt hat, and the short, stout, and somewhat dowdyish but tastefully and simply dressed princess on his arm, a little boy in Knickerbockers clinging to his father's hand, the eldest girl, who recently married the Prince of Meiningen, supporting the mother on the right, and two little girls, with long braids of hair streaming with red ribbons and flopping their backs, following after their parents, and attended by a governess or some lady of the household.

There is another representative of the royal and imperial family who is, indeed, a permanent resident of Wiesbaden, living in a modest enough villa on a suburban road. This is the Princess Louise, niece of the Em-

and she mounted on a horse, might well have been the model for the famous statue of that warlike monarch in Berlin, from the masterly hand of the great sculptor Rauch.

The Nassau family has a modest representative in a brother of the deposed dual sovereign. In the conflict between Nassau and Prussia he clung to the heavier and safe side of the balance, and was rewarded with a pension, small for a person of his almost regal pretensions. With some \$10,000 a year and a modest villa, he contrives to support in tolerable decency hismorganatic wife—the *divorcée* of an old Russian general, once a well-known *habitué* of the gambling saloon—the two or three children she brought as her only dower, and a large number of little ones in which they are supposed to have a joint interest. He may be seen any day strolling with his tall statuesque wife about the gardens, or ambling with her along the Wilhelmstrasse on



a pair of sorry nags of their meagre establishment.

Wiesbaden now claims also the Landgrave of Hesse, who has bargained away

and barons, counts, and other titled dignitaries by the hundreds; but few of them have the treasures of a Landgrave of Hesse wherewith to support their grandiose titles.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

two thrones—that of Denmark and that of Cassel—for a consideration, which, added to his already great accumulation of riches, makes him one of the wealthiest men in Europe. He is a lineal descendant of that noted Duke of Hesse-Cassel who sold to the English King George III. those poor Hessians, his fellow-countrymen, to suffer, bleed, die, and be cursed forever in America. The blood-money thus acquired was stored up, by the duke who had so gloriously earned it, in the vaults beneath his palace. When the French in their revolutionary progress threatened Cassel, the whole treasure was dispatched to Frankfort, and placed in the charge of an obscure Jew, commended to the duke especially as a careful and honest fellow. On quiet times returning, the money was restored, with a considerable increase in weight by way of interest. This was the foundation not only of the abounding wealth of the Dukes of Cassel, but of the riches and reputation of the great bankers the Rothschilds, the financiers of the world, for it was the founder of that house to whom the ducal treasure had been confided, and who had made such good use of the trust. The Landgrave fills a whole hotel in Wiesbaden every winter with his hundred or so followers, wife and children, governors and governesses, stewards and butlers, pages and ladies'-maids, coachmen and flunkies.

Princes may be counted by the scores,

and some of them are living almost in abject penury. These people of rank undoubtedly draw a good many other folk to the place, especially the *nouveaux riches*, who delight to bask in the reflected glare of the splendor of the great. Thus Wiesbaden



THE DUKE OF NASSAU.





THE FINEST VILLA IN WIESBADEN.

counts among its more showy and wealthy denizens a court tailor from Berlin, a German factor or manufacturer from Manchester, a German road contractor from Constantinople, a lottery dealer from Berlin, and a host of people of all trades, who live in some of the finest villas and residences of the place, and make the greatest public display of their abundant means. The finest villa in Wiesbaden was built at the expense of, but never occupied by, a successful speculator in India rubber fabrics in Russia. He died before the last coat of paint on his beautiful frescoes was dry.

Fifty generals or commanding officers—more than enough to carry war and devastation throughout the world—have been known to be living at the same time at Wiesbaden. They have been savage dogs of war, no doubt, in their time, but when seen daily moving along the peaceful paths meandering through the green park, they seemed as gentle as so many lambs. Wiesbaden is much affected by military men *en retraite*, and all other pensioned officials. There are always two regiments—one of artillery and the other of infantry—stationed in the town, which, from its proximity to the Rhine and the fortifications of Mayence, is regarded as a military position of some importance. The officers, though kept daily occupied from early dawn drilling, manœuvring, and exercising with a menacing activity that bodes no good, it is feared, to

their neighbors, are generally free in the evening for those feats of gallantry for which the military hero is no less renowned than for deeds of valor. They are in great demand as cavaliers to lead out the dames at the public balls, and as guests at all private dances and junketings, being not only favored gallants for their own sake, for, as is well known, ladies dearly love an epaulet, but absolutely indispensable in the absence of all desirable young civilians in an idle town reserved especially for people of leisure. There are, it is true, plenty of young tradesmen in the town, but German society scorns to smile upon the most graceful Apollo or gayest Lothario from behind a counter. Nothing can be more rigid than the caste which divides classes in all the intimate social relations of this aristocratic land. The young officer of Wiesbaden, at least, shows a special liking for the foreign families where there are marriageable daughters, but he is very discriminating in his attentions, and always mindful of the military law which forbids a poor officer taking a wife who has nothing more substantial than



grace and beauty for a dower. He must have money, and there is many a beggarly subaltern who has made a good thing for life by picking a richly endowed bride out of the well-to-do English and American families frequenting Wiesbaden.

In the absence of the Emperor, the greatest man in Wiesbaden is unquestionably the omnipresent and omnipotent Kur-director,

man-of-war. Over six feet in height, and wide in proportion, he is the largest man in Wiesbaden, whose dimensions alone would excite the wonder of beholders; and if to these is added the majesty which surrounds his office, imagination would fail to picture the effect of his dignified presence. When cocked hat crowns his broad brows, golden epaulets hang from his great square shoul-



THE KUR-DIRECTOR.

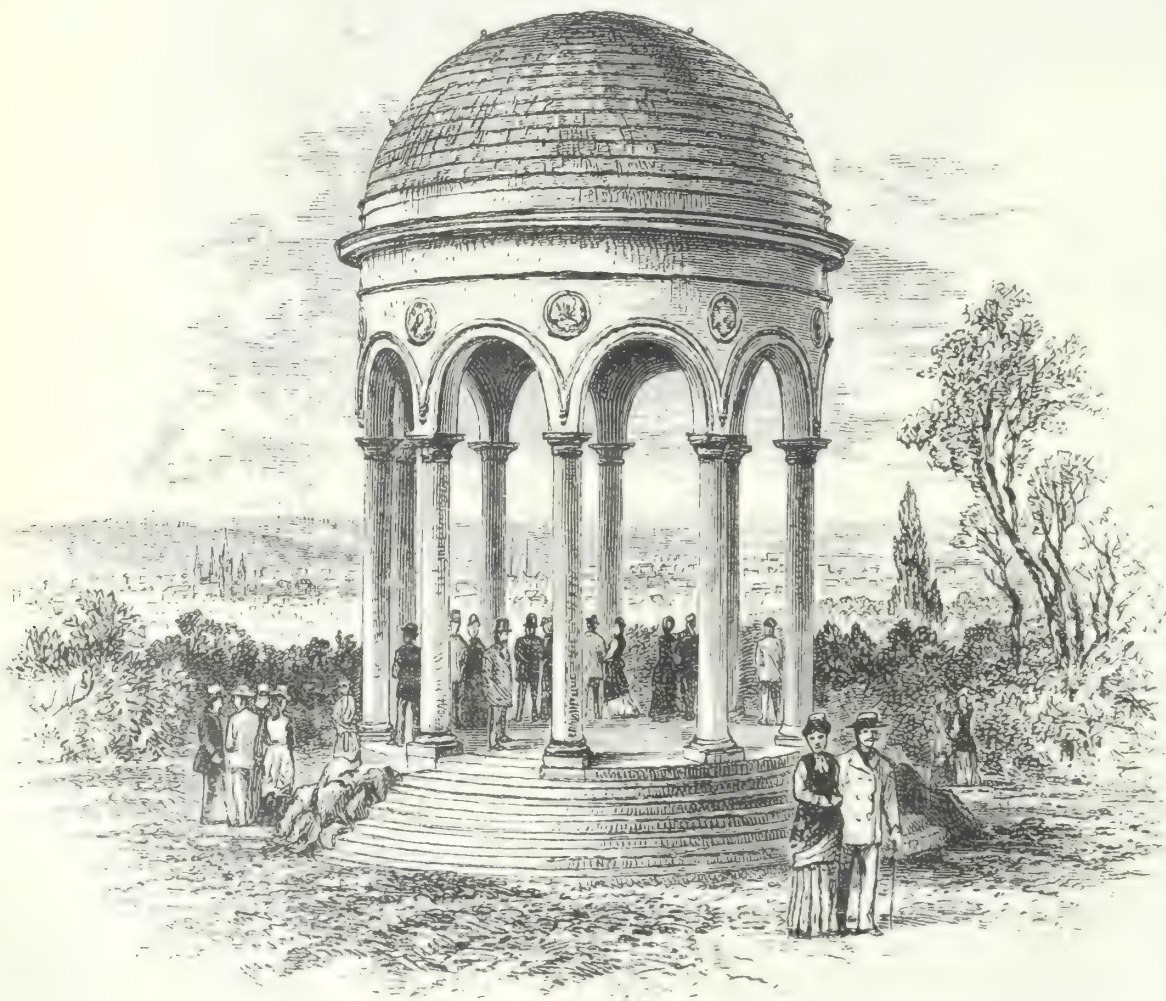
the master of ceremonies, the Beau Nash of this German Bath. Even the president, as he is called, of the district—the *préfet* of the department, as the French would term him—is not to be excepted; and as for the burgomaster or mayor of the city, he is but the representative of the humble trades-people of the town, and is not worthy of mention in comparison with such imposing dignitaries. The president himself, who represents imperial majesty with a superfluity of pomp all his own, is no doubt a grand personage awful to behold, as he booms along the street with his shirt front swelling from his broad chest like the main-sheet of a

man-of-war. Over six feet in height, and wide in proportion, he is the largest man in Wiesbaden, whose dimensions alone would excite the wonder of beholders; and if to these is added the majesty which surrounds his office, imagination would fail to picture the effect of his dignified presence. When cocked hat crowns his broad brows, golden epaulets hang from his great square shoul-



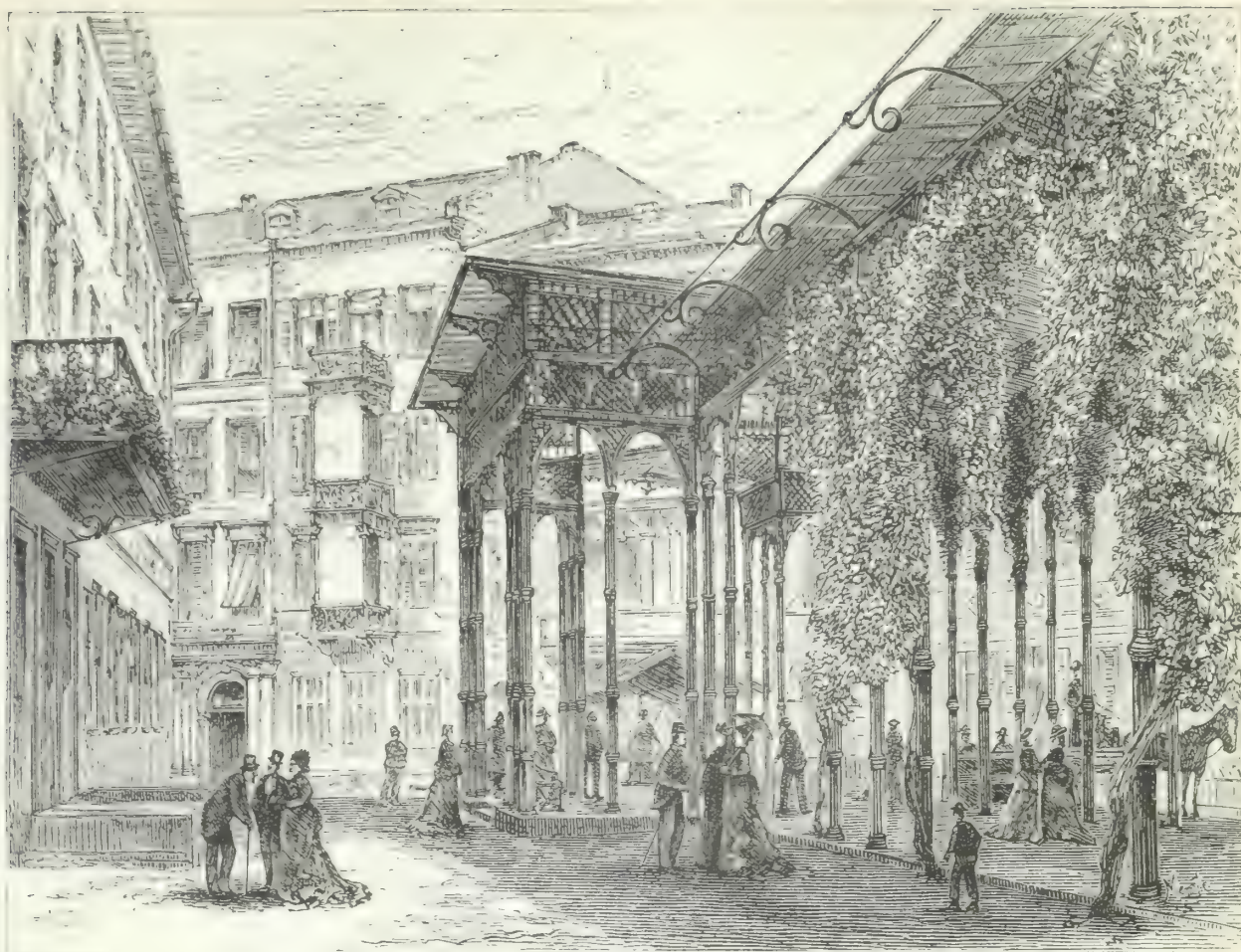
been evidently of great service to him in the attitudinizing which is an especial function of his present office. He wears a perpetual smile, which seems to have been carved into his face by some such surgical operation as Victor Hugo describes his hero, *l'homme qui rit*, to have undergone. Brought into relation with every one in his capacity of manager of all the amusements and occupations of the place, and of universal complacency, he wins the heart of each visitor. His chief seat of office is at the *Kursaal*, as it is called, and he it is who keeps that hall of resort in a perpetual flow of delight, providing each afternoon and night concerts of music or some other entertainment. He it is who takes care that the reading-rooms shall never want for the fullest supply of the news of the world. He it is who has turned the old gambling saloons into wholesome resorts for all ages and sexes, and has put innocent chess, dominoes, and checkers where once the guilty card was dealt and the *roulette* ball circulated. He it is who is ever vigilant to secure propriety of conduct and tolerable company for the weekly *réunions* and balls. He it is who manages to keep the *Kursaal* park in perpetual bloom of verdure even in midwinter, and of the choicest plants and flowers in the spring, summer, and autumn, making its winding paths through groves of shrubs and forest trees, and amid green plots and grassy meadows, a

favorite resort in all weathers and seasons. It is at his bidding that the lakes and fountains are made to flow and pour forth in crystal streams, and abound in fish and swans and aquatic birds of all kinds, which rise and come to the bountiful hand of the benevolent idler or sportive child who is ever feeding the ducks and golden fish, as that supreme of saunterers, Charles the Second, did in his daily walks in St. James's Park. It is the *Kur*-director who is ever on the alert to provide fresh sources of attraction to draw the public ever and again to this famous resort. To him the invalid owes the addition of milk cure, whey cure, grape cure, pine-knot cure, Russian-bath cure, and many other cures besides too numerous to mention, to the centuries-old cure of the indigenous hot baths which he has under his especial care and protection. It is the *Kur*-director's ready pen to which the world is indebted for those glowing accounts, to be read in every newspaper all over the globe, of the supreme felicity of a life at Wiesbaden—a residence the healthfulest, the most delightful, the warmest in winter, the coolest in summer, and the most desirable in every respect, where the sick are always made well, and the well never become sick. It is the director's special vocation to bow all distinguished persons in and out of Wiesbaden, and, in fine, to do the courtesies of the place to all comers at the *Kur*.



THE TEMPLE.





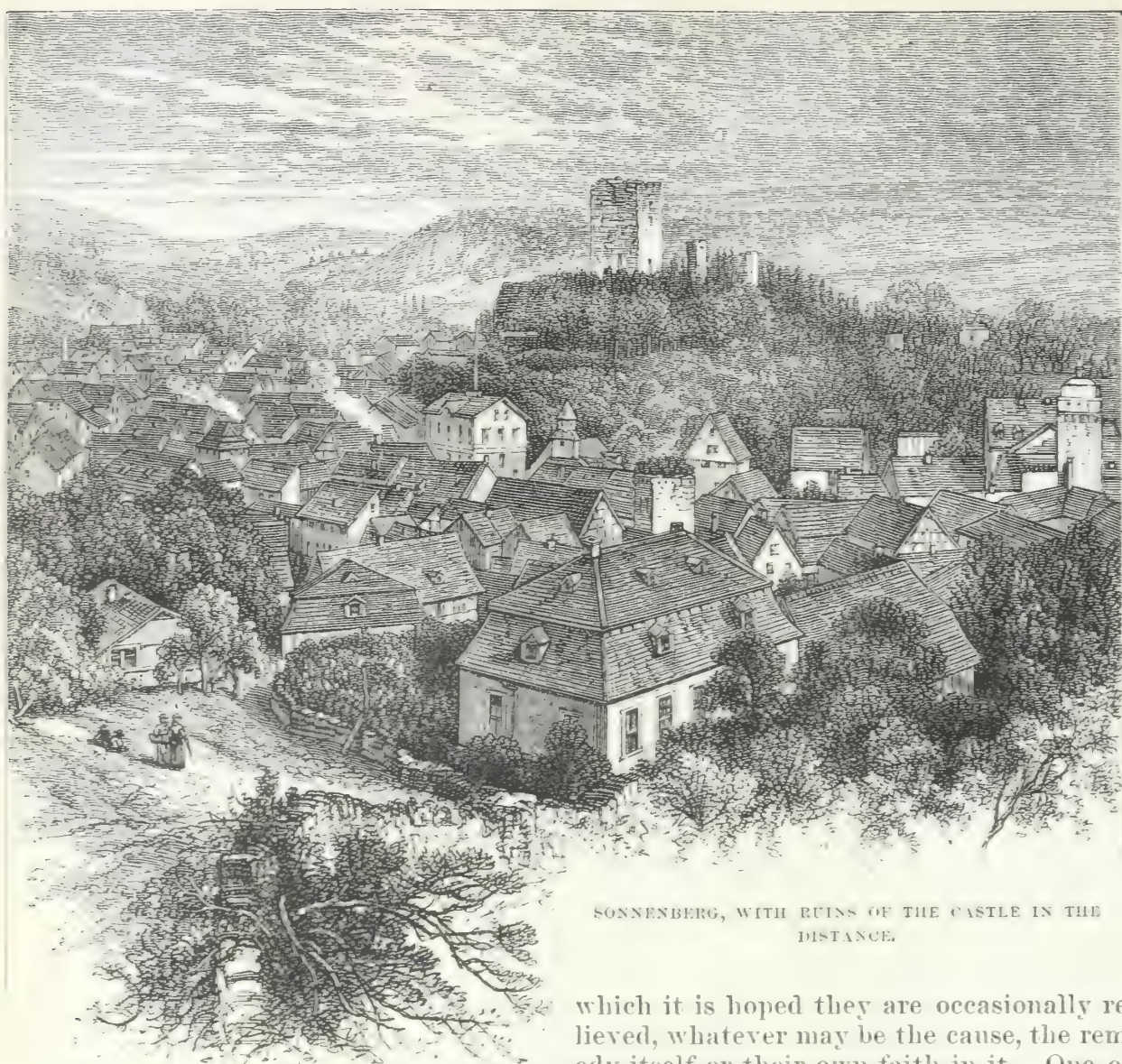
THE HOT SPRINGS.

That he is deserving of all honor every one must allow, and none will be inclined to dispute his claim to the lower seat at the imperial table to which he is occasionally invited, and the *Trinkgeld* he receives from the imperial hand on each imperial visit, in the shape of a ring. This gift has been so often bestowed that the director must by this time have, as the old nursery song goes, rings on his fingers and rings on his toes.

The hot springs, the *fontes Mattiaci* of the Romans, described, it is said, by Pliny in his Natural History, and from which Wiesbaden derives its title of *Kurstadt*, are no doubt the inducement of the visits of a large number of the many frequenters of the town. These springs have been spouting out a ceaseless stream at the rate of sixty-one cubic feet of water each minute from time immemorial. The temperature, which is  $155.8^{\circ}$  F., has been as invariable as the quantity of the fluid, and Wiesbadeners, and seemingly with reason, are as confident of the perpetuity of this source of wealth to their town as of the continued succession of the everlasting days and nights. Common salt is the chief constituent of the mineral water, and no less than ninety-seven hundred-weight of this is ejected daily from one spring alone—the Kochbrunnen. Each one who drinks the water agrees with every one else in declaring that it tastes like weak chicken broth; and so, indeed, it does, bating the chicken. It has a very decided smack

of what it is, and of nothing more—hot water well salted. There is apparently a great deal of faith in its curative efficacy, principally in cases of rheumatism and gout, although the doctors and people of Wiesbaden are so zealous for the reputation of their water that they recommend it as an infallible remedy for all ailments known to nosology. Crowds of drinkers throng about the fountain during the summer, although there are not wanting some inveterate tipplers at all other seasons. Hotels have been grouped thickly about the well, forming a narrow street which leads into the centre of the town. A covered walk, or colonnade, as it is termed, of light iron-work, leads to the fountain, from which perpetual clouds of steam arise and fill the whole inclosure with a moist warm atmosphere, like the tepid mist of an Indian summer's day. Here the drinkers lounge and stroll with glass in hand, and sip and sip to the music of Meyerbeer and Wagner. There is no doubt that many get well after taking a course of the waters, but it is fair to presume that as they have been only drinking salt and water, such a cure may be regarded as what the logicians call a *post hoc*, rather than a *propter hoc*. The curative influence, such as it may be, of a visit to Wiesbaden and a course of the water in drink and bath, may be set down as due probably to the change of scene, a well-regulated diet and regimen, and the hopeful confidence in the remedy





SONNENBERG, WITH RUINS OF THE CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

which engenders the faith that makes one's self whole. This, of course, will be regarded as flat heresy by the Wiesbadeners, whose interest it is to vaunt to the utmost the efficacy of their fountains, which, though they only pour hot salt and water down the throats of others, flood their pockets with gold.

The grape cure is nothing more than buying grapes by the pound and eating them by the pound, and as those that are supplied are the most luscious that are grown in this vinous country, the application of the remedy is as pleasant as it is easy. The milk cure, too, is nothing more than buying milk by the quart and drinking milk by the quart, and as this is drunk at the very source, in the sight of the exuberant udders which supply it, there is a satisfactory presumption that the remedy is taken in all its native purity, free from any extraneous water or other adulteration. The various other cures are hardly less simple, by whatever name they may be called. There are unquestionably many poor patients whose sad condition only too clearly reveals the genuineness of their sufferings, who are daily seeking at these various sources of promised health a cure of their ailments, of

which it is hoped they are occasionally relieved, whatever may be the cause, the remedy itself or their own faith in it. One of the most characteristic features of the otherwise gay resort of Wiesbaden is the number of helpless invalids whose presence is a painful contrast to the crowd of cheerful revellers and pleasure-seekers. A hundred or more Bath or invalid chairs may be counted in the course of any day's walk in the park or streets, each conveying its paralyzed burden, and pushed by some stout porter or liveried man-servant.

If there are many genuine invalids, there are not a few amateur ones, and there is one hearty fellow particularly who is recalled as among the most regular of the attendants of every cure in the place. He, who may be called a connoisseur of cures, is the most indefatigable of the water and milk drinkers and grape consumers; and there is not a bath of the place, whether hot or cold, Russian or Irish, or of any kind, in which he does not periodically soak his vigorous carcass. As, in the mean time, he does not intermit his daily abundant supplies of beef and beer, he remains the same marvel of magnificent health as he began, neither better nor worse for salt-water, milk, grapes, cold douche, hot vapor, and medicinal sousings.

Wiesbaden is picturesquely situated, and offers many inducements and conveniences



for walking, which is much indulged in by the leisurely inhabitants, with whom the chief end of existence seems the getting of an appetite by frequent exercise. Lying in a basin with its bounds rising in gentle acclivities to the surrounding hills of the

seen the Rhine, now swollen with its junction of the Main, and sweeping with rapid current past the dark structures of Mayence, stained by time and overshadowed by the massive dome of its old cathedral, and then, after flowing in parted streams on ei-



THE NURSE-MAID, A FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE BEER SALOON.

Tannus range, a few steps in any direction bring the pedestrian to heights from which an extensive view can be caught of a wide and charming expanse of country, with every variety of landscape, mountain, wood, field, and river. There are the Meleboens of the Odenwald, and the Feldberg, and some of the other loftier summits of the Tannus showing blue in the distance, joined to the green and nearer hills, whose spurs fall gradually into the acclivities and sloping fields which surround the shallow valley, over which the town, with its outlying villas, its dark close older quarters, the tall spires of its churches, and the newer and wider streets of its freshly plastered houses, expands, presenting a variety of contrasting form, color, light, and shade of no little charm. From almost every point can be

ther side of islets of willow and tangled undergrowth, passing in its tortuous course between the vine-clad banks of the Rheingau, around the craggy base of the Nederwald, and reflecting every where in quick alternate shadows vineyards, old towns, ruined castles, pretty villas, and lordly halls, until finally it is lost to the view in its onward course to the sea.

In every direction from the town there are well cared for paths leading to some point of interest, so that whatever may be the season or weather, no one need be at a loss at any time for a pleasant stroll through woods and by grassy fields. There are the grange-like Dietenmühle, and the picturesque ruins of the old castle of Sonnenberg, a path to which leads directly from the park; there is the Nerothal with its forest



depths; there is the Neroberg with its royal vineyards, whence the famous wine of that name, and the Russian or Greek chapel with its Byzantine fripperies of sculpture and gilding, and the expansive view from the heights; the Beausite, the Robbers' Cave, the Observatory, the Geisberg, the Duke of Nassau's shooting-box, the Platte, the old convent of Clarathal, the Fasanerie, the Chausseehaus; Biebrich on the Rhine, with its *rococo* palace and secular chestnut-trees, and innumerable other points of local interest, all of which can not fail to provoke the steps of the most inveterately indolent, who, moreover, may be further encouraged by the sure prospect at the end of each walk of a glass of good beer and a cup of tolerable coffee, for Germany, with all its æsthetic longings, is never unmindful of its dietetic necessities.

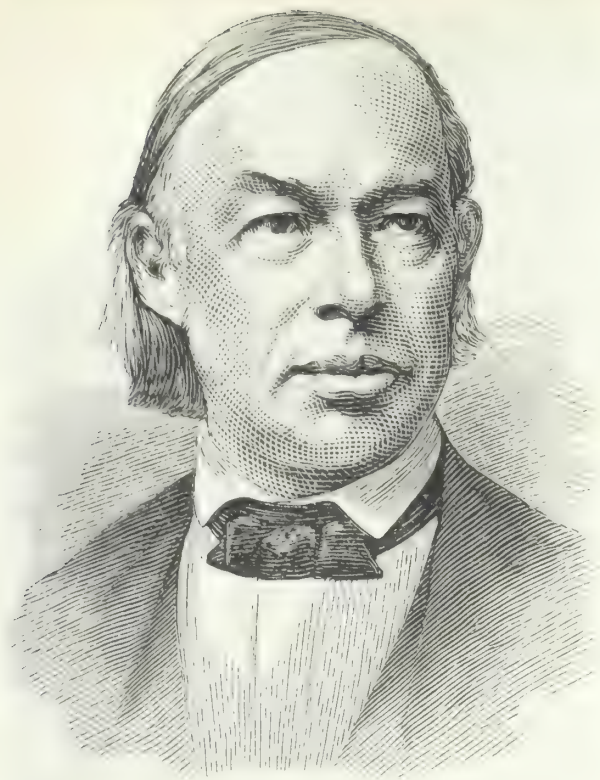
The Germans, as is well known, are not much of a stay-at-home people. They do almost every thing out-of-doors, except sleep at nights, though not seldom, under the soporific influence of oft-repeated beer, they

may be seen to nod, and even heard to snore, in the face of the open day, and in the presence of the multitudinous public. They eat and drink and smoke; they brush and comb and otherwise titivate themselves and toiletize, both men and women; kiss and make love, indulge in various connubialities, and in all other respects show no fear of the popular eye, and have no suspicion or compunctious visitings in respect of the possibility of popular alarm or disgust. The Germans at Wiesbaden live there as elsewhere. So, in fact, do those of other countries retain their national peculiarities. The English are very clannish, and for the most part live exclusively among themselves, shunning studiously German styles of living, dining late, patronizing the English butcher, grocer, wine-dealer, baker, and parson, and clinging tenaciously to sirloins of beef, mutton-chops, mixed pickles, English mustard, and Worcestershire sauce, their own half-baked bread, muffins, tea and toast, porter, pale ale, fiery sherry, crusty port, and the venerable service of their Establish-



THE SERVING-MAID.





HERR FRISIENIUS, THE CHEMIST.

ed Church. The Russians, too, are not less nationally tenacious of their caviare and other dietetic and social peculiarities; and no doubt the solitary Javanese, who has statistically a supposed existence at Wiesbaden, has his daily supply of saki. As for the American, it may be affirmed on the best authority that he is never wholly deprived of his beloved hoe-cake and hominy, and other pleasant reminders of his dear native land.

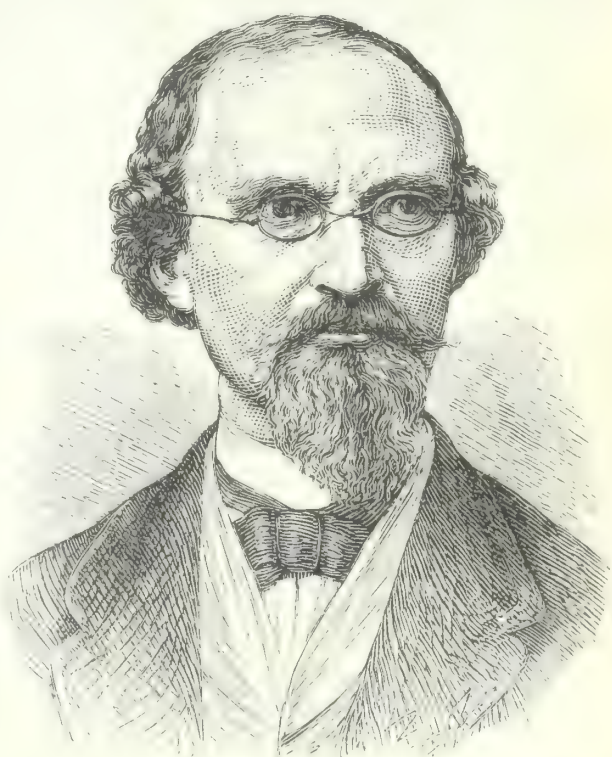
Wiesbaden is dietetic rather than æsthetic in its tastes; it has a hundred hotels and innumerable beer-houses and cafés, and only one museum, and this does but little credit to artistic and scientific Germany. Its collection of Roman antiquities, mostly dug up in Wiesbaden or its immediate neighborhood, affords, however, an interesting illustration of the time of the conquest by Julius Cæsar of the country, and its possession by his successors. The galleries of sculpture and painting were probably rifled by the late reigning duke, on his forced abdication, of all their valuable works, for the enrichment of his own private gallery, while the mere rubbish not worth carrying off was left for the solace and delectation of his deserted subjects.

The public schools, the state gymnasia, and municipal institutions are excellent, as they are almost every where throughout Germany, and the cost so small as to be hardly worth an estimate in the expenses of an ordinarily well-to-do family, being less than eighteen dollars a year for each pupil. The classical gymnasium, under the management of its present director, has a repute for thoroughness and scholarship which

makes it pre-eminent even in Germany, of which there can be no better illustration than the fact that the Prince Hohenlöße, the present German ambassador to Paris, has, with all his opportunities of choice, selected it especially for the education of his two sons. The private schools are, as is the case generally on the continent of Europe, merely traps to catch unwary parents, mostly from England and our own country, rob them of their money, and spoil their children.

The tone of society in Wiesbaden is governed by its aristocratic denizens and the *Rentners* generally, as they are so proud to call themselves—the retired official, military, and trading folk, who constitute the chief part of the community. The idle life of the luxurious rich is the habitual life of these Wiesbadeners, with such alleviation as concerts, the theatre, balls, banquets, party-going, the club, coffee and tea drums, dressing and promenading, can afford to its monotonous weariness.

There are occasional lectures by professors from Berlin and other centres of illumination, who are brought here by the ever-zealous Kur-director to enlighten his benighted fellow-citizens, but it is feared that the result hardly sanctions the effort and expense. There is only one recognized literary celebrity in the place, but he is a host in himself. This is Von Bodenstein, the famous lyric poet of Germany, whose warm amatory verse is as familiar as household words to his emotional countrymen. His poems have already reached their fiftieth edition, and each line of his fervid stanzas seems destined to be burned into the universal Teutonic memory. Science, too, has a single representative in Frisenius, whose text-books



VON BODENSTEDT, THE POET.

BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
LIB.





VIEW OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH FROM THE  
NINE OAKS.

are so well known to students throughout the United States.

The nucleus of the now expansive city of Wiesbaden is the old town—a jumble of small irregular structures, thrust close together between narrow streets and alleys, on the sidewalks of which there is often hardly space enough for the width of the sole of a boot. Here the shop-keepers mostly have their contracted shops, where the larger part of their miscellaneous wares is displayed in the window, and here they and the working portion of the people live, though in that portion of the town where the fountain is ever boiling and throwing out its clouds of

steam there is a close group of hotels and bath-houses, occupied by strangers in the summer, the appointed season for the so-called cure. Though the old Wiesbaden is of undoubted antiquity, dating many centuries back, it has been so frequently renovated during later years that it retains little if any thing of its ancient character, and hardly a point of that picturesque interest which the peaked overhanging gabled roofs, crossed timbers, and carved cornices and doorways give to the time-honored Continental towns. To do the municipality justice, it contrives by dint of oft-repeated sweepings and scrapings to give the place a surface of apparent neatness and cleanliness; but the nose of the visitor does not fail to catch a whiff at every step of an unmistakable indication of internal corruption and foulness. Although the city has an abundant supply of pure water from the neighboring hills, and, moreover, is con-



stantly scalded and washed by its own hot flood from the springs, there is no proper drainage either in the old or new quarters. There are stagnant and festering cess-pools

and fissures, that they have not been constructed for all time; but the effect is often grandiose and striking, especially from a distance. The practice of families living in



OUR CONTRIBUTOR'S RESIDENCE.

in the rear of every house, reeking with foul odors and poisonous emanations, which must more than overbalance, in the production of diseases, the remedial effect of all the boasted remedies of this *Kurstadt* for their cure. Typhoid, scarlet, and other pestilential fevers are necessarily indigenous to Wiesbaden, as to most of the Continental towns of Europe.

The expanding city has stretched in wide streets and avenues out into the basin in which it lies and upon the surrounding acclivities, and here have been built rows of tall and imposing houses and many a pretty villa. These structures are of stucco, or dried mud and split cane, painted in bright colors, and set off with caryatides, statues, and floral adornments of terra cotta. The houses are certainly not substantial, and show by frequent peelings and crumbings, cracks

flats brings the rent of the dweller within a compass that will be regarded in New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities of the United States as very moderate, although Wiesbaden has by no means the reputation in Germany of a cheap place. The writer lives in the third story of a house in the best part of the new town, where he has five large apartments set off in all the modern glory of frescoed ceilings and gilded and velvet hangings and inlaid floors, besides every convenience in servants' rooms and the requisite offices for a household, for the moderate rent of \$320 a year. His residence, as may be seen by the picture, is as grandiose as a Masonic hall in the most aspiring of our Western cities, and almost magnificent enough for the incasement of the latest specimen of a Midas from Wall Street or California.





THOMAS BEWICK.—[AFTER PORTRAIT BY JAMES RAMSAY.]

### THOMAS BEWICK.

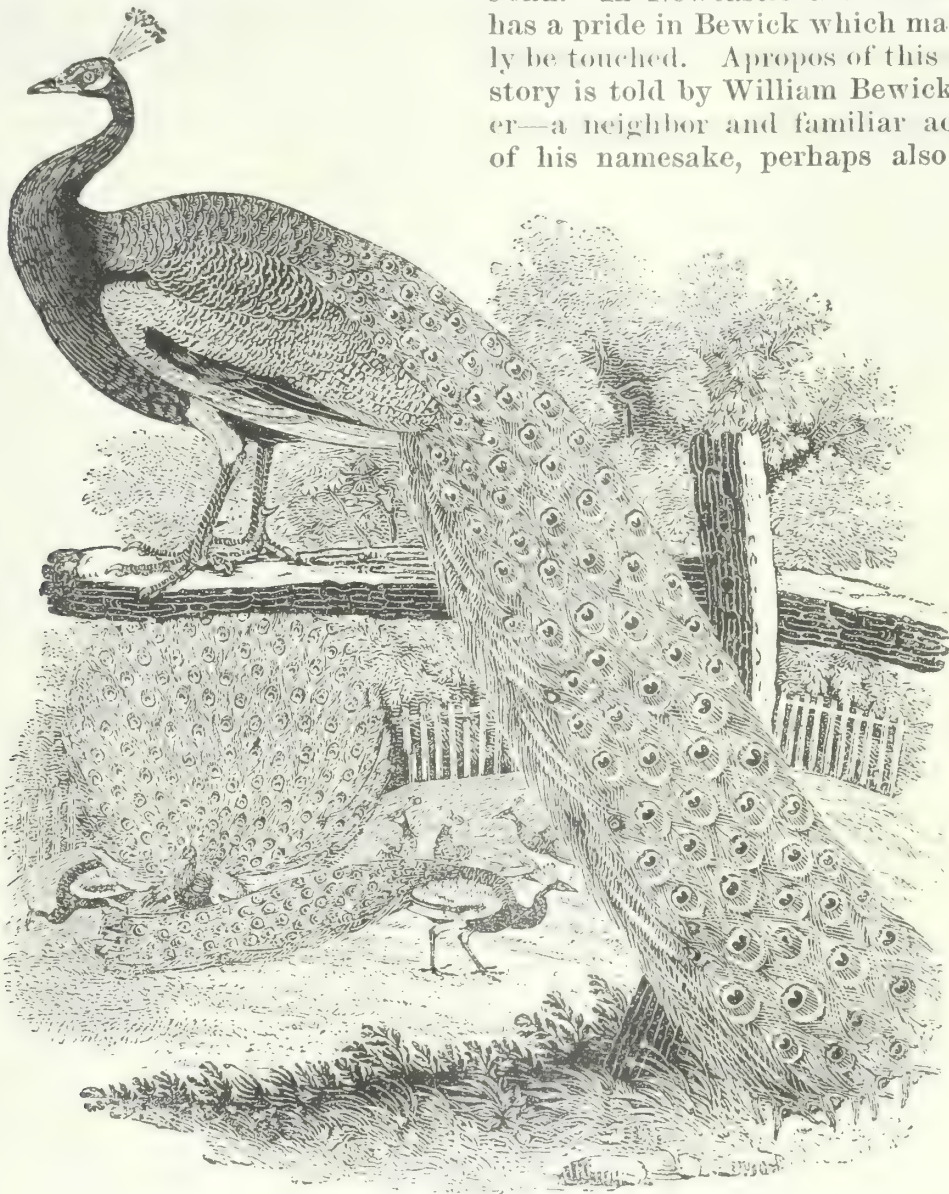
**I**T is safe to assume that by far the greater number of those who read this article have never heard the name which stands at the head of it, and will not find the smallest particle of information concerning Thomas Bewick superfluous, even to the correct pronunciation of his name (*Bew-ick*). Nevertheless, without knowing it, they have probably at some time or other, and in some form or other, made the acquaintance of his designs. For example (and it is a very bad example),

take the parlor game called "The Mansion of Happiness." It was copyrighted in 1843, and has had a constant sale to this day. Well, one of those dread stations on arriving at which you are remanded to your previous station, or even to the very beginning of the game, is marked "Ingratitude." How did the artist represent this idea? He makes a shocking copy, but still a copy, of the woodcut of the huntsman beating his old hound, for which Bewick, then unknown to fame, won a prize of seven guineas from the British Society for the Encouragement of Arts,



in 1775. Some of our readers may own the American edition of Mrs. Trimmer's *Natural History*, copyrighted in 1850. It is freely illustrated with cuts of animals taken without acknowledgment from Bewick's *Birds* or *Quadrupeds*, his designs having been reduced and frequently inverted, and engraved with all possible economy of skill and time. Many of the cuts in Harper's edition of the *Natural History of Selborne* were derived from the same source, and treated in a similar way, but not so harshly. Even in France the tribute of copying the great English master is not refused. Here is the Abbé Gaultier's queer little *Lectures Graduées*

than Washington's. The books which he illustrated, the broadsides, bill-heads, coats of arms, book plates, etc., which issued from his shop, the blocks themselves, cut by his own hands or those of his pupils, have all been eagerly sought by collectors. Of these the late Rev. Thomas Hugo was the most successful, his collection realizing in August, 1877, the sum of \$5620, probably much less than it cost. He had also published *The Bewick Collector*, in two volumes octavo, and *Bewick's Wood-Cuts*, an imperial quarto containing more than two thousand impressions from as many blocks, most of which had been engraved by Thomas Bewick or his brother John. In Newcastle the humblest citizen has a pride in Bewick which may not lightly be touched. Apropos of this an amusing story is told by William Bewick, the painter—a neighbor and familiar acquaintance of his namesake, perhaps also a relative



1.—THE PEACOCK.

*pour les Enfants du premier Âge* (Paris, no date), in the second volume of which Bewick's *mastiff* and *domestic cat* appear, reduced, revised, and with their surroundings altered. Thus in the case of our commonest animals it seems easier to go to the *Quadrupeds* than to Nature.

It is just fifty years ago (November 8, 1828) since Bewick died in Newcastle-on-Tyne, but such is the esteem in which he is held by his own countrymen that at a sale last year in England his autograph brought more

than Washington's. The books which he illustrated, the broadsides, bill-heads, coats of arms, book plates, etc., which issued from his shop, the blocks themselves, cut by his own hands or those of his pupils, have all been eagerly sought by collectors. Of these the late Rev. Thomas Hugo was the most successful, his collection realizing in August, 1877, the sum of \$5620, probably much less than it cost. He had also published *The Bewick Collector*, in two volumes octavo, and *Bewick's Wood-Cuts*, an imperial quarto containing more than two thousand impressions from as many blocks, most of which had been engraved by Thomas Bewick or his brother John. In Newcastle the humblest citizen has a pride in Bewick which may not lightly be touched. Apropos of this an amusing story is told by William Bewick, the painter—a neighbor and familiar acquaintance of his namesake, perhaps also a relative

through that old Borderer celebrated in the bloody ballad beginning:  
 "Old Graham he has to Carlisle gone,  
 Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he,"  
 though Quaker blood had intervened. On one occasion he writes (it was long after Bewick's death):

"Whilst I was looking at a full-length photograph exhibited in a street at Newcastle, two workmen were looking at it at the same time. I asked one of them who it was intended for. They both looked at me con-



temptuously — not to know the great Newcastle Bewick: and one of them answered, loudly, 'Bewick.' I said, 'Is it Thomas Bewick, the celebrated engraver?' The man called out, 'Ay,' in the Newcastle dialect. You should have seen how simple and innocent I looked, as if I had never heard the name of Bewick in my life before. I told the Misses Bewick this, and they enjoyed the joke vastly."

These ladies still survive, the elder, Jaue, being in her ninety-sixth year; and the announcement in 1875 of their bequest (by anticipation) to the British Museum of the whole of their large chronological collection of proofs, etc., of cuts prepared by their father and uncle, besides many exquisite drawings by Thomas Bewick, gave great satisfaction to the lovers of art in England.

Bewick's title to distinction rests on a very solid basis. He revived the art of wood-engraving after two centuries of decadence, and is the father of modern cheap pictorial illustration in books and periodicals. Self-taught as he was, his masterpieces have never been surpassed, and probably never will be. He was a born naturalist and observer, and did what could be done without training to popularize the study of natu-



2.—BIRTH-PLACE OF BEWICK—HIS LAST VIGNETTE, PORTRAYING HIS OWN FUNERAL.

named, was an active, intelligent farmer, who also thrived by working a colliery on Mickley Bank (the hill shown in the above engraving). It was further remembered of this ancestor that he was an expert angler—a tradition fully confirmed by the ruling passion of his distinguished grandson. The grandmother on this side was the daughter of a landed proprietor or laird. His maternal grandfather was a curate or parish clerk, and a classical teacher; and his own mother was accustomed to hear Latin recitations while housekeeper for her cousin, the Rev. Christopher Gregson. She was of a religious turn of mind, and did not spare her children "well-intended lectures," that "made little impression," compared with the powerful influence of her husband. This stout, square-

made, energetic, fearless man not only bequeathed his hardy physique to his oldest child, but, as Bewick relates, in his moral training "had always set me the example, and taken every opportunity of showing how much he detested meanness, and of drawing forth every particle of pride within me for the purpose of directing it in the right way." The honest pride, the independence, the prompt resolution of the father, were all reflected in the character of the son, who, with a less



3.—BOYS PLAYING AT CAVALRY IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

ral history. Finally, he was the author of an autobiography which will always rank among the most attractive in the English language. He was born in 1753, at Cherryburn House, near the small village of Eltringham, on the south bank of the Tyne, within easy walking distance of Newcastle. His paternal grandfather, for whom he was

quick temper, perhaps, partook to the full of his cheerfulness, his fondness for anecdote, his uncommon vein of humor.

He was a mischievous youngster, whose pranks frequently brought him a double flogging, and so made "life at school and at home a life of warfare," as he says, until he was reclaimed by the gentle persuasion of



his relative and teacher, the Rev. Mr. Gregson. At fourteen his education was considered finished, and the comparatively free life he had hitherto led as a country boy was to be exchanged for one of confinement in a business now to be chosen. Happily there were indications of decided talent, coupled with a clear preference on his part for a place where he could see and perhaps draw pictures, and he was accordingly bound to Ralph Beilby, a metal engraver in Newcastle, October 1, 1767. The young apprentice brought with him a local reputation as a rising genius. He had begun drawing, school-boy fashion, on his slate when sums were done, on the margins of books, and on scraps of paper. Chalk gave him a larger practice on gravestones, the porch floor of the church, and at night on the flags and hearth-stone before the fire, which scorched his earnest face. In the way of art he had seen only tavern signs, one of which, "The Hounds and Hare," he thought he could surpass if he tried. The first assistance he received was an important gift of paper, which he covered with drawings produced with pen and ink and with bramble-berry juice. Afterward, equipped with camel's-hair pencils and shells of colors, he executed, without patterns of any kind, paintings of birds, beasts, landscapes, and hunting scenes in particular, which he soon had the satisfaction of seeing hung on the walls of his admiring neighbors.

With Nature he had long been in very close contact and in perfect sympathy. He early began to study the rarer birds that visited Cherryburn, and no nest was secure from his dare-devil climbing. His return from fishing, late at night, was often quickened by his father's anxious whistle. In the winter holidays he gleefully joined the hunting parties whose game was the fox, the hare, the founart, and the badger—excellent preparation for the artist, and not without its moral discipline for the man. Bewick says in his *Memoir*:

"The pursuing, baiting, or killing these animals never at that time struck me as being cruel. The mind had not as yet been impressed with the feelings of humanity. This, however, came upon me at last, and the first time I felt the change happened by my having, in hunting, caught the hare in my arms, while surrounded by the dogs and the hunters, when the poor terrified creature screamed out so piteously—like a child—that I would have given any thing to have saved its life. In this, however, I was prevented; for a farmer well known to me, who

stood close by, pressed upon me, and desired I would 'give her to him;' and from his being better able, as I thought, to save its life, I complied with his wish. This was no sooner done than he proposed to those about him 'to have a bit more sport with her;' and this was to be done by first breaking one of its legs, and then again setting the poor animal off a little before the dogs. I wandered away to a little distance, oppressed by my own feelings, and could not join the crew again, but



4.—WINTER HUNTING OF THE HARE.

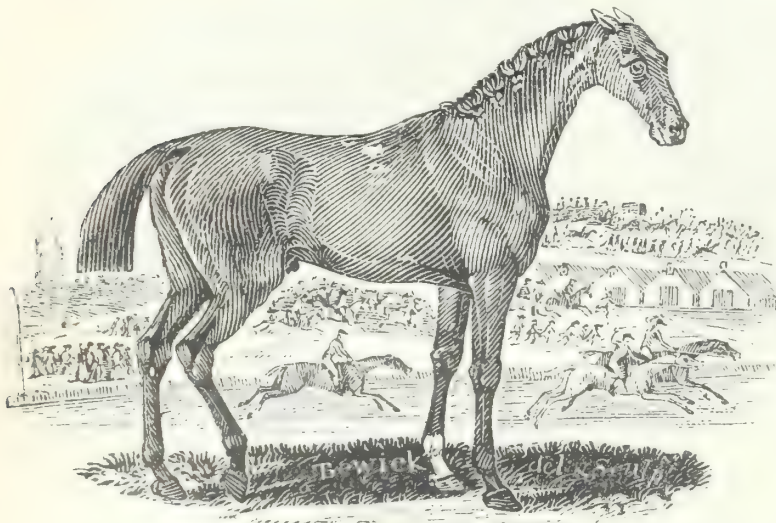
learned with pleasure that their intended victim had made its escape."

This anecdote well illustrates the barbarity of the times in which Bewick grew up, and which, with their man-fights, dog-fights, and cock-fights (attended even by Bewick "without feeling much compassion," albeit he was "more entertained at seeing the wry faces, contortions, and agitations of the clowns who surrounded the cock-pit" than by what went on therein), recall the New-Mexican civilization of the present day. One sees constantly in his vignettes another sign of the brutality of the period—the gallows; sometimes empty, sometimes tenanted; sometimes, and generally, thrown into the background, sometimes the chief subject of the drawing (the malefactor, perhaps, hanging in irons); sometimes a mere incident of the landscape, again pointing a moral, as in the picture of the young scapegraces engaged in hanging a dog, where the gallows looms up in the distance either as a cause or a consequence of the action going on in the foreground. Bewick was well past middle life when Romilly began, in 1809, to make war on the statutes which imposed the death penalty for picking pockets. Manners were then as coarse as society was barbarous and laws cruel. The latest picture of them may be found in Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. Bewick could not wholly escape these influences in spite of his humanity. Among the designs which must forever excite admiration for their fidelity to life are some whose realism is too gross to permit them to go at large be-



yond the collector's portfolio, and as manners grew more refined it became expedient even in Bewick's lifetime to blot out certain vignettes in his *British Birds* when putting an edition upon the market.

There is another frequent object in Bewick's landscapes—the spire of the church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, seen in cut 5. This was the subject of well-nigh his earliest effort at wood-cutting, and he lost no opportunity of introducing it to mark the locality of his scenes. It was not simply



5.—RACE-HORSE.

beautiful to him, but stood for all the associations of the city to which he went from his country home, in which he learned the art that was to make him famous, and from which he so seldom strayed that practically it was all the world to him. This fact has an important bearing on the estimate of Bewick's genius, and if it excites our amazement that a rustic lad, bound apprentice in a provincial city, without training and without the atmosphere or the examples of art, should have achieved the distinction he did while clinging stoutly to his native soil, it offers, on the other hand, a great deal of encouragement to aspiring artists, who may learn from him that art can literally be cultivated at the hearth-stone, and that our common surroundings contain all the material that talent and patience require to prove the gift of artistic feeling and perception. Bewick had been two years his own master—that is to say, he was twenty-three years of age—when he first abandoned the Tyneside to see a bit of the world. A ramble through Scotland in search of work resulted only in the physical pleasure which he ever derived from pedestrian excursions. On the 1st of October of the same year (1776) he reached London, where he in vain endeavored to content himself. The distractions, however, were too great, the temptations likewise, and the confinement was irksome. On the 22d of June, 1777, he came in sight of St. Nicholas spire, and, except for a hasty trip to Edinburgh in 1823, he appears never to

have deserted Newcastle again. On his return from London he went into partnership with his former master, Ralph Beilby.

Beilby—to retrace our steps a little—had been a very useful master to a talent far superior to his own. His father had been a goldsmith and jeweller, and he had learned seal-cutting of his brother Richard. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but just withal. His custom was of the most multifarious description; every thing was grist to his mill. His specialty was ornamental silver engraving, and he excelled in the cutting of arms, crests, and ciphers on silver; but he was equally ready to etch sword blades for the manufacturers, to make steel stamps, pipe moulds and bottle moulds, brass clock faces, door-plates, coffin-plates, book-binders' letters and stamps, steel, silver, and gold seals, mourning rings, or to engrave bills of exchange, bank-notes, invoices, account heads, cards, etc., etc. In short, along with silversmith's work, there was almost blacksmith's work; and what with polishing copper plates and hardening and polishing steel seals, Bewick's

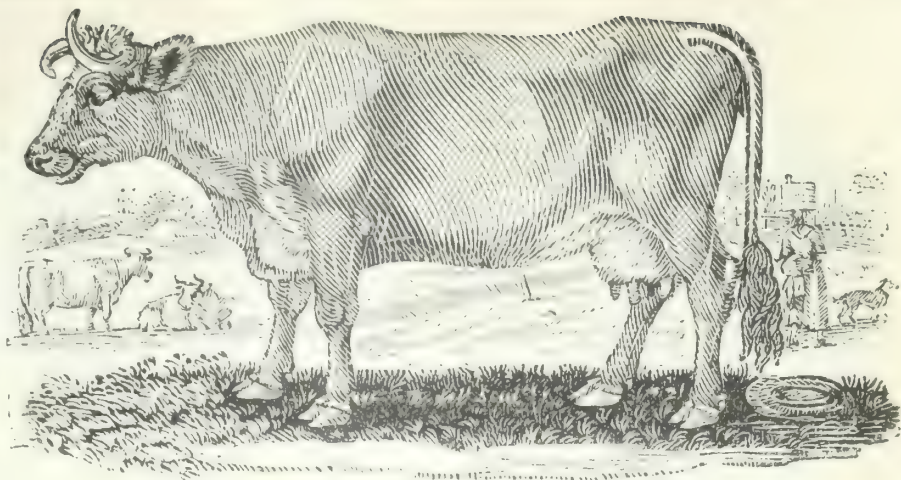
hands were soon rendered callous. Fortunately for his training, he was practiced by turns in all these branches, so that he made his *début* as a pictorial designer after the same sort of preparation that Albert Dürer and Quentin Matsys underwent. When it came to wood-cuts, for which printers frequently applied to Beilby, the master confessed his incompetencé, and turned the job over to his apprentice. A bar bill, "St. George and the Dragon," attracted wide attention, and drew increased patronage to the shop. The first book-work that fell to Bewick was children's primers and horn-books, of which the crude but promising illustrations both indicate the low state of the art as Bewick found it, and afford a measure of the enormous progress which he himself made in it. These books were printed by Thomas Saint, of Newcastle, who in after-years became Bewick's publisher. Then followed the *Story-Teller*, *Gay's Fables*, and *Select Fables*, from which last may be said to date the beginning of his fame; for the cuts gave so much satisfaction to his master that, in Bewick's name, he sent a few impressions of them to be laid before the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, and they were awarded a premium, which, being left to Bewick to receive either as a gold medal or as money, he eagerly presented to his mother in the shape of seven guineas.

A brief period of independence followed his apprenticeship, and Bewick returned



home to Cherryburn to enjoy once more the free life of the country. He hunted and fished as of yore in the intervals of his work, which was done for Thomas Angus, another Newcastle printer. On his return from London he rather reluctantly accepted his old master's offer of partnership; but he was somewhat reconciled by taking his brother John as an apprentice for five years, when he too went to London and found plenty of employment from the booksellers. In 1785 Bewick lost, nearly at one blow, his mother, father, and eldest sister, and after that he went no more to Cherryburn. His work, meantime, was not wood-engraving alone, for the new firm continued the miscellaneous business of the old. He tells us that on one occasion, having to cut some seals for a Jew, who peddled them to his customers at a large profit, he rose early in the morning and worked till late at night, in which time he had cut five steel seals, with ciphers and initials. The firm's wholesale charge for these was but 3s. 6d. each.

Before passing to books which had their origin in himself, and in which he was author, naturalist, and artist combined, it is proper to mention a *Tour to Lapland*, for which Bewick furnished copper-plate engravings, and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, of which the wood-cuts were his. He was



6.—THE COW.

and amusement of youth." This is his account of the way he set about it:

"Such animals as I knew, I drew from memory on the wood; others, which I did not know, were copied from Dr. Smellie's *Abridgment of Buffon*, and other naturalists, and also from the animals which were from time to time exhibited in itinerant collections. Of these last I made sketches first from memory, and then corrected and finished the drawings upon the wood from a second examination of the different animals. I began this business of cutting the blocks with the figure of the dromedary, on the 15th of November, 1785, the day on which my father died. I then proceeded in copying such figures as above named as I did not hope to see alive. While I was busied in drawing and cutting the figures of animals, and also in designing and engraving the vignettes, Mr. Beilby, being of a bookish or reading turn, proposed, in his evenings at home, to write or compile the descriptions. With this I had little more to do than furnishing him, in many conversations and by written memoranda, with what I knew of animals, and blotting out in his manuscript what was not truth. In this way we proceeded till the book was published in 1790. The greater part of these wood-cuts were drawn and engraved at night, after the day's work of the shop was over."

The *Quadrupeds* attained

still in partnership with Beilby when he projected a work on quadrupeds which is now justly reckoned among the masterpieces of animal delineation. He received his impulse to this task from remembering as a child his dissatisfaction with the figures in a juvenile book called the *Three Hundred Animals*, and from "the extreme interest which," as he says, "I had always felt in the hope of administering to the pleasure

an immediate popularity, and drew praise and envy in abundance upon the artist's head. Cuts 5, 6, and 8, which accompany this article, are copied from the seventh edition (1820), in which the blocks already begin to show signs of wear.

Of much greater magnitude as well as authentic value was Bewick's next *opus*—the *History of British Birds*, both land and water, in two volumes. In this he resolved



7.—THE SOLITARY CORMORANT.



to copy as little as possible, and resorted first to museums, and then to newly killed specimens, with which sportsmen interested in the work obligingly kept him supplied. The cuts were again executed at night, and the first volume appeared in 1797. The literary part was still mainly Beilby's, but Bewick's share in it was much more considerable than in the *Quadrupeds*. Before the second volume could be undertaken, a dissolution of partnership took place, and Bewick "was obliged, from necessity, not choice, to commence author," of course not without "severe application and confinement." His progress was interrupted by the work of the shop, and also by some experiments in bank-note engraving. As in the case of the *Quadrupeds*, the letterpress was adorned profusely with subsidiary vignettes, executed in the intervals of the larger cuts. The accompanying cuts, 1, 3, 4, 7, 9, and 11, are taken from the *British Birds*.

In 1812 he resolved, though in his sixtieth year, to make his third essay in the illustration of fables, and the *Æsop* then begun was finished six years later, with the assistance of his gifted son and partner Robert Bewick. He records this as having been more difficult than the *Quadrupeds* or the *Birds*, for a very obvious reason, since it required an exercise of the imagination—a faculty in which Bewick, essentially an observer and a reporter, was not strong. His brother's assistance, could he have had it, would, we may surmise, have been very valuable here. Nevertheless, he was working over a field in which he had already distinguished himself, and he easily surpassed the earlier *Select Fables*.

In spite of the confinement incident to his calling, Bewick lived to the good old age of seventy-five, dying in 1828, and occupied with engraving up to the very last (see cut 2), on a new work intended to be a *History of British Fishes*. The portrait we give of him is after one by James Ramsay, painted the size of life, and accounted extremely faithful. His English build, his hearty physique, his keen vision, his vivacity and shrewdness, are all there, and in his right hand the unwearied pedestrian carries his "blackthorn, full of knobs, with a silver hoop on which he engraved his name and the date; above that a horn of some animal forming the gib."

In 1794, while still gathering materials for the *British Birds*, Thomas Bewick was seriously contemplating a removal to America. Bringing his fame with him, and his republican proclivities, it is likely he would have taken deep root here, and would have given a stimulus to American taste which would immeasurably have advanced our progress in art. Among the descendants of the Puritans he would hardly have passed

for a stranger, and he would have embellished the later editions of the *New England Primer* in a way not dreamed of in Puritan philosophy. But it was otherwise (and doubtless well) ordered, and Newcastle remained the centre of that influence which gave a new life to the most popular form of art ever invented. The continuity of metal engraving has, in spite of all vicissitudes, been maintained from the beginning; but wood-engraving, after having been made illustrious by the immortal works of Dürer and the younger Holbein and their co-workers and disciples of the sixteenth century, had the singular fate of falling into neglect through the very progress of the typographic art. The decline was sudden, and so far complete that the later productions tend more and more to resemble copper-plate. In England, which had been far behind the Continent in the perfection of its work, wood-engraving was actually improving when in the rest of Europe it was at its lowest pitch. The wood-cuts to which Bewick was accustomed in his boyhood were of the coarsest description, but of large size, and were cut, as he supposes, "on the plank way of beech or some other kind of close-grained wood." The low-priced prints from them were used to adorn the walls of the common people, and in this respect, as in their subjects, they corresponded to the lithographic wall-pictures of our own day. They were portraits of celebrities, or allegorical designs, or representations of national victories by land and sea, or of scenes like the "Sailor's Farewell" and his "Happy Return," "Youthful Sports" and "Feats of Manhood," "The Bold Archer Shooting at a Mark," etc., etc. In cut 9 one of these cheap prints is seen hanging on the wall, and beside it is probably another "picture" produced in the same way, which Bewick says was "a constant one in every house," namely, "King Charles's Twelve Good Rules." These rules were among the furniture which the Plymouth colonists brought with them across the ocean, and, as a matter of curiosity, are repeated here from page 190 of the January number of this Magazine for 1877:

#### THE TWELVE GOOD RULES.

*Profane no Divine ordinance.*

*Touch no state matters.*

*Urge no healths.*

*Pick no quarrels.*

*Encourage no vice.*

*Repeat no grievances.*

*Rereal no secrets.*

*Maintain no ill opinions.*

*Make no comparisons.*

*Keep no bad company.*

*Make no long meals.*

*Lay no wagers.*

Bewick took the important step of dis-



carding pear-wood and substituting box, which he engraved across the grain instead of "on the plank way." He was next obliged to instruct his pressmen in the printing of cuts, as they were "utterly ignorant as to any proper effect that was to be produced" by those he gave them. Instead of inking-rollers, the pelt-ball, called the *dauber*, was used, and to prevent the impression from being smeared by it he was constrained to shave down all the edges of the block, while in order to make some parts of the impression paler than the rest, and so give the effect of distance, he had to lower the surface. This very delicate and difficult operation has, with the improvement of presses, been superseded by what is called overlaying, that is, by pasting pieces of paper on the sheet backing the sheet to be printed, in such a way as to make an unequal pressure on the block. (The latter process has been re-invented, if Mr. William Bell Scott correctly surmises that it was used in printing the "Resurrection of Christ"—a wood-cut by Albrecht Altdorfer, one of the little masters, 1488–1538.) It may be doubted, however, if Bewick's necessity was not a positive advantage to him. His blocks escaped uninjured, and are to-day capable of giving good impressions. He did his overlaying for himself, as it were.

This is not the place for going deeply into the technics of Bewick's art, but a few observations may be helpful to those unfamil-



8.—THE FRIGHTENED MOTHER.

and stamp them on your paper." Now it is both easy and natural in metal-engraving to make the "ditches" cross each other for the sake of producing shading in the picture, whereas, in wood, to make the "ridges" cross involves great labor in digging out the interstices. Of this *cross-hatching* (which is the technical name for it) you will find nothing in Bewick, and very little in the work of Dürer or Holbein. (M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, in his history of wood-engraving, refers the earliest instance of it to the year 1486.) Our modern art, on the contrary, is full of it, in large measure owing to the fact that the designer on wood has become divorced from the engraver. Bewick states his objection to it in a passage which well brings out the nature of his art.

"I have long been of opinion," he writes in his memoir, "that the cross-hatching of wood-cuts for book-work is a waste of time, as every desired effect can be much easier obtained by plain parallel lines. The other way is not the legitimate object of wood-engraving. Instead of imitating the manner of copper etchings, at a great cost of labor and time, on the wood, such drawings might have been as soon etched on the copper at once; and where a large impression of any publication was not required, the copper plate would have cost less, and lasted long enough for the purpose intended. I never could discover any additional beauty or color that the crossed strokes gave to the impression beyond the effect produced by plain parallel lines. This is very apparent when to a certainty the plain surface of the wood will print as black as ink and balls can make it, without any further labor at all; and it may easily be seen that the thinnest strokes cut upon the plain surface will throw *some light* on the subject or design; and if these strokes, again, are made still wider, or of equal thickness to the black lines, the color these produce will be a gray; and the more the white strokes are thickened, the nearer will they in their varied shadings approach to white; and if



9.—THE IRREVERENT CAT.

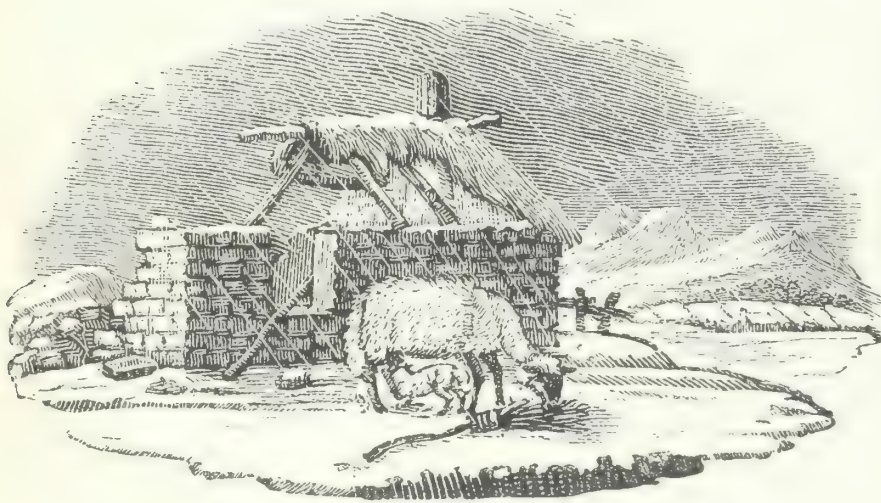
iar with such matters. And first, to borrow Mr. Ruskin's definition of the distinction between metal-engraving and wood-engraving: "In metal-engraving," he says, "you cut ditches, fill them with ink, and press your paper into them. In wood-engraving, you leave ridges, rub the tops of them with ink,



quite taken away, then a perfect white is obtained. The methods I have pursued appear to me to be the simple and easy perfection of wood-engraving for book-printing; and, no doubt, will appear better or worse according to the ability of the artist who executes them."

These sound remarks find their confirmation in all the cuts of Bewick that illustrate the present article. Cut 6 furnishes a beautiful example of pure parallel lines, dispensing even with outline. No draughtsman nowadays would voluntarily adopt this mode of delineation on the block, and no engraver would, if the drawing were washed in, choose to execute it in Bewick's manner. Training and tradition have deprived the latter of the skill required to work simply in parallel lines, and to depend for his effect upon the calculated force and meaning of every line. Nevertheless, we are witnessing a return to the practice above contended for, and the British school of engravers who produce the masterpieces of the London *Graphic* discard cross-hatching as religiously as Bewick himself.

As a delineator of nature and of manners,



10.—“ARGOS WAS THERE.”

Bewick takes rank with the great masters of all times. He was not an imaginative designer: he could not etherealize the human form into a cherub or a goddess; but what he *saw* he could reproduce with rare fidelity and sympathy. His humor, like his moralizing, is constant and superabundant. The few specimens here given are like drops from the ocean. He is very fond of awkward situations, as when he makes an absent-minded old woman mount a stile on the other side of which is a rampant bull; or when he draws for us a horseman entangled in a kite string, which the boy who holds must let go or else be drawn into the ford; or when he shows us the careful housewife hanging out her clothes in the yard, having already spread some upon the grass to bleach, and through the gate, left open by people going out, the hens and the old sow

and her litter enter and scatter themselves over the unfortunate linen. But the list is endless. Tears and laughter are proverbially close of kin. Bewick's pathos is not below his humor: it may be a drowned puppy on the brink of a stream, a dead horse in the pasture, about which the crows are gathering, a poor lamb caught in the briers and parting with its fleece, or the climax of desolation in a deserted hearth-stone—in all his art and his humanity are admirable.

One other gift he has in great perfection—the sense of perspective. His backgrounds in his larger pieces, his landscapes in his vignettes, bear out this statement. Cut 5 is a good illustration of this faculty, just as a glaring example of its absence is to be seen in the background of Ramsay's portrait. Bewick's invention knew no limits, and he was never at a loss to fill in the distance of a picture. Hence his backgrounds are always as firm and well defined as the foregrounds, and by this test one may not only distinguish Bewick from the engravers and draughtsmen of the present day, but even from his own pupils, like William Harvey. The revolution that has taken place may

be summed up in the statement that modern draughtsmen regard the block on which they draw as white paper; Bewick regarded it as black. Cut 7 shows that he was as much at home in marine views as in landscape.

The scale of his performances is fairly indicated by the samples here given. The outside dimensions of his largest blocks do not surpass three by six inches. The vignettes are of all sizes, generally falling within three by three. The

large cuts of our illustrated papers, which were perhaps beyond the dreams of Bewick, are composed of numerous blocks bolted together, and engraved separately, it may be by as many engravers as there are blocks. It is to be observed, however, that the small scale does not, in Bewick's case, cover any defects of form or proportion. Mr. Ruskin, in his *Ariadne Florentina*, gives enlarged fac-similes of a pig and a frog from the *Fables*, and the masterly character of the drawing is only the more revealed. Thrown upon a screen by the stereopticon, they have borne magnifying equally well, and will be found capable of affording great delight. Concerning the number of Bewick's cuts, whether carrying out his own designs or those of others, it is difficult if not impossible to make an accurate estimate; but they are counted by thousands. The *British Birds*





11.—THE WOOD GROUSE.

alone contains more than 500, the *Quadrupeds* about 340, the various editions of *Fables* at least as many more; and a large proportion of these had been studied and executed several times, as is proved by Hugo in *Bewick's Wood-Cuts*, already referred to. The cuts for the *Quadrupeds* were executed in five years, or at the rate of more than one a week, chiefly by night, as we have seen.

In closing, a few quotations from eminent judges will serve to show the estimation in which Bewick's work has been held both on the ethical and the artistic side. Leslie styles him "a truly original genius," "an artist of the highest order in his way," who "resembles Hogarth in this, that his illustrations of the stories of others are not to be compared with his own inventions." Ruskin calls him "a man who was not

trained at all [*i. e.*, we must understand, in wood-cutting], and who was, without training, Holbein's equal;" and again speaks of "the magnificent artistic power, the flawless virtue, veracity, tenderness, the infinite humor of the man," who was "as stout a reformer as Holbein, or Botticelli, or Luther, or Savonarola." And here, finally, is what the poet Wordsworth said to William Bewick:

"Let me take this opportunity to express my admiration of those beautiful works by your namesake, the engravings on wood, transcripts of nature, that I look at with ever-recurring pleasure, and wonder at the variety and texture the artist has contrived to produce upon such difficult material. I hope, when you have an opportunity, you will not forget to make my compliments and respects to Mr. Bewick."



12.—THE SUPERSTITIOUS DOG.





## MERCEDES

[AN incident related in the *Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès* suggested this sketch. The characterization of the persons represented in the episode, and its dramatic action, such as it is, are the writer's.]

### CHARACTERS.

ACHILLE LOUVOIS.

LABOISSIÈRE.

PADRE JOSÉF.

MERCEDES.

URSULA.

SERGEANT AND SOLDIERS.

SCENE: *Spain.* PERIOD: 1810.



ACT I.

*A detachment of French troops bivouacked on the edge of the forest of Corelleda. A sentinel is seen on the rocks overhanging the camp. The guard is relieved in dumb-show as the dialogue progresses. LOUVOIS and LABOISSIÈRE, wrapped in great-coats, are seated by a smouldering fire of brush-wood in the foreground. Starlight.*

SCENE I.

LOUVOIS and LABOISSIÈRE.

LABOISSIÈRE. Louvois!

LOUVOIS. Eh?

LABOISSIÈRE. This is not amusing. You are as gloomy to-night as an undertaker out of employment.

LOUVOIS. Say, rather, an executioner who loathes his trade. Gloomy? Well, yes. My conscience is not at ease in this business. One may be forgiven, or can forgive himself, many a cruel thing done in the heat of battle; but to steal upon a defenseless village, and in cold blood sabre old men, women, and children—that revolts me.

LABOISSIÈRE. It must be done, however.

LOUVOIS. Yes—the poor wretches!

LABOISSIÈRE. The orders are—

LOUVOIS. Every soul!

LABOISSIÈRE. After all, they have brought it on themselves. Every defile in these infernal mountains bristles with carbines, and every village gives shelter or warning to the guerrillas. The army is being decimated by assassination. It is the same ghastly story throughout Castile and Estremadura. After we have taken a town we lose more men than it cost us to storm it. I would rather look into the throat of a battery at twenty yards than attempt to pass through certain streets in Madrid or Burgos after night-fall. You go in at one end, but, *diantre!* you don't come out at the other.

LOUVOIS. These people are fighting for their homes.

LABOISSIÈRE. Poisoning wells is not fighting, and assassination is not war. I see no way to end this but by striking some such blow as we are about to strike.

LOUVOIS. Perhaps you are right. Certainly the French army in Spain is in a perilous position. The men are worn out with contending against shadows, and disheartened by victories that prove more fatal than defeats in other hands.

LABOISSIÈRE. It is the devil's own country. Even their cigars are detestable. Will you have one?

LOUVOIS. Merci!

LABOISSIÈRE (*after a pause*). This village of Arguano which we are to "discipline," as General Junot would say, is it much of a village?

LOUVOIS. No; an insignificant cluster of hamlets—one wide *calle* with a zigzag line of stucco houses on each side, a *posada*, and

a forlorn church standing like an overgrown tombstone in the middle of the grave-yard. On a hill-top overlooking all, a windmill of the time of Don Quixote. In brief, the regulation Spanish village.

LABOISSIÈRE. You have been there, then?

LOUVOIS (*slowly*). Yes, I have been there.

LABOISSIÈRE [*aside*]. He has that same look in his eyes which struck me just now. [*Aloud.*] Pardon me, Louvois: you've some unpleasant association with the place.

LOUVOIS. No; on the contrary, I have none but agreeable memories of Arguano. I was quartered there, or rather in the neighborhood, for several weeks a year or more ago. I was recovering from a wound at the time, and the air of that valley did me better service than a dozen surgeons. Then the village people were simple, honest folks—for Spaniards. Indeed, they were kindly folks. I remember the old padre, he was not half a bad fellow, though I've no love for priests. With his scant black soutane, and his thin white hair brushed behind his ears under a silk skull-cap, he somehow reminded me of my old mother in Laugnedoc, and we were good friends. We used to empty a bottle together now and then in the shady *posada* garden. The native wine here, when you get it pure, betters expectation.

LABOISSIÈRE. Why, that was consorting with the enemy! The Church is our deadliest foe now. Since the bull of Pius VII. excommunicating the Emperor we are all heretical dogs in Spanish eyes. His Holiness has made murder a short-cut to heaven.\* By poniarding or poisoning a Frenchman, these fanatics fancy they insure their souls.

LOUVOIS. Yes, they believe that; yet, for all, I have no great thirst for this poor padre's blood. If the *maréchal* had only turned over some other village to me! But no; I had been stationed at Arguano, I knew the locality, and my request to be assigned a different command was not even listened to. In any case such an expedition would fill me with horror, but as it is—There is a fatality in sending me to Arguano. Remember that. From the moment the orders came I have had such a heaviness here. A while ago, in a half doze, I dreamed of

\* In Andalusia, and in fact throughout Spain, at that period, the priests taught the children a catechism of which this is a specimen:

"How many Emperors of the French are there?"

"One actually, in three deceiving persons."

"What are they called?"

"Napoleon, Murat, and Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace."

"Which is the most wicked?"

"They are all equally so."

"What are the French?"

"Apostate Christians turned heretics."

"What punishment does a Spaniard deserve who fails in his duty?"

"The death and infamy of a traitor."

"Is it a sin to kill a Frenchman?"

"No, my father; heaven is gained by killing one of those heretical dogs."



cutting down this harmless old priest who had come to me to beg mercy for the women and children. I cut him across the face, Laboissière! I saw him smiling still, with his lip slashed in two. The irony of it! I couldn't have done that, surely, if I had been awake. When I think of that smile, I am tempted to break my sword over my knee and throw myself into the ravine yonder.

LABOISSIÈRE [*aside*]. This is the man who got the cross for sabring three gunners in the trench at Saragossa! It is odd he should be so moved by the idea of killing a beggarly old Jesuit more or less. [*Aloud.*] Bah! it was only a dream, after all—one of those villainous nightmares which run wild over these hills. I have been kicked by 'em myself many a time. What, the devil! dreams always go by contraries; in which case you will have the satisfaction of being knocked on the head by the old padre—and so quits. It may come to that. We are surrounded by spies; I would wager a week's rations that Arguano is prepared for us.

LOUVOIS. I hope so. An assault with resistance would cover all. Yes, yes—the spies. They must know our destination and our purpose. A movement such as this could not have been made in secret. [*Abruptly.*] Laboissière!

LABOISSIÈRE. Well?

LOUVOIS. There was a certain girl at Arguano—a niece or goddaughter to the old padre—a brave girl.

LABOISSIÈRE. Ah—so? Come now, confess, mon capitaine, it was the *sobrina* and not the old priest you struck down in your dream.

LOUVOIS. Yes, that *was* it. How did you know?

LABOISSIÈRE. By instinct and observation. There is always a woman at the bottom of every thing. You have only to go deep enough.

LOUVOIS. This girl troubles me. I was ordered from Arguano very suddenly; then communication with the place was cut off. I have never heard word of her since. I would not have any hurt befall that girl, Laboissière. And there is no human way to warn her of the danger. A French messenger could not reach the village alive, and no other is to be trusted.

LABOISSIÈRE. I doubt if at this moment there is a single old man, woman, or child left in Arguano. The very leaves of the trees in this dismal forest are eyes to watch and lips to betray our movements. The peasants have probably already made off with that fine store of grain and aguardiente we so sorely need, and a score or two of brigands are doubtless lying in wait for us in some rocky pass. Dismiss your anxiety about the girl. What is that Gasconne proverb?—"We suffer most from the ills

which never happen." Let us get some rest; we have had a rough day.

LOUVOIS. You are right; we should sleep. We march at daybreak. Good-night!

LABOISSIÈRE. Good-night, and vive la France!

LOUVOIS. Vive l'Empereur!

LABOISSIÈRE *walks away humming*:

"Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers."

LOUVOIS (*looking after him*). There goes a light heart. But mine—mine is as heavy as lead.

## SCENE II.

### LYRICAL INTERLUDE.

#### *Soldiers' Song.*

The camp is hushed; the fires burn low;  
Like ghosts the sentries come and go:  
Now seen, now lost, upon the height  
A keen drawn sabre glimmers white.  
Swiftly the midnight steals away—

*Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers!*

Perchance into your dream shall come  
Visions of love or thoughts of home;  
The furtive night-wind, hurrying by,  
Shall kiss away the half-breathed sigh,  
And softly whispering, seem to say,

*Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers!*

Through star-lit dusk and shimmering dew  
It is your lady comes to you!  
Delphine, Lisette, Annette—who knows  
By what sweet wayward name she goes?  
Wrapped in white arms till break of day,

*Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers!*

## ACT II.

*Morning. The interior of a stone hut in Arguano. Through the door opening upon the street are seen piles of Indian corn, sheaves of wheat, and loaves of bread burned to cinders. Empty leather wine-skins are scattered here and there among the ashes. In one corner of the chamber, which is low-studded but spacious, an old woman, propped up with pillows, is sitting on a pallet and crooning to herself. In the centre of the room a child lies asleep in a cradle. MERCEDES. Padre JOSÉF entering abruptly.*

### SCENE I.

MERCEDES, Padre JOSÉF, and URSULA.

Padre JOSÉF. Mercedes! daughter! are you mad to linger so?

MERCEDES. Nay, father, it is you who are mad to come back for me.

Padre JOSÉF. We were nearly a mile from the village when I missed you and the little one. I thought you were with those who started at sunrise. Quick, Mercedes! there is not an instant to lose.

MERCEDES. Then hasten, Padre Joséf, while there is yet time.

[*Pushes him toward the door.*]

Padre JOSÉF. And you, child?

MERCEDES. I shall stay here.





MERCEDES'S ROCKING SONG.—[SEE PAGE 528.]

*Padre JOSÉF.* Listen to her, Sainted Virgin! she will stay here, and the French blood-hounds at our very doors!

MERCEDES (*pointing to URSULA in the corner*). Could I leave old Ursula, and she not able to lift a foot? Think you—my own flesh and blood!

*Padre JOSÉF.* Ah, *cielo!* true. They have forgotten her, the cowards! and now it is too late. God willed it—*santificado sea tu nombre*. [*Hesitates.*] Mercedes, Ursula is old—very old; the better part of her is already dead. See how she laughs and mumbles to herself, and knows naught of what is passing.

MERCEDES. The poor grandmother! she thinks it is a saint's day.

*Padre JOSÉF.* What is life or death to her whose soul is elsewhere? What is a second more or less to the leaf that clings to a shrunken bough? But you, Mercedes, you are young; the long summer smiles for such as you. Think of yourself; think of Chiquita. Come with me, child, come.

URSULA. Ay, ay, go with the good padre,

dear. There is dancing on the green. I hear the music. I'd ever an ear for castanets. When I was a slip of a girl I used to foot it with the best in the cachuca. I was a merry jade, Mercedes—a merry jade. Wear your broided garters, dear.

MERCEDES. She hears music. [*Listens.*] No. Her mind wanders strangely to-day, now here, now there. The gray spirits are with her. [*To URSULA, gently.*] No, grandmother, I shall stay with you and Chiquita.

*Padre JOSÉF.* You are mad, Mercedes. They will murder you all.

MERCEDES. They will not have the heart to harm Chiquita, nor me, perhaps, for her sake.

*Padre JOSÉF.* They have no hearts, these Frenchmen. Ah, Mercedes, do you not know better than most that a Frenchman has no heart?

MERCEDES (*hastily*). I know nothing. I shall stay. Is life so sweet to me? Go, *Padre JOSÉf.* What could save you if they found you here? Not your priest's robe.

*Padre JOSÉF.* You will follow, my daughter?



MERCEDES. No.

Padre JOSÉF. I beseech you.

MERCEDES. No.

Padre JOSÉF. Then you are lost.

MERCEDES. Nay, padrino, God is every where. Do not be angry. Lay your hands for an instant on my head, as you used to do when I was a little child, and go—go.

Padre JOSÉF. Á Dios.

Padre JOSÉF makes the sign of the cross on MERCEDES'S forehead, and slowly turns away.

MERCEDES rises, follows him to the door, and looks after him with tears in her eyes. Then she returns to the middle of the room, and sits on a low stool beside the cradle.

#### SCENE II.

MERCEDES and URSULA.

URSULA (after a silence). Has he gone, the good padre?

MERCEDES. Yes, grandmother.

URSULA (reflectively). He was your uncle once.

MERCEDES. Once? Yes, and always. How you speak!

URSULA. He is not gay any more, the good padre. He is getting old—getting old.

MERCEDES. To hear her! and she eighty years last San Miguel's Day!

URSULA. What day is it?

MERCEDES. Hist! [*Lays one finger on her lips.*] Chiquita is waking.

URSULA (querulously). Hist? Nay, I will say my say in spite of all. Hist? God help us! who taught thee to say hist to thy elders? Ay, ay, who taught thee? What day is it?

MERCEDES [*aside*]. How sharp she is awhile! [*Aloud.*] Pardon, pardon. Here is little Chiquita, with both eyes wide open, to help me beg thy forgiveness. [*Takes up the child.*] See, she has a smile for grandmother. Ah, no, little one, I have no milk for thee; the trouble has taken it all. Nay, cry not, dainty, or that will break my heart.

URSULA. Sing to her, *nieta*. What is it you sing that always hushes her? 'Tis gone from me.

MERCEDES. I know not.

URSULA. Bethink thee.

MERCEDES. I can not. The rhyme of the three little white teeth?

URSULA (clapping her hands). Ay, ay, that is it!

MERCEDES rocks the child and sings:

Who is it opens her blue bright eye,  
Bright as the sea and blue as the sky?—

Chiquita!

Who has the smile that comes and goes  
Like sunshine over her mouth's red rose?—

Muchachita!

What is the softest laughter heard,  
Gurgle of brook or trill of bird,

Chiquita?

Nay, 'tis thy laughter makes the rill  
Hush its voice and the bird be still,

Muchachita!

Ah, little flower-hand on my breast,  
How it soothes me and gives me rest!

Chiquita!

What is the sweetest sight I know?

Three little white teeth in a row,

Three little white teeth in a row,

Muchachita!

As MERCEDES finishes the song a roll of drums is heard in the street. At the first tap she starts and listens intently, and then assumes a stolid air. The sound approaches the door, and suddenly ceases.

LABOISSIÈRE (speaking outside). A sergeant and two men to follow me. [*Mutters.*] Curse me if there is so much as a rat left in the whole village! Not a drop of wine, and the bread burned to a crisp.

[*Appears at the threshold.*]

#### SCENE III.

LABOISSIÈRE, MERCEDES, and Soldiers.

LABOISSIÈRE. Hulloo! what is this? An old woman and a young one. Ah ça, but she is *gentille*, the young one. Girl, what are you doing here?

MERCEDES. It is my own roof, señor.

LABOISSIÈRE. But your neighbors have gone. Why are not you with them?

MERCEDES (pointing to Ursula). It is my grandmother, señor. She is paralyzed.

LABOISSIÈRE. So? You couldn't carry her off, and you remained?

MERCEDES. Precisely.

LABOISSIÈRE. That was being a brave girl. [*Lifts his cap.*] I salute valor wherever I meet it. Why have all the villagers fled?

MERCEDES (bitterly). You know right well. Did they wish to be massacred?

LABOISSIÈRE (shrugging his shoulders). And you had no fear?

MERCEDES. It would be too much glory for a hundred and eighty French soldiers to kill one poor peasant girl. And then to come so far!

LABOISSIÈRE [*aside*]. She knows our very numbers, the fox! Now she shows her teeth! Why did your people waste the wine and bread?

MERCEDES. That yours might neither eat the one nor drink the other. We do not save food, señor, for our enemies. My people could not take the provisions away; so they destroyed them.

LABOISSIÈRE. *C'est juste*. Frenchmen would have done the same. Give the devil his due. Is that your child?

MERCEDES. Yes, the *hija* is mine.

LABOISSIÈRE. Where is your husband—with the brigands yonder?

MERCEDES. My husband?

LABOISSIÈRE. Your lover, then.





"YOU TO PERDITION, I TO HEAVEN!"

MERCEDES. I do not know. I have no lover. My husband is dead.

LABOISSIÈRE. I think you are lying now. He's a guerrilla.

MERCEDES. If he were, I should not deny it. I should be proud of him, señor.

LABOISSIÈRE [*aside*]. What a little demon it is! But she is *ravissante*! What is to be done with her?—Here, sergeant; go report this matter to the captain. He is in the posada at the other end of the village.

[*Exit sergeant.*]

*Shouts of exultation and laughter are heard in the street, and presently three or four soldiers enter bearing several hams and a skin of wine.*

FIRST SOLDIER. *Violà, lieutenant!*

LABOISSIÈRE. Where did you get that?

FIRST SOLDIER. In a cellar hard by, hidden under some straw.

SECOND SOLDIER. There are ten more skins of wine like this jolly fellow with his leather jacket. Pray order a division of the booty, my lieutenant, for we are as dry as herrings in a box.

LABOISSIÈRE. A moment, *mes enfants*. [*Looks suspiciously at MERCEDES.*] Woman, is that wine good?

MERCEDES. The vintage was poor this year, señor.

LABOISSIÈRE. I mean—*is that wine good for a Frenchman to drink?*

MERCEDES. Why not, señor?

LABOISSIÈRE (*sternly*). Yes or no!

MERCEDES. Yes.

LABOISSIÈRE. Why was it not served like the rest, then?

MERCEDES. They hid that much, thinking to come back when you were gone.

LABOISSIÈRE. That sounds true. Open it,

some one, and fetch me a glass. [*To MERCEDES.*] You will drink this.

MERCEDES (*coldly*). When I am thirsty I drink.

LABOISSIÈRE. *Pardieu!* this time you shall drink because *I* am thirsty.

MERCEDES. As you will. [*Empties the glass unhesitatingly.*] To the King!

LABOISSIÈRE. That was an impudent toast; I would have preferred the Emperor; but no matter—each after his kind. To whom will the small-bones drink?

MERCEDES. The child, señor?

LABOISSIÈRE (*eying her steadily*). Yes, the child. She is pale and sickly-looking; a draught will do her good.

MERCEDES. But, señor—

LABOISSIÈRE. Do you hear?

MERCEDES. But Chiquita, señor—she is so little, only thirteen months old, and the wine is strong!

LABOISSIÈRE. She shall drink.

MERCEDES. Give it me, then.

MERCEDES takes the glass and holds it to the child's lips. LABOISSIÈRE watches her closely.

LABOISSIÈRE. Woman! your hand trembles.

MERCEDES. Nay, it is Chiquita swallows so fast. See, she has taken it all. Ah, señor, it is a sad thing to have no milk for the little one. Are you content?

LABOISSIÈRE. Yes; I now see that the men may quench their thirst without fear. One can not be too careful in this hospitable country! Fall to, *mes enfants*; but first a glass for your lieutenant. [*Drinks.*]

URSULA. Ay, ay, the young forget the old—forget the old.

LABOISSIÈRE (*laughing*). Why, there's the



old sorceress! She has reason. She should have her share. Place aux dames! A cup, somebody, for Madame la Diablosse!

MERCEDES [*aside*]. The coward!

One of the men carries wine to URSULA. MERCEDES lays CHIQUITA in the cradle, and sits on the stool beside it, resting her forehead on her palms. Several soldiers come in and fill their canteens from the wine-skin. They stand in groups, laughing and talking in an under-tone among themselves. LABOISSIÈRE, who has thrown himself on a settle, suddenly starts to his feet.

LABOISSIÈRE. The child! look at the child! What is the matter with it? It turns livid—it is dying! Comrades, we are poisoned!

MERCEDES (*rising hastily and throwing her mantilla over the cradle*). Yes, you are poisoned! Al fuego—al fuego—todos al fuego! \* You to perdition, I to heaven!

LABOISSIÈRE. Quick, some of you, go warn the others. [*Unsheathing his sword.*] I end where I ought to have begun, empoisonneuse!

MERCEDES (*tearing aside her neckerchief*). Strike here, señor!

LOUVOIS enters, and halts between the two with a puzzled expression on his face. His glance slowly turns from LABOISSIÈRE and falls upon MERCEDES.

LOUVOIS. Mercedes!

LABOISSIÈRE. Louvois, we are dead men! Beware of her; she is a fiend! Kill her without a word! The drink already throttles me—I can not breathe here.

[*Staggering out, followed wildly by the soldiers.*]

#### SCENE IV.

LOUVOIS and MERCEDES.

LOUVOIS. What does he say?

MERCEDES. You heard him.

LOUVOIS. His words have no sense. [*Approaching her.*] Oh, why are you in this place, Mercedes?

MERCEDES (*drawing back*). I am here, señor—

LOUVOIS. You call me señor—

MERCEDES. Because we Spaniards do not desert those who depend on us.

LOUVOIS. Is that a reproach? Then it is cruel. Have you forgotten—

MERCEDES. I have not forgotten any thing. I have had cause to remember all. I remember, among other things, that a certain wounded French soldier was cared for in this village as if he had been one of our own people, and that now he comes back to massacre us.

LOUVOIS. Mercedes!

MERCEDES. I remember the morning, nearly two years ago, when the padre brought me your letter. Because it was

full of those soft oaths which women love, I carried it in my bosom for a twelvemonth; then for another twelvemonth I carried it because I hoped to give it back to you some day. [*Takes a paper from her pocket.*] See, señor, what slight things words are.

[*Tears the paper into small pieces which she scatters at his feet.*]

LOUVOIS. It is you who have broken faith. I should be the last of men if I could have forgotten you, Mercedes. Listen to me. Since I left Arguano I have been at Lisbon, Madrid, among the mountains—where not?—in all places except those from which it was possible to get a message to you. The troubled state of the country should have explained my silence when you doubted. Twice I have had letters brought back to me—with the bearers' blood upon them. What Frenchman could find his way through the forest of Covelleda? Other letters, trusted to Spanish hands, have been opened, as I suspected they would be, in the hope of finding money. So nothing from me has reached you. It is just as well. If the words you had of mine have lost value to you, it is because they are like those jewels which, in the story the padre told us, changed their color when the wearer proved unfaithful.

MERCEDES. Aquiles!

LOUVOIS. Though I could not come to you nor send to you, I never dreamed of being forgotten. I used to say to myself, "A week, a month, a year—what does it matter? That brown girl is as true as steel!" I think I bore a charmed life in those days; I grew to believe that neither illness nor death could touch me until I had seen you again, Mercedes. [*The girl stands with her hands crossed on her bosom, and looks at him with a growing light in her eyes.*] It was only the day before yesterday that our division returned to Burgos. I have lain awake two nights devising means to let you know that I was near you. Then that dreadful order came. It was a grim trick of Fate's to select me to lead a column against Arguano. You would see how little heart I had for the duty if you could but suspect the joy which filled me when I found the village deserted. [*MERCEDES moves swiftly across the room, and, kneeling on the flag-stones near LOUVOIS's feet, begins to pick up the fragments of the letter.* LOUVOIS suddenly stoops and takes her by the wrists.] Mercedes!

MERCEDES. Ah, but I was so unhappy! Was I unhappy? I forget. [*Looks up in his face and laughs.*] It is so long ago! When I hear your voice, two years are as yesterday. It was not I, but some poor girl I used to know, who was like to die for you. It was not I—I have never been any thing but happy. Nay, I must needs weep a little for her, the days were so heavy to that poor

\* "To the flames—to the flames—all of you to the flames!"



girl. And when you go away again, as go you must—

LOUVOIS. I shall take that poor girl with me, Mercedes. Do you understand? You are to come with me to Burgos. [*Aside.*] What a blank look she wears! She does not seem to understand.

MERCEDES (*abstractedly*). With you to Burgos? Am I dreaming all this? The very room seems unfamiliar; the crucifix yonder, at which I have knelt a thousand times, was it always there? My head is full of unwonted visions. I think I hear music, and the sound of castanets, like poor old Ursula. Those airs in the street, is it a merry-making? Ah! what a pain struck my heart then! O God! I had forgotten. [*Clutches his arm and pushes him from her.*] Have you drunk wine this day?

LOUVOIS. Why, Mercedes, how strange you are!

MERCEDES. No, no! have you drunk wine?

LOUVOIS. Well, yes, a cup without. What then? How white you are!

MERCEDES. Quick! let me look you in the face. I wish to tell you something. All things slip from me. Chiquita— No, hold me closer. I do not see you now. Into the sunlight—into the sunlight.

LOUVOIS. She is fainting.

MERCEDES. I am dying—I am poisoned. The wine was drugged for the French. Chiquita—there in the cradle—she is dead—and I— [*Sinks down at his feet.*]

LOUVOIS (*stooping over her*). Mercedes! Mercedes!

*After a brief interval a measured tramp is heard outside. A sergeant, with a file of soldiers in disorder, enters the hut.*

## SCENE V.

SERGEANT and SOLDIERS.

FIRST SOLDIER. Behold! he has killed the murderess.

SECOND SOLDIER. If she had but twenty lives, now!

THIRD SOLDIER. That would not bring back our lieutenant and the rest.

SECOND SOLDIER. Saprستي, no! but it would give us life for life.

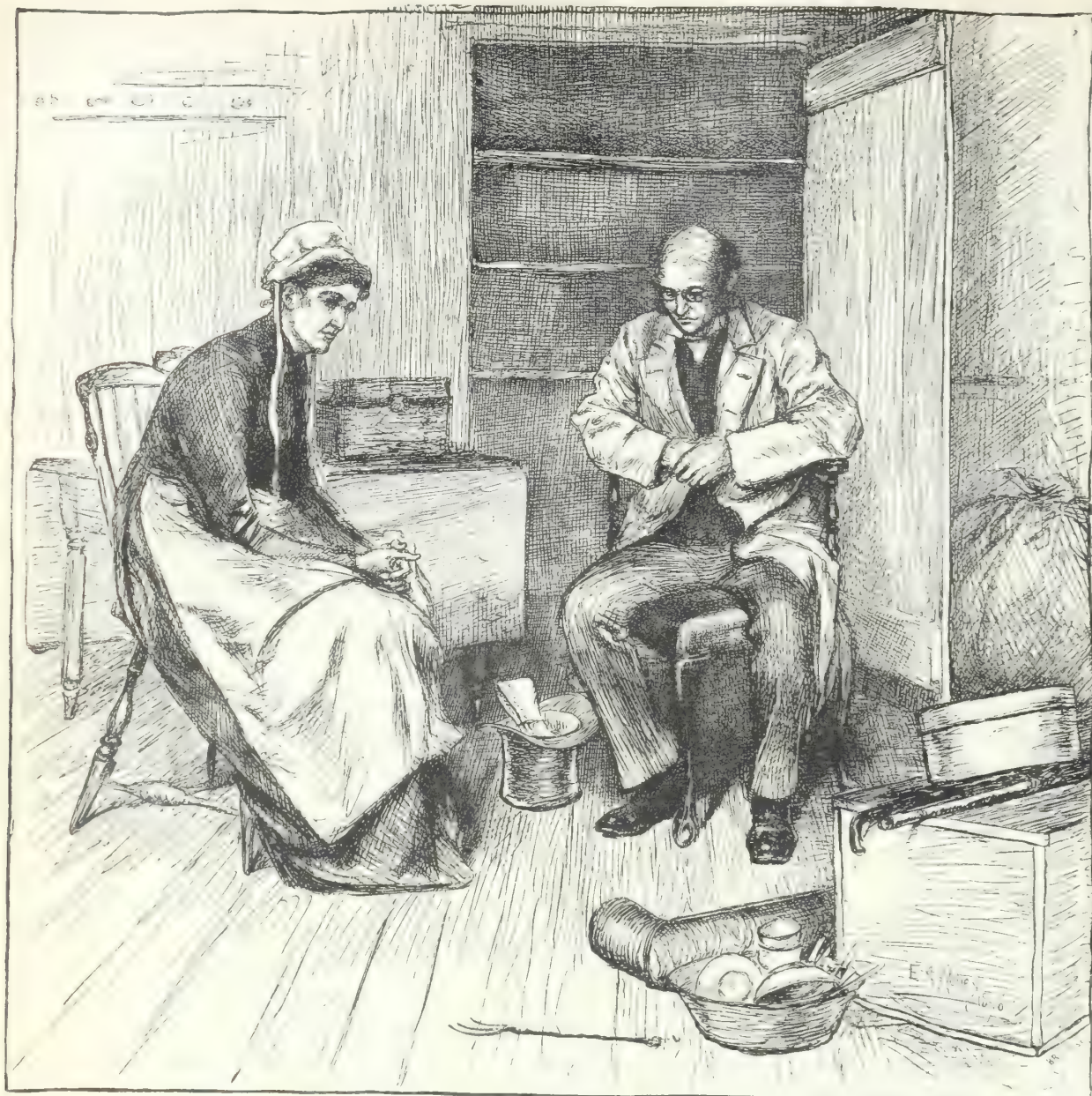
FIRST SOLDIER. Malediction! are twenty dead?

SERGEANT. Taisez-vous! Mon capitaine! [*The sergeant advances and makes a military salute to LOUVOIS, who is half kneeling beside the body of the woman.*] Mon capitaine! [*Aside.*] He does not answer me. [*Lays his hand hurriedly on LOUVOIS's shoulder.*] Silence, there! and stand uncovered. Le capitaine est mort!

## THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE.

WALK right in the settin'-room, Deacon; it's all in a muddle, you see, But I hadn't no heart to right it, so I've jest let every thing be. Besides, I'm a-goin' to-morrer—I calk'late to start with the dawn— And the house won't seem so home-like if it's all upsot and forlorn. I sent off the children this mornin': they both on 'em begged to stay, But I thought 'twould be easier, mebbe, if I was alone to-day. For this was the very day, Deacon, jest twenty year ago, That Caleb and me moved in; so I couldn't forgit it, you know. We was so busy and happy!—we'd ben married a month before— And Caleb *would* clear the table and brush up the kitchen floor. He said I was tired, and he'd help me; but, law! that was always his way— Always handy and helpful, and kind, to the very last day. Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm? Why, Caleb skursely left me, not even to 'tend to the farm. There night and mornin' I saw him, a-settin' so close to my bed, And I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in my head. He never did nothin' to grieve me, until he left me behind— Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin', but somehow it eases my mind. And he sot such store by *you*, Deacon, I needn't tell you now, But unless he had your jedgment, he never would buy a cow. Well, our cows is gone, and the horse too—poor Caleb was fond of Jack, And I cried like a fool this mornin' when I looked at the empty rack. I hope he'll be kindly treated: 'twould worry poor Caleb so If them Joneses should whip the cretur—but I s'pose he ain't like to know. I've ben thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened and died, Her father's sperrit was broken, for she was allus his pride. He wasn't never so cheery; he'd smile, but the smile wa'n't bright, And he didn't care for the cattle, though once they'd ben his delight. The neighbors all said he was ailin', and they tried to hint it to me; They talked of a church-yard cough; but, oh! the blind are those who *won't* see.





"BUT I COULDN'T PAY THE INT'REST, NOR GIT THE FARM-WORK STRAIGHT."

I never believed he was goin' till I saw him a-layin' here dead.—  
 There, there! don't be anxious, Deacon; I haven't no tears to shed.  
 I've tried to keep things together—I've ben slavin' early and late—  
 But I couldn't pay the int'rest, nor git the farm-work straight.  
 So of course I've gone behindhand, and if the farm should sell  
 For enough to pay the mortgage, I s'pose 'twill be doin' well.  
 I've prayed ag'inst all hard feelin's, and to walk as a Christian ought,  
 But it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place he bought;  
 And readin' that text in the Bible 'bout widows and orphans, you know,  
 I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to see us go.  
 But there! I'm a-keepin' you, Deacon, and it's nigh your time for tea.  
 "Won't I come over?" No, thank you; I feel better alone, you see.  
 Besides, I couldn't eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day  
 There's somethin' here that chokes me. I'm narvous, I s'pose you'll say.  
 "I've worked too hard?" No, I haven't. Why, it's work that keeps me strong;  
 If I sot here thinkin', I'm sartain my heart would break before long.  
 Not that I care about livin'. I'd ruther be laid away  
 In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the jedgment-day.  
 But there's the children to think of—that makes my dooty clear,  
 And I'll try to foller it, Deacon, though I'm tired of this earthly speer.  
 Good-by, then. I sha'n't forgit you, nor all the kindness you've showed;  
 'Twill help to cheer me to-morrer, as I go on my lonely road,  
 For— What are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I needn't go?  
 You've bought the mortgage, and I can stay? Stop! say it over slow.—



Jest wait now—jest wait a minute—I'll take it in bime-by  
 That I can stay. Why, Deacon, I don't know what makes me cry!  
 I haven't no words to thank you. Ef Caleb was only here,  
 He'd sech a head for speakin', he'd make my feelin's clear.  
 There's a pieter in our old Bible of an angel from the skies,  
 And though he hasn't no great-coat, and no spectacles on his eyes,  
 He looks jest like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and trew,  
 And whenever I see that pieter, 'twill make me think of you.  
 The children will be so happy! Why, Debby will 'most go wild;  
 She fretted so much at leavin' her garding behind, poor child!  
 And, law! I'm as glad as Debby, ef only for jest one thing—  
 Now I can tend the posies I planted there last spring  
 On Caleb's grave: he loved the flowers, and it seems as ef he'll know  
 They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there below.

## AN ENGLISH BRIDE IN ROUMANIA.

**P**oor Emily Wayne! She was the daughter of a captain on half-pay in the English navy. Her family had led a tranquil and retired country life till Emily was grown up, when they went over to Paris to enjoy change and see the world. Emily was a fresh, pretty little girl, with about the usual ignorance or information of any other boarding-school miss of nineteen, but she was well pleased to avail herself of any advantages, and rapidly picked up tolerable French, improved in music by hard practicing, and became a member of a dancing class under the instruction of M. Fouquet, who, with Cellarius, was chief professor of that art in the latter days of Louis Philippe. Dancing masters who led the advance of fashion were just beginning to instruct their pupils in the figures of the German. The ladies of the class who met at M. Fouquet's rooms every Monday and Thursday from 3 to 5 P.M. were all known to each other, but it was understood that M. Fouquet had the privilege of introducing gentlemen pupils of whose standing in society he could give a good account. There were several travelling Englishmen, a young Greek in a *fez* from the Turkish Embassy, an Italian cadet of the noble Neapolitan house of Riazio-Sforza, and Count Rudiger Koskoi, a nobleman of Roumania.

Count Rudiger was a very agile dancer, and Emily Wayne the prettiest girl at the rooms. It soon became a settled thing that the Ban, Vornik, Logothele, Postelnik, or whatever his appellation really was (for count was only a free translation of some barbarous title), was her habitual partner. By degrees they grew intimate. They met at balls, especially at a great entertainment given by Lady Normanby at the English Embassy. Count Rudiger made the acquaintance of Captain Wayne and his good lady, and began to visit at their *appartement* in the evenings. About this time a rich aunt of Miss Emily's came to Paris, a woman who had seen the world upon its vulgar

side, while the Waynes were simply people of natural refinement who had hitherto seen nothing. The world had been shut out from them, as it were, by a glass door, through which they gazed, and hardly could distinguish men from shadows. Aunt Martha, however, was intent upon realities, and was so well pleased with her niece's "conquest," about which the little sisters told her before she had had time to settle herself in her new rooms, that she expressed her intention of giving her upon her wedding day £5000.

This kind intention in some way reached the ears of Count Rudiger. A man need not be a fortune-hunter to appreciate the added charm lent by a little money to the graces of the lady he is disposed to love. The news of Aunt Martha's bounty completed his good opinion of "Mees" Emily. It was very amusing making love in the English fashion, with no preliminary explanations with papa and mamma. He diverted himself with it amazingly, consulted his French friends at the club about it, got the very oddest counsels, and acted on them; hardly, however, surprising the young lady or her family, for Emily had had no experience in lovers or in love-making, and Captain and Mrs. Wayne could not communicate intelligibly with the would-be son-in-law.

He proposed to her upon St. Valentine's Day, having been assured that that was the English saint's day consecrated to such doings. Emily was a little frightened by the love-letter written upon gilt-edged paper embossed with hearts and Cupids. It did not seem like serious business to be asked to decide the greatest question of her life upon such tawdry stationery. It was a terribly solemn question when she came to think about it. To go so far away into a land so totally unknown to her as Moldavia, to give herself to a husband of the Greek Church—yet people had assured her there was affinity between the Greek Church and the Anglican, so that to marry a man of



that communion would not be to commit a sin like marrying a member of the Church of Rome. *Per contra*, Emily felt sure she was in love with him. Count Rudiger was very handsome, fashionable, agreeable, with a great deal of *naïve* simplicity of thought, in spite of his good-breeding. To be a countess—Countess Emily! She thought it was not right to be influenced by such worldliness as that, but surely it would be very pleasant to have a coronet embroidered on the pocket-handkerchiefs of her *trousseau*; and then to be mistress of his large estates; to have 500 peasants to whom she might do good on a grand scale when she became their lady—and to have her aunt, father, mother, and little sisters all so pleased at her promotion!

Emily's reasons for saying *yes* were as many and as good as those of most girls. Alas! how carelessly that word is uttered let the columns of our newspapers, the records of our police courts, the pages of our novelists, the speeches and the writings of sufferers on all sides of us, proclaim. Let us at least be thankful that the choice of only one relationship is granted us. What would become of us if we had to incur the responsibility of providing ourselves with fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts, when we consider the confusion worse confounded produced by the exercise of our one privilege of choice in the selection of our own husbands and wives?

So Emily Wayne was married early in the spring at the English Embassy. There was some difficulty in getting her married by any Roumanian ceremony, for though there was a handsome new Greek Church lately erected in the Rue Neuve de Berri for the especial use of the Russian Embassy, she learned with surprise that no Roumanian would set foot in it; that the Russian and Roumanian Greek churches were wholly irreconcilable; that the Russians were "accursed dogs" and "vile schismatics;" that, in short (according to a confused idea she acquired on the subject), a member of the Church of England might as well be married in a conventicle by an elder of the Plymouth Brethren. However, they were duly married at last. A wandering archimandrite from Roumania turned up in time in the French capital. The Roumanian ceremony was very unimportant to Captain and Mrs. Wayne, provided they were all right as to the chief marriage at the English Embassy; and early in June Count Rudiger and Countess Emily were floating down the Danube on their way to their new home.

By this time it would have been hard to find a happier young wife than Countess Emily; her young lord, too, was most satisfactorily in love.

Sweet little Countess Emily! Her nature developed itself under the fostering warmth

of her husband's appreciation. In the sunshine of her new happiness all sorts of pretty things in her—charms, graces, fancies, coquetties—began to peep out shyly. Like every other woman heartily in love, her whole being was absorbed by it. Count Rudiger was in love too, though he found other things to attend to, and was not indifferent to the fare, the other passengers, and the discomforts of the journey. There is no better place for enjoying love and love-making than the deck of a steamer. Companionship and conversation there become necessities, mutual dependence is unavoidable, even occasional absences are acceptable, both to the party who goes forward to enjoy his cigar, and to his companion left to ponder and arrange in her own thoughts all the impressions to which her talk with him has given rise. For conversations between lovers either in the days of courtship or of honey-moon are like excursions into an undiscovered country, where every step we take leads to fresh knowledge, and if any thing should rudely shock our prejudices, there is a curious process known to the affections by which it can be adjusted rightly in some other light by her who "believeth all things, hopeth all things," as she lays down her chart of married life by the aids of faith and sympathy.

To any one who has not during the past two years refreshed his knowledge of geography, we may say that Moldavia and Wallachia, now called Roumania, claim to have been peopled by Roman military colonists who intermarried with the female "young barbarians" who played around their Dacian mothers in gladiatorial days. Their language is a corrupted Latin, sufficiently like Italian to be easily understood by any one familiar with the peasant speech of Italy. It is supposed to be spoken by about twelve millions of people, six or seven millions of whom live in Moldavia and Wallachia. At the time of which we write those people were not entirely emancipated from Turkish rule, though very nearly so. They paid a tribute of about \$100,000 annually to the Porte, and were bound not to ally themselves with her enemies. The ruler or Hospodar of Moldavia was Gregorio Ghika. They were under the protection of five great powers, and about as well cared for as a baby with five nurses would have been. They elected their ruler, had him approved by the five powers, and appointed by a Turkish firman from the Sultan. In shape Roumania resembles a baby's knitted shoe, Wallachia being the foot, Moldavia the ankle. The Wallachian sole rests on the Danube, the toe and instep touch on Hungary, while Moldavia runs up like a wedge between the Austrian Empire and the provinces of Southern Russia. It is as Kossuth says, "an island lying in a Slavonian sea."



Count Rudiger and Countess Emily were bound for Jassy, the lively little capital of Moldavia, lying about ten miles from the Russian frontier. The count preferred to coast along the southern shore of Wallachia, and to land at Galatz, the sole port of his native principality, so as to avoid the discomforts of a land journey across a country covered with fields of maize and wheel tracks, but wholly destitute of highways. Fends boil more fiercely in a pint pot than a caldron, and as a Moldavian he had no liking for the court or people of the sister principality, while Emily, of course, adopted every idea of her husband's, having, indeed, upon most subjects no ideas of her own to oppose to them. All her thought was how supremely blessed she was, and how earnestly she hoped to become her husband's crown and blessing.

Day after day they floated down the Danube, the shallow river winding through interminably wide plains, sandy along the river-bed, but fertile toward the interior. For miles and miles scarcely a human habitation could be seen; and the few towns, with mud huts thatched with reeds, were hardly more than villages. The most conspicuous objects in the landscape were the immense levers of the draw-wells, scattered, for the convenience of watering flocks, all over the country. Here and there along the shores were wooden watch-houses, often standing on immensely elevated piles, and beacons (which were fagots of straw aloft on poles) to be lighted as a warning to the interior of any sudden invasion.

The Danube on this plain occupies a bed out of all proportion to its volume, though it sometimes rises many feet above its ordinary level, and overflows the country for many miles. On this occasion, luckily for our travellers, the waters were out, and much country submerged, otherwise they would probably have been detained many hours on pestiferous sand-banks, and at several points might have been compelled to change their steamer.

Had Countess Emily been capable of appreciating discomfort during her wedding journey, she would have doubtless complained of the mosquitoes, an especially venomous race of which are believed in the Danubian provinces to be bred in the cave of the dragon that received his death-stroke from St. George, and which is shown not far from the banks of the Danube. It would almost seem as if that pestiferous reptile were still the scourge of the country which he ravaged while in life, having had his powers of annoyance, as it were, put into commission, for every summer swarms of these insects, bred from his putrid carcass, come forth from his former den to prey on men and cattle. Even Countess Emily felt hardly in charity with her patron saint when

these all-pervading pests, called *Furia infernalis* by naturalists, compelled her after night-fall to seek shelter in her stifling cabin.

The peasants seen along the shore seemed filthy savages, with their wild features framed in shaggy, frowzy hair and thick mustaches. Their cloaks were all of dingy sheep-skin; their coarse, unwholesome-looking shirts were soaked in lard to keep them from the bites of St. George's *infernal*; and they wore brown broad Spanish hats turned up at the brim. Countess Emily ventured to criticise them, for she was told they were Hungarians; but truth compelled her to acknowledge to herself that Roumanians were no better when she coasted the shore of Wallachia. The landscape, however, became much more interesting. The sluggish Danube turned into a rapid stream, extraordinarily difficult to navigate, with dangerous rapids, towering cliffs, and ruined robber castles. Soon, too, after passing the boundary between Hungary and Wallachia, the steamer floated through the Danube's Iron Gate—a shelf of rock running across the bed of the river. The passage over this ledge, through these eddies, whirlpools, and a double water-fall, is effected by the help of a small tug steamer, while slow barges are dragged laboriously up the stream along the Servian shore by ten or twelve pairs of oxen. The hills on either side this formidable pass are not precipitous, and slope back from the shore, by no means giving the idea of gates. There was, as we have said, an unusual volume of water in the Danube when Count Rudiger and his young wife passed down, so that the steamer met with no detention or accident. Emily's school knowledge of ancient history seemed suddenly to have come in contact with an actuality when she saw the remains of Trajan's Bridge, which all the floods and ice of 1700 winters have been powerless to destroy.

At Giurgevo, the port of Bucharest, where are an abominable lazaretto, the ruins of an ancient fortress, two filthy inns, and a shed for the accommodation of the steamers, a party of Roumanian ladies and gentlemen came on board. They were all from Moldavia, and all friends of Count Rudiger, who welcomed them with enthusiasm, and seemed delighted to introduce his English wife to them. To Emily it seemed like an invasion of her paradise. There was nothing of the reserve and privacy an Englishwoman loves to preserve even in society. They were like members of an enormous family. Existence among them seemed to be like life in a caravansary, without any secret chambers, calm retreats, or moments of solitude to refresh the weary soul. Countess Emily was received by them with obstreperous cordiality; but the happiness of her wedding journey terminated with their arrival. She knew she ought not to grudge her husband



the pleasure he appeared to feel in the society of his country people. But she began to find herself very lonely while they were talking in a language as yet unfamiliar to her except in words of endearment from her husband. Now it seemed wholly incomprehensible as spoken rapidly, with wild gesticulations, with raised voices, and in eager tones. She sat and smiled, because she knew she ought not to look miserable, but her smile became set and fixed. The party got up a little supper as the day closed in, and had music and singing. They sang ostensibly to please her—national songs—but very soon they forgot her in the enjoyment of their own performances.

At last she took her husband's arm, and asked if she might go into her cabin. He took her away at once, and then returned to the gay crowd. When he came back to her it was past midnight. Emily was still awake, and smiled at him.

"What," she said, still smiling, "did you talk about when I was gone?"

"We talked of you, my dear one. They have been telling me we must not expect so much welcome as I had hoped from my father and mother. It seems— Well, years ago, before I left my native land to travel, I was betrothed from my boyhood to Countess Feodora Dombitska. Her estates join ours, and it would have been an admirable marriage. She is a year older than I am; when I was seventeen she was eighteen, and she thought me then too young. She preferred Andrei Folko, and married him. Now it seems they are divorced by mutual consent, though she had to buy him off by an unreasonable sacrifice of property, and my father and mother (they say, too, Countess Feodora herself) at once set their hearts upon my marrying her. It would have been a splendid thing to unite the properties, and I was brought up to expect it. However, it is too late now.

"Too late, too late!"

And he hummed the refrain of one of his wife's English songs.

She was sitting up in bed, her eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Oh, Rudiger, they would not have had you marry a divorced woman! The Bible says people should never get divorced. 'Till death do us part,' you know. Divorces are so wicked!"

Count Rudiger looked astonished in his turn.

"I am afraid we are a wicked lot, then," he replied, looking at her furtively to see how she would take it. "Why, there is scarcely a woman in Jassy who has not been divorced. Custom and the laws of our Church authorize every woman to be divorced three times—*four*, if any of her marriages were within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. Why, *ma mie*, my leetel

darling, what can it matter to you? They change till it is certain the right husband has the right bride. But thou and I are right. No need of divorce for us. I shall make my father and mother understand *that* from the first. As if Countess Feodora, handsome though she used to be, with her high nose and flashing eyes, could be compared to my little English blue flower. Cheer up, my Emily!" (for she was crying bitterly). "Why, how can this have troubled you so greatly? I wish I had not told you."

It required long soothing before the gentle English girl could in any way adjust to her ideas the new impression that was so unspeakably painful to her. Was it possible that the only hold she had upon her husband was his fancy? That fancy was indeed in the ascendant, but might it always resist a father and a mother pleading the cause of that flashing Countess Feodora? How dreadful—how inexpressibly dreadful if she should be called upon to wrestle with this bold bad woman for her husband's heart, her wedding ring, even her own respectability! Rudiger loved her. Ah! she was well assured of that! But this thing he appeared to view so differently! Would he have told her of such customs, would he have insulted her by mentioning divorce, had he been able to guess how much such things shocked her?

Not a moment of quiet rest did Countess Emily obtain that night. And in her waking dreams she seemed to be sliding down a precipice, to have slipped over the cliffs that guarded Paradise, to be on her way downward to a black gulf, blacker than any blackness of which she had ever dreamed.

She was pale and heavy-eyed when, on the next day, after passing a short time at the ramshackle but important port of Brailow, they landed two hours afterward at Galatz, where the waters of "the beautiful blue Danube" were a dark coffee-color.

Here a crowd of cousins, friends, and followers stood waiting to receive them on the little pier. There were first cousins, second cousins, third cousins, friends, neighbors, old school-fellows—all eager to welcome them, all talking volubly in Roumanian or in French, all anxious to embrace the bride, all—men and women—embracing Rudiger. Countess Emily, who had never kissed a man except her husband, father, and a gray old uncle in her life, found her lips tasted by half a dozen men, though she observed nobody shook hands with her, that being a privilege reserved for especial intimacy.

The dust of Galatz was beyond conception. It was a town of wooden huts, and sickening smells, and stagnant pools, mosquitoes, and malaria. The friends and cousins had brought provisions with them. Baskets of Champagne were opened, cold meats



unpacked, and in a dining-hall at one of the hotels, that seemed to be furnished with little more than its own dirt, a gay repast was eaten, each party being attended by its own servants. Then the horses, which had all been driven into the Danube to refresh them and to protect them from mosquitoes, were attached by ropes to open carriages. Post-horses were hired for the carriage that Count Rudiger and Countess Emily had brought from Paris. A gypsy courier, in a livery as splendid as that of a general officer, mounted the box, the postilions cracked their whips, the eight rough ponies started, shaking their shaggy heads, dogs barked, stark-naked children raised a shout, gypsies came out of cavernous huts to gaze at them, Jews stared out of their shop doors—they were away, five other carriages being their escort, across the level treeless plain. Roads there were none, but of dust *galore*. There were wheel tracks every where. Sometimes the five carriages were all racing abreast. The Indian corn crop was in full luxuriance—too tall to be driven over, as growing wheat or rye would probably have been. Whenever they came upon a drawwell and a cluster of peasants' houses, they saw also great wicker structures mounted on high posts, in which to store the corn.

That night the party rested at a country house owned by an old boyar, whose son was among them. In spite of the fatigues of the journey, all were ready for dancing, all were wild for frolic and for fun. Countess Emily, after her sleepless night, her new impressions, the great fatigue of her journey, and the dull aching at her heart, was little in harmony with the semi-barbarous gayety which suited the rest of the company.

It was a time of great political excitement in Moldavia. The Hospodar Gregorio Ghika, a good, weak, honest man, was tottering on his seat. The general opinion was that some altogether new man should succeed him—some one who had not had an opportunity to fall into the groove of political rascalities and financial dishonesties which were the fashion, and a tendency to which seemed to be thrown up against every candidate for political preferment in Moldavia. Why should not Rudiger become a candidate? It would be pleasant to support some one who had not wriggled into prominence through dark, foul ways. There were not more than twenty other pretenders to the Hospodaral coronet, sixteen of whom had the influence of foreign governments. "May you not command, Rudiger, an English influence, having married a most noble English mees?" said some of the enthusiasts. Count Rudiger shook his head. Little as he knew of English society, he had found out before this that Captain Wayne was not among great boyars in his

own country. "*Quil dommage!*" said one of his friends; "but she, we hear, is wealthy. Wealth will do more than influence. Not wealthy? Why, we thought so. Pity! pity! Then it would have been a great thing for you if you had had the ready money and the influence of Countess Feodora."

Unspeakably poor Emily's head ached as the dancers whirled around her. She tried to be gay, polite, conversible, but she was physically incapable of acting the part that she knew her position assigned her. She was unhappy, and the little charms and coquetries of her first weeks of married life had run away and hidden themselves. When at last she found herself with her husband in the great state chamber assigned them, both were unusually silent. Dissatisfied with herself, she thought he was displeased with her. He was thinking only of the career of ambition suddenly thrown open before him. He was admitting to himself that perhaps it was a pity he had hurt his chance of becoming a sovereign prince by too premature a marriage. He also admitted that Countess Feodora, if she were what he remembered her, would have made a far more popular and effective wife for a Hospodar than his sweet English blue flower.

The journey was resumed the next day. The ponies were fresh. The picturesque-looking ruffians who, riding upon one horse, yelled and cracked their whips over the others, drove like sons of Nimshi. That night they reached their destination. They left the shining white streets of the town of Jassy gleaming on their left, while their carriage and its escort made its way across the dreary open plain to the banks of the Pruth. There on a beautifully wooded hill, with the swift shining river winding at its base, stood a handsome country house, beautifully furnished in French style, though its especial glory was its forest paths. Trees, being generally the result of time, money, and cultivation, were much prized on the bare plains of Moldavia. The castle commanded an extensive view over the plains of Bessarabia, including the Russian outposts on the other side of the Pruth; for the Russians always kept up a considerable body of men on that frontier. But castle, woods, river, and Russians were of small interest to Countess Emily compared with her introduction to her father and mother in law—the old boyar with stiff, long, grizzled beard, his wife with piercing eyes deep sunk under fierce eyebrows—who stood waiting for their son and their son's bride at the top of the steps that led up to the front-door of the château.

The reception was courteous but reserved. Emily could see at once that an armed neutrality was the best she could expect from them. In vain she repeated to herself a saying she had once heard, that "those who



think ill of us without knowing us do us no injury; it is not us of whom they think ill, but some phantom of their imagination." She knew that in this instance it was her position as Rudiger's wife that made her unacceptable to every body. There were guests—crowds of them—in the castle. One, a sweet elderly lady, addressed as Mika Anika, was the only person in the place who either then or afterward attracted Emily's confidence or affection. She was half-sister to the boyar, and a nun in the conventual settlement of Agapia. Countess Emily, however, did not suspect her of any such vocation at their first meeting, for she was dressed in brown silk, with flowing drapery, and wore upon her head something half cap, half hood, with a bordering of pale yellow.

The same supper, the same boisterous gaiety, the same cousinly feeling, the same dancing, the same volubility, the same talk about politics. And now Emily gathered for the first time that there were chances that her husband might be—or rather might have been—a candidate for the post of Hospodar; while in the midst of the talk and dancing the doors were thrown wide open and another guest was announced—the Countess Feodora Dombitska.

Emily saw her husband advance and kiss the cheek of his old playfellow. She was a very beautiful woman. Years, indeed, had improved and ripened her since she had broken her first engagement with Count Rudiger. She was not above the middle height, and was dressed in the perfection of French taste, with diamonds of great beauty in her ears and at her throat, and a wreath of scarlet flowers crowning her brilliantly black hair. She was far the most distinguished-looking lady present. It came into the minds of probably all the guests that she and Rudiger would have made a splendid Hospodaral couple.

She was led up to the bride, and kissed her, made some remarks about the dust and travelling in Moldavia, then turned, and was conversing with Count Rudiger, when a gentleman came up behind her. He was a well-dressed person about forty, with a very light red beard growing a little gray. He said a few words to her, to which she seemingly assented, and then turning to Emily, asked leave to introduce to her "My late husband, Count Andrei Folko." Emily blushed up to the very roots of her hair. She could say nothing to Count Folko, who, unabashed, made persevering attempts in French and even English to make himself agreeable. He talked of London, which he had visited, of Paris, with which he was familiar, and then of local politics, warning her that all Moldavians in public life were knaves, and adding that in the political changes contemplated every one was disposed to repose

great trust in the integrity and ability of her husband.

How could she listen calmly while, as his talk went on, Rudiger was dancing with the brilliant Feodora? Alas! alas! the happy dancing days of Emily were passed: *he* could no longer ask her! As Count Folko went on talking to her she was thinking of that ball at the English Embassy where Rudiger had danced each dance with her, where he had carried her bouquet, hung on her words, took her to look at flowers in the conservatory; and now she was his wife, and wanted more than ever to feel that he was all her own; but that was over.

She was too tired to be willing to dance now. In place of her own parents' gratified and happy looks, *his* father and *his* mother were eying her disapprovingly. He was dancing with a woman of whom she stood in fear and dread, while she was listening to this odious divorced man—a most unconscionable time, she thought, for no one came to interrupt them, while her husband flashed through the mazes of the dance, to the merry music of a gypsy band belonging to the estate, with that woman whom she felt by instinct every one present was thinking of as her rival.

That night, overwearyed and excited, utterly miserable and unutterably lonely, she refused all comfort. This, to do him justice, Count Rudiger, who was almost beside himself at her grief, endeavored to give. But if the first act in the drama of married happiness closes with a weeping bride and a husband who has cause for self-reproach, the piece is nearly sure to end in tragedy. It was hard, Count Rudiger thought, that when he had given up so much in wedding his young wife, she should be so uncomfortable and so unreasonable. It was cruel, thought Countess Emily, that his father and mother should be averse to her from the beginning, and that that intolerable woman should already engross her husband. No man approves a weeping wife; no man has kindly patience with his own wife's tears unless he has been long accustomed in home life to the society of women. Then, indeed, he soothes and comforts the sad heart, but he is not intolerably annoyed by female grief, or moved out of himself by an excess of sympathy. Poor Emily's distress broke on Count Rudiger while he was flattered and excited by new hopes of great promotion; while he was even a little disposed to whisper to himself, in echo to the feelings of those around him, that his marriage might perhaps cost him a great sacrifice; above all, while the fascinations and brilliancies of the Countess Feodora came strongly into contrast with the conduct of the foreign wife who was making him *uncomfortable*. He had no word in his own language to express the feeling, but it was keen



in him, nevertheless. *Uncomfortable* is a word that ought to be in every language. It is a thing, above all, that women should ever shun. It is the unpardonable sin in wives. "Every wise woman buildeth her house," says the proverb, "but the foolish plucketh hers down with her hands." To make a man *uncomfortable* is to pry out the very corner-stone of domestic happiness. No woman should dare to do it unless she be cold-blooded and calculating enough to use it as a means to an end, as doctors give some dangerous remedy, yet closely watch its working. But Countess Emily was wholly incapable of this. She wept because she felt lonely and jealous, wounded and unhappy, and made her young husband uncomfortable from what was in great part a physical loss of self-control.

The next day she was far from well, and wholly out of tune with boisterous gayety. Every one about her was amused and lively. Nobody attempted any kind of occupation, but every one was talkative and bright. Emily brought some sewing from her chamber. The other ladies wondered over it, complimented her upon her industry, seemed to consider it wholly foreign to their own customs to imitate it, and then she was left alone with her needle, and the attentions of Count Folko, from whom she shrank with both disgust and dread. In the afternoon Rudiger took her for a walk through the forest paths. She had him to herself for half an hour; but it was not a lovers' walk. They were reserved; the cloud of yesterday's unhappiness still hung over them.

Why need we trace out step by step the course of their estrangement? We have given its beginning, and we all know

"that to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain;"

that suspicion and mistrust increase and sting and multiply faster than the *infernal*ia of which we were lately speaking; that a small rift soon widens, till we say of married happiness that it is riven; that Rudiger was to blame and Emily to blame and circumstances to blame, and that both were to be pitied.

Her only comfort was in Mika Annika, who shared her taste for needle-work, and who would sit by her and tell her about convent life in a valley of the Carpathians, where 350 little cottages, clustered together round the massive irregular convent and its chapel, were the abode of a community of nuns. There hospitality was extended to all travellers; there every body was a welcome guest. There comfort and abundance, cleanliness and taste, prevailed; there no man, except visitors and one old married priest, resided "within the precincts." Mika Annika dwelt with delight upon the pleasantness and peace of the sisters' lives. Near-

ly all had been educated in the convent, and though many of them paid visits during the gay season to Jassy, and partook of the winter amusements of society, none knew any other excitement in the convent than that caused by the admission of a new sister, the arrival of relatives or travellers, a dissension among themselves, or a metropolitan visitation. There was something fascinating in her peaceful picture of women managing their own affairs without male interference. Each cottage had two occupants, and was surrounded by its own gay garden. Some of the rich sisters were waited on by those who had brought no portion into the community. There were no convent walls. All were free to wander about the Happy Valley. There were even little feminine vanities in the community, which only a stern visit from the metropolitan could temporarily repress. But "such things would not last long," said Mika Annika; already a railroad was projected to run within twenty miles of Agapia, and ladies were to be discouraged from taking the veil till they were forty-five.

"My daughter," she said to Emily one day, "if you are ever friendless or unhappy, come to us in Agapia. There you will find a welcome and great peace."

"Oh, mother, there seem dark clouds gathering round my life!"

"I know it, daughter," was all the answer. And indeed every one knew it and discussed it.

Had Emily given them any encouragement to intimacy, they would have discussed the question of her own divorce with her; for in this strange state of society there were no reserves or modesties, and those about her would not have hesitated to point out to her that Countess Feodora was already sure of the prize; apropos to which each lady and gentleman would have been ready to advise her as to how she herself might even now make the best of the situation.

Before the party broke up they were all to go together to the Jassy races. The race-course was situated in a picturesque valley about a mile from the gay little capital. The horses were chiefly Russian and English, though there were many varieties of cross-breeds; there would be English jockeys got up as if for Ascot, and Moldavian and Russian jockeys in wild picturesque flowing Cossack costumes.

Some of the party went on horseback; some drove across the dusty steppe in open carriages. Rudiger had asked Emily to go with him as one of an equestrian party, and, pleased with the attention, she consented, though she stipulated that her horse should be of the most spiritless kind. When they started she was surprised to find herself so very nervous. It was all she



could do not to scream as the horses of her companions capered around her. Every one but herself was splendidly mounted. It chafed their horses to restrain them to the speed of hers, and to have restive horses round her made her sick with terror. She was forced at last to beg them to ride on. A sign passed between Count Folko and her husband, then the gay crowd spurred forward. Count Folko reined up his horse, and she felt she was to have his most unwelcome company.

It was late when they entered Jassy. As they did so an old peasant carrying a ladder suddenly came out of the gate of a courtyard, and the end of the ladder struck Count Folko's horse in the chest. It reared and plunged. For a moment Countess Emily feared he would lose his seat. Then Folko, who was a graceful rider, recovered the command of his English horse, and whip in hand rode the old peasant down, striking and cutting at him as he lay under the horse's feet with his face gashed and bleeding. Emily shrieked wildly. She tried to spring from her horse, she tried to catch her angry companion's cruel arm. In her excitement she called for "help" in English, and, to her inexpressible astonishment, a voice replied: "Hold hard, my lady; I'll be with you!" and a man appeared.

A Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg! What an unspeakably surprising sight in the middle of Moldavia!

By this time Count Folko had satisfied his wrath, and had flung the broken fragments of his whip into the face of his victim. It only remained for the Greenwich pensioner to drag the old man, whom he called by name, from under the feet of the horses; as he did so he looked up in Countess Emily's pale, pitying face, and said, "God send you, lady, a safe deliverance from such a country!"

"Is he much hurt?" cried poor Emily.

"No bones broken, I hope," said the pensioner; "but to see an old man struck down so! And yet you may see such things pretty near every day in this country."

Count Folko wanted her to ride on, but with a firmness he had never seen in her before, she turned from him, and still addressed the pensioner.

"Is there any thing money can do for him?" she said, drawing out her purse.

"Let us ride on, countess," cried Count Folko, flinging down some money.

"Sir," said Emily to the pensioner, "I know I can trust you, for I recognize your uniform. My father, Captain Wayne, is in the Royal Navy. You will oblige a sailor's daughter by seeing every thing done for him that money in this purse will do—will not you?"

"Yes, yes, my lady. I would see after him anyway," said the pensioner. "Now

your ladyship had better ride on. That lord there may get angry again."

But by the time Emily reached the carriages upon the race-course she was so sick and faint that she had to be lifted from the horse and allowed to lie back in her mother-in-law's britzka. She saw nothing of the races. That old man with his gray head and gray mustache, his cheek cut open, and the horse's iron hoof upon his breast, continually haunted her.

For days she could not get over the impression; for days she remained shut up in her own chamber. The guests were gone, and nobody appeared to concern themselves about her. Her maid was an uninteresting gypsy girl, with great glass bracelets round her wrists, who could only speak the language of the country. She needed motherly care, kind attendance, soothing, and watching, and she was all alone, pining herself to death in a strange land. Rudiger was now always away from her. His political prospects could not be sacrificed to sit with a sick wife. Such was the excuse she tried to make for him. Occasionally letters from home reached her. When they came she carried them into the woods and wept over them for hours. There was but one comfort in her life, and that was that since the day they had ridden to the races she had seen nothing of Count Folko.

One afternoon, late in the autumn, she was walking to a favorite seat in the woods at some distance from the castle. She was looking down upon the river shimmering at her feet, and at the clear blue sky over her head, and nature in its beauty and its peace was beginning to speak some comfort to her heart—for, like Antæus, every time we touch our mother earth we rise up braver and stronger—when she heard a slight rustle in the brush-wood, and a moment after her friend the Greenwich pensioner stood beside her. He took off his cap with its gold band, and waited till she spoke to him.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, eagerly. "Is that poor man better? Were you able to relieve him?"

"He's well again, my lady. How are you yourself, if I may make so bold to ask you?"

"Not very well in health. I think I have been affected by the malaria as we came down the Danube."

"Excuse me—do not mind my bluntness; but I have so little time, my lady. Do you read now, or amuse yourself?"

"I do not read much, I have so few books here. Why do you ask me?"

The old pensioner shifted all his weight on to his oak leg, and lifted one hand to his ear.

"Forgive me," cried Countess Emily. "I forgot you were lame. Sit down upon this seat beside me."

"No, that's not it, my lady. Only how to





"THE GREENWICH PENSIONER STOOD BESIDE HER."

tell you, I don't know. I told my daughter-in-law, Nora M'Neil, from Ireland, I would try and find out something before I spoke with you. Maybe the better way is just to ax your ladyship yourself. Do you think you are of sound mind—fit to draw up a will, now, as they say—do you, my lady?"

"I presume so," said Emily, becoming alarmed. "But why should I make my will?"

"You could do it, you know, if you felt yourself to be of 'sound disposing mind.' I believe the law takes a man's own word for that," said the pensioner.

Emily began to think her new friend had by no means a "sound disposing mind," and grew decidedly afraid of him. After a pause he said:

"I *think* you are all right, and this is what I came to tell you, my lady. My name, so



please you, is Jack Frisby; and my son, Tom Frisby, Nora M'Neil's husband, is head groom here to Prince Ghika. Tom takes care of his stud, and is a great man with him. He got me to ask leave at the Admiralty, and to come out and see them. So this summer I came. If he asks my advice, he will get out of this country. However, as I said, he is a great man here. The prince says he'll make him a little boyar, and then, being a nobleman, he won't have to pay no taxes; and he has handsome wages, and nobody ill-treats him. Now, my lady, as I was round in the stables about noon to-day I heard a party of them lords all talking about you. They was talking in broken English, so the stable helpers could not understand, and they could not see me, for I was in one of the loose boxes. Bless us! they'd talk out any thing in this place. They don't know what it is to tell you, 'I don't know,' or 'that's none of my business,' in this country. And says one—that lord with a red beard, who was with you at the races—'It's settled that her husband marries her who was my wife'—don't be angry, but it needs be you must know it all, and you know how things goes here about marrying and unmarrying, my lady. So says he, 'My old wife has settled to marry Count Rudiger, as she always laid off to do when she got rid of me; and now they want me to take the English lady, and Countess Feodora will pay me handsome damages, he says, if I get her free consent to marry me. I don't believe she wants to marry me,' says he, 'but I am going to-morrow to do a great stroke. She walks a great deal in the woods,' says he, 'and there is a party of Waldo's brigand fellows to carry her off for me. And when I get her we shall see her give her full and free consent before I part with her.' Another one spoke up, and he says, 'I hear she is going a little out of her mind,' says he. 'All the better,' says Count Folko; 'she'll suit me best if she hasn't got no mind at all.' Then they went away, and I told Nora, my daughter-in-law. I says to her I wasn't going to stand by and see a naval officer's daughter in a foreign country treated that way. She said I'd better make quite sure that you was all right in your head first, for I might frighten you out of your wits if you was any way out of your mind, says she. But I can see your ladyship is all right, and you will be able to think of what will be best yourself, now I have told you."

For a few moments Emily sat silent; but for the dilatation of her eyes she might have been turned to stone. She felt, indeed, the necessity of calmness. Let her show any excitement, and she might yet be pronounced mad.

"Haven't you no friends, my lady? I could go and warn them," said the old pen-

sioner. "No one as is bound to have a care of you?"

"I could go to the convent at Agapia—to Mika Annika," whispered Emily.

"I know the convent—over the mountains there away. Tom took me there when I first came, to have a look at the nun ladies. It's not more than a good night's ride from Jassy," said the pensioner. "But how will you get there?"

"If I had a horse," began Emily, "and somebody to guide me—"

"That I'll do; but you must not lose an hour in getting away from here. And I'll do better than that for you. If your ladyship will trust yourself to me, I'll see you safe into the convent with the ladies. But you must be back in this place in two hours and a half—say, by half past eight o'clock—and take no more luggage than a bandbox with you, my lady."

Emily paused a moment. Then she laid her white fingers in the horny palm of the old sailor. "I trust you for your cloth's sake," she said, earnestly. "Jack Frisby, if you are deceiving me, may God turn your designs against you!"

"By the God who looks down on us, my lady—" began Frisby.

"I trust you," she said. "Do you want money?"

"No, my lady. Tom has plenty of horses."

Two hours later, with a little bundle in her hand, Emily stood on the same spot, taking her last look at the Pruth and the wide plains of Bessarabia. The moon was slowly rising, and already silvered the waters. She heard a noise of wheels and horses. They came to a halt, and a moment after old Frisby stood beside her.

"I've brought Nora M'Neil with me," he said. "I thought it would be more comfortable for your ladyship."

"Shure I'm here," said a kindly voice behind him. "We'll take good care of you, my lady. Trust to me and to old father—you poor, lost, precious lamb!" For Emily had thrown herself upon her breast, and was sobbing violently.

They put her into one of the carriages of the country—a rough trough filled with hay, drawn by four horses of unusual size for such a service, with two gypsy postilions. The roughness of the ride across the steppe was unspeakable, yet Emily found comfort in clinging to the kind-hearted Irishwoman's ample waist as they were tossed up and down like peas in a frying-pan, and in hearing homely words of encouragement and nursery pet phrases in her native tongue.

There was a relay of horses waiting for them about ten miles north of Jassy, and Tom himself was there with a supply of English railroad rugs for their night journey. He gave them good-speed in a hearty voice,



and shook hands with his wife and father as they again galloped away.

About dawn they came in sight of the colony at Agapia. The panorama was enchanting. The Happy Valley lay framed in dark pine woods. The early sunlight gleamed and shimmered on the waters of the little river which ran through the valley of the nunnery. Not a creature seemed awake in this abode of peace. The tiny cottages, with their gardens, balconies, and white palings, stood nestling among trees now losing their leaves, but which in all their summer greenness must have been most beautiful. The carriage swept under the wide arch of the great gate of the convent, its coming having been announced already by the cracking of the postilion's whips and the jingling of the bells of the horses. Several of the older nuns were waiting to receive the travellers on the steps, and in a few moments Countess Emily was safely in Mika Annika's arms.

Three months later the rear-admiral in command of the Mediterranean squadron was dining with the British ambassador at Constantinople. After dinner, when alone with the ambassador and his secretary of legation, he said:

"I had a queer visit some weeks ago from an old Greenwich pensioner, who is now on board of me. He had been cruising about to find me, and missing me at various ports, for it seems the old fellow had a fancy to trust no one who does not wear old Neptune's blue and white uniform. He tells me a long story of a daughter of Captain Wayne, of our navy—a very good fellow, by-the-bye, was Wayne; we served together in 1812 in the flag-ship of Sir Robert Calder. He says she married in Roumania, that her husband wanted to divorce her, that they made out she was mad, that she was to have been carried off by brigands (the story is very confused), and that at last the old fellow himself got her away into a nunnery. Can there be a word of truth in what he says? Do you know any thing about the affair?"

"I know there was a daughter of a Captain Wayne who married a nobleman in Roumania."

"And," said the secretary, "her father and an aunt were at our office this very day asking for a firman to Jassy, and very anxious about her. Countess Emily Koskoi, I think, they called the lady."

"My lord, if you will permit me, I should like to see poor Wayne at once," said the admiral.

"Oblige me by ringing the bell, Offly," said the ambassador.

"Had I not better go to him myself, my lord?" said the secretary. "The old gentleman's hotel is but a few steps off."

"Yes; bring him back with you," said the ambassador.

It need hardly be said that before many hours had passed Aunt Martha and Captain Wayne, attended by Jack Frisby, were on board a steamer bound for the mouths of the Danube. They were provided with all kinds of official papers; and as Moldavia and Wallachia then acknowledged rather more than the mere suzerainty of the Sultan, they felt themselves sure of succeeding in finding Emily.

It was midwinter. The dust of the great plains of Moldavia had changed to mud nearly as white as mortar. The vast steppes might have been considered impassable to any one not upborne by enthusiasm in a good cause. What Aunt Martha suffered on that journey may never be expressed, but the brave heart within her bore up her portly frame, and she was sustained by the hope of being a comfort and support to Emily.

At last they reached the gates of Agapia, where not a soul could speak any language but Roumanian. The Mother Superior, however, understood what they wanted, and made signs to follow her, but to be very cautious in their tread. They were led into Mother Annika's own pleasant little cottage, and there upon a white bed, with whitest pillows trimmed with daintiest lace, lay pale Emily herself, with a little seven-months babe beside her. The joy was not too great a shock, for now she was prepared for any thing. She had been down to the dark gates that separate our lives from dim eternity, and thence she had received the prize of a new life; she had waded back through the dark river of death, bearing aloft the babe whom she had almost died to win. Kind Irish Nora had been there, and brought her English baby clothes to dress the baby. From patterns suited to stout infants of the Frisby race were fashioned garments, dainty with skilled needle-work, fine linen, and costly lace, for the little Annika Feodora. "She has been baptized; the dear mothers would have it so," said Emily. "She was baptized before I could give any directions as to her name—Anna Feodora."

"Yes; *my* name," said Mika Annika, pointing to herself, as she caught the final words—"little Anna Feodora."

"We'll drop the Feodora when we get to England, I think," said Emily. "It is too Roumanian."

The rest of that winter was spent in a warm climate, at Malta and at Nice, and in spring they travelled homeward. But before they left Moldavia one piece of justice was done. Captain Wayne ascertained that Count Rudiger had obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground of insanity—a proceeding made easy for him by her condition for weeks after she passed into the good



mother's care. It is quite possible that Mika Annika, believing that she acted in the interests of all parties, favored the necessary proceedings. When Captain Wayne, however, heard that his late son-in-law's wedding with Countess Feodora was to take place in Jassy, and to be celebrated with great pomp and display, he went to it himself, and had the satisfaction of knocking down the bridegroom at the church door on his way to the altar. This little affair was never heard of by the Countess Emily, but it made a prodigious stir and scandal in Moldavian society. Diplomacy interfered in the matter at last. In the Danubian Principalities diplomacy has its part even in private affairs. The influence of the English Embassy at Constantinople was exerted to defeat the hopes of Count Rudiger, and he lost that Hospodara coronet which otherwise he would very probably have won.

Emily was looked upon in England as a widow. She did not consider herself divorced, but retained her husband's name, chiefly upon her child's account, being

known as Countess Emily Koskoi. Aunt Martha adopted her and little Annika; and the £5000 settled on her on her marriage had been prudently secured.

In 1854, when Annika was past babyhood, her mother offered herself as one of Miss Nightingale's nurses in the hospitals at Scutari, because she could speak Roumanian. There one day a boat-load of sick and wounded Roumanian officers was brought in for temporary quarters. Among them Emily recognized Count Rudiger. He knew her too. For a moment she hesitated; then attended to him as she would have done to any other patient. But later in the day as she made her rounds to see that the newcomers were all comfortable, he caught her hand and drew her down to him and kissed her forehead. She kissed him back again: it was a kiss of full forgiveness, given upon her part to her daughter's father; but he asked nothing about little Annika Feodora. Either he had never known of the child's birth, or had forgotten her existence altogether.



"IT WAS A KISS OF FULL FORGIVENESS."



## A SPRING JAUNT IN STATEN ISLAND.

A GLIMPSE of the country while the foliage was in the sappy verdurousness of the spring, and the earth was still fragrant with the moist incipency of early May; before the hot maturity of summer had laid its last bud open, and the fullness of the woods could remind us of its waning toward autumn: the desire for this impelled a little party of artists and the writer down the inexhaustibly attractive harbor of New York one night, some months ago, in the late ferry-boat from Whitehall to Staten Island.

Why Staten Island? asks the reader. Staten Island is one of the unloveliest, unhealthiest, and least romantic of haunts, one of our coterie had complained. It is a reservoir of Teutonic beer, a scattering of uninhabitable villas, a humid nursery of mosquitoes, and its exhalations are blue with pestilential chills. "I confess that the North Shore is naturally pretty," the grumbler continued; "but it has been disfigured by a wild diversity of modern dwellings more frail, meretricious, and preposterously composite in style than the average suburban house. One little gingerbread cottage I know of has two colossal Sphinxes before its porch, which take up almost as much space as the house, and the galvanized iron of which they are made has been painted in fatuous imitation of a green bronze. Miserable sham! No; let us select some other place. We might as well make the tour of a back yard as Staten Island."

But he was overruled upon the testimony of another member of the party who was familiar with the many charms of the island, though not unaware of its disadvantages; and on the May night aforesaid we sat "forward" on the upper deck of the *Middletown* as she trembled and plunged against the incoming tide toward the luminous blue hills projecting in the haze far down the bay. It was one of those poetic nights that often shed a glamour on the commonplaces of the sordid city. The haze was genuinely opaline, and the path of moonbeams on the quivering water, which seemed like some lustrous quilted fabric, was golden to within a shade of orange. Now and then a lazy, heaving sloop or schooner stood out for a moment in the reflected track of the moon, and vanished; a panting tug-boat dashed the white spray in a diamond shower over her low deck, and left a milky trail behind her; and a phantom-like yacht swept past us. Robbin's Reef Light was burning steadfastly over our starboard bow, and far away through the narrow outlet to the ocean the surpassing brilliance of the beacon on the Highlands piercing the thin veil of mist sent its kindly beams to the mariner many miles

away at sea. These luminous blue hills curving southwestward were the island itself, with all its superadded deformities transformed by the witchery of the night. He who had wished to seek other fields was appeased, and sat in mute enjoyment of the scene, with his little tray of water-colors burning in his pocket, and his mind busy in memorizing the "effects."

The shore came nearer, and was dotted with lights; it was very quiet, and the beat



FROM THE RICHMOND ROAD.

BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
LIB.





QUARANTINE—THE DOCTOR'S GIG.

of the paddles was echoed back to us as in resentment of the disturbance they made. We landed at old Quarantine, with a few other passengers, and the boat, which was the last one from the city, proceeded on her way, leaving us securely insular for the night. The tavern was closed and dark, and there was some prospect that we might continue our enjoyment out-of-doors until morning; but in response to a vigorous pulling of the bell and the loud summons of one of the artists, the landlord, in a red flannel gown, admitted us. The artist had been illustrating Shakspeare, and vastly surprised mine host by quaintly calling, "What, ho! within there!"

Our bedroom windows looked out upon the bay and the Narrows, and a fleet of vessels lay at anchor almost immediately below them. The weather was so warm that we left them open. We could hear voices on board the ships, and the striking of the bells in nautical time almost made us believe that we were afloat in the sultry quietude of a tropical ocean. It seemed impossible that we could be within ten miles of the populous city, and on the island that had been so severely animadverted upon by one of our own party. Here were solitude, serenity, relaxation, and picturesqueness. We went to sleep, soothed by the lapping of the water, and when we awoke we saw from our pillows a scene full of spirited motion and varied color—the harbor with its verdant shore was dazzling with sunshine, and

checkered by the frothy wake of sail and steam boats vanishing beyond the Narrows, and beating up to the city, which was purple in the distance. The red sandstone of old Fort Lafayette glowed with a warmth inappropriate to its vacant port-holes and deserted interior, and the waves sparkled and whitened around the reef on which it stands. The granite batteries of Fort Wadsworth gleamed opposite, with the grassy embankments, hiding portentous shot and shell in their covered recesses, rising to a wooded height. Lying within a stone's-throw of us was a massive iron steamer bound for Havre, with thick clouds of black smoke issuing from her funnel; by-and-by her propeller began to churn the water astern, and she glided seaward; but despite her bulk and power, a large bark, unattended by a tow-boat, with all sail set, overtook and passed her, and gallantly sped ahead. The activity was too exhilarating for contemplation from a pillow. The coming and going of ships stir the emotions and draw out one's heart-strings, for they are transitions which seem to give the Fates visible shape, and enlarge the sad uncertainties of life.

Our landlord appreciated the beauty of the harbor when he built his house, and he set us down to breakfast in a delightful little room with three windows that ranged up and down and across the bay. The porter-house steak and the crisp Saratoga potatoes were delicious; but the constant



changes of the scene outside, the discovery of unsuspected "bits" along the shore or in the construction or management of the vessels, the effects of color, light, and shade, broke the repose of the meal by drawing the marine artist away from the table to sketch in elementary outlines some of the many objects that attracted him. When breakfast was finished a page of his book was filled with topsy-turvy, hurried, yet strongly suggestive, pencillings. Here was an old scow imbedded in the sand and mud on the beach; two innocent urchins who were gathering mussels at the water's edge re-appeared in the centre of the page; a water-logged sloop laboring against the tide was very nearly balanced on the head of one of the boys; a floating mass of drift-wood and a shad net hung out to dry were stretched across the paper, which was covered to the corners; and should the reader visit next year's exhibition at the National Academy, perhaps he would see some of these specimens of the artist's short-hand expanded into charming pictures.

After breakfast we went southward along the shore toward the Quarantine station, shutting our eyes to the raggedness and squalid variety of shops, eating-houses, and beer saloons which unfortunately line a road that would otherwise be a lovely drive and promenade, and fixing our attention upon the water.

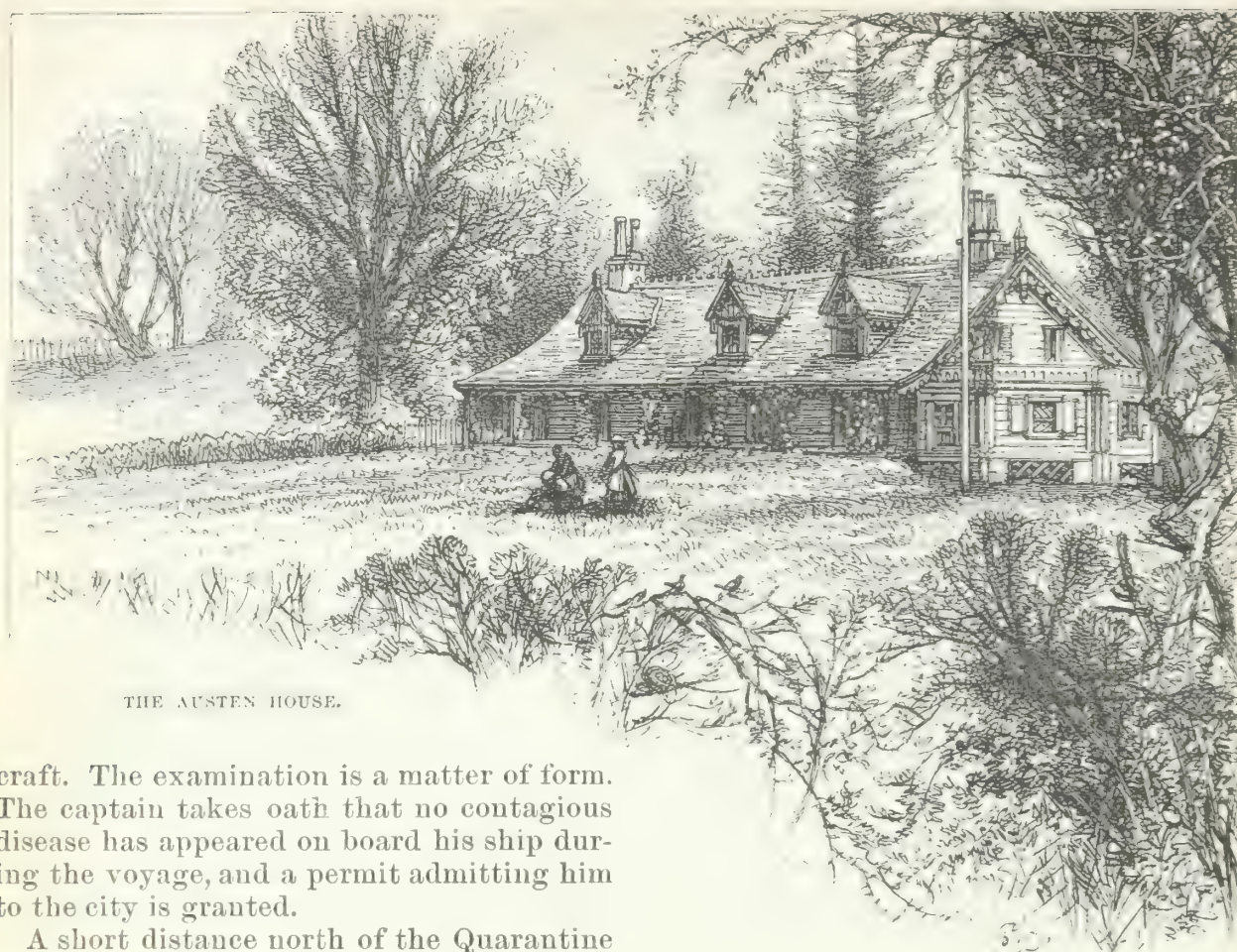
The Quarantine station was formerly at the first landing, where we passed the night; but a few years ago it was removed to a point nearer the Narrows, and though the name is a reminder of disease, the institution is innocuous as far as Staten Island is concerned, only vessels from healthy ports being examined inside the Narrows, except from November until May, when all are permitted to enter the harbor. From May until November vessels from the West Indies, Mexico, Bermuda, the east coast of South America, and the west coast of Africa are detained in the lower bay and examined by the medical officer from a hospital hulk stationed near Sandy Hook. If there are any cases of yellow fever on board, they are transferred to the spacious buildings on Dix Island, and the well persons among the crew and passengers are removed to Hoffman's Island, which is provided with quarters and cooking appliances for a large number. The cargo is then disinfected. The hatches are lifted and the hold is exposed to fresh air and light for a few days. The vessel is next towed inside the harbor and unloaded by means of lighters, which are ungraceful, broad-beamed sloops with short thick bowsprits. No one is allowed to visit her except coopers, cleaners, and the men attached to the lighters, and they are required to take their meals and sleep on board a boat anchored at Upper Quarantine. When the

unloading is done, the holds are fumigated, and the ship is towed to the city. The people on Hoffman's Island are released in a few days if the disease does not break out among them, and the sick on Dix Island are sent to the city as soon as they recover. The dead are buried at Seguin's Point—a desolate spot some distance from the south-eastern corner of Staten Island. The land was chosen for its loneliness. It is malarious, and without any beautifying features. No flag-staff or landing marks it out, and the surf beats in on a shelving beach. The dead are brought here in an open boat manned by a few silent men. No burial service is read, and no friends or relatives are near. The body, in a common wooden coffin, is placed in the loamy soil, a numbered stake is driven at the head of the grave, and the boatmen leave it to the secrecy and gloom. There are many other such graves on every side. Here and there the number has been supplemented with a name and the brief record of birth and death. In a few instances a stone tablet has been provided by friends. When the cold weather of winter comes, the bodies may be reclaimed and re-interred in other ground; but until then whoever dies of an infectious disease meets with the common lot, whether or not it is a sailor, an immigrant, or a magnate.

Both Dix and Hoffman's islands are artificial constructions. Previous to their establishment the hospitals were located upon Staten Island, whose inhabitants suffered severely from the recurrent epidemics of the horrible Yellow Jack. Finding their petitions for the removal of the buildings unavailing, a mob assembled on the nights of September 1 and 2, 1858, and destroyed the four pest-houses by fire—an act which resulted in a proclamation declaring the island to be in a state of revolt, and its occupation by several regiments of militia. Some wealthy and intelligent citizens were concerned in the affair, and two were arrested on a charge of arson; but they were acquitted, the county paying \$120,000 to the State by way of restitution. The hospital buildings were reconstructed near the site of the present grave-yard at Seguin's Point; but they were again burned down, and the prejudices of the people were calmed only by the erection of the two artificial islands in the lower bay.

All that remains of Quarantine within the Narrows is the pretty houses of the health officers, which are surrounded by trees, and fronted by a greensward that slopes to the water's edge. The vessels from transatlantic ports are examined here between sunrise and sunset, and the writer has seen as many as seven large ocean steamers, with varicolored funnels denoting the lines to which they belong, gather together in the morning, besides a smaller fleet of sailing





THE AUSTEN HOUSE.

craft. The examination is a matter of form. The captain takes oath that no contagious disease has appeared on board his ship during the voyage, and a permit admitting him to the city is granted.

A short distance north of the Quarantine station stands a very old house, which was a home when Washington had scarcely reached the dignity of manhood, which has outlasted revolution and the storms of nearly two centuries, sheltering the British redcoats and the patriots against whom the redcoats fought, looking out through its quaint dormer-windows on the thousand changes that have been wrought during its existence, and remaining to this very day a secure and hospitable dwelling. Its preservation is a matter of wonder, because no crisis or event in history is associated with it. A King George's man fell in love with a maiden who lived in it, and being rejected, desperately hanged himself from a beam in the ceiling, while she, like Charlotte in Thackeray's ballad, "went on cutting bread and butter." The disembodied spirit of this soft-hearted and soft-headed warrior still visits the chamber of his folly, and shamefully disturbs its occupants by the midnight clinking of his spurs and the tread of his double-soled boots. The ample fire-place that gapes in the cellar was surrounded in the evenings of many years by the supine slaves, who were locked up for the night, and who in their entire simplicity never thought of avenging themselves upon their bond-masters by a brand from that convenient burning. A crowd of wondrous and anxious faces filled the mullioned windows of the parlor when the little *Sirius* and *Savannah* opened steam communication with Great Britain, and astonished the civilized world by their fifteen and twenty-five day passages; and from the same windows one can now see the iron levia-

thans of modern navigation arriving after eight-day runs. A few shots that missed the compliment they were no doubt intended to pay during the Revolution have been unearthed from the grounds; but the building is in sound condition, and is now known, after the family that has lived in it for some forty years, as the Austen house.

It is close upon the water, and the luxuriant lawn in front needs a strong sea-wall to protect it from the tidal encroachments. The lilacs were in bloom when we called, and the long grass rippled in the wind, and shook the golden chalices of the buttercups that opened in the sunshine. Patriarchal shade trees flickered over the shingled roof—that symbol of unfaltering protection, the shield against how many storms, the seal of how many secrets! A hardy vine interwove its twisted branches up the supports of the wide porch, under which the gentle mistress sometimes sits with her embroidery or book. Only the ground-floor is distinctly visible. The floor above merely suggests itself by three dormer-windows in the gray roof, which is bent with the weight of its years. It is a place for dreams and musings, this old house by the bay—a sanctity not to be profaned by the vulgar strifes of passionate men. The rustle of the leaves, the sibilant murmur of the long grass, the plashing of the waters against the low sea-wall, and the noiseless traffic of the vessels give Memory wings, and inspire her to flights through the pale twilight of the past.

The outer door is diamond-paned glass,



and just inside of this there is another one made of oak not a bit less than three inches thick, with an old-fashioned latch still attached to it, by which we pass into a cheerful hall. There is a bell to summon the inmates, by the way of concession to modern convenience; but who that has affection for old-time things in him would be able to resist rapping a sharp tat-tat-tat on the big knocker, whose hammer is wrought into a griffin's head? This knocker was brought from an old château near Rouen. Though the house is not itself historical, it contains numberless odds and ends that are reminiscent of momentous events in the country's progress. Cheerful is an adjective that applies to every part as well as the hall. The sunshine streams in copiously, and the bees find passage from front to rear: but the stone walls are three feet thick, forming charming window-seats; the low ceilings are beamed with ponderous oak, and the floors are of solid deal taken from the cabins of captured ships. Furnished after no arbitrary formula, the little parlor gratifies the artistic sense, and, what is more essential, adapts itself to the ease of its occupants. It is warm in color, brilliant in effect, and cozy in arrangement; it stimulates repose, and

treatment grotesque. Among a crowd of other objects upon the mantel-piece are two small candlesticks that belonged to the Van Tassel family; and who will venture to say that they are not the very ones that revealed Katrina's pretty face to the school-master of Sleepy Hollow? A centre-piece is formed of a small knocker taken from the house in Chester which was occupied by Washington, and visited by Rochambeau, Lafayette, and other celebrities; and below this is a link of the chain that was stretched across the Hudson at West Point. It was Mrs. Austen's grandfather, Peter Townsend, who forged the metal, and to her we are indebted for an extract from an unpublished manuscript concerning it.

In the early winter of 1778, Congress, upon the recommendation of General Washington, determined to improve the fortifications at West Point, and ordered the construction of a chain double the strength of that used at Fort Montgomery, which was unsuccessful. The supervision of the work was assumed by Timothy Pickering, the Secretary of War, and about March 1, 1778, he visited Townsend, who lived at Chester, Orange County, and owned the Stirling Iron-Works. Townsend was pleased with the project, and

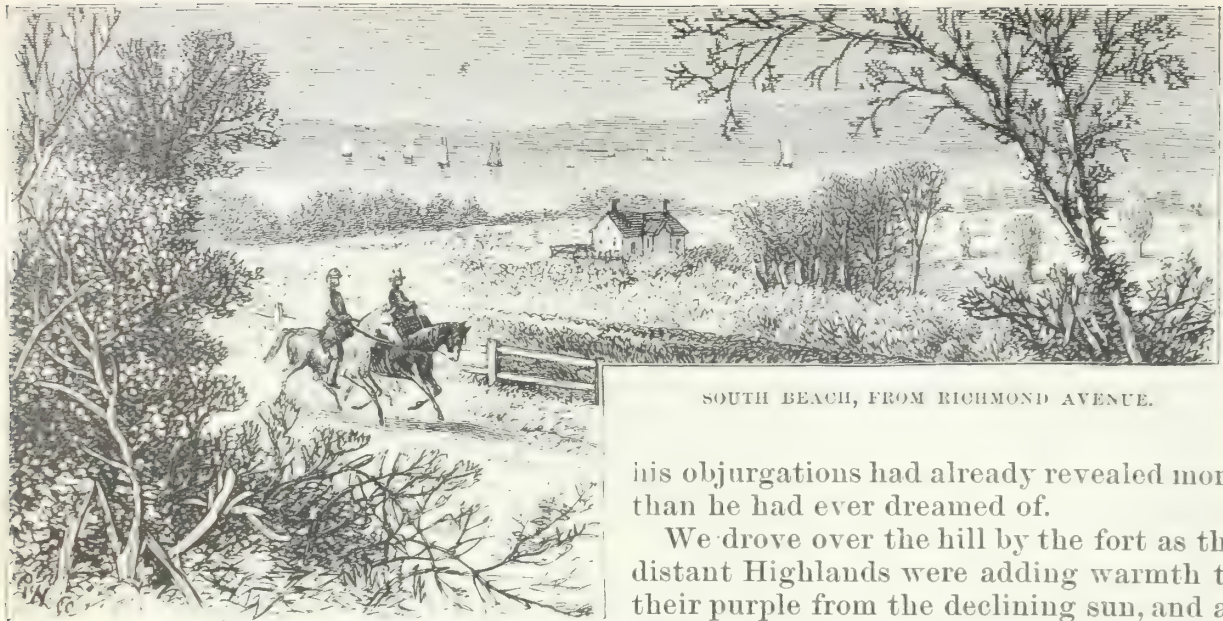


INTERIOR OF THE AUSTEN HOUSE.

leads to meditation. The grand old fireplace, with logs ready for lighting stretched over the brass andirons, is about ten feet wide, and is surrounded by ancient tiles brought from Amsterdam two hundred years ago, the subjects being Biblical, and the

such was his ardor that he and Pickering left Chester in a violent snow-storm on Saturday night, riding over the mountains to the forge, twelve miles distant, and putting all the available men to work on their arrival in the morning. The operations were





SOUTH BEACH, FROM RICHMOND AVENUE.

continued day and night until the chain was completed; it was conveyed to New Windsor by mule teams, and from New Windsor to West Point by yawls, being delivered at the latter place within six months of the date of the order. Its weight was 120 tons, and it was extended across the river until 1783, when it was removed.

As we left the Austen house another point was scored against the grumbler, who carried a rich sketch of the interior in his portfolio, and who confessed that the island of

his objurgations had already revealed more than he had ever dreamed of.

We drove over the hill by the fort as the distant Highlands were adding warmth to their purple from the declining sun, and as the east was turning gray. The ocean was still, its surface glossed with a coppery hue, and flecked with the white reflections of a few almost motionless vessels. Then we turned into Richmond Avenue, which is canopied by foliage and bordered by handsome villas set amid croppy lawns and luxuriant woods. At the end of this road we reached the brow of a hill, and gazed upon a long, low, transcendently green plain of pasture land that quietly spread to the water, which was now crisp and cold. The view inland conveyed an indefinite feeling of isolation, and the



"HE ASKED FOR BREAD."

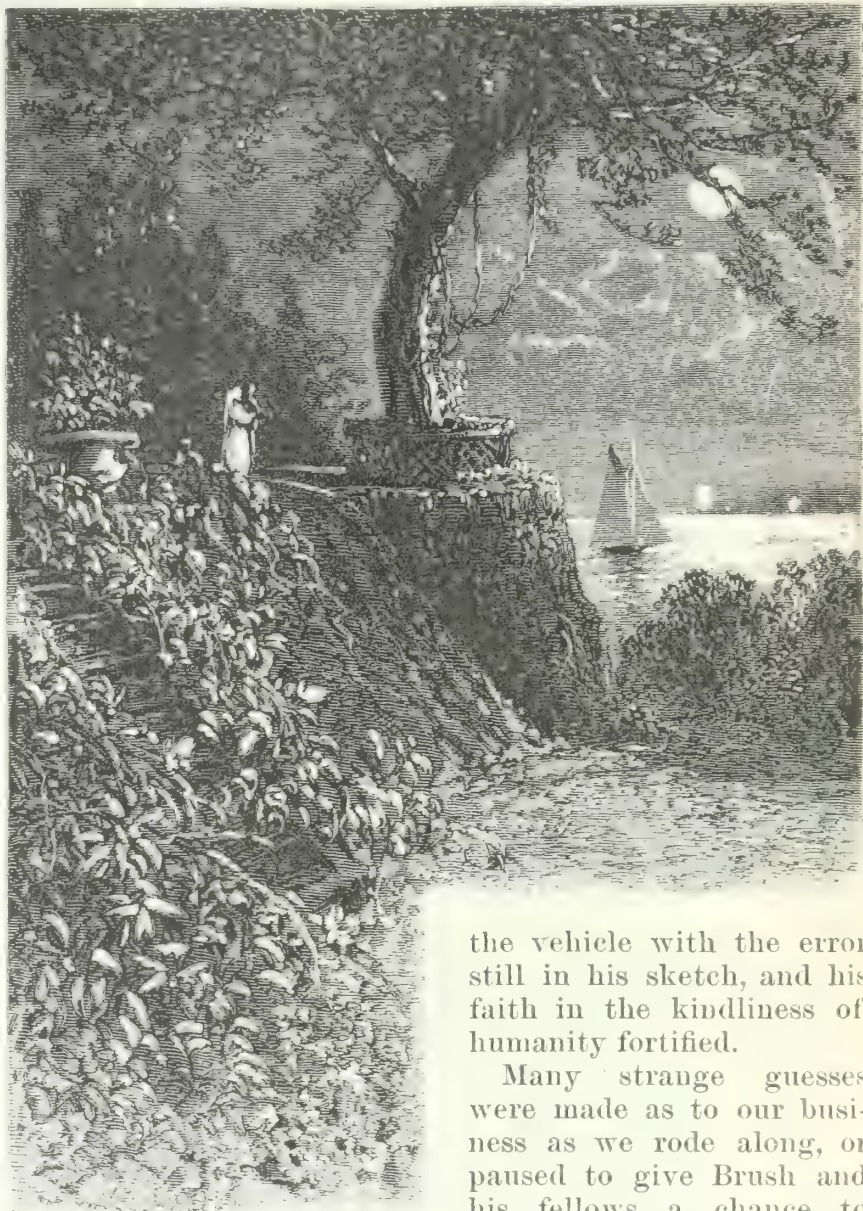


fields and woods had a chill and drenched look. The shades of green were multiplied by an unusual variety of trees. Here was the sassafras, the wild cherry, the elm, the poplar, and the willow. The distant hills were streaked by areas of cedars, which among the lighter foliage seemed like vast, portentous shadows. A pond of lilies scented the air for a moment as we passed, and a ripening apple-tree showered some of its snow upon us. There were few houses, and those that we saw were very old, with curb-roofs, and no doors or windows to speak of. An incline in the road and a curve showed us the ancient Perine homestead—a sturdy structure of stone, which has been crazily whitewashed instead of being left to the mellow and unapproachable coloring of time. It is very picturesque, nevertheless; the roof is softly gray, and the foliage completely shelters it. The landscape artist declared that he had seen nothing in New England to compare with it.

Our progress was slow, for a succession of objects insisted, by their quaintness, their repose, their oddity, or their beauty, on reproduction in the sketch-books, and occasionally an amusing incident happened as one of the artists left the road to seize with his pencil some of the many irresistible "bits."

Brush, an illustrious member of the coterie, who is known, from his extreme obesity, as "the skeleton," re-appeared through a break in a fence, and demanded to know if we had not heard him calling. Being satisfied that nothing was farther from us than the intention to slight him, he told us, with the quivering risibility that belongs to corpulence, of what befell him while he was making his sketch. Sitting upon a fence and drawing a barn, he was carefully watched by the farmer, who stood under the porch, and was apparently mystified by his actions. Brush's sketches are notable for their perfect finish, and having made some mistake, he sought in his pockets for rubber to erase the error. Failing to find it, he went to the house and asked for a piece of dry bread. The farmer gazed at him stupidly for a minute, and repeated, "Dry bread?" "A small

piece will do," said Brush. The farmer looked at him with greater amazement, and called to his wife, who was invisible within. "Bring us a chunk of bread;" then going inside, he added, sympathetically, in a whisper just audible to Brush, "And put plenty of butter on it." So Brush came back to



THE TERRACE AT AUSTEN HOUSE.

the vehicle with the error still in his sketch, and his faith in the kindness of humanity fortified.

Many strange guesses were made as to our business as we rode along, or paused to give Brush and his fellows a chance to sketch. "I say it's cirkiss," said one parched and sun-

burned old man among some rustics who were making us the object of various surmises. "Not cirkiss at all," said another, who was evidently a born disputant; "they's attached onto that survey which is making of the new drain." A third, with the prevailing spirit of investigation strong within him, ventured to peep over Michael Angelo's shoulder, and unable to appreciate the luminous grays and blacks with which that very clever artist had washed in his pencillings, he went back to the others disappointedly, and nodding at us, said, contemptuously, "They's only artises, and don't amount to much, either."

Our day ended at New Dorp, in a great white tavern, with wide porticoes before its first and second stories, wide corridors and stairways, and low ceilings. It has a good





THE OLD MORAVIAN CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, NEW DORP.

deal of individuality about it, and the builder, whoever he was, had as generous an idea of the proper apportionment of space as a sheep-farmer in New Mexico. None of your embellishments for Mulberry Sellers, however. The glaring white walls have not so much as a faint shade of pink or yellow upon them, and the space is sepulchral void of furniture, excepting, of course, a few debilitated chairs and a vacant table. How the establishment supports itself is a mystery as deep as that of the Pyramids, unless the little bar-room, which has an unprovoked way of making any one who enters it feel ashamed of himself, yields revenue for all the rest; and that is doubtful, because the only customers we saw were the vendors of bottled beer, who, after leaving a dozen or so on the counter, imbibed affably with the landlord and drove away. Lest we convey an unfair idea, let us say of the landlord that his house was very clean, and his supper as good as could be expected in the bower of a country tavern. The lack of adornment within was made up for by the view outside from the windows: a motionless stretch of pasture and woodland ending by the sea; and over the sea, that was elusively changing color, we could discern again the four pale lights on the black headlands of the Navesink and the low promontory of Sandy Hook. The lights were visible before the stars had dawned, and as the twilight deepened they became more and more brilliant, like the brave souls whose heroism burns the clearest in the darkness of martyrdom. From the rear

windows we could see another light-house rising above sombre masses of colors near the site of an old British signal station, from which a watch was kept on approaching vessels.

However much General Howe was reviled by the patriotic Revolutionists, his presence has bequeathed historic dignity to many localities, and the inhabitants of the island point with unmistakable satisfaction to the buildings occupied by him. For some time his head-quarters were in an old tavern that stood near the New Dorp Hotel—the Rose and Crown, which was recently demolished; and during the same period his staff found accommodations in the Black Horse, which remains at the corner of the Amboy and Richmond roads—not as a public-house, but as the home of a fisherman. The accommodations must have been very limited indeed, even for that epoch. The principal thing about the Black Horse is the gable roof, which is so large that the walls under it give one the idea of a baby with its papa's stove-pipe on. Age and weather have given the shingles a silver-gray color, and a brick chimney affords the contrast of its temperate red. It is evident that the *habitués* of the old tavern were not addicted to excesses, or many a head must have been broken in tipsy efforts to mount the steep flight of steps that lead from the green in front to the tap-room, which is next to the roof in matter of space. A broad veranda fronts it, and a wicket door opens into it. There could have been no bickering for situations before the fire among the guests on the cold



nights when the northeasters from over the bay were rocking the little hostelry and making the jugs of flip on the hearth-stone dance, for the logs blazed from one side of the room to the other, and made candles unnecessary. The fire-place nearly monopolizes all of the west wall, and we wonder what sportive shadows it sent in fantastic procession over the great uncovered beams in the ceiling.

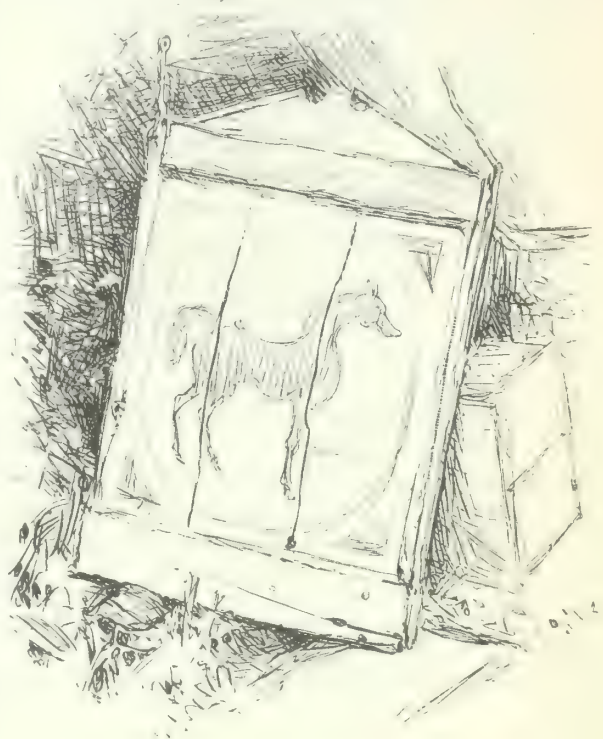
The islanders were Tories, and met the British welcomely. General Howe landed early in July, 1776, with about 9000 men. His brother soon re-enforced him with 20,000, and Clinton, having been repulsed at Charleston, came North and added 3000 more to Howe's command, the combined forces on the island being nearly 33,000. The plans were formed in the Rose and Crown, and the evening conversations of the young staff officers at the Black Horse were exciting, no doubt, as they weighed the possibilities of the issue. Did they clank their spurs, stretch out their brawny legs, kiss the landlord's pretty daughter, and drink deep cups to the king? Did they ever for a moment doubt the success of their cause, and were they not as arrogant, as loud, and as unscrupulous as the local historians say? Perhaps one night when the sentries were posted, and the white tents below were spectral in the still night, they told among themselves of the chase after old Peter Mesereau, an American loyalist who refused to be conciliated by General Howe, and took an active part against him. As he was endeavoring to escape from the island, he was pursued and was almost captured, when he disappeared on the edge of a swamp, in which he concealed himself. Dogs were put on his trail, but they were misled by a miserable little rabbit, and the patriot found his way into the American lines, while the soldiers returned to camp and swore vengeance against him over a fresh bowl, for these British were as thirsty as Stephano, and never missed an opportunity to "kiss the book." On August 22, Howe crossed the Narrows from the island to a point between New Utrecht and Gravesend—an expedition that resulted disastrously for the Americans, and gave the enemy possession of New York.

The west wall and the foundations of the Black Horse are stone; the rest of the structure is wood. One uncommon feature of it is the second floor, which consists of one apartment, formerly called the ball-room. The sleeping-rooms were back of the tap. The house ceased to be an inn about twenty years ago, and until then a famous sign swung from a post at a corner of the intersecting roads, alluring wayfarers with the gorgeousness of its blue, black, and yellow. We asked the fisherman's wife what had become of it, and she directed us to a little shed in the back garden, where we found it

with weeds and wild flowers growing around its cracked and nearly obliterated surface; the iron rods from which it had swung in many a furious storm were bent and rusty, and the counterfeit of the steed in the centre was a mere shadow.

On the second day of our jaunt we travelled between the showers, rain and shine playing at hide-and-seek while the light lasted.

How are the unities ignored in rural communities! Here was a race-course, and on



SIGN OF THE BLACK HORSE TAVERN.

the brow of a hill overlooking it a cemetery—a very old cemetery, with frayed and mouldy tombstones among the later ones of white marble—that ghastly material, which symbolizes so well the awful coldness and pallor of death. Four of the earliest are half smothered under rank grass, with cedars that look like black-robed sentinels sheltering them. The inscription upon one reads:

Here lyes ye body of  
COLL. NICKLAS BRITTEN,  
Aged 61 years,  
Deceased January ye 12, 1774.

His epitaph commemorates his benevolence as follows:

Here lyes a man of tender hart  
Unto the poore in every parte.  
He never sent the poore away,  
Which well is nowne unto this day.

His wife, who died in 1748, is buried next to him, and in the same row are the graves of Ruth, daughter of Thomas and Rachel Dougan, who was buried in 1749, and Rachel Dougan, who was buried in 1748. The granite tomb of the Vanderbilts is in the





OLD WELL ON THE RICHMOND ROAD.

vicinity, and a faded wreath of evergreens lay at the portal of the vault, where it had been left by some mourner of the dead millionaire. The bluebirds and yellow-birds, the orioles and the robins, were busy and noisy in the trees and shrubs with spring-time blitheness, and over the green meadows the sea was turning up its flushing edges of gold.

The church and the ground are Moravian. The former is a modern structure, and previous to its erection the parsonage was used for services, the corner-stone having been laid one hundred and fifteen years ago.

Turning by the Black Horse we drove to-

"Don't you remember this?" he said, with beautiful innocence, bringing the *Queen of Sheba* out of his coat pocket and reading a passage, telling how, as Lynde rode along the lanes, a country girl would now and then steal slyly to the red gate in the lichen-covered wall when he had passed, and follow him with her palm-shaded eyes down the lonely road; "and it as frequently happened," Michael Angelo continued, "that he would glance back over his shoulder at the nut-brown maid, whose closely clinging, scant drapery gave her a sculpturesque grace, to which her unconsciousness of it was a charm the more. These flushes of subtle recognition between youth and youth—these sudden mute greetings and farewells"—Michael Angelo paused and sighed plaintively. "Ah, they don't do it here!" and, indeed, whether there is a surplus in the male population, or the island is too near the big cities for maidens to entertain a sentimental interest in passing vagabonds, the girls in the gardens went on picking weeds, and Michael Angelo pined vainly for a reciprocal glance.

The weather did not continue the same for more than twenty minutes at a time. Now there were great mountains of black and purple clouds in the air that threatened lasting rain and wind, and drew their folds over every part of the sky; we drew up for shelter under a desolate barn, and patiently watched the rain shooting its fine silver wire in oblique strokes through the murky atmosphere; then great chasms were opened in the vaporous mountains, which



CHARACTERS AT PRINCE'S BAY.

ward Richmond. It was noticeable that Michael Angelo looked back with candid interest at the girls in big sun-bonnets who were working in the gardens or watching us from the doors of the cottages. Michael Angelo is young, tender, and unreasonably impressionable; he adores the prose of Aldrich, and is some day going to make a picture of Margery Daw seesawing in her hammock.

dissolved or went scurrying away with the wind, and the sunshine discovered diamond mines in the damp, intensely green fields, and stalactites under the branches of the cedars and the pines. From the top of Richmond Hill a wide reach of undulating country was revealed to us, with the water of Mill Creek meandering through. Upon this eminence the British built their earth-





ACROSS PRINCE'S BAY FROM THE OLD TAVERN.

works, which are still visible, although the grass is sprouting out of the reddish soil.

As we were returning to our carriage, after having made the ascent, Michael Angelo lagged behind, and we were some distance ahead, when we discovered him running with extraordinary speed for the nearest fence, over which he leaped with a sudden development of agility that surprised us. Nor was he a moment too soon in gaining the road, for an Alderney bull had been at his heels, and stood gazing at him with disappointed anger.

A railway extends through the island from the ferry at Vanderbilt's Landing to Tottenville, opposite Perth Amboy, and we availed ourselves of it to Prince's Bay Station. From the station a pretty lane, with

shrub, which is a love song in botany, and awakens affectionate memories by its delicate white flowers that are so exquisitely placid, and its tender, succulent leaves. At the settlement, off which a fleet of schooners and sloops was at anchor, salty-looking men, with red and freckled faces, were coming to and from the boats with baskets of freshly gathered clams. A Prince's Bay clam, when the shell is still wet with brine, is a delicacy not to be hastily spoken of; it is more than delicious, and we kept the captain of an old tavern by the water-side busy for some time. The captain was a tall, thin, loosely jointed man, who opened each bivalve with a constant smile, and occasional nods of the head. "There's character in that old fellow's face," said Michael Angelo;



CLAMS AT PRINCE'S BAY.

hawthorn hedges at each side, leads to the fishing settlement, which is celebrated for its oyster beds. The hawthorn was in bloom, and filled the air with its incomparable fragrance. It seemed to us that the rose itself was not sweeter than this hardy English

and he actually insisted that Brush and the rest of us should keep him occupied in opening clams as a gratuitous model until his odd face was sketched. Our satisfied appetites were mercilessly ignored to suit this cool demand.





THE WAY TO THE BILLOPP HOUSE.

Then we drove to Tottenville, the southwestern extremity of the island, and a very pretty little town it is; but the inhabitants that we met were given to a rashness of statement that caused us no little trouble. We were told that the old Billopp house, which we were searching for, was at the bottom of a certain street; at the bottom of that street we were told that it was at the top; at the top we were told to follow a certain hill: and an hour was lost through

these unprovoked prevarications. At last, and in despair, we asked for directions from a venerable-looking old boy in a garden. "Ah, yes, the Billopp house!" he said, and added, as though it was a particularly good joke, worthy of great emphasis, "*You* call it the Billopp house, some calls it the Bently house, and *I* call it the old stone house." He repeated this with much unction, and shook his head with an imbecile sort of satisfaction. This thing could not last forever, however, and we had conspired to make a hostage of some one, who should not be released until he delivered us at the Billopp house, when the patriarch's intelligence experienced a lucid interval, and he put us on the right path.

The Billopp house is one of the oldest buildings on the island. It is built of stone, on a bowery slope that overlooks the confluence of the Raritan and the Staten Island Sound. The walls are two or three feet thick, and the gable roof is preposterously high and steep. Its first owner was Christopher Billopp, and its history is exceedingly interesting. When the Duke of York had conveyed New Jersey to Berkley Carteret, a question was raised as to whether Staten Island was included in the grant, and to settle the matter it was decided that all islands in the bay or harbor should belong to New York if they could be circumnavigated in twenty-four hours. Christopher Billopp, who owned a small ship called the *Bently*, sailed around Staten Island in that time, and the duke gave him the tract of land, on part of which the house is built, in reward for his services. Another story states that



GRAVE OF THOMAS BILLOPP.





THE OLD BILLOPP HOUSE.

Billopp was rewarded by the land for gallant service in a naval action.

It was in this old homestead that Franklin, Adams, and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, assembled to negotiate peace with Lord Howe after the battle of Long Island. The meeting lasted four hours, and the Americans, who had been appointed by Congress, would not consent to any treaty that was not based on the acknowledged independence of the colonies. Here, too, Billopp entertained various distinguished guests,

including Sir Henry Clinton, General Robertson, General Knyphausen, Major André, and others. He had a pretty wife, and was celebrated for his hospitality, but he subsequently fared roughly at the hands of the patriots, and his property was confiscated.

From Tottenville we returned to the city, each of the artists avowing his intention to come back again at a future day in search of more of the abundant picturesque materials, of which they carried numerous graphic evidences in their books.



OLD WELL AT THE BILLOPP HOUSE.



## MACLEOD OF DARE.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## A DISCLOSURE.

AND now he was all eagerness to brave the first dragon in his way—the certain opposition of this proud old lady at Castle Dare. No doubt she would stand aghast at the mere mention of such a thing; perhaps in her sudden indignation she might utter sharp words that would rankle afterward in the memory. In any case he knew the struggle would be long, and bitter, and harassing; and he had not the skill of speech to persuasively bend a woman's will. There was another way—impossible, alas!—he had thought of. If only he could have taken Gertrude White by the hand—if only he could have led her up the hall, and presented her to his mother, and said, "Mother, this is your daughter: is she not fit to be the daughter of so proud a mother?"—the fight would have been over. How could any one withstand the appeal of those fearless and tender clear eyes?

Impatiently he waited for the end of dinner on the evening of his arrival; impatiently he heard Donald, the piper lad, play the brave Salute—the wild shrill yell overcoming the low thunder of the Atlantic outside; and he paid but little attention to the old and familiar "Cumhadh na Cloinne." Then Hamish put the whiskey and the claret on the table, and withdrew. They were left alone.

"And now, Keith," said his cousin Janet, with the wise gray eyes grown cheerful and kind, "you will tell us about all the people you saw in London; and was there much gayety going on? and did you see the Queen at all? and did you give any fine dinners?"

"How can I answer you all at once, Janet?" said he, laughing in a somewhat nervous way. "I did not see the Queen, for she was at Windsor; and I did not give any fine dinners, for it is not the time of year in London to give fine dinners; and indeed I spent enough money in that way when I was in London before. But I saw several of the friends who were very kind to me when I was in London in the summer. And do you remember, Janet, my speaking to you about the beautiful young lady—the actress—I met at the house of Colonel Ross of Duntormie?"

"Oh yes, I remember very well."

"Because," said he—and his fingers were rather nervous as he took out a package from his breast pocket—"I have got some photographs of her for the mother and you to see. But it is little of any one that you can understand from photographs. You would have to hear her talk, and see her manner; before you could understand why every one speaks so well of her, and why she is a friend with every one."

He had handed the packet to his mother, and the old lady had adjusted her eyeglasses, and was turning over the various photographs.

"She is very good-looking," said Lady Macleod. "Oh yes, she is very good-looking. And that is her sister?"

"Yes."

Janet was looking over them too.

"But where did you get all the photographs of her, Keith?" she said. "They are from all sorts of places—Scarborough, Newcastle, Brighton—"

"I got them from herself," said he.

"Oh, do you know her so well?"

"I know her very well. She was the most intimate friend of the people whose acquaintance I first made in London," he said, simply. And then he turned to his mother: "I wish photographs could speak, mother, for then you might make her acquaintance, and as she is coming to the Highlands next year—"

"We have no theatre in Mull, Keith," Lady Macleod said, with a smile.

"But by that time she will not be an actress at all: did I not tell you that before?" he said, eagerly. "Did I not tell you that? She is going to leave the stage—perhaps sooner or later, but certainly by that time; and when she comes to the Highlands next year with her father, she will be travelling just like any one else. And I hope, mother, you won't let them think that we Highlanders are less hospitable than the people of London."

He made the suggestion in an apparently careless fashion; but there was a painfully anxious look in his eyes. Janet noticed that.

"It would be strange if they were to come to so unfrequented a place as the west of Mull," said Lady Macleod, somewhat coldly, as she put the photographs aside.

"But I have told them all about the place, and what they will see; and they are eagerly looking forward to it; and you surely would not have them put up at the inn at Bunessan, mother?"

"Really, Keith, I think you have been imprudent. It was little matter our receiving a bachelor friend like Norman Ogilvie; but I don't think we are quite in a condition to entertain strangers at Dare."

"No one objected to me as a stranger when I went to London," said he, proudly.

"If they are any where in the neighborhood," said Lady Macleod, "I should be pleased to show them all the attention in my power, as you say they were friendly with you in London; but really, Keith, I don't think you can ask me to invite two strangers to Dare."



"Then it is to the inn at Bunessan they must go?" he asked.

"Now, auntie," said Janet Macleod, with her gentle voice, "you are not going to put poor Keith into a fix; I know you won't do that. I see the whole thing; it is all because Keith was so thorough a Highlander. They were talking about Scotland: and no doubt he said there was nothing in the country to be compared with our islands, and caves, and cliffs. And then they spoke of coming; and of course he threw open the doors of the house to them. He would not have been a Highlander if he had done any thing else, auntie; and I know you won't be the one to make him break off an invitation. And if we can not give them grand entertainments at Dare, we can give them a Highland welcome anyway."

This appeal to the Highland pride of the mother was not to be withstood.

"Very well, Keith," said she. "We shall do what we can for your friends; though it isn't much in this old place."

"She will not look at it that way," he said, eagerly; "I know that. She will be proud to meet you, mother; and to shake hands with you; and to go about with you, and do just whatever you are doing—"

Lady Macleod started.

"How long do you propose this visit should last?" she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said he, hastily. "But you know, mother, you would not hurry your guests; for I am sure you would be as proud as any one to show them that we have things worth seeing. We should take her to the cathedral at Iona on some moonlight night; and then some day we could go out to the Dubh Artach light-house—and you know how the men are delighted to see a new face—"

"You would never think of that, Keith," his cousin said. "Do you think a London young lady would have the courage to be swung on to the rocks and to climb up all those steps outside?"

"She has the courage for that or for any thing," said he. "And then, you know, she would be greatly interested in the clouds of puffins and the skarts behind Staffa; and we would take her to the great caves in the cliffs at Gribun: and I have no doubt she would like to go out to one of the uninhabited islands."

Lady Macleod had preserved a stern silence. When she had so far yielded as to promise to ask those two strangers to come to Castle Dare on their round of the western islands, she had taken it for granted that their visit would necessarily be of the briefest; but the projects of which Keith Macleod now spoke seemed to suggest something like a summer passed at Dare. And he went on talking in this strain, nervously delighted with the pictures that each promised ex-

cursion called up. Miss White would be charmed with this and delighted with that. Janet would find her so pleasant a companion; the mother would be inclined to pet her at first sight.

"She is already anxious to make your acquaintance, mother," said he to the proud old dame who sat there ominously silent. "And she could think of no other message to send you than this—it belonged to her mother."

He opened the little package—of old lace, or something of that kind—and handed it to his mother; and at the same time, his impetuosity carrying him on, he said that perhaps the mother would write now and propose the visit in the summer.

At this Lady Macleod's surprise overcame her reserve.

"You must be mad, Keith! To write in the middle of winter and send an invitation for the summer! And really the whole thing is so extraordinary—a present coming to me from an absolute stranger, and that stranger an actress who is quite unknown to any one I know—"

"Mother! mother!" he cried, "don't say any more. She has promised to be my wife."

Lady Macleod stared at him, as if to see whether he had really gone mad; and rose and pushed back her chair.

"Keith," she said, slowly, and with a cold dignity, "when you choose a wife I hope I will be the first to welcome her; and I shall be proud to see you with a wife worthy of the name that you bear; but in the meantime I do not think that such a subject should be made the occasion of a foolish jest."

And with that she left the apartment; and Keith Macleod turned in a bewildered sort of fashion to his cousin. Janet Macleod had risen too; she was regarding him with anxious and troubled and tender eyes.

"Janet," said he, "it is no jest at all."

"I know that," said she, in a low voice, and her face was somewhat pale. "I have known that. I knew it before you went away to England this last time."

And suddenly she went over to him, and bravely held out her hand; and there were quick tears in the beautiful gray eyes.

"Keith," said she, "there is no one will be more proud to see you happy than I; and I will do what I can for you now, if you will let me; for I see your whole heart is set on it; and how can I doubt that you have chosen a good wife?"

"Oh, Janet, if you could only see her and know her!"

She turned aside for a moment—only for a moment. When he next saw her face she was quite gay.

"You must know, Keith," said she, with a smile shining through the tears of the friendly eyes, "that women-folk are very jealous;



and all of a sudden you come to auntie and me, and tell us that a stranger has taken away your heart from us and from Dare; and you must expect us to be angry and resentful just a little bit at first."

"I never could expect that from you, Janet," said he. "I knew that was always impossible from you."

"As for auntie, then," she said, warmly, "is it not natural that she should be surprised and perhaps offended—"

"But she says she does not believe it—that I am making a joke of it."

"That is only her way of protesting, you know," said the wise cousin. "And you

wife; I know you would choose a good woman to be your wife; and it will be enough for your mother when she comes to reflect. But you must be patient."

"Patient I would be, if it concerned myself alone," said he; "but the reflection—the insult of the doubt—"

"Now, now, Keith," said she, "don't let the hot blood of the Macleods get the better of you. You must be patient and considerate. If you will sit down now quietly, and tell me all about the young lady, I will be your ambassador, if you like; and I think I will be able to persuade auntie."

"I wonder if there ever was any woman



"HE URGED THE BEWILDERED AND STAGGERING BEAST FORWARD THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF THE STORM."  
[SEE PAGE 56S.]

must expect her to be angry and obdurate, because women have their prejudices, you know, Keith; and this young lady—well, it is a pity she is not known to some one auntie knows."

"She is known to Norman Ogilvie, and to dozens of Norman Ogilvie's friends, and Major Stuart has seen her," said he, quickly; and then he drew back. "But that is nothing. I do not choose to have any one to vouch for her."

"I know that; I understand that, Keith," Janet Macleod said, gently. "It is enough for me that you have chosen her to be your

as kind as you are, Janet?" said he, looking at her with a sort of wondering admiration.

"You must not say that any more now," she said, with a smile. "You must consider the young lady you have chosen as perfection in all things. And this is a small matter. If auntie is difficult to persuade, and should protest, and so forth, what she says will not hurt me, whereas it might hurt you very sorely. And now you will tell me all about the young lady; for I must have my hands full of arguments when I go to your mother."

And so this Court of Inquiry was formed;



with one witness not altogether unprejudiced in giving his evidence, and with a judge ready to become the accomplice of the witness at any point. Somehow Macleod avoided speaking of Gertrude White's appearance. Janet was rather a plain woman, despite those tender Celtic eyes. He spoke rather of her filial duty and her sisterly affection; he minutely described her qualities as a house-mistress; and he was enthusiastic about the heroism she had shown in determining to throw aside the glittering triumphs of her calling to live a simpler and wholesomer life. That passage in the career of Miss Gertrude White somewhat puzzled Janet Macleod. If it were the case that the ambitions and jealousies and simulated emotions of a life devoted to art had a demoralizing and degrading effect on the character, why had not the young lady made the discovery a little earlier? What was the reason of her very sudden conversion? It was no doubt very noble on her part, if she really were convinced that this continual stirring up of sentiment without leading to practical issues had an unwholesome influence on her woman's nature, to voluntarily surrender all the intoxication of success, with its praises and flatteries. But why was the change in her opinions so sudden? According to Macleod's own account, Miss Gertrude White, when he first went up to London, was wholly given over to the ambition of succeeding in her profession. She was then the "white slave." She made no protest against the repeatedly announced theories of her father to the effect that an artist ceased to live for himself or herself, and became merely a medium for the expression of the emotions of others. Perhaps the gentle cousin Janet would have had a clearer view of the whole case if she had known that Miss Gertrude White's awakening doubts as to the wholesomeness of simulated emotions on the human soul were strictly coincident in point of time with her conviction that at any moment she pleased she might call herself Lady Macleod.

With all the art he knew he described the beautiful small courtesies and tender ways of the little household at Rose Bank; and he made it appear that this young lady, brought up amid the sweet observances of the South, was making an enormous sacrifice in offering to brave, for his sake, the transference to the harder and harsher ways of the North.

"And, you know, Keith, she speaks a good deal for herself," Janet Macleod said, turning over the photographs, and looking at them perhaps a little wistfully. "It is a pretty face. It must make many friends for her. If she were here herself now, I don't think auntie would hold out for a moment."

"That is what I know," said he, eagerly.

"That is why I am anxious she should come here. And if it were only possible to bring her now, there would be no more trouble; and I think we could get her to leave the stage—at least I would try. But how could we ask her to Dare in the winter-time? The sea and the rain would frighten her, and she would never consent to live here. And perhaps she needs time to quite make up her mind; she said she would educate herself all the winter through, and that, when I saw her again, she would be a thorough Highland-woman. That shows you how willing she is to make any sacrifice, if she thinks it right."

"But if she is so convinced," said Janet, doubtfully, "that she ought to leave the stage, why does she not do so at once? You say her father has enough money to support the family?"

"Oh yes, he has," said Macleod; and then he added, with some hesitation: "Well, Janet, I did not like to press that. She has already granted so much. But I might ask her."

At this moment Lady Macleod's maid came into the hall and said that her mistress wished to see Miss Macleod.

"Perhaps auntie thinks I am conspiring with you, Keith," she said, laughing, when the girl had gone. "Well, you will leave the whole thing in my hands; and I will do what I can. And be patient and reasonable, Keith, even if your mother won't hear of it for a day or two. We women are very prejudiced against each other, you know; and we have quick tempers, and we want a little coaxing and persuasion—that is all."

"You have always been a good friend to me, Janet," he said.

"And I hope it will all turn out for your happiness, Keith," she said, gently, as she left.

But as for Lady Macleod, when Janet reached her room, the haughty old dame was "neither to hold nor to bind." There was nothing she would not have done for this favorite son of hers but this one thing. Give her consent to such a marriage? The ghosts of all the Macleods of Dare would call shame on her!

"Oh, auntie," said the patient Janet, "he has been a good son to you. And you must have known he would marry some day."

"Marry?" said the old lady, and she turned a quick eye on Janet herself. "I was anxious to see him married. And when he was choosing a wife, I think he might have looked nearer home, Janet."

"What a wild night it is!" said Janet Macleod, quickly; and she went for a moment to the window. "The *Dunara* will be coming round the Mull of Cantire just about now. And where is the present, auntie, that the young lady sent you? You must write and thank her for that, at all events; and shall I write the letter for you in the morning?"



## CHAPTER XXIX.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

LADY MACLEOD remained obdurate; Janet went about the house with a sad look on her face; and Macleod, tired of the formal courtesy that governed the relations between his mother and himself, spent most of his time in snipe and duck shooting about the islands, braving the wild winds and wilder seas in a great open lug-sailed boat, the *Umpire* having long ago been sent to her winter-quarters. But the harsh, rough life had its compensations. Letters came from the South—treasures to be pored over night after night with an increasing wonder and admiration. Miss Gertrude White was a charming letter-writer; and now there was no restraint at all over her frank confessions and playful humors. Her letters were a prolonged chat—bright, rambling, merry, thoughtful, just as the mood occurred. She told him of her small adventures and the incidents of her every-day life, so that he could delight himself with vivid pictures of herself and her surroundings. And again and again she hinted rather than said that she was continually thinking of the Highlands, and of the great change in store for her.

"Yesterday morning," she wrote, "I was going down the Edgeware Road, and whom should I see but two small boys, dressed as young Highlanders, staring into the window of a toy-shop. Stalwart young fellows they were, with ruddy complexions and brown legs, and their Glengarries coquettishly placed on the side of their head; and I could see at once that their plain kilt was no holiday dress. How could I help speaking to them?—I thought perhaps they had come from Mull. And so I went up to them and asked if they would let me buy a toy for each of them. 'We dot money,' says the younger, with a bold stare at my impertinence. 'But you can't refuse to accept a present from a lady?' I said. 'Oh no, ma'am,' said the elder boy, and he politely raised his cap; and the accent of his speech—well, it made my heart jump. But I was very nearly disappointed when I got them into the shop, for I asked what their name was, and they answered 'Lavender.' 'Why, surely that is not a Highland name,' I said. 'No, ma'am,' said the elder lad; 'but my mamma is from the Highlands, and we are from the Highlands, and we are going back to spend the New-Year at home.' 'And where is your home?' I asked; but I have forgotten the name of the place—I understood it was somewhere away in the North. And then I asked them if they had ever been to Mull. 'We have passed it in the *Clansman*,' said the elder boy. 'And do you know one Sir Keith Macleod there?' I asked. 'Oh no, ma'am,' said he, staring at

me with his clear blue eyes, as if I was a very stupid person; 'the Macleods are from Skye.' 'But surely one of them may live in Mull,' I suggested. 'The Macleods are from Skye,' he maintained; 'and my papa was at Dunvegan last year.' Then came the business of choosing the toys; and the smaller child would have a boat, though his elder brother laughed at him, and said something about a former boat of his having been blown out into Loch Rogue, which seemed to me a strange name for even a Highland loch. But the elder lad he must needs have a sword; and when I asked him what he wanted that for, he said, quite proudly, 'To kill the Frenchmen with.' 'To kill Frenchmen with!' I said—for this young fire-eater seemed to mean what he said. 'Yes, ma'am,' said he, 'for they shoot the sheep out on the Flannan Islands when no one sees them; but we will catch them some day.' I was afraid to ask him where the Flannan Islands were, for I could see he was already regarding me as a very ignorant person; so I had their toys tied up for them, and packed them off home. 'And when you get home,' I said to them, 'you will give my compliments to your mamma, and say that you got the ship and the sword from a lady who has a great liking for the Highland people.' 'Yes, ma'am,' says he, touching his cap again with a proud politeness; and then they went their ways, and I saw them no more."

Then the Christmas-time came, with all its mystery, and friendly observances, and associations; and she described to him how Carry and she were engaged in decorating certain schools in which they were interested; and how a young curate had paid her a great deal of attention, until some one went and told him, as a cruel joke, that Miss White was a celebrated dancer at a music hall.

Then, on Christmas morning, behold! the very first snow of the year! She got up early; she went out alone; the holiday world of London was not yet awake.

"I never in my life saw any thing more beautiful," she wrote to him, "than Regent's Park this morning, in a pale fog, with just a sprinkling of snow on the green of the grass, and one great yellow mansion shining through the mist—the sunlight on it—like some magnificent distant palace. And I said to myself, if I were a poet or a painter I would take the common things, and show people the wonder and the beauty of them; for I believe the sense of wonder is a sort of light that shines in the soul of the artist; and the least bit of the 'denying spirit'—the utterance of the word *connu*—snuffs it out at once. But then, dear Keith, I caught myself asking what I had to do with all these dreams, and these theories that papa would like to have talked about.



What had I to do with art? And then I grew miserable—perhaps the loneliness of the park, with only those robust, hurrying strangers crossing, blowing their fingers, and pulling their cravats closer, had affected me; or perhaps it was that I suddenly found how helpless I am by myself. I want a sustaining hand, Keith; and that is now far away from me. I can do any thing with myself of set purpose; but it doesn't last. If you remind me that one ought generously to overlook the faults of others, I generously overlook the faults of others—for five minutes. If you remind me that to harbor jealousy and envy is mean and contemptible, I make an effort and throw out all jealous and envious thoughts—for five minutes. And so you see I got discontented with myself; and I hated two men who were calling loud jokes at each other as they parted different ways; and I marched home through the fog, feeling rather inclined to quarrel with somebody. By-the-way, did you ever notice that you often can detect the relationship between people by their similar mode of walking, and that more easily than by any likeness of face? As I strolled home I could tell which of the couples of men walking before me were brothers, by the similar bending of the knee and the similar gait, even when their features were quite unlike. There was one man whose fashion of walking was really very droll; his right knee gave a sort of preliminary shake as if it was uncertain which way the foot wanted to go. For the life of me I could not help imitating him; and then I wondered what his face would be like if he were suddenly to turn round and catch me."

That still dream of Regent's Park in sunlight and snow he carried about with him as a vision—a picture—even amid these blustering westerly winds and the riven seas that sprung over the rocks, and swelled and roared away into the caves of Gribun and Bourg. There was no snow as yet up here at Dare; but wild tempests shaking the house to its foundations; and brief gleams of stormy sunlight lighting up the gray spindrift as it was whirled shoreward from the breaking seas; and then days of slow and mournful rain, with Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman become mere dull patches of blurred purple—when they were visible at all—on the leaden-hued and coldly rushing Atlantic.

"I have passed through the gates of the Palace of Art," she wrote, two days later, from the calmer and sunnier South, "and I have entered its mysterious halls, and I have breathed for a time the hushed atmosphere of wonder-land. Do you remember meeting a Mr. Lemuel at any time at Mrs. Ross's?—a man with a strange, gray, tired face, and large, wan blue eyes, and an air as if he were walking in a dream? Perhaps

not; but, at all events, he is a great painter, who never exhibits to the vulgar crowd, but who is worshipped by a select circle of devotees; and his house is a temple dedicated to high art, and only profound believers are allowed to cross the threshold. Oh dear me! I am not a believer; but how can I help that? Mr. Lemuel is a friend of papa's, however—they have mysterious talks over milk jugs of colored stone, and small pictures with gilt skies and angels in red and blue. Well, yesterday he called on papa, and requested his permission to ask me to sit—or rather stand—for the heroine of his next great work, which is to be an allegorical one, taken from the 'Faerie Queene,' or the 'Morte d'Arthur,' or some such book. I protested; it was no use. 'Good gracious, papa!' I said, 'do you know what he will make of me? He will give me a dirty brown face; and I shall wear a dirty green dress; and no doubt I shall be standing beside a pool of dirty blue water—with a purple sky overhead, and a white moon in it. The chances are he will dislocate my neck, and give me gaunt cheeks like a corpse; with a serpent under my foot, or a flaming dragon stretching his jaws behind my back.' Papa was deeply shocked at my levity. Was it for me, an artist (bless the mark!), to balk the high aims of art? Besides, it was vaguely hinted that, to reward me, certain afternoon parties were to be got up; and then, when I had got out of Merlin-land, and assured myself I was human by eating lunch, I was to meet a goodly company of distinguished folk—great poets, and one or two more mystic painters, a dilettante duke, and the nameless crowd of worshippers who would come to sit at the feet of all these, and sigh adoringly, and shake their heads over the Philistinism of English society. I don't care for ugly mediæval maidens myself, nor for allegorical serpents, nor for bloodless men with hollow cheeks, supposed to represent soldierly valor. If I were an artist I would rather show people the beauty of a common brick wall when the red winter sunset shines along it. But perhaps that is only my ignorance, and I may learn better before Mr. Lemuel has done with me."

When Macleod first read this passage, a dark expression came over his face. He did not like this new project.

"And so, yesterday afternoon," the letter continued, "papa and I went to Mr. Lemuel's house, which is only a short way from here; and we entered, and found ourselves in a large circular and domed hall, pretty nearly dark, and with a number of closed doors. It was all hushed and mysterious and dim; but there was a little more light when the man opened one of these doors and showed us into a chamber—or, rather, one of a series of chambers—that seemed to me at first like a big child's toy house, all painted and gilded



with red and gold. It was bewilderingly full of objects that had no ostensible purpose—you could not tell whether any one of these rooms was dining-room, or drawing-room, or any thing else; it was all a museum of wonderful cabinets filled with different sorts of ware, and trays of uncut precious stones, and Eastern jewelry, and what not; and then you discovered that in the panels of the cabinets were painted series of allegorical heads on a gold background; and then perhaps you stumbled on a painted glass window where no window should be. It was a splendid blaze of color, no doubt; one began to dream of Byzantine emperors, and Moorish conquerors, and Constantinople gilt domes. But then—mark the dramatic effect!—away in the blaze of the further chamber appears a solemn, slim, bowed figure, dressed all in black—the black velvet coat seemed even blacker than black—and the mournful-eyed man approached, and he gazed upon us a grave welcome from the pleading, affected, tired eyes. He had a slight cough, too, which I rather fancied was assumed for the occasion. Then we all sat down, and he talked to us in a low, sad, monotonous voice; and there was a smell of frankincense about—no doubt a band of worshippers had lately been visiting at the shrine; and, at papa's request, he showed me some of his trays of jewels, with a wearied air. And some drawings of Botticelli that papa had been speaking about—would he look at them now? Oh, dear Keith, the wickedness of the human imagination! As he went about in this limp and languid fashion, in the hushed room, with the old-fashioned scent in the air, I wished I was a street boy. I wished I could get close behind him and give a sudden yell! Would he fly into bits? Would he be so startled into naturalness as to swear? And all the time that papa and he talked, I dared scarcely lift my eyes; for I could not but think of the effect of that wild 'Hi!' And what if I had burst into a fit of laughter without any apparent cause?"

Apparently Miss White had not been much impressed by her visit to Mr. Lemuel's Palace of Art, and she made thereafter but slight mention of it, though she had been prevailed upon to let the artist borrow the expression of her face for his forth-coming picture. She had other things to think about now, when she wrote to Castle Dare.

For one day Lady Macleod went into her son's room and said to him, "Here is a letter, Keith, which I have written to Miss White. I wish you to read it."

He jumped to his feet, and hastily ran his eye over the letter. It was a trifle formal, it is true; but it was kind, and it expressed the hope that Miss White and her father would next summer visit Castle Dare. The young man threw his arms round his moth-

er's neck and kissed her. "That is like a good mother," said he. "Do you know how happy she will be when she receives this message from you?"

Lady Macleod left him the letter to address. He read it over carefully; and though he saw that the handwriting was the handwriting of his mother, he knew that the spirit that had prompted these words was that of the gentle cousin Janet.

This concession had almost been forced from the old lady by the patience and mild persistence of Janet Macleod; but if any thing could have assured her that she had acted properly in yielding, it was the answer which Miss Gertrude White sent in return. Miss White wrote that letter several times over before sending it off, and it was a clever piece of composition. The timid expressions of gratitude; the hints of the writer's sympathy with the romance of the Highlands and the Highland character; the deference shown by youth to age; and here and there just the smallest glimpse of humor, to show that Miss White, though very humble and respectful and all that, was not a mere fool. Lady Macleod was pleased by this letter. She showed it to her son one night at dinner. "It is a pretty hand," she remarked, critically.

Keith Macleod read it with a proud heart. "Can you not gather what kind of woman she is from that letter alone?" he said, eagerly. "I can almost hear her talk in it. Janet, will you read it too?"

Janet Macleod took the small sheet of perfumed paper and read it calmly, and handed it back to her aunt. "It is a nice letter," said she. "We must try to make Dare as bright as may be when she comes to see us, that she will not go back to England with a bad account of the Highland people."

That was all that was said at the time about the promised visit of Miss Gertrude White to Castle Dare. It was only as a visitor that Lady Macleod had consented to receive her. There was no word mentioned on either side of any thing further than that. Mr. White and his daughter were to be in the Highlands next summer; they would be in the neighborhood of Castle Dare; Lady Macleod would be glad to entertain them for a time, and make the acquaintance of two of her son's friends. At all events, the proud old lady would be able to see what sort of woman this was whom Keith Macleod had chosen to be his wife.

And so the winter days and nights and weeks dragged slowly by; but always, from time to time, came those merry and tender and playful letters from the South, which he listened to rather than read. It was her very voice that was speaking to him, and in imagination he went about with her. He strolled with her over the crisp grass, whitened with hoar-frost, of the Regent's Park; he



hurried home with her in the chill gray afternoons—the yellow gas lamps being lit—to the little tea table. When she visited a picture-gallery, she sent him a full report of that even.

“Why is it,” she asked, “that one is so delighted to look a long distance, even when the view is quite uninteresting? I wonder if that is why I greatly prefer landscape to figure subjects? The latter always seem to me to be painted from models just come from the Hampstead Road. There was scarcely a sea-piece in the exhibition that was not spoiled by figures, put in for the sake of picturesqueness, I suppose. Why, when you are by the sea, you want to be alone, surely! Ah, if I could only have a look at those winter seas you speak of!”

He did not echo that wish at all. Even as he read he could hear the thunderous booming of the breakers into the giant caves. Was it for a pale rose leaf to brave that fell wind that tore the waves into spindrift and howled through the lonely chasms of Ben-an-Sloich?

To one of these precious documents, written in the small neat hand on pink-toned and perfumed paper, a postscript was added. “If you keep my letters,” she wrote, and he laughed when he saw that *if*, “I wish you would go back to the one in which I told you of papa and me calling at Mr. Lemuel’s house, and I wish, dear Keith, you would burn it. I am sure it was very cruel and unjust. One often makes the mistake of thinking people affected when there is no affectation of any sort about them. And if a man has injured his health and made an invalid of himself through his intense and constant devotion to his work, surely that is not any thing to be laughed at. Whatever Mr. Lemuel may be, he is at all events desperately in earnest. The passion that he has for his art, and his patience and concentration and self-sacrifice, seem to me to be nothing less than noble. And so, dear Keith, will you please to burn that impertinent letter?”

Macleod sought out the letter and carefully read it over. He came to the conclusion that he could see no just reason for complying with her demand. Frequently first impressions were best.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### A GRAVE.

IN the by-gone days this eager, active, stout-limbed young fellow had met the hardest winter with a glad heart. He rejoiced in its thousand varied pursuits; he set his teeth against the driving hail; he laughed at the drenching spray that sprung high over the bows of his boat; and what

harm ever came to him if he took the short-cut across the upper reaches of Loch Scribdain—wading waist-deep through a mile of sea-water on a bitter January day? And where was the loneliness of his life when always, wherever he went by sea or shore, he had these old friends around him—the red-beaked sea-pyots whirring along the rocks; and the startled curlews, whistling their warning note across the sea; and the shy duck, swimming far out on the smooth lochs; to say nothing of the black game that would scarcely move from their perch on the larch-trees as he approached, and the deer that were more distinctly visible on the far heights of Ben-an-Sloich when a slight sprinkling of snow had fallen?

But now all this was changed. The awfulness of the dark winter-time amid those Northern seas overshadowed him. “It is like going into a grave,” he had said to her. And with all his passionate longing to see her and have speech of her once more, how could he dare to ask her to approach these dismal solitudes? Sometimes he tried to picture her coming, and to read in imagination the look on her face. See now!—how she clings terrified to the side of the big open packet-boat that crosses the Frith of Lorn; and she dares not look abroad on the howling waste of waves. The mountains of Mull rise sad and cold and distant before her; there is no bright glint of sunshine to herald her approach. This small dog-cart now: it is a frail thing with which to plunge into the wild valleys, for surely a gust of wind might whirl it into the chasm of roaring waters below? Glen-More: who that has ever seen Glen-More on a lowering January day will ever forget it—its silence, its loneliness, its vast and lifeless gloom? Her face is pale now; she sits speechless and awe-stricken; for the mountain-walls that overhang this sombre ravine seem ready to fall on her, and there is an awful darkness spreading along their summits under the heavy swaths of cloud. And then those black lakes far down in the lone hollows, more death-like and terrible than any tourist-haunted Loch Coruisk: would she not turn to him and with trembling hands implore him to take her back and away to the more familiar and bearable South? He began to see all these things with her eyes. He began to fear the awful things of the winter-time and the seas. The glad heart had gone out of him.

Even the beautiful aspects of the Highland winter had something about them—an isolation, a terrible silence—that he grew almost to dread. What was this strange thing, for example? Early in the morning he looked from the windows of his room; and he could have imagined he was not at Dare at all. All the familiar objects of sea and shore had disappeared; this was a new



world—a world of fantastic shapes, all moving and unknown—a world of vague masses of gray, though here and there a gleam of lemon-color shining through the fog showed that the dawn was reflected on a glassy sea. Then he began to make out the things around him. That great range of purple mountains was Ulva—Ulva transfigured and become Alpine! Then those wan gleams of yellow light on the sea?—he went to the other window, and behold! the heavy bands of cloud that lay across the unseen peaks of Ben-an-Sloich had parted, and there was a blaze of clear, metallic, green sky; and the clouds bordering on that gleam of light were touched with a smoky and stormy saffron hue that flashed and changed amid the seething and twisting shapes of the fog and the mist. He turned to the sea again: what phantom ship was this that appeared in mid-air, and apparently moving when there was no wind? He heard the sound of oars; the huge vessel turned out to be only the boat of the Gometra men going out to the lobster traps. The yellow light on the glassy plain waxes stronger; new objects appear through the shifting fog, until at last a sudden opening shows him a wonderful thing far away—apparently at the very confines of the world—and awful in its solitary splendor. For that is the distant island of Staffa; and it has caught the colors of the dawn; and amid the cold grays of the sea it shines a pale transparent rose.

He would like to have sent her, if he had got any skill of the brush, some brief memorandum of that beautiful thing; but indeed, and in any case, that was not the sort of painting she seemed to care for just then. Mr. Lemuel, and his Palace of Art, and his mediæval saints, and what not, which had all for a time disappeared from Miss White's letters, began now to monopolize a good deal of space there; and there was no longer any impertinent playfulness in her references, but on the contrary a respect and admiration that occasionally almost touched enthusiasm. From hints more than statements Macleod gathered that Miss White had been made much of by the people frequenting Mr. Lemuel's house. She had there met one or two gentlemen who had written very fine things about her in the papers; and certain highly distinguished people had been good enough to send her cards of invitation; and she had once or twice been persuaded to read some piece of dramatic poetry at Mr. Lemuel's afternoon parties; and she even suggested that Mr. Lemuel had almost as much as said that he would like to paint her portrait. Mr. Lemuel had also offered her—but she had refused to accept—a small but marvellous study by Pinturicchio, which most people considered the gem of his collection.

Macleod, reading and re-reading these let-

ters many a time in the solitudes of Western Mull, came to the opinion that there must be a good deal of amusement going on in London. And was it not natural that a young girl should like to be petted, and flattered, and made much of? Why should he complain when she wrote to say how she enjoyed this, and was charmed by that? Could he ask her to exchange that gay and pleasant life for this hibernation in Mull? Sometimes for days together the inhabitants of Castle Dare literally lived in the clouds. Dense bands of white mist lay all along the cliffs; and they lived in a semi-darkness, with the mournful dripping of the rain on the wet garden, and the mournful wash of the sea all around the shores. He was glad, then, that Gertrude White was not at Castle Dare.

But sometimes, when he could not forbear opening his heart to her, and pressing her for some more definite assurance as to the future, the ordinary playful banter in which she generally evaded his urgency gave place to a tone of coldness that astonished and alarmed him. Why should she so cruelly resent this piteous longing of his? Was she no longer, then, so anxious to escape from the thralldom that had seemed so hateful to her?

"Hamish," said Macleod, abruptly, after reading one of these letters, "come now, we will go and overhaul the *Umpire*, for you know she is to be made very smart this summer; for we have people coming all the way from London to Dare, and they must not think we do not know in Mull how to keep a yacht in ship-shape."

"Ay, Sir," said Hamish; "and if we do not know that in Mull, where will they be likely to know that?"

"And you will get the cushions in the saloon covered again; and we will have a new mirror for the ladies' cabin, and Miss Macleod, if you ask her, will put a piece of lace round the top of that, to make it look like a lady's room. And then, you know, Hamish, you can show the little boy Johnny Wickes how to polish the brass; and he will polish the brass in the ladies' cabin until it is as white as silver. Because, you know, Hamish, they have very fine yachts in the South. They are like hotels on the water. We must try to be as smart as we can."

"I do not know about the hotels," said Hamish, scornfully. "And perhaps it is a fine thing to hef a hotel; and Mr. M'Arthur they say he is a ferry rich man, and he has ferry fine pictures too; but I wass thinking that if I will be off the Barra Head on a bad night—between the Sgriobh bhan and the Barra Head on a bad night—it is not any hotel I will be wishing that I wass in, but a good boat. And the *Umpire* she is a good boat; and I hef no fear of going any where



in the world with her—to London or to Inverary, ay, or the Queen's own castle on the island—and she will go there safe, and she will come back safe; and if she is not a hotel, well, perhaps she will not be a hotel, but she is a fine good boat, and she has swinging lamps whatever."

But even the presence of the swinging lamps, which Hamish regarded as the highest conceivable point of luxury, did little to lessen the dolorousness of the appearance of the poor old *Umpire*. As Macleod, seated in the stern of the gig, approached her, she looked like some dingy old hulk relegated to the duty of keeping stores. Her topmast and bowsprit removed; not a stitch of cord on her; only the black iron shrouds remaining of all her rigging; her sky-lights and companion hatch covered with water-proof—it was a sorry spectacle. And then when they went below, even the swinging lamps were blue-moulded and stiff. There was an odor of damp straw throughout. All the cushions and carpets had been removed; there was nothing but the bare wood of the floor and the couches and the table; with a match-box saturated with wet; an empty wine bottle; a newspaper five months old; a rusty corkscrew; a patch of dirty water—the leakage from the sky-light overhead.

That was what Hamish saw.

What Macleod saw, as he stood there absently staring at the bare wood, was very different. It was a beautiful, comfortable saloon that he saw, all brightly furnished and gilded, and there was a dish of flowers—heather and rowan berries intermixed—on the soft red cover of the table. And who is this that is sitting there, clad in sailor-like blue and white, and laughing as she talks in her soft English speech? He is telling her that, if she means to be a sailor's bride, she must give up the wearing of gloves on board ship, although, to be sure, those gloved small hands look pretty enough as they rest on the table and play with a bit of bell-heather. How bright her smile is! she is in a mood for teasing people: the laughing face, but for the gentleness of the eyes, would be audacious. They say that the width between those long-lashed eyes is a common peculiarity of the artist's face; but she is no longer an artist; she is only the brave young yachtswoman who lives at Castle Dare. The shepherds know her, and answer her in the Gaelic when she speaks to them in passing; the sailors know her, and would adventure their lives to gratify her slightest wish; and the bearded fellows who live their solitary life far out at Dubh Artach light-house, when she goes out to them with a new parcel of books and magazines, do not know how to show their gladness at the very sight of her bonnie face. There was once an actress of the same name; but this is quite a different woman.

And to-morrow—do you know what she is going to do to-morrow? To-morrow she is going away in this very yacht to a loch in the distant island of Lewis; and she is going to bring back with her some friends of hers who live there; and there will be high holiday at Castle Dare. An actress? Her cheeks are too sun-browned for the cheeks of an actress.

"Well, Sir?" Hamish said at length, and Macleod started.

"Very well, then," he said, impatiently, "why don't you go on deck, and find out where the leakage of the sky-light is?"

Hamish was not used to being addressed in this fashion, and he walked away with a proud and hurt air. As he ascended the companionway, he was muttering to himself in his native tongue:

"Yes, I am going on deck to find out where the leakage is, but perhaps it would be easier to find out below where the leakage is. If there is something the matter with the keel, is it the cross-trees you will go to to look for it? But I do not know what has come to the young master of late."

When Keith Macleod was alone, he sat down on the wooden bench, and took out a letter, and tried to find there some assurance that this beautiful vision of his would some day be realized. He read it and re-read it, but his anxious scrutiny only left him the more disheartened. He went up on deck. He talked to Hamish, in a perfunctory manner, about the smartening up of the *Umpire*. He appeared to have lost interest in that already.

And then again he would seek relief in hard work, and try to forget altogether this hated time of enforced absence. One night word was brought by some one that the typhoid fever had broken out in the ill-drained cottages of Iona; and he said at once that next morning he would go round to Bunessan and ask the sanitary inspector there to be so kind as to inquire into this matter, and see whether something could not be done to improve these hovels.

"I am sure the duke does not know of it, Keith," his cousin Janet said, "or he would have a great alteration made."

"It is easy to make alterations," said he, "but it is not easy to make the poor people take advantage of them. They have such good health from the sea air that they will not pay attention to ordinary cleanliness. But now that two or three of the young girls and children are ill, perhaps it is a good time to have something done."

Next morning, when he rose before it was full daybreak, there was every promise of a fine day. The full moon was setting behind the Western seas, lighting up the clouds there with a dusky yellow; in the east there was a wilder glare of steely blue high up over the intense blackness on the back



of Ben-an-Sloich; and the morning was still, for he heard, suddenly piercing the silence, the whistle of a curlew, and that became more and more remote as the unseen bird winged its flight far over the sea. He lit the candles, and made the necessary preparations for his journey; for he had some message to leave at Kinloch, at the head of Loch Scridain, and he was going to ride round that way. By-and-by the morning light had increased so much that he blew out the candles.

No sooner had he done this than his eye caught sight of something outside that startled him. It seemed as though great clouds of golden white, all ablaze in sunshine, rested on the dark bosom of the deep. Instantly he went to the window; and then he saw that these clouds were not clouds at all, but the islands around glittering in the "white wonder of the snow," and catching here and there the shafts of the early sunlight that now streamed through the valleys of Mull. The sudden marvel of it! There was Ulva, shining beautiful as in a sparkling bridal veil; and Gometra a paler blue-white in shadow; and Colonsay and Erisgeir also a cold white; and Staffa a pale gray—and then the sea that the gleaming islands rested on was a mirror of pale green and rose-purple hues reflected from the morning sky. It was all dream-like, so still, and beautiful, and silent. But he now saw that the fine morning would not last. Behind the house, clouds of a suffused yellow began to blot out the sparkling peaks of Ben-an-Sloich. The colors of the plain of the sea were troubled with gusts of wind until they disappeared altogether. The sky in the north grew an ominous black, until the further shores of Loch Tua were dazzling white against that bank of angry cloud. But to Bunessan he would go.

Janet Macleod was not much afraid of the weather at any time, but she said to him at breakfast, in a laughing way,

"And if you are lost in a snow-drift in Glen Finichen, Keith, what are we to do for you?"

"What are you to do for me?—why, Donald will make a fine Lament; and what more than that?"

"Can not you send one of the Camerons with a message, Keith?" his mother said.

"Well, mother," said he, "I think I will go on to Fhion-fort and cross over to Iona myself, if Mr. Mackinnon will go with me. For it is very bad the cottages are there, I know; and if I must write to the duke, it is better that I should have made the inquiries myself."

And indeed when Macleod set out on his stout young pony Jack, paying but little heed to the cold driftings of sleet that the sharp east wind was sending across, it seemed as though he were destined to perform

several charitable deeds all on the one errand. For, firstly, about a mile from the house he met Duncan the policeman, who was making his weekly rounds in the interests of morality and law and order; and who had to have his book signed by the heritor of Castle Dare as sure witness that his peregrinations had extended so far. And Duncan was not at all sorry to be saved that trudge of a mile in the face of those bitter blasts of sleet; and he was greatly obliged to Sir Keith Macleod for stopping his pony, and getting out his pencil with his benumbed fingers, and putting his initials to the sheet. And then, again, when he had got into Glen Finichen, he was talking to the pony and saying,

"Well, Jack, I don't wonder you want to stop, for the way this sleet gets down one's throat is rather choking. Or are you afraid of the sheep loosening the rocks away up there, and sending two or three hundred-weight on our head?"

Then he happened to look up the steep sides of the great ravine, and there, quite brown against the snow, he saw a sheep that had toppled over some rock, and was now lying with her legs in the air. He jumped off his pony, and left Jack standing in the middle of the road. It was a stiff climb up that steep precipice, with the loose stones slippery with the sleet and snow; but at last he got a good grip of the sheep by the back of her neck, and hauled her out of the hole into which she had fallen, and put her, somewhat dazed but apparently unhurt, on her legs again. Then he half slid and half ran down the slope again, and got into the saddle.

But what was this now? The sky in the east had grown quite black; and suddenly this blackness began to fall as if torn down by invisible hands. It came nearer and nearer, until it resembled the dishevelled hair of a woman. And then there was a rattle and roar of wind and snow and hail combined; so that the pony was nearly thrown from its feet, and Macleod was so blinded that at first he knew not what to do. Then he saw some rocks ahead; and he urged the bewildered and staggering beast forward through the darkness of the storm. Night seemed to have returned. There was a flash of lightning overhead; and a crackle of thunder rolled down the valley, heard louder than all the howling of the hurricane across the mountain-sides. And then, when they had reached this place of shelter, Macleod dismounted, and crept as close as he could into the lee of the rocks.

He was startled by a voice—it was only that of old John MacIntyre, the postman, who was glad enough to get into this place of refuge too.

"It's a bad day for you to be out this day, Sir Keith," said he, in the Gaelic, "and you



have no cause to be out; and why will you not go back to Castle Dare?"

"Have you any letter for me, John?" said he, eagerly.

Oh yes, there was a letter; and the old man was astonished to see how quickly Sir Keith Macleod took that letter, and how anxiously he read it, as though the awfulness of the storm had no concern for him at all. And what was it all about—this wet sheet that he had to hold tight between his hands, or the gust that swept round the rock would have whirled it up and away over the giant ramparts of the Bourg? It was a very pretty letter; and rather merry; for it was all about a fancy-dress ball which was to take place at Mr. Lemuel's house; and all the people were to wear a Spanish costume of the time of Philip IV.; and there were to be very grand doings indeed. And as Keith Macleod had nothing to do in the dull winter-time but devote himself to books, would he be so kind as to read up about that period and advise her as to which historical character she ought to assume?

Macleod burst out laughing, in a strange sort of way, and put the wet letter in his pocket, and led Jack out into the road again.

"Sir Keith! Sir Keith!" cried the old man. "You will not go on now;" and as he spoke another blast of snow tore across the glen, and there was a rumble of thunder among the hills.

"Why, John," Macleod called back again from the gray gloom of the whirling snow and sleet, "would you have me go home and read books too? Do you know what a fancy-dress ball is, John? And do you know what they think of us in the South, John—that we have nothing to do here in the winter-time—nothing to do here but read books?"

The old man heard him laughing to himself, in that odd way, as he rode off and disappeared into the driving snow; and his heart was heavy within him, and his mind filled with strange forebodings. It was a dark and an awful glen—this great ravine that led down to the solitary shores of Loch Seridain.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### OVER THE SEAS.

BUT no harm at all came of that reckless ride through the storm; and in a day or two's time Macleod had almost argued himself into the belief that it was but natural for a young girl to be fascinated by these new friends. And how could he protest against a fancy-dress ball, when he himself had gone to one on his brief visit to London? And it was a proof of her confidence in him that she wished to take his advice about her costume.

Then he turned to other matters; for, as the slow weeks went by, one eagerly disposed to look for the signs of the coming spring might occasionally detect a new freshness in the morning air, or even find a little bit of the whitlow-grass in flower among the moss of an old wall. And Major Stuart had come over to Dare once or twice, and had privately given Lady Macleod and her niece such enthusiastic accounts of Miss Gertrude White that the references to her forth-coming visit ceased to be formal, and became friendly and matter-of-course. It was rarely, however, that Keith Macleod mentioned her name. He did not seem to wish for any confidant. Perhaps her letters were enough.

But on one occasion Janet Macleod said to him, with a shy smile,

"I think you must be a very patient lover, Keith, to spend all the winter here. Another young man would have wished to go to London."

"And I would go to London too," he said, suddenly, and then he stopped. He was somewhat embarrassed. "Well, I will tell you, Janet. I do not wish to see her any more as an actress; and she says it is better that I do not go to London; and—and, you know, she will soon cease to be an actress."

"But why not now," said Janet Macleod, with some wonder, "if she has such a great dislike for it?"

"That I do not know," said he, somewhat gloomily.

But he wrote to Gertrude White, and pressed the point once more, with great respect, it is true, but still with an earnestness of pleading that showed how near the matter lay to his heart. It was a letter that would have touched most women; and even Miss Gertrude White was pleased to see how anxiously interested he was in her.

"But you know, my dear Keith," she wrote back, "when people are going to take a great plunge into the sea, they are warned to wet their head first. And don't you think I should accustom myself to the change you have in store for me by degrees? In any case, my leaving the stage at the present moment could make no difference to us—you in the Highlands, I in London. And do you know, Sir, that your request is particularly ill-timed? for, as it happens, I am about to enter into a new dramatic project of which I should probably never have heard but for you. Does that astonish you? Well, here is the story. It appears that you told the Duchess of Wexford that I would give her a performance for the new training-ship she is getting up; and, being challenged, could I break a promise made by you? And only fancy what these clever people have arranged—to flatter their own vanity in the



name of charity. They have taken St. George's Hall; and the distinguished amateurs have chosen the play; and the play—don't laugh, dear Keith—is *Romeo and Juliet*! And I am to play Juliet to the Romeo of the Honorable Captain Brierley, who is a very good-looking man, but who is so solemn and stiff a Romeo that I know I shall burst out laughing on the dreaded night. He is as nervous now at a morning rehearsal as if it were his debut at Drury Lane; and he never even takes my hand without an air of apology, as if he were saying, 'Really, Miss White, you must pardon me; I am compelled by my part to take your hand; otherwise I would die rather than be guilty of such a liberty.' And when he addresses me in the balcony scene he *will not* look at me; he makes his protestations of love to the flies; and when I make my fine speeches to him he blushes if his eyes should by chance meet mine, just as if he had been guilty of some awful indiscretion. I know, dear Keith, you don't like to see me act; but you might come up for this occasion only. Friar Lawrence is the funniest thing I have seen for ages. The nurse, however—Lady Bletherin—is not at all bad. I hear there is to be a grand supper afterward somewhere, and I have no doubt I shall be presented to a number of ladies who will speak for the first time to an actress, and be possessed with a wild fear; only, if they have daughters, I suppose they will keep the fluttering-hearted young things out of the way, lest I should suddenly break out into blue flame, and then disappear through the floor. I am quite convinced that Captain Brierley considers me a bold person because I look at him when I have to say,

"O gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!"

Macleod crushed this letter together and thrust it into his pocket. He strode out of the room, and called for Hamish.

"Send Donald down to the quay," said he, "and tell them to get the boat ready. And he will take down my gun too."

Old Hamish, noticing the expression of his master's eyes, went off quickly enough, and soon got hold of Donald the piper lad.

"Donald," said he, in the Gaelic, "you will run down to the quay as fast as your legs can carry you, and you will tell them to get the boat ready, and not to lose any time in getting the boat ready, and to have the seats dry, and let there be no talking when Sir Keith gets on board. And here is the gun, too, and the bag; and you will tell them to have no talking among themselves this day."

When Macleod got down to the small stone pier, the two men were in the boat. Johnny Wickes was standing at the door of the store-house.

"Would you like to go for a sail, Johnny?"

Macleod said, abruptly—but there was no longer that dangerous light in his eyes.

"Oh yes, Sir," said the boy, eagerly; for he had long ago lost his dread of the sea.

"Get in, then, and get up to the bow."

So Johnny Wickes went cautiously down the few slippery stone steps, half tumbled into the bottom of the great open boat, and then scrambled up to the bow.

"Where will you be for going, Sir?" said one of the men, when Macleod had jumped into the stern and taken the tiller.

"Any where—right out!" he answered, carelessly.

But it was all very well to say "right out!" when there was a stiff breeze blowing right in. Scarcely had the boat put her nose out beyond the pier—and while as yet there was but little way on her—when a big sea caught her, springing high over her bows and coming rattling down on her with a noise as of pistol-shots. The chief victim of this deluge was the luckless Johnny Wickes, who tumbled down into the bottom of the boat, vehemently blowing the salt-water out of his mouth, and rubbing his knuckles into his eyes. Macleod burst out laughing.

"What's the good of you as a look-out?" he cried. "Didn't you see the water coming?"

"Yes, Sir," said Johnny, ruefully laughing too. But he would not be beaten. He scrambled up again to his post, and clung there, despite the fierce wind and the clouds of spray.

"Keep her close up, Sir," said the man who had the sheet of the huge lug-sail in both his hands, as he cast a glance out at the darkening sea.

But this great boat, rude and rough and dirty as she appeared, was a splendid specimen of her class; and they know how to build such boats up about that part of the world. No matter with how staggering a plunge she went down into the yawning green gulf—the white foam hissing away from her sides—before the next wave, high, awful, threatening, had come down on her with a crash as of mountains falling, she had glided buoyantly upward, and the heavy blow only made her bows spring the higher, as though she would shake herself free, like a bird, from the wet. But it was a wild day to be out. So heavy and black was the sky in the west that the surface of the sea, out to the horizon, seemed to be a moving mass of white foam, with only streaks of green and purple in it. The various islands changed every minute as the wild clouds whirled past. Already the great cliffs about Dare had grown distant and faint as seen through the spray; and here were the rocks of Colonsay black as jet as they re-appeared through the successive deluges of white foam; and far over there



a still gloomier mass against the gloomy sky told where the huge Atlantic breakers were rolling in their awful thunder into the Staffa caves.

"I would keep her away a bit," said the sailor next Macleod. He did not like the look of the heavy breakers that were crashing on to the Colonsay rocks.

Macleod, with his teeth set hard against the wind, was not thinking of the Colonsay rocks more than was necessary to give them a respectful berth.

"Were you ever in a theatre, Duncan?" he said—or rather bawled—to the brown-visaged and black-haired young fellow who had now got the sheet of the lug-sail under his foot as well as in the firm grip of his hands.

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," said he, as he shook the salt-water away from his short beard. "It was at Greenock. I will be at the theatre, and more than three times or two times."

"How would you like to have a parcel of actors and actresses with us now?" he said, with a laugh.

"Deed, I would not like it at all," said Duncan, seriously; and he twisted the sheet of the sail twice round his right wrist, so that his relieved left hand could convey a bit of wet tobacco to his mouth. "The women they would chump about, and then you do not know what will happen at all."

"A little bit away yet, Sir!" cried out the other sailor, who was looking out to windward, with his head between the gunwale and the sail. "There is a bad rock off the point."

"Why, it is half a mile north of our course as we are going now," Macleod said.

"Oh yes, half a mile!" the man said to himself; "but I do not like half miles, and half miles, and half miles, on a day like this!"

And so they went plunging and staggering and bounding onward, with the roar of the water all around them, and the foam at her bows, as it sprang high into the air, showing quite white against the black sky ahead. The younger lad Duncan was clearly of opinion that his master was running too near the shores of Colonsay; but he would say no more, for he knew that Macleod had a better knowledge of the currents and rocks of this wild coast than any man on the mainland of Mull. John Cameron, forward, kept his head down to the gunwale, his eyes looking far over that howling waste of sea; Duncan, his younger brother, had his gaze fixed mostly on the brown breadth of the sail, hammered at by the gusts of wind; while as for the boy at the bow, that enterprising youth had got a rope's end, and was endeavoring to strike at the crest of each huge wave as it came ploughing along in its resistless strength.

But at one moment the boat gave a heavi-

er lurch than usual, and the succeeding wave struck her badly. In the great rush of water that then ran by her side Macleod's startled eye seemed to catch a glimpse of something red—something blazing and burning red in the waste of green—and almost the same glance showed him there was no boy at the bow! Instantly, with just one cry to arrest the attention of the men, he had slipped over the side of the boat, just as an otter slips off a rock. The two men were bewildered but for a second. One sprang to the halyards, and down came the great lug-sail; the other got out one of the great oars, and the mighty blade of it fell into the bulk of the next wave as if he would with one sweep tear her head round. Like two madmen the men pulled; and the wind was with them, and the tide also; but, nevertheless, when they caught sight—just for a moment—of some object behind them, that was a terrible way away. Yet there was no time, they thought, or seemed to think, to hoist the sail again; and the small dingy attached to the boat would have been swamped in a second; and so there was nothing for it but the deadly struggle with those immense blades against the heavy resisting mass of the boat. John Cameron looked round again; then, with an oath, he pulled his oar across the boat.

"Up with the sail, lad!" he shouted; and again he sprang to the halyards.

The seconds, few as they were, that were necessary to this operation, seemed ages; but no sooner had the wind got a purchase on the breadth of the sail than the boat flew through the water, for she was now running free.

"He has got him! I can see the two!" shouted the elder Cameron.

And as for the younger? At this mad speed the boat would be close to Macleod in another second or two; but in that brief space of time the younger Cameron had flung his clothes off, and stood there stark-naked in the cutting March wind.

"That is foolishness!" his brother cried, in the Gaelic. "You will have to take an oar!"

"I will not take an oar!" the other cried, with both hands ready to let go the halyards. "And if it is foolishness, this is the foolishness of it: I will not let you or any man say that Sir Keith Macleod was in the water, and Duncan Cameron went home with a dry skin!"

And Duncan Cameron was as good as his word; for as the boat went plunging forward to the neighborhood in which they occasionally saw the head of Macleod appear on the side of a wave, and then disappear again as soon as the wave broke—and as soon as the lug-sail had been rattled down—he sprang clear from the side of the boat. For a second or two John Cameron, left by himself



in the boat, could not see any one of the three; but at last he saw the black head of his brother, and then, some few yards beyond, just as a wave happened to roll by, he saw his master and the boy. The boat had almost enough way on her to carry her the length; he had but to pull at the huge oar to bring her head round a bit. And he pulled, madly and blindly, until he was startled by a cry close by. He sprang to the side of the boat. There was his brother drifting by, holding the boy with one arm. John Cameron rushed to the stern to fling a rope; but Duncan Cameron had been drifting by with a purpose; for as soon as he got clear of the bigger boat, he struck for the rope of the dingey, and got hold of that, and was safe. And here was the master too, clinging to the side of the dingey, so as to recover his breath, but not attempting to board the cockle-shell in these plunging waters. There were tears running down John Cameron's rugged face as he drew the three up and over the side of the big boat.

"And if you wass drowned, Sir Keith, it wass not me would have carried the story to Castle Dare. I would just as soon have been drowned too."

"Have you any whiskey, John?" Macleod said, pushing his hair out of his eyes, and trying to get his mustache out of his mouth.

In ordinary circumstances John Cameron would have told a lie; but on this occasion he hurriedly bade the still undressed Duncan to take the tiller, and he went forward to a locker at the bows which was usually kept for bait, and from thence he got a black bottle, which was half full.

"Now, Johnny Wickes," Macleod said to the boy, who was quite blinded and bewildered, but otherwise apparently not much the worse, "swallow a mouthful of this, you young rascal; and if I catch you imitating a dolphin again, it is a rope's end you'll have, and not good Highland whiskey."

Johnny Wickes did not understand; but he swallowed the whiskey, and then he began to look about him a bit.

"Will I put my clothes round him, Sir Keith?" Duncan Cameron said.

"And go home that way to Dare?" Macleod said, with a loud laugh. "Get on your clothes, Duncan lad; and get up the sail again; and we will see if there is a dram left for us in the bottle. John Cameron, confound you, where are you putting her head to?"

John Cameron, who had again taken the tiller, seemed as one demented. He was talking to himself rapidly in Gaelic; and his brows were frowning; and he did not seem to notice that he was putting the head of the boat—which had now some little way on her, by reason of the wind and tide, though she had no sail up—a good deal too near the southernmost point of Colonsay.

Roused from this angry reverie, he shifted her course a bit; and then, when his brother had got his clothes on, he helped to hoist the sail; and again they flew onward and shoreward, along with the waves that seemed to be racing them; but all the same he kept grumbling and growling to himself in the Gaelic. Meanwhile Macleod had got a huge tarpaulin overcoat and wrapped Johnny Wickes in it, and put him in the bottom of the boat.

"You will soon be warm enough in that, Master Wickes," said he; "the chances are you will come out boiled red, like a lobster. And I would strongly advise you, if we can slip into the house and get dry clothes on, not to say a word of your escapade to Hamish."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said John Cameron, eagerly, in his native tongue, "that is what I will be saying to myself. If the story is told, and Hamish will hear that you will nearly drown yourself, what is it he will not do to that boy? It is for killing him he will be."

"Not as bad as that, John," Macleod said, good-naturedly. "Come, there is a glass for each of us; and you may give me the tiller now."

"I will take no whiskey, Sir Keith, with thanks to you," said John Cameron; "I was not in the water."

"There is plenty for all, man."

"I was not in the water."

"I tell you there is plenty for all of us."

"There is the more for you, Sir Keith," said he, stubbornly.

And then, as great good luck would have it, it was found, when they got ashore, that Hamish had gone away as far as Salem on business of some sort or other; and the story told by the two Camerons was that Johnny Wickes, whose clothes were sent into the kitchen to be dried, and who was himself put to bed, had fallen into the water down by the quay; and nothing at all was said about Keith Macleod having had to leap into the sea off the coast of Colonsay. Macleod got into Castle Dare by a back way, and changed his clothes in his own room. Then he went away up stairs to the small chamber in which Johnny Wickes lay in bed.

"You have had the soup, then? You look pretty comfortable."

"Yes, Sir," said the boy, whose face was now flushed red with the reaction after the cold. "I beg your pardon, Sir."

"For tumbling into the water?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, look here, Master Wickes. You chose a good time. If I had had trousers on, and water-proof leggings over them, do you know where you would be at the present moment? You would be having an interesting conversation with a number of lobsters at the bottom of the sea, off the



Colonsay shores. And so you thought, because I had my kilt on, that I could fish you out of the water?"

"No, Sir," said Johnny Wickes. "I beg your pardon, Sir."

"Well, you will remember that it was owing to the Highland kilt that you were picked out of the water, and that it was Highland whiskey put life into your blood again. You will remember that well; and if any strange lady should come here from England and ask you how you like the Highlands, you will not forget."

"No, Sir."

"And you can have Oscar up here in the room with you, if you like, until they let you out of bed again; or you can have Donald to play the pipes to you until dinner-time."

Master Wickes chose the less heroic remedy; but, indeed, the companionship of Oscar was not needed, for Janet Macleod—who might just as well have tried to keep her heart from beating as to keep herself away from any one who was ill or supposed to be ill—herself came up to this little room, and was very attentive to Master Wickes, not because he was suffering very much from the effects of his ducking, but because he was a child, and alone, and a stranger. And to her Johnny Wickes told the whole story, despite the warnings he had received that if Hamish came to learn of the peril in which Macleod had been placed by the incaution of the English lad, the latter would have a bad time of it at Castle Dare. Then Janet hastened away again; and finding her cousin's bedroom empty, entered, and there discovered that he had, with customary recklessness, hung up his wet clothes in his wardrobe. She had them at once conveyed away to the lower regions; and she went with earnest remonstrances to her cousin, and would have him drink some hot whiskey and water; and when Hamish arrived, went straight to him too, and told him the story in such a way that he said,

"Ay, ay, it wass the poor little lad! And he will mek a good sailor yet. And it wass not much dancher for him when Sir Keith wass in the boat; for there is no one in the whole of the islands will sweem in the water as he can sweem; and it is like a fish in the water that he is."

That was about the only incident of note—and little was made of it—that disturbed the monotony of life at Castle Dare at this time. But by-and-by, as the days passed, and as eager eyes looked abroad, signs showed that the beautiful summer-time was drawing near. The deep blue came into the skies and the seas again; the yellow mornings broke earlier; far into the evening they could still make out the Dutchman's Cap, and Lunga, and the low-lying Coll and Tiree amid the glow at the horizon after the blood-red sunset had gone down. The white

stars of the saxifrage appeared in the woods; the white daisies were in the grass; as you walked along the lower slopes of Ben-an-Sloich the grouse that rose were in pairs. What a fresh green this was that shimmered over the young larches! He sent her a basket of the first trout he caught in the loch.

The wonderful glad time came nearer and nearer. And every clear and beautiful day that shone over the white sands of Iona and the green shores of Ulva, with the blue seas all breaking joyfully along the rocks, was but a day thrown away that should have been reserved for her. And whether she came by the *Dunara* from Greenock, or by the *Pioneer* from Oban, would they hang the vessel in white roses in her honor? and have velvet carpetings on the gangways for the dainty small feet to tread on? and would the bountiful heavens grant but one shining blue day for her first glimpse of the far and lonely Castle Dare? Janet the kind-hearted was busy from morning till night—she herself would place the scant flowers that could be got in the guests' rooms. The steward of the *Pioneer* had undertaken to bring any number of things from Oban; Donald the piper lad had a brand-new suit of tartan, and was determined that, short of the very cracking of his lungs, the English lady would have a good Salute played for her that day. The *Umpire*, all smartened up now, had been put in a safe anchorage in Loch-na-Keal; the men wore their new jerseys; the long gig, painted white, with a band of gold, was brought along to Dare, so that it might, if the weather were favorable, go out to bring the Fair Stranger to her Highland home. And then the heart of her lover cried: "*O winds and seas—if only for one day—be gentle now! so that her first thoughts of us shall be all of peace and loveliness, and of a glad welcome, and the delight of clear summer days!*"

## PARLOR MAGIC.

It is only a flower that I give you,  
A hundred-leaved, damask-dyed rose;  
Shut it in there between the dark pages  
When that book of enchantment you close.

But when it is crushed there, and withered,  
And you—still a rose in your bloom,  
Lift it up with your careless white fingers,  
Take it out of its magical tomb.

It will spread with its fragrance around you  
The spell of a breeze-shaken tune,  
An hour in a garden of roses,  
A morning of sunshine and June;

A face that implored with pale passion,  
Empty arms that entreated you, sweet,  
And a heart that had perished to please you,  
Trodden under your pitiless feet!



## CAL CULVER AND THE DEVIL.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity;  
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

"WELL," said Calvary Culver—sometimes called Cal, and not infrequently Cal Cul, by such as believed in the old adage that brevity is the soul of wit—"well, my mind's nigh about made up. Mother's kinder feeble: it's time there was more folks to our house. I guess I'll git married."

"Haw! haw! haw!" burst from the audience—a group of waiters and loungers in the country store, where Cal stood with his back against the counter, whittling and spitting.

"'Tain't no larfin matter, boys," he went on. "You may think it's suthin smart to git married, but mebbe you'll find 'tain't all honey-sugar pie. Look at Deacon Flint, now! I tell ye his wife's as afeard o' him as Parson Robbins is of the devil; and you can't say no more'n that, now can ye?"

"Oh, say!" began another loungee; "you hain't heerd, hev ye, about the parson's last tussle with the Adversary?"

Nobody had; he was unanimously urged to go on.

"Well, you know it hain't ben real fust-rate sugarin' weather; it ha'n't thew days, though it's friz consider'ble night-times; but it's kinder late for tappin', anyway, 'cordin' to the year; so parson he reckoned he'd be amazin' forehanded this year, and git his holes bored, and spouts drove in, and buckets set, so's to be on hand, ye see. Now them trees never dripped a drop a Thursday, nor a Friday, nor a Saturday; three days the buckets hung right there, and was empty; but Sabba'-day it come round real warm, the sun shone powerful, and when he went to the bush Monday mornin' the sap troughs and buckets was brimmin' over full, as sure as you're born! What does parson do but take and tip 'em all up; and Jim Beebe—he was behind him, 'cause his bush is over the fence, and he knowed sap had run by that time—Jim heerd him say, 'I know thy works, Satan—tempting me with Lord's Day sap. Get thee behind me!' And he up and tipped over every drop onto the ground, and went off."

"Jeerus'lem!" "Don't he beat!" "Gosh!" "Darnation!" and one rustic expletive after another chorussed this tale.

Cal Culver kept silence, shifting from one foot to the other; then he spoke, meditatively, as if he had considered the subject before. "Parson Robbins does take consider'ble comfort out o' the devil, don't he?"

"Comfort!" echoed the crowd.

"Well, mebbe you wouldn't call it that exackly; but the idee is, he gits somethin' to spend his grit on that way that's orthodoxy. You see, natur's awful strong in Par-

son Robbins, and by natur' he'd orter ha' ben a fightin' man; he's got it in him. I've seen him when I knowed he nigh about ached to pitch in and knock a feller down. He'd ha' fit Injuns like all possessed ef they'd ben around sence he growed up. Now what's in a man, 'cordin' to my belief, 's got to come out o' him some way or nuth'er. Ef he's a good man, I s'pose it's kinder made over, sanctified like, ef it's grit, or lyin', or brag, or any sech thing."

"Kinder difficult to sanctify lyin'," dryly remarked Mr. Battle, the village store-keeper.

"Well, 'tis, that's a fact; but I s'pose ef it was b'iled over into 'cuteness, and sarcumventions of the Evil One, and sech, 'twouldn't do no great o' harm? Might come in useful in waterin' rum and sandin' sugar."

Mr. Battle heard a noise at the back-door just then, and Cal winked deliberately at the crowd, who wanted to grin, but dare not, for most of them were chalked up on that dreadful slate behind the door with many marks, and all of them liked rum, with or without water.

"Parson doos pay quite a sight of 'tention to the devil," sighed and squeaked a bent old man—bent and worn with rheumatism, that rack and thumb-screw of the New England climate. "'Pears to me sometimes as though he talked a sight more 'bout him than 'bout the Lord above."

"I expect he has to," answered Cal Culver. "He's round here in Bassett a good deal the most o' the two."

"You look out," called the speaker who had told about the sap troughs; "you'll git ketched up yet, as Mat Lines did t'other day. He said the south eend o' Bassett was as bad as hell, and I'm blamed if they didn't take him up for't and fine him!"

"'Twon't do to tell the truth allers," replied Culver. "But, boys, to go back to fust principles, I be ser'ously a mind to git married."

"Who ye goin' to marry, Cal?" inquired Mr. Battle.

"Well, I dono as I know myself: some smart likely gal."

Here was a general shout, for Cal Culver was the village do-nothing. The owner of a small red house and "home-lot," which his father had left him, the sole proceeds of a long life spent at a cobbler's bench, Cal acted as if work were as needless to his life as it was unpleasant—that is, hard work. He managed to raise enough potatoes and Indian corn on the two acres to keep his mother and himself in meal and the great vegetable staple. If he felt like it in the time of it, he raised bush-beans along by the fence, and in among the corn it was easy to drop a few pumpkin seeds. The apple-trees in the door-yard produced their crops without



trouble, and "garden-sass" was left to his mother's care: if she wanted it, she could raise it. Poor old woman! she had enough to do with loom, spinning-wheel, and needle, besides the simple housewifery of her time and means; so that the garden only bloomed with such flowers as were hardy and perennial—deep red roses and glowing white ones, hollyhocks in stately spires, stiff sweet-williams and ragged beds of moss-pink, little Burgundy roses no bigger than a copper cent and trim as an old maid, and long wreaths of cinnamon roses, sweet as the luxuriant blooms of far-away Cashmere, but stunted in leaf and growth and blossom, as if they pined and half died in bitter Northern airs and grudging sunshine. There was sage, too, and summer-savory, for there was a pig always. The labor of feeding it bore hard on Cal; but who could live without pork?—pork that meant pies, doughnuts, suet pudding; sausages in winter; cheeks smoked under a barrel and hung in the shed; slabs of fat, salt and unctuous, adding savor and strength to a b'iled dinner, or a "fry" of any sort. No, indeed: a pig was the great necessity of life, and must be fed if they two went hungry.

But Cal was a mighty hunter, so that food was seldom wanting; he could snare partridges, kill woodcock and quail with his old shot-gun, bring home squirrels by the dozen, and set rabbit traps with unfailing success; trout leaped to his hook, and as to perch and sunfish, they were to be had for the asking at his hands, and the ponds in winter were full of pickerel; more than he and Granny Culver could use found their way to the store or the squire's, and resulted in rum, tea, or maple sugar—luxuries of life. Yet Cal was a shiftless, thriftless fellow: shrewd, witty, keen-sighted, and—lazy. He loved to roam over the land with rod or gun, to lie on the fragrant sand of a pine wood, and sleep away sultry noons, to hang about the big stove in the store in cold weather, and take a hot "nip" of rum toddy, while he told and heard stories and cracked jokes; but how he hated to plough, to hoe, to chop, to break stone, to mow, to tend mill! Parson Robbins and he were always at odds, and no wonder. The parson was a fiery, positive, set, energetic little man, with enough executive power in him to have been president of six railroads at a time; a man who could not be idle a moment; who rose early and read late; who was by nature a belligerent, autocratic, eager, earnest man, and was set down in a little country parish. Cal was right; to fight something was the necessity of the parson's nature; his very face was aggressive. Modern clergymen, who preach one sermon a week, are victims to dyspepsia, and use long words by the thousand to express what they don't mean—who dabble in æs-

thetics and affinities, and have spiritual ups and downs like the cradle-holes in a winter-drifted road, because they have so little work they have time to waste in studying themselves and their feelings—would have made Parson Robbins stare. Three sermons a Sunday, and a lecture Thursday evening; prayer-meetings in the ends of the town alternately twice a week; visiting such of his flock as needed it, and all of them occasionally, and writing sermons every week with conscientious diligence; splitting wood, hoeing corn, and, in short, farming his few acres by way of amusement and relaxation; his only reading the county weekly paper, and the few solid volumes of theology on his bedroom shelves. What a life is this in comparison with that of to-day? Five hundred dollars a year were well earned, and hard earned too: no wonder that the Gospel was a daily reality to this prophet in the wilderness, and the devil a real and roaring personage to be baffled, fought, defied, and exorcised; and no wonder that learning to endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ Jesus, and to put on the whole armor of God, this militant parson longed to test that hardness and use those weapons in lawful warfare with the Enemy: and he did. He did not forget God, but he could trust Him; the devil was persistent and at hand, and he preached about, prayed at, and wrestled with him to an extent incredible to us who talk about an impersonal principle of evil, and consider that awful solitude in the wilderness and its agonies only a dramatization.

To Parson Robbins, as to Luther, the Enemy was a real and active being, and the flock whom he gathered into the old red meeting-house accepted his belief with equal earnestness, except a few born skeptics who could not believe in any thing, and a few sturdy sinners who would not.

Even Cal Culver believed in the devil, but he was too lazy to repent of his sins and lead a new life—far too lazy to begin a warfare that must last as long as he did, and keep mind and body on the alert. To-day he was not so much troubled about Satan as he had been sometimes. His mind was given to another subject—whom he should marry; for marriage was getting to be the only way out of his difficulties. His mother grew feebler and feebler, and he contemplated with terror the idea that he must do the work himself and take care of her too, unless somebody stepped in to take the burden off his shoulders. He had announced his intention in the store partly to fix it in his own mind beyond recall, partly in the hope of some gratuitous advice being offered, but nobody there had any to give. It did not occur to any of them that Cal was in earnest, or, if he was, that any girl in Bassett would look at him in a matrimonial



light. But this was not Cal's opinion. He knew he was handsome. The straight regular features, big blue eyes, and golden hair and beard he had seen mirrored in many a silent forest pool told him a true story; and when a hearty laugh parted the full red lips and showed his regular white teeth, and his eyes flashed with fun or glittered with humor or craft, the too perfect face wore an added charm of bright expression. He was tall too, straight, and strong, and being the only man in all the village, old or young, whose beard had been allowed its natural growth, simply because he was too lazy to shave, he was a marked figure wherever he went, and in constant request at raisings, apple bees, and huskings, both as help in the work, which, being only occasional, and followed by a feast, was not objectionable to him, and also as "fust-rate company"—a guest who could play all sorts of games, and dance all night, where any householder dared admit of dancing. But though the girls all liked his society, none of them wanted to marry him; and to-day, after he had waited for some expression of assent or opinion from the knot of his comrades in the store, and waited in vain, he sauntered off to find his special crony, Jim Beebe, and get him to go fishing. An hour or two after, they were both embarked in a dug-out on Long Lake, diligently waiting for something to bite, and Cal began discourse in a low tone, out of consideration for the fishes.

"Say, Jim, I'm a-goin' to git married."

"Be ye?" Jim answered, meditatively, giving a gentle motion to his rod to see if the line was free.

"Yes, I be; but, darn it all! I dono who I'll marry yet, and I've got to hurry up. Mother's dreadful miser'ble along back."

"Kinder sure somebody 'll hev ye, 'pears to me," sarcastically remarked Jim.

"Well, what ef I be? Gals is most gen'erly ready to say snip when a good-lookin' young feller says snap. I'll bet ye a cooky the fust gal I ask says yes right off."

Jim was disgusted with this conceit; he entertained no doubt that any girl in Bassett would marry him, but Cal Culver was another sort of person. Men have not radically changed within the last hundred years, and both Calvary and Jim might find comrades to-day. However, Jim held his tongue, and Cal went on:

"Trouble is to find jest the right one. There's lots o' folks in the world, but come to marryin', you want jest the right critter. It's a life bizness, you see, and what on airth kin a man do ef he gets haltered up tight to the wrong un?"

Cal was not "of the fashion of these times," for as yet divorce facilities were unknown to decent Connecticut, and "till death" did not mean the "dying daily" it seems to now.

"What sort o' head-marks be you sot on specifyin'?" dryly remarked Jim, as he gave a little twitch to his rod and landed a round fat little "punkin-seed" in the bottom of the boat.

"Well, I want a smart un—that or nothin'."

"I knowed that afore ye told me; there's got to be smartness some'eres," curtly put in Jim, pushing an unhappy worm on to the end of his hook.

"Git out!" laughed Cal. "You shouldn't twit on fac's, Jim. I'm smart enough when I'm a mind ter, but I'd jest as lieves other folks would take a stiddy job on't. I want a strong healthy gal too. Mother she can't do a heap more; she's failin', that's the truth on't; somebody's got to step round lively to our house while she lasts. I want somebody that's got faculty too: fact is, a woman that hain't got faculty ain't good for nothin'."

"Mebbe ye might try for Pollythi Bangs," put in Jim, who was getting interested in the matter at last.

"Well, I declare for't! I hadn't had a thought o' Pollythi Bangs. She is a master-piece for smartness, now ain't she?"

"Steel-traps ain't nothin' to her," assented Jim; "she's too smart a'most. But she's got amazin' faculty, every body says. I dono, though, as I should reelly hanker to marry her, Cal. Them Bangses is a dreadful queer lot."

"Well, I don't calkerlate to marry the hull on 'em, Jim. I guess I could hold my own with Polly, ef she is reel masterful. Come to that, I've the biggest bones, anyway. I can shake her up. Good!"

Jim shook his head. He did not feel sure that physical force could put down Pollythi Bangs, and proceeded as delicately as he knew how to urge this question.

"Well, I guess ye could ef it come to that. But, Lord! how be ye goin' to stop her tongue? She'll talk ye lame and blind ef ye stroke her the wrong way. And she'll hetchel the old woman mortally, I be afraid."

"Queer, ain't it?" Cal said, dropping his hook slowly into the water, having mated Jim's pumpkin-seed while he talked—"queer how women-folks do ketch fire, come to git 'em together. The best on 'em can't live in the same house two days 'thout some darned thing or 'nother sprouts up to set 'em by the ears. It doos beat all."

"I expect Parson Robbins would say the devil comes in thirdsman, Cal, them times."

"I guess there ain't no special call for an extry devil; 'riginal sin's actyve enough in 'em most times. But they're reel handy to hev around, for all that. I shall begin square and fair. Ef she wants to hetchel me, she kin try it on, but she'd better let the old woman alone. 'Twon't be for long, anyway."

"Don't you reckon on that," put in the



experienced Jim. "Old women last for ever 'n' ever. They don't know how to die when they git started. Lordy! look at granny! She's ben prayed for more times in meetin'! She's ben dangerous forty times since I kin remember; but she hops up every time like a pa'tridge trap; and she's ninety come July, as sure as you're born."

"Well, what do ye keep hevin' her prayed for?" coolly suggested Cal—an idea that tickled Jim till he dropped his rod over the side, worn out with suppressed laughter—suppressed for fear of startling the perch and pumpkin-seeds, which were now tempting their fate with commendable alacrity.

"Cal Culver, you do beat all!" he found breath to gasp at length. "Why, ef I didn't hand in no paper, Parson Robbins ud pray for her whether or no; so I might jest as well be kinder decent. But ef you do go in for Pollythi Bangs, why, you ain't noways blinded. I expect you know her, root and branch."

"Jee-rusalem! I guess I do! Ain't her folks gin the name to Squabble Hill? Their house is jest like a flock o' blackbirds, for everlastin' a-cacklin' an' jawin' an' takin' to do; you can hear 'em nigh on to quarter of a mile when you're a-goin' along the turnpike. But mother's everlastin' hard o' hearin'—that's a comfort, seein' things is as they is."

"I didn't know as they was, yit!" suggested Jim.

"Well, I guess there ain't no great doubt but what ef I make up my mind, she'll make up her'n pretty much arter the same pattern. Polly hain't had no great luck with company-keepin', and she ain't no chicken, nuther. I'll fetch round there next Sabba'-day night, I guess, and kinder let fall a hint. I didn't want to rile her by bein' too suddin'."

"I wouldn't," said Jim. "But look a-here, Cal; there's suthin else to 't. I forgot for to tell ye, for I only heerd it yesterday: she's hed a aunt or suthin die over to Har'ford, that's left her a couple o' housen there, wuth quite a sum—two or three thousan', I expect."

"Do tell! Now, Jim, that kinder clinches me. I'm bound for Pollythi, sure, now. Means is a help, that's a fact. I'd made up my mind pretty well afore, now I'm sartin."

All this time Pollythi Bangs was flying about the house at home, doing her annual spring cleaning. Dreadful stage of human experience! Civilization has never softened its horrors, but rather added thereto: it is the crucial test before which all the amenities of life, its conveniences, its comforts, its elegancies, go down helplessly into the valley of humiliation. Furniture, *bric-à-brac*, carpets, paintings, china, only exasperate this insatiable epidemic, and give it more and more victims, till their number is legion.

If Polly Bangs was cross over the lustration of a house with one carpet, two cracked looking-glasses, no sofa, blue and white crockery, and pewter platters—a house where soap and water could be slopped about with absolute freedom, and the white-wash brush smeared liberally every where—what would she have been, turned loose among Sèvres, Dresden, Crown Derby, French porcelain, Japanese enamel, Bohemian glass, Venetian crystal; carpets of Persia, India, France, and England; furniture carved and upholstered as if for palaces; priceless pictures; paper of Eastlake and Morris; and the ten thousand costly dusty baubles of a modern mansion? Let lunatic asylums answer! If we have gained much in these latter days, how much have we not lost?

Polly was cross naturally; her mother was cross; her father fairly growled. The Bangs temper was proverbial in Bassett, and now it was in active exercise, for house-cleaning would test an angel's amiability, and tries that of common mortals to the extremest limit, even unto utter failure; why should a bad temper fail to find it exasperating? But how much more furious would Pollythi have been had she known of that discussion as to her future which was being held on the fair breast of Long Lake, while the budding trees shed soft shadows into the water, white clouds gently sailed along its depths, the fragrant reluctant breath of a New England spring sighed tenderly over wave and shore, and Cal and Jim slaughtered little fishes with relentless hook and line, as they discussed a deeper angling with a livelier bait! Would she ever have risen to their hook? Never! But no officious telephone betrayed them; time and space kept the secret with their ancient honesty. They are demoralized now, and that which is spoken in the bed-chamber is declared on the house-top, even on the house-top miles away. Who shall ever know safety of speech again?

Pollythi Bangs was all that Jim Beebe had painted her, and perhaps more: strong of body and will both; imperious, quick-tempered, and absolutely unrestrained in speech. She inherited all these traits from a father and mother so alike in character that they never were at peace with each other or their child. Peace, indeed, was a state unknown in the Bangs family, and so notorious were their quarrels, so continuous their wars and fightings, that the hill half-way up which their old farm-house stood was known all through Bassington township as Squabble Hill—a name borne by it to-day. But if Polly Bangs was a scold, she was also smart, a great worker, and a woman who could turn her hand to any thing. She could weave any sort of fabric known to domestic looms in those days;



she could outspin any other woman in the town, having once, in a contest of wheels, spun seven run of yarn between sunrise and sunset—an achievement that would have half killed any other woman, two run being counted a legitimate day's work, but which seemed to have no effect on Pollythi's strength of nerve and muscle. Her bread was town-talk, her quilts elaborate beyond every thing—the seven-stars pattern and the sun-rising-over-the-Alleghany-Mountains pattern having originated in her own accomplished brain. As for knitting, and yeast, fine darning, election cake, training-day gingerbread, and pot-pie, she was simply wonderful. Her root-beer always foamed, her nut cakes fried just right, and her pork and beans were inimitable. These things never are the forte of amiable, gentle, "pretty-behaved" women; energy, force, *Sturm und Drang*, make the world go round, not soft strokes; they have their own power, but it is not the power of leverage. Yet Polly had a certain rough kindness about her when every thing went right.

"Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,  
To make a wash would hardly stew a child."

She did not like children or animals, but she would fish a screaming infant out of the brook, if need were, and had been known not to kick a lame dog that lay down on the door-step. It was wonderful to her mother that Polly had no lovers. People who live together get used sometimes to each other's faults: a husband will ignore a great deal in a wife, because he does not notice her short-comings as others do who do not come under their disturbance daily; and a mother will love and admire the spoiled child who is a nuisance to every body else about her. Polly was handsome, after a fashion; she had hard black eyes, strong curling dark hair, red cheeks, strong white teeth, and a good tall figure, angular and awkward, to be sure, but roundness, grace, dimples, are not the rule in New England; and Polly was better-looking than most of her compeers, yet she had attained the respectable age of thirty-five without an offer, even from a widower, when Cal Culver took heart of grace and asked her to marry him, after a three weeks' courtship, following directly on his consultation with Jim Beebe.

Pollythi neither said yes nor no on that interesting occasion, nor did she go through the ordinary formulas of speech or action; she blushed not, neither sighed, nor drooped her head on Cal's shoulder. She was too far off for such tender demonstration if she had intended it; so she sat bolt-upright in her chair, and answered, audibly: "I'll think on't."

"Well, I wisht you would," manfully responded Cal.

He knew and she knew, and she knew he knew she knew (bless the English language!)

that there was no particular love in the matter. Cal wanted a capable wife, and Pollythi, being a woman, fully understood that it is more creditable to an individual of the weaker sex to be any body's wife than nobody's. She knew very well that Calvary Culver was a shiftless, lazy, penniless fellow, who wanted her to help him; handsome, to be sure; but if Polly's heart warmed the least to his goodly presence, her head was cool enough to chill such absurd flames immediately. Yet even that very "level" head gave a casting vote in favor of Cal. If she married him, she would have her own house and her own way, for she justly reckoned Mrs. Culver as a cipher in the family. At home her mother and her father both "drank delight of battle" with her, and not infrequently got the victory, when they were astute enough to join forces against her; but with Cal she could hold her own, and take on her the state and privileges of a matron, while now she was fast sinking into that purgatory of women—old maidenhood. So she "thought on't" as she promised, and thought favorably; and in due time brisk little Parson Robbins published the banns of marriage between "Calvary Culver, of this place, and Pollythi Bangs, of Squabble Hill," greatly to the edification, if not the amusement, of his congregation. Some smiled and some shook their heads, but the parson looked like a small thunder-cloud, and, before the day was over, effectually turned the thoughts of his flock from Cal and Polly, in this wise:

It seems Jim Beebe had laid a bet with Squire Battle that Parson Robbins couldn't preach a sermon without mentioning the devil—literally his *bête noire*—at least a dozen times, and agreed with him that they both should keep count the next Sunday, and so settle this peculiar wager. Jim accordingly went to meeting armed with a paper of big pins, and at each mention of the devil made by the parson stuck one of them upright in the front edge of the gallery where he sat. A fine row they made before that day was over—thirteen for the morning sermon, fifteen for the afternoon's discourse, and positively twenty by evening.

Jim won his bet, and triumphed. Brief exultation! The parson's keen eye had noticed his fixed attention, and a peering ray of sunshine had twinkled on the new pins. Parson Robbins was pleased. He was a man, after all, of mortal flesh and blood, and to have arrested the attention of such an incorrigible idler and "chuckle-head" as he had more than once stigmatized Jim Beebe did the natural man a deal of good, and imparted power and fervency to his address. He could not quite explain the pins, but tried hard to believe Jim was so absorbed in the discourse he did not know what he was about. Even so have I known a



modern minister speak with pathetic gratification of the effect "a few simple words" of his from the pulpit had upon a certain volatile young lady accidentally present, whom he fondly supposed to be sobbing with emotion, and who, alas! as I had the best reason to know, was merely struggling, with hidden face and abased head, to conquer a fit of mighty laughter brought about by the machinations of a wicked companion. But Parson Robbins was more unlucky than the blessed man who gave me credit for my false-faced emotion, for, going home, a little more upright and confident than ever, he heard a loud cackle of laughter from the steps of Brother Battle's side door, which was screened from the street by some shrubby lilacs, and Jim Beebe's voice uplifted with:

"I stuck one in every time, squire, and you see your tally and mine is as like as peas in a pod. Forty-eight 'devils' in them 'ere three discourses; 'bout as bad as the herd o' swine. Haw! haw! haw! He does beat all for givin' it to th' Enemy, now don't he? But I got my bet."

"That's so," owned Squire Battle, echoing Jim's irresistible chuckle.

Parson Robbins walked on in a state of mind quite changed from the high content he had enjoyed before. He was, in fact, furiously angry; and, thinking he did well to be so, devoted himself to preparing in this week three new sermons entirely free from any allusions to the foul fiend or his work and ways. It was a hard piece of writing to do this—hard as to stand with level guns before the face of a hostile army and not pull a trigger; but yet it taught the parson one lesson unconsciously. He learned more of the goodness of God in the course of those three sermons than in many a long year before, though the knowledge did not immediately bear fruit, for it fell among the thorns of kindled temper and wounded vanity. But they were good sermons, and fell on the ears of his people like dew on the mown grass and showers that water the field. Sweet pale Margaret Robbins lifted up her face—delicate as the cup of a wood-anemone—toward the high pulpit, and wondered what fresh coal from the altar had touched her father's lips; and Deacon Flint, harder than his apt name, stirred uneasily in his square pew, and thought many of such sermons might meddle with his domestic discipline, and put new and revolutionary ideas into his wife's head. But at the end of the evening sermon the parson destroyed the lovely edifice he had so carefully laid up through the day, and restored matters to their usual level by facing about squarely at unlucky Jim Beebe, who sat, as usual, in the gallery, in the face and eyes of the congregation, and remarking, in a loud voice: "There, young man! I have preached three sermons

to-day, and have not mentioned the name of your father once."

Confusion twice confounded fell upon Jim and Squire Battle, and a light rustle of choked and stifled laughter ran through the church, while the parson in a sonorous voice gave out the hymn beginning,

"Why do the wicked boast abroad?"

Under cover of this remarkable incident the publishment of Cal and Polly went into obscurity, and in due time they were married, and Pollythi was installed in the little red house. She came in as with a besom of destruction, fetching store of linen and blankets, fresh splint-bottomed chairs, a new clock, a set of blue-edged crockery, and sundry other plenishings. Granny Culver's rackety belongings were hustled into the second story, and she herself bundled out of her warm bedroom opening out of the kitchen, into one of the two up stairs, which were under the roof, and in this July weather sweltering hot; but Polly announced at once that she "wa'n't a-goin' trapesin' up and down them stairs for evermore," and granny, being in a feeble minority, crept up the sharp ascent, and before long ceased to come down, but lay there, lonely and drowsy, day after day. Polly did not really neglect her. She had proper food, and was kept painfully clean. A little tenderness would have reconciled the old lady to fewer scrubblings and less food, but Polly gave what she had to give. Can any of us do more? Cal was good to her in his lazy way, but Cal was never so put about in his own house before. No peace was left him in those easy-going precincts where he had been used to lie round at his leisure; for now the floor was white with abundant soaping and sanding in the kitchen, the sills polished with scrubbing, the hearth immaculate, the very jambs whitewashed, and a great corn-husk mat lay before every door, whereon he was obliged, at the point of the broom-handle, to rub his boots before he could enter; white curtains adorned every window, the walls glared with fresh whiteness, the most elaborate quilt forbade him to nap on the bed—to rest his head on those shining linen pillow-cases would have made it as uneasy as to wear a crown—and the chintz cushions in rocker and arm-chair were beautiful for sight and situation, but their poppies and roses were never meant to sit down on.

It is true that Cal had never before been regaled with such food as Pollythi prepared. Her bread was whiter than milk, light as cork, delicate as cake; she wrought it after a secret process that Bassett maids and matrons pined to discover, but never attained; and the game Cal brought in was converted into savory stews and crisp broils that would have done credit to a French *chef*. But what atones for domestic peace? How



pathetic is the declaration of Solomon: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house!"

There is but one parallel to this misery—a man with dyspepsia! And if Solomon left him out in this specification, it is because he was a man himself, and there is a way made and provided for men or women to defend themselves against their own sex, which does not hold good against the other.

If Cal Culver had taken into his house a brother whose days were spent in snapping and snarling, in sulking silently, or scolding mercilessly, he would forthwith have extended his good right arm and knocked dyspepsia out of him summarily; but against a woman, and that woman his wife, he was comparatively powerless—almost as powerless as the dyspeptic's wife or children would be against his afflictive manners and customs. So Pollythi pursued her triumphant career, and Cal inhabited the barn and the woods chiefly through the summer, and became almost a fixture by the stove of Squire Battle's store in winter. Polly grew more and more furious over his defection and short-comings, and rather than consume with speechless wrath she spent her time, between the occupations of housekeeping, in pouring that wrath into poor old granny's ears as she lay on her feather-bed in the loft. Granny was helpless, for winter had now set in and bound her hand and foot with "rheumatiz;" she could not even creep up and sit in her rocking-chair, which Cal had insisted should be carried up there, but it was mighty convenient for Pollythi, who sat there by the hour, rocking and scolding and knitting, till granny learned to think the hiss of rushing snows, the crackle of sharp sleet, or the tireless drip of chilly rains upon the roof so close to her head, a song of comfort in comparison with Polly's long diatribes; and when Cal came home at night, or occasionally to dinner, the tongue-tempest raged frantically, all the more that he seemed neither to hear nor fear this wordy assault, but bore himself like

"Feather-bed 'twixt castle wall  
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball,"

eating his dinner as placidly and deliberately as if Polly and he were Darby and Joan.

He did feel one thing, though he diplomatically concealed it, and that was his mother's discomfort; for the poor old woman feebly whimpered her woes to him whenever they had a moment together, and he saw that her life was a burden to her because of this daughter of Heth. But Cal could not help it, and his lazy, sunshiny nature shook off trouble as a duck flirts the rolling waters from her packed and glossy feathers; he said nothing to Polly, nor even let her know that he appreciated his moth-

er's sufferings: discretion was eminently the better part of valor here.

The year rolled on into summer again, and again found Cal and his crony fishing in latter May on Long Lake; the orchards were heaped with rosy bloom, the woods fresh and odorous with young leaves; gold and crimson columbines danced on the rocky shores, and nodded to their vivid counterparts in the still wave below, and the first wood-robin blew his fairy clarion, resonant as a silver bell, sweet as a flute, yet shrill as a violin, in the very highest boughs of the forest; but Cal and Jim, blind and deaf as two images of wood, neither saw nor heard the beauty and songs about them; they were absorbed in discussing the rules and regulations of a hunting club to which they both belonged, and which gave prizes for certain achievements. The subject had been introduced by the sight of a heifer calf, apparently pure Devon, grazing peacefully in a near pasture. It was Cal's calf, the captive of his bow and spear, in one sense, for he had won it as last year's prize.

"Pretty critter', ain't it?" he said to Jim.

"Well, yes; middlin'. I dono but what I should think 'twas all-fired harnsome ef I'd got it as easy as you did, Cal."

"Easy! I tell ye it took some huntin' to git all them heads;" and Cal's blue eyes twinkled with fun as he made this statement.

"Haw! haw! haw! You be the beateree, Cal Cul, of any critter I ever see; there ain't another feller in Bassett would ha' thought o' fetchin' in two hundred mouse heads to the last minnit, and claimin' on 'em for game, so'st they couldn't help but give ye the prize."

"Well, they was game—dreadful lively game too. I 'arned the prize, ef ever a man did."

"I say for't, Cal: ef you had as much grit as you've got gumption, I bet you'd be put up for Guv'nor, or hog-herd, or suthin, afore ye die."

"Mebbe I should—mebbe I should; but 'tain't wuth the trouble, Jim. I'm 'flicted with a chronic overdid from my youth up-'ard, as Parson Robbins might say. I don't see no payin' property in workin' yourself to death afore your time."

"It's awful lucky you've got a real smart wife, now I tell ye."

"Well, there might be two ways o' lookin' at that, now, Jim Beebe. There is sech a thing as bein' too everlastin' smart and spranxious for a feller's comfort."

"That's so," briefly assented Jim.

"Now I don't say but what Pollythi's a smart woman—an orful smart woman; but she's got a kind of a mighty way with her, so to speak—a kinder peppery nater, that makes things lively as a bumble-bee's nest in hayin'-time."

"She's dreadful neat, ain't she?"



"Neat! She's cleaner'n creation arter the flood. There dursn't so much as one small fly skip round where she is; and as for skeeters—my land! she'd ketch 'em and soap their feet ef they durst to hum one time to our house. I b'lieve, 'twixt you and me and the post, she's 'most washed mother away; there ain't but mighty little left of her."

"Why, she used to be kinder fat when I see her."

"Fat! well, she's 'bout as fat's a hen's forehead now, I tell ye. And her floor's sloshed over with a mop so frequent, I believe, honest, she's got the rheumatiz past helpin', or pokeberry rum."

"Do tell!"

"She has, Sir. Priest Robbins he come to see her a spell ago, and he praised up the looks o' things amazin'. Polly she nussed him up with a mug o' flip and a lot o' 'lection cake till he was as pleasant as a young rooster. But thinks, sez I, 'You're nearer to the devil, a-settin' right there, parson, than ever you was afore.' By jinks! I don't want no wuss devil round than a for-everlastin' jawin' woman, Jim Beebe, now I tell ye."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Jim, not knowing what else to say to this astonishing burst of confidence on Cal's part.

"Yes, Sir! it's thunder and lightnin' too, and I dono how to stand it, nor how to git red on't."

Jim had no advice to give. In those days a married pair were helpless, however incompatible they might be; they had to jog along the highways and by-ways of life like an ill-mated pair of oxen, however the yoke galled them, or however much they wanted to gore each other. It was a relief to Cal to have freed his mind to Jim Beebe, whom he knew to be reticent of any real confidence; but it was only a temporary relief: he was as unhappy, or rather as uncomfortable, as a person of his temperament could be; and Pollythi was more unhappy still. Before two years of her married life had gone by she had learned thoroughly to despise her husband; she knew him to be radically lazy and self-indulgent—traits for which she had no mercy or patience. It did not occur to her that in her own way she equally indulged herself! This is a nice distinction often drawn by persons who do not seem able to see that self-indulgence can lie in yielding to evil temper and irritated nerves quite as surely, and far more painfully to others, than in giving way to an indolent and ease-loving nature. Pollythi even claimed to be a religious woman, or to have such intentions; she had assented to the "half-way" covenant of those times, which made her a sort of postulant for full membership at some future period, and she had an honest desire to be a good woman; but she was quite unaware how bitter and

stinging her speech was to Calvary, how differently it sounded in his ears and hers. It was the habit of her life to scold, but it was an unpleasant novelty to him, and for the sake of what little peace was left to his mother he forbore conflict, but chose flight instead. Now if Polly Culver ever had loved any body on earth, it was her handsome, worthless husband, and while she despised his character, she raged with frantic jealousy at his neglect. Anomalous, perhaps; but women are all anomalies. She would have forgotten all his sins had he condescended to coaxing and caressing, but she would have gone on scolding just as usual. At the end of two years Granny Culver died, peacefully and joyfully. She was glad to go somewhere else, if her faith was not very vivid or her hope clear. A sort of dim but helpful belief upheld her to the verge of the grave. Naturally dull of intellect, uneducated, wearing away her hard and simple life in the pursuit of daily bread, yet the relics of early teaching lingered with her, and she died with folded hands, saying "Our Father;" and the words at which she left off were, "Thy will be done."

Calvary went after Parson Robbins to attend the funeral. The parson himself answered that stout thump at the front-door.

"Say, parson, can you 'tend up to mother's funeral to-morrer?"

"Is your mother dead, Calvary? Why! why! why!"

"Ef she wa'n't, there wouldn't be no need o' a funeral," muttered Calvary, under his breath, for the parson was a little deaf.

"Well! well! What was the matter? what was her complaint? what did she die of, eh?"

"Pollythi," stoutly responded Cal.

"Polypus? Dear! dear! Strange disorder. I never heard of a case in these parts."

"Pollythi, I said!" shouted the indignant son.

"Calvary Culver!" The parson's indignation rendered him speechless.

"Well, she did, anyhow; and it's a wuss disease 'n t'other polly, a heap. I'm like to die on't myself afore long, ef somebody don't doctor her for't."

"Your frame of mind is carnal indeed," began Parson Robbins, "if you can talk such talk about your lawful wife."

"Well, I shouldn't say nothin' about her ef she wa'n't my wife," answered the incorrigible Cal; "but ef a man dono what his wife is, who doos? I tell ye Pollythi's the devil and all."

"Hold your profane tongue, Sir!" flamed the parson.

"Tain't no sech; it don't say nowheres in the Bible nothin' about takin' Satan's name in vain, now I'll bet ye. Besides, I took it to good puppus, an' I'll say it agin



for a copper. I'd a darn sight ruther the Old Boy was arter me than Poll, anyway."

"Calvary Culver, I've a great mind to set the tithing man after you for using profane and loose talk; and I will surely if you offend again. This is not to be borne."

"Well, it ain't to the p'int, that's a fact, parson: let's commence to the beginnin' agin. Say, would you ruther hev the corpse fetched to the meetin'-house? and will you hev funeral services to-morrow or a Thursday?"

"Thursday, in the Lord's house. And I say unto you beware, Calvary Culver, lest you be taken at your word, and the Enemy do indeed come after you to enlist you in his service, which is death."

"Amen!" ejaculated Calvary, and strode off; but why did he, a few rods down the road, stop, slap his thigh as in congratulation, and stifle a laugh outwardly that nevertheless shook him all over?

On Thursday the funeral took place in church: Parson Robbins preached a sermon with seventeen heads, calculated to make the flesh creep on the bones of his audience, and with abundant mention of the Enemy therein, as one lying in wait for perishing sinners—a point he directed straight at the chief mourner on this occasion, who received it decorously, though he afterward was heard to remark to Jim Beebe that he did think it was "everlastin' mean to jaw at a feller like that when he can't noway jaw back."

The choir also did their part at exalting the misery and despair of the occasion, by wailing out in the discordant manner of country choirs, "Mear," "China," and "Windham" to appropriate words; the whole ceremony, to an unbiassed observer, presenting rather the aspect of a heathen assemblage howling over the dead, than a Christian church celebrating the falling asleep of a sister in the hope of a joyful resurrection. But as this style of funeral service is still prevalent among us, we can not cast any stones at Bassett, but must turn away and follow Cal Culver—as far as we can.

Home did not become any more home-like or Polly any lovelier to Calvary after his mother's death, but rather more distasteful; and before long, exasperated by his wife's constant vituperation, and unrestrained by any fear of troubling the poor soul who lay safe asleep in the grave-yard, he turned upon the astonished Polly and gave her a good shaking.

This finished the last bit of kindly feeling in her heart; the "dynamic reasons of larger bones" did not appear logical to her; she raved and raged like a perfect fury, and retaliated by throwing the piggin of soft soap at Calvary's head—a missile he would have found sufficiently uncomfortable if Polly could have thrown it straight enough to hit

him, but as it was it only broke the flax wheel in its flight, and poured its contents of unsavory jelly over the basket of fresh-ironed clothes. Polly fell into hysterics, and Cal picked her up, deposited her on the bed, and strode off.

"What's the matter o' you?" shouted Jim Beebe, who was going by seated in an ox-cart, whistling and balancing his long whip as the heavy red beasts made deliberate progress along the road.

"Plenty," curtly responded Cal.

"Hain't seen the Enemy, hev ye?" queried Jim.

"Wisht I had. I'd consider'ble ruther go to the devil than stay to hum 'long o' her"—pointing over his shoulder with expressive thumb toward the house.

"Cal Culver! what ef Priest Robbins heerd ye?"

"Well, what ef he did? He talk about the devil! He don't know nothin'. Both his wives died pretty near right off, and that gal o' his'n is 'most too good to live, folks tell. Folks ain't qualified to preach about things onless they know 'em so to be."

"Well, there is suthin to that," allowed Jim, urging on his slow team. "Where you goin'?"

"Over to the store," gloomily answered Cal. "I'm a-goin' to hire out a spell this year; take it in jobs. Ef I could git a mite o' cash, I'd go to York, sure as you're born, and git suthin to do there. Mebbe I'd git onto a whaler."

"Why, hain't you got cash enough? I thought she had rents out o' the housen in Har'ford?"

"Heavens-to-Betsy! You don't think I ever see a copper o' her cash, do ye? It's trusted out to a bank in Har'ford quick as lightnin'. It don't never peek at Bassett; and ef it did, I shouldn't have none of it."

"But I b'lieve, accordin' to law, it's all your'n, to hev an' to hold, ain't it?"

"'Tain't accordin' to Pollythi, and that's more to the p'int, a lot. I wouldn't hev it nuther—not to git it by law. She'd make it burn my fingers and p'ison my pocket. No, Sir, I ain't got no hankerin' arter work, but I'd ruther hill corn than squabble for her money."

"Well, well, I don't say but I agree with ye so fur. But it doos seem cur'us, kinder, how she works it with ye. Say! Deacon Flint he wants help. He's a-plantin' the ten-acre medder this year, and he reckons to hire, his rheumatics is so dreadful bad."

"I sha'n't get puss-proud on his pay," dryly remarked Cal; "but mebbe I'd better take up with it, seein' it's three mile off."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared Jim; and the oxen, roused by that familiar sound, turned placidly off to the left. And while Jim was trailing them back into position with, "Gee,



Buck! Gee, I tell ye, Bright! Git up! Gee, can't ye?" and sundry cracks of the whip, Calvary stalked off the other way, and at night announced to Pollythi that he had "got a job" at Deacon Flint's.

He worked here pretty steadily for a week or two, ploughing the great field for winter rye, and renewing the fence, which was old and feeble, being very little at home, and receiving Polly's wordy flights with contemptuous silence. He took his dinner always to the field—an abundant and wholesome provision, for Polly never stinted any one in their food—and matters appeared to have settled down into an armed neutrality, when one noon-time a mighty knocking startled Parson Robbins from his sermon-writing, and he opened the door to behold Calvary Culver, his fair hair disturbed, as if it had been standing on end, his eyes big as saucers, and drops of sweat thick over all his face, which was disturbed by a wild look of terror and dismay.

"Oh Lord! parson! I've been and gone and done it now!" he exclaimed, as the parson's square dark visage glared sternly upon him over the lower half of the door.

"Set a guard on your lips, Calvary Culver," indignantly exclaimed the parson.

"Oh L— Oh! Well, th' occasion kinder needs cussin'. Well, I won't: so there. But I do want to tell ye suthin, parson. I'm under concern, so to speak; I want dealin' with."

The parson's face brightened.

"Bless the Lord! Walk in, my friend; walk in! This is indeed to be rejoiced in."

"I dono," said Cal, ruefully; "I should say 'twas to be t'other thinged, myself."

"Sit down there," said the parson, when he had piloted him to the study, pointing to a splint-bottomed chair, hard and straight enough to have served as a stool of repentance—"sit there, and let us reason together."

"Well, fust and foremost, I want to tell ye suthin; then you kin reason on't ef you hanker to. I don't. I'm nigh about skeered to death, parson. I swan to man I be."

"Can not you tell your story without unseemly words, my friend?" objected the parson.

"Well, I dono's I can, and I dono as I can; fact is, I want suthin to h'ist me along, as it might be, seemin'ly, and I'm used to them words you tell about. Lordy! what's words? They don't mean nothin' when you're used to 'em, no more'n a cat-bird's scoldin'; come kinder nateral."

"Well! well! go on!" ejaculated the parson, who really felt much more like swearing than Calvary, for it was late in the week, and a happy train of thought in his sermon curtly interrupted.

"Well, you see I'm a-workin' for Deacon Flint; bea a-ploughin' and seedin' down and

harrerin' that 'ere ten-acre medder o' his'n. He don't pay fust-rate, ye know; but for sartin private reasons, such as the man had that killed the goose, I wanted a job that wa'n't nigh hum, so I took up with that. Well, I was harrerin' away this mornin', 'most to the eend o' the lot, and kinder speculatin' whether or no I'd go to choppin' to-morrer, or whether I'd go up on to the mounting and snare a mess o' pa'tridges."

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow," put in the parson, solemnly.

"I wa'n't, as I knows of; but I kinder hankered arter them birds; they've ben a-fat-tin' up on the deacon's buckwheat this four weeks back, and they'll be plump as punkins. Well, that ain't here nor there. But, as I was sayin', I got nigh about to the road eend o' the lot, and I see somebody a-comin' full tilt down the road. Thinks me, that's Jim Beebe, so I let the critters stop. They'd allers ruther stop, ye know, than go 'long, oxen would; they're slower'n molasses."

The parson wiped his damp face. To a man of his temper this prolixity was maddening. "Well! well! well! Never mind the team; go on, Calvary."

"Why, I was a-goin' on. Well, you see, I kinder leaned up agin the fence to wait for him, but when he come along I see 'twa'n't nobody I ever see afore, nor nobody 't looked like any body I ever see afore. 'Twas a dreadful dark-complected man, reel spry appearin', one that looked as though his name was Smart, now I tell ye. My! how them eyes o' his'n did snap! Jest like Pollythi's when she throwed the piggin at my head, only he didn't act noways mad, and I didn't think nothin' strange o' his eyes till I come to rec'lect them arter he'd gone. You know, parson, folks don't allers sense things right off; they sorter call 'em to mind, so to speak, as it might be, arter they've gone by. Well, he come along and spoke reel civil; sez, 'How be ye?' or suthin; 'tain't no great matter what he did say—I guess 'twas 'bout the weather; but he went on fur to say, 'Got a job, hain't ye?' 'Well,' sez I, 'I hev, and I hain't: I've got through here; there's quite a spell o' choppin' in his wood-lot I could hev, I s'pose, ef I hankered to.' 'Well,' sez he, 'I want a feller o' 'bout your heft to work for me a spell. I'll give good wages.' So I sez, 'What 'll ye give?' for I wa'n't gittin' but three-an'-sixpence by the day, boardin' myself: ye know Deacon Flint's a dreadful near man; he dursn't look at a dollar outside his pocket, it scares him so. So I reckoned here was a chance of a betterment: and ef he didn't up and offer me a dollar right off, and found!"

"Filthy lucre," groaned the parson.

"No, he wa'n't filthy a mite; he was dressed up for 'lection, I tell ye, ef he was lookin'; but I snapped him up jest as a picker-



el does a shiner. Sez I, 'I'm your feller.' 'Well,' sez he, 'you might go 'long an' hire out to somebody 't offered ye more; let's hev it in writin'. I b'lieve in contracks.' 'Hev it your own way,' sez I. 'Fetch on your contrack.' So he whipped a little book out o' his pocket, an' sez he, 'I keep my 'greements writ out in here. I'm a hirin' out a lot o' men for this here coalin' job.' I dono's I mentioned, parson, he told me, fust go off, 'twas a coalin' job. 'So now,' sez he, 'write your name down here.' 'Jee-rus'lem!' sez I; 'I don't keep pen and ink in my breeches pocket, do you?' He larfed a little, and then he sez, 'Well, prick your finger; there's a crow's feather; I'll make a pen for ye.' Sure enough he did, and I jest scratched a place on my arm till I fetched a leetle mite o' blood, and writ my name down in the book with that crow-quill, as sure as you're a livin' critter."

"Singular," muttered the parson.

"Sing'lar! I guess it was. Fust I knew he wa'n't there. I'd dropped my whip stock while I was writin', and when I'd writ, sez I, 'Where do ye live?' 'Well, quite a ways off, down by the Kingdom,' sez he; 'but I'll come and fetch ye a Friday come two weeks, to-day bein' Saturday.' So then I bent down to git my whip stock, and, as sure as you're born, when I straightened up, that black feller wa'n't there; but there was the all-firedest stink! Thunder! ef you'd had a bonfire o' roll brimstone, 'twouldn't ha' ben no wuss. That struck me all of a heap. I know'd what that meant quicker'n punk. Sartin as you live, I'd gin a contrack to the Enemy, and he'll be arter me immediate. Now what be I a-goin' to do, parson?"

Parson Robbins paced up and down his small study, his eye kindled and his head erect, like one who snuffs the battle afar off, muttering to himself, half aloud: "He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; but resist him—yea, resist the devil and he shall flee from thee. This kind goeth not out save by prayer and fasting. Calvary Culver"—turning to the victim, who sat watching him with a peculiar look of intelligence and craft in his half-shut eye—"Calvary Culver, this is an awful warning to you. Repent and flee from all your evil doings. You have lived a kind of a shiftless life, not profitable to God or man, nor according to your chief end, and now Satan hath desired to have thee. But the Adversary shall be put to flight. I will appoint a day of fasting and prayer in the church. It shall be the day of your master's arrival to fetch you, but by the help of the Lord we will slay a thousand—yea, we will put ten thousand to flight."

"Well, now, parson, I didn't expect to give ye no sech trouble," said Cal, looking a little uneasy. "I thought I'd oughter tell ye, so'st ef I was took away sudden, you

might kinder suspect whereabouts I was; and I didn't know but what you could give me suthin, some kind of a word, ye know, like them long ones in the fust part o' the Bible, to scare him off, ef he reelly was the Old Boy."

"I will have the day of prayer appointed very shortly," went on the parson, giving little heed to Cal's remonstrances or suggestions. "To-morrow is already occupied with another subject; I am advised to pray for rain."

"Well, 'tis everlastin' dry, that's a fact; I dono's that winter wheat ever will come up, anyhow," assented Calvary.

"Besides, I think it better to appoint the day the Evil One hath himself set, for I think he will scarcely venture into the house of the Lord to seize his prey."

And the parson smiled a grim smile, as who should say, "I have outgeneraled the enemy."

So Calvary left him and went his way, finished his day's work, and told Pollythi the whole story at the tea-table.

At first that strong-minded woman was disinclined to accept the tale, but education and superstition were too much for her; she ended by believing it all, and prepared for church in the morning with a sense of personal importance, for heretofore she had not considered her husband of enough consequence for even the devil to come after him.

It was a splendid October day; the abundant forests burned in the soft red sunshine like crusted gems and dead gold; the air was sweet and sad with odors of dying foliage and fading flowers. A rich silence brooded over the hills and fields of Bassett, broken only by the first sounding of the bell for service, which aroused here and there, in answer to its summons, clouds of dust from the ash-dry roads, stirred by the heavy wagons and deliberate horses of the more distant farmers.

The day was so quiet, so serene, the blue heaven and the gorgeous misty hills so lovely in their calm repose, that Bassett might have passed for a bit of paradise. But to the astonishment of every body Parson Robbins trotted across the green to church carrying a great green umbrella.

"Why, parson," asked Squire Battle, who was "standing around" on the meeting-house steps, "ain't ye kind of prematoor? There ain't the first sign o' rain."

"I shall fetch her! I shall fetch her!" sharply answered the parson, as if his neighbor had been doubting Thomas; and to be sure, before the second service was well begun, the mists gathered depth and then blackness, light winds sighed through the forest and died out in ominous quiet, thunder growled afar off, drew nearer and nearer, and then the heavens opened suddenly, dashing their stores of rain upon the thirsty



earth, and drowning the parson's triumphant burst of praise and thanksgiving in the clatter it made on the old church roof. The people were impressed, as well they might be, and when the parson went on to appoint a day of fasting and prayer, the next Friday week, for a brother in distress and danger, a feeling of awe and interest stole through the congregation, and after service was over many a question was asked and answer suggested, but the parson spoke to nobody; he went home in silence; he had never felt nearer to God, or more sure of victory over Satan than now.

Cal and Jim Beebe went home together through the rain, which had quieted down now to a cold drizzle. Some neighbors had taken Pollythi into their wagon.

"Parson's a hero at prayer, ain't he?" suggested Jim.

"Well, he ain't nothin' else."

"But who d'you suppose the feller is in sech trouble they've got to hev a meetin' about him?"

Cal gave him an expressive punch with his elbow. "Lawful sakes! it's me, Jim."

"Sho!" Jim exclaimed, standing still, and facing round at Calvary with wide eyes and open mouth.

"'Tis, I tell ye. Now shet up that mouth o' your'n, and come along, and I'll tell ye the hull on't."

So he poured his tale into Jim's willing ear, whether with any additions or emendations history has not recorded; if there were, the reader's imagination must supply them. It is only sure that Jim went home with an expression of mixed amusement and astonishment on his face that did not do credit to the solemnity of the story.

At last the eventful Friday arrived. Parson Robbins, after much pondering, had marshalled and ordered his forces and planned his battle array. Calvary was ushered into the gallery of the meeting-house, and placed in the front seat. He had on his Sunday suit; his hair was laid as flat as those rebellious curls could be by the aid of a tallow candle assiduously applied, and his handsome face was shining with yellow soap and water; his boots had a portentous creak to them, and his blue eyes were empty of all expression as he sat there, his great red hands clasping a still redder bandana handkerchief, and he himself supported by the proud consciousness that he was the object of all this bustle and attention. At the head of the stairs leading into the gallery Simeon Tucker, the blacksmith, holding a mighty stick, stood on guard, lest the Old Boy should take on himself to come in person and nab Cal Culver before meeting was over; and at the foot of the stairs another muscular brother, with another stick, looked both ways with his cross-eyes, as if he kept double watch and ward. Jim Bee-

be, escorting Cal to the door, as became a true comrade, suggested the idea to him that the parson had picked out Josiah on this very account, and Calvary found it hard to repress an indecorous chuckle.

But once in the church chuckling was at an end. The parson read long selections from the Bible; all the minatory Psalms, to begin with, and then every verse he could find under the heads relating to Satan in the Concordance; then certain awful hymns, minor in key and minor in thought, were wailed and groaned out by the congregation; then the parson prayed, and Deacon Flint prayed, till the very gates of heaven seemed to be stormed. Then there was more reading, followed by a short discourse of twelve heads only, in which the parson gave a full account of "the young man's" experience, and a historic and biographic account of the devil, going back to Eden. During the first part of the discourse Cal sat on thorns. He was not overly modest or shy, but to be the centre of all those eyes was abashing even to him; and, moreover, he was much bored with the whole matter—the seat was hard, the day was warm, as late October days sometimes are; he was hungry and thirsty too, for though he had tied up a loaf of rye bread and several slices of cheese in a handkerchief that morning, and filled a flat bottle with cider, he did not fetch them to church.

After the sermon, praying began again. Every brother present "desired to jine" in the exercise, and the sun was ready to set before these zealous members gave out. Flesh and blood could not bear it longer, and at last Parson Robbins wound up the meeting with a pointed but brief exhortation to Cal and a benediction. Then the two stalwart men, clubs and all, escorted Calvary to his own house, lest some outlying fiend should snap him up, while Pollythi lingered a little, to talk it all over with Deacon Flint's wife.

The spiritual constables brought him safely to the red house, and declared afterward that he seemed much solemnized by the way, and thanked them kindly for their good offices. He shut the door upon them with a composed countenance—but from that day to this Calvary Culver was never again seen in Bassett.

Many were the conjectures as to his fate, though most people believed with Parson Robbins that the devil was as good as his word, and had taken him off, body and soul, as well as his new overalls, which were missing. Pollythi mourned him decorously, but in a couple of years married again, in spite of Jim Beebe's remonstrances and his wild idea that Cal might turn up yet. But he never did; and to this day Bassett people tell the shuddering tale of Cal Culver and the devil.



# THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

## BOOK FOURTH.

The old affection between mother and son re-asserts itself, and relenting steps are taken.—A critical conjuncture ensues, truly the turning-point in the lives of all concerned.—Eustacia has the move, and she makes it; but not till the sun has set does she suspect the consequences involved in her choice of courses.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE RENCONTRE BY THE POOL.

THE August sun shone over Egdon, and fired its crimson heather to a scarlet glow. It was the one season of the year, and the one weather of the season, in which the heath was gorgeous. This flowering period represented the second or noontide division in the cycle of those superficial changes which alone were possible here; it followed the green or young-fern period representing the morn, and preceded the brown period, when the heath-bells and ferns would wear the russet tinges of evening, to be in turn displaced by the dark hue of the winter period, representing night.

Clym and Eustacia, in their little house at Alderworth, were living on with a monotony which was delightful to them. The heath and changes of weather were quite blotted out from their eyes for the present. They were inclosed in a sort of luminous mist, which hid from them surroundings of any inharmonious color, and gave to all things the character of light. When it rained they were charmed, because they could remain in-doors together all day with such a show of reason; when it was fine they were charmed, because they could sit together on the hills. They were like those double stars which revolve round and round each other, and from a distance appear to be one. The absolute solitude in which they lived intensified their reciprocal thoughts; yet it had the disadvantage of consuming their mutual affections at a fearfully prodigal rate. Any body but themselves might have recollected that the early love of a man and wife who, by pressure of circumstances, are only able to meet and think of each other one hour a day, will last twelve times as long as that of those who indulge in the pleasure from morning to night. Yeobright did not fear for his own part; but the rapidity with which Eustacia's passion glowed sometimes caused him to ask himself a question; and he recoiled at the thought that the quality of finiteness was not foreign to Eden.

When three or four weeks had passed thus, Yeobright resumed his reading in earnest. To make up for lost time he studied indefatigably, for he wished to enter his new profession with the least possible delay.

Now Eustacia's dream had always been that, once married to Clym, she would have

the power of inducing him to return to Paris. He had carefully withheld all promise to do so; but would he be proof against her coaxing and argument? She had calculated to such a degree on the probability of success that she had represented Paris, and not Budmouth, to her grandfather as in all likelihood their future home. Her hopes were bound up in this dream. In the quiet days since their marriage, when Yeobright had been poring over her lips, her eyes, and the lines of her face, she had mused and mused on the subject, even while in the act of returning his gaze; and now the sight of the books, indicating a future which was antagonistic to her dream, struck her with a positively painful jar. She was hoping for the time when, as the mistress of some pretty establishment, however small, in Paris, she would be passing her days on the skirts, at least, of the gay world, and catching stray wafts from those town pleasures she was so well fitted to enjoy. Yet Yeobright was as firm in the contrary intention as if the tendency of marriage were rather to develop the fantasies of young enthusiasm than to sweep them away.

Her anxiety reached a high pitch; but there was something in Clym's undeviating manner which made her hesitate before sounding him on the subject. At this point in their experience, however, an incident helped her. It occurred one evening about six weeks after their union, and arose entirely out of the unconscious misapplication by Venn of the fifty guineas intended for Yeobright.

A day or two after her receipt of the money, Thomasin had sent a note to her aunt to thank her. She had been surprised at the comparative largeness of the amount, but as no sum had ever been mentioned, she set that down to her late uncle's generosity. She had been strictly charged by her aunt to say nothing to her husband of this gift; and Wildeve, as was natural enough, had not brought himself to mention to his wife a single particular of the midnight scene in the heath. Christian's terror, in like manner, had tied his tongue on the share he took in that proceeding, and having learned from Venn that the money had gone to its proper destination, he simply asserted as much, without giving details.

Therefore, when a week or two had passed away, Mrs. Yeobright began to wonder why she had never heard from her son of



the receipt of the present; and to add gloom to her perplexity came the possibility that resentment might be the cause of his silence. She could hardly believe as much, but why did he not write? She questioned Christian, and the confusion in his answers would at once have led her to believe that something was wrong had not one-half of his story been corroborated by Thomasin's note.

Mrs. Yeobright was in this state of uncertainty when she was informed one morning that her son's wife was visiting her grandfather at Mistover. She determined to walk up the hill, see Eustacia, and ascertain from her daughter-in-law's lips whether the family guineas, which were to Mrs. Yeobright what family jewels are to wealthier dowagers, had miscarried or not.

She started at two o'clock on this errand, and her plan of meeting Eustacia was hastened by the appearance of the young lady beside the pool and bank which bordered her grandfather's premises, where she stood surveying the scene, and perhaps thinking of the romantic enactments it had witnessed in past days. When Mrs. Yeobright approached, Eustacia surveyed her with the calm stare of a stranger.

The mother-in-law was the first to speak. "I was coming to see you," she said.

"Indeed," said Eustacia, with surprise, for Mrs. Yeobright, much to the girl's mortification, had refused to be present at the wedding. "I did not at all expect you."

"I was coming on business only," said the visitor, more coldly than at first. "If you or my son had acknowledged the receipt of the money, it would not have been necessary for me to come at all."

Their conversation had had an untoward opening. Eustacia replied with off-handed softness: "We have received nothing."

"Are you sure that he has not?"

"I think it very unlikely that he can have done so without my knowing; his astonishment at receiving any thing from one who would not do us the poor kindness of being present at our wedding would surely have led him to tell me."

"There you mistake me," said Mrs. Yeobright, coming a step nearer. "Unkindness had nothing to do with my staying away. Kind actions are not so foreign to my nature as you would seem to believe. You ought to have better opinions of me."

Eustacia was silent for a minute. "You were against me from the first," she murmured.

"No. I was simply for him," replied Mrs. Yeobright, with too much emphasis in her earnestness. "It is the instinct of every one to look after their own."

"How can you imply that he required guarding against me?" cried Eustacia, passionate tears in her eyes. "I have not injured him by marrying him. What sin

have I done that you should think so ill of me? You had no right to speak against me to him when I have never wronged you."

"I only did what was fair under the circumstances," said Mrs. Yeobright, more softly. "I would rather not have gone into this question at present, but you compel me. I am not ashamed to tell you the honest truth. I was firmly convinced that he ought not to marry you, therefore I tried to dissuade him by all the means in my power. But it is done now, and I have no idea of complaining any more. I am ready to welcome you."

"Ah, yes, it is very well to see things in that business point of view," murmured Eustacia, a smothered fire of feeling being suggested by her bearing. "But I have a spirit as well as you. I am indignant; and so would any woman be. It was a condescension in me to be his wife, and not a manoeuvre, let me remind you; and therefore I will not be treated as a schemer whom it becomes necessary to bear with because she has crept into the family."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Yeobright, vainly endeavoring to control her anger. "I have never heard any thing to show that my son's lineage is not as good as the Vyes'—perhaps better. It is amusing to hear you talk of condescension."

"It was condescension, nevertheless," said Eustacia, vehemently. "And if I had known then what I know now, that I should be living in this wild heath a month after my marriage, I—I should have thought twice before agreeing."

"It would be better not to say that; it might not sound truthful. I am not aware that any deception was used on his part—I know there was not—whatever might have been the case on the other side."

"This is too exasperating," answered the younger woman, huskily, her face crimsoning, and her eyes darting light. "How can you dare to speak to me like that! I insist upon repeating to you that had I known that my life would from my marriage up to this time have been as it is, I should have said No. I don't complain. I have never uttered a sound of such a thing to him; but it is true. I hope, therefore, that in the future you will be silent on my eagerness. If you injure me now, you injure yourself."

"Injure you? Do you think I am an evil-disposed person?"

"You injured me before my marriage."

"I never spoke of you outside my house."

"You spoke of me within it, to him, the chief of all."

"I did my duty."

"And I'll do mine."

"A part of which will possibly be to set him against me. It is always so. But why should I not bear it as others have borne it before me?"



"I understand you," said Eustacia, breathless with emotion. "You think me capable of every bad thing. Who can be worse than a woman who poisons her husband's mind against his mother? Yet that is now the character given to me. Will you not come and drag him out of my hands?"

Mrs. Yeobright gave back heat for heat. "Don't rage at me, madam. It ill becomes your beauty, and I am not worth the injury you may do it on my account, I assure you. I am only a poor old woman who has lost a son."

"If you had treated me honorably, you would have had him still," Eustacia said, while scalding tears trickled from her eyes. "You have brought yourself to folly; you have caused a division which can never be healed."

"I have done nothing. This audacity from a young woman is more than I can bear."

"It was asked for—you have made me speak of my husband in a way I would not have done. You will let him know that I have spoken thus, and it will cause misery between us. Will you go away from me?—you are no friend."

"I will go when I have spoken a word. If any one says that I attempted to stop your marriage by any but honest means, that person speaks untruly. I have fallen in an evil time; God has been unjust to me in letting you insult me. Probably my son's happiness does not lie on this side of the grave, for he is a foolish man who neglects the advice of his parent. You, Eustacia, stand on the edge of a precipice without knowing it. Only show my son one-half the temper you have shown me to-day—and you may before long—and you will find that though he is gentle as a child with you now, he can be as hard as steel."

The excited mother then withdrew, and Eustacia, panting, stood looking into the pool.

## CHAPTER II.

HE IS SET UPON BY ADVERSITIES; BUT HE SINGS A SONG.

THE result of that unpropitious interview was that Eustacia, instead of passing the afternoon with her grandfather, hastily returned home to Clym, where she arrived three hours earlier than she had been expected.

She came in-doors with her face flushed, and her eyes still showing traces of her recent excitement. Yeobright looked up astonished; he had never seen her in any way approaching to that state before. She passed him by and would have gone up stairs unnoticed, but Clym was so concerned that he immediately followed her.

"What is the matter, Eustacia?" he said. She was standing on the hearth-rug in the bedroom, looking upon the floor, her hands clasped in front of her, her bonnet yet unre-moved. For a moment she did not answer; and then she replied in a low voice: "I have seen your mother; and I will never see her again."

A weight fell like a stone upon Clym. That same morning, when Eustacia had arranged to go and see her grandfather, Clym had expressed a wish that she would drive down to Blooms End and inquire for her mother-in-law, or adopt any other means she might think fit to bring about a reconciliation. She had set out gayly; and he had hoped for much.

"Why is this?" he asked.

"I can not tell—I can not remember. I met your mother; and I will never meet her again."

"Why?"

"What do I know about her family affairs? I won't have bitter opinions passed on me by any body. Oh! it was too humiliating to be asked if we had received any money from her. That began the dispute, and then it went on to worse."

"How could she have asked you that?"

"She did."

"Then there must have been some meaning in it. What did my mother say besides?"

"I don't know what she said, except in so far as this, that we both said words which can never be forgiven."

"Oh, there must be some misapprehension. Whose fault was it that her meaning was not made clear?"

"I would rather not say. It may have been the fault of the circumstances, which were awkward at the very least. Oh, Clym—I can not help expressing it—this is an unpleasant position that you have placed me in! But you must improve it—yes, say you will; for I hate it all now. Yes, take me to Paris, and go on with your old occupation, Clym. I don't mind how humbly we live there at first, if it can only be Paris, and not Egdon Heath."

"But I have quite given up that idea," said Yeobright, with surprise. "Surely I never led you to expect such a thing?"

"I own it. Yet there are thoughts which can not be kept out of mind, and that one was mine. Must I not have a voice in the matter, now I am your wife, and the sharer of your doom?"

"Well, there are things which are placed beyond the pale of discussion; and I thought this was specially so, and by mutual agreement."

"Clym, I am unhappy at what I hear," she said, in a low voice; and her eyes drooped, and she turned away.

This indication of an unexpected mine of



hope in Eustacia's bosom disconcerted her husband. It was the first time that he had confronted the fact of the indirectness of a woman's movement toward her desire. But his intention was unshaken, though he loved Eustacia well. All the effect that her remark had upon him was a resolve to chain himself more closely than ever to his books, so as to be the sooner enabled to appeal to substantial results from another course in arguing against her whim.

Next day the mystery of the guineas was explained. Thomasin paid them a hurried visit, and Clym's share was delivered up to him by her own hands. Eustacia was not present at the time.

"Then this is what my mother meant," exclaimed Clym. "Thomasin, do you know that they have had a bitter quarrel?"

There was a little more reticence now than formerly in Thomasin's manner toward her cousin. It is the effect of marriage to engender in several directions some of the reserve it annihilates in one. "Your mother told me," she said, quietly. "She came back to my house."

"The worst thing I dreaded has come to pass. Was mother much disturbed when she came to you, Thomasin?"

"Yes."

"Very much indeed?"

"Yes."

Clym leaned his elbow upon the post of the garden gate, and covered his eyes with his hand.

"Don't trouble about it, Clym. They may get to be friends."

He shook his head. "Not two people with inflammable natures like theirs. Well, what must be will be."

"One thing is cheerful in it—the guineas are not lost."

"I would rather have lost them twice over than have had this happen."

Amid these jarring events, Yeobright felt one thing to be indispensable—that he should speedily make some show of progress in his scholastic plans. With this view he read far into the small hours during many nights.

One morning, after a severer strain than usual, he awoke with a strange sensation in his eyes. The sun was shining directly upon the window-blind, and at his first glance thitherward a sharp pain obliged him to quickly close his eyelids. At every new attempt to look about him the same morbid sensibility to light was manifested, and excoriating tears ran down his cheeks. He was obliged to tie a bandage over his brow while dressing, and during the day it could not be abandoned. Eustacia was thoroughly alarmed. On finding that the case was no better the next morning, they decided to send to Southerton for a surgeon.

Toward evening he arrived, and pronounced the disease to be acute inflammation, induced by Clym's night studies, continued in spite of a cold previously caught, which had weakened his eyes for the time.

Fretting with impatience at this interruption to a task he was so anxious to hasten, Clym was transformed into an invalid. He was shut up in a room from which all light was excluded, and his condition would have been one of absolute misery had not Eustacia read to him by the glimmer of a shaded lamp. He hoped that the worst would soon be over; but at the surgeon's third visit he learned to his dismay that although he might venture out of doors with protected eyes in the course of a month, all thought of pursuing his work, or of reading print of any description, would have to be given up for a long time to come.

One week and another week wore on, and nothing seemed to lighten the gloom of the young couple. Dreadful imaginings occurred to Eustacia, but she carefully refrained from uttering them to her husband. Suppose he should become blind, or, at all events, never recover sufficient strength of sight to engage in an occupation which would be congenial to her feelings, and conduce to her removal from this lonely dwelling among the hills? That dream of beautiful Paris was not likely to cohere into substance in the presence of this misfortune. As day after day passed by, and he got no better, her mind ran more and more in this mournful groove, and she would go away from him into the garden, and weep despairing tears.

Yeobright thought he would send for his mother; and then he thought he would not. Knowledge of his state could only make her the more unhappy; and the seclusion of their life was such that she would hardly be likely to learn the news except through a special messenger. Endeavoring to take the trouble as philosophically as possible, he waited on till the fourth week had arrived, when he went into the open air for the first time since the attack. The surgeon visited him again at this stage, and Clym pressed him to express a distinct opinion. The young man learned with added surprise that the date at which he might expect to resume his labors was as uncertain as ever, his eyes being in that peculiar state which, though affording him sight enough for walking about, would not admit of their being strained upon any definite object without incurring the risk of reproducing ophthalmia in its acute form.

Clym was very grave at the intelligence, but not despairing. A quiet firmness, and even cheerfulness, took possession of him. He was not to be blind; that was enough. To be doomed to behold the world through smoked glass for an indefinite period was



bad enough, and fatal to any kind of advance; but Yeobright was an absolute stoic in the face of mishaps which only affected his social standing; and, apart from Eustacia, the humblest walk of life would satisfy him if it could be made to work in with some form of his culture scheme. To keep a cottage night school was one such form; and his affliction did not master his spirit as it might otherwise have done.

He walked through the warm sun westward, into those tracks of Egdon with which he was best acquainted, being those lying nearer to his old home. He saw before him in one of the valleys the gleaming of whetted iron, and, advancing, dimly perceived that the shine came from the tool of a man who was cutting furze. The worker recognized Clym, and Yeobright learned from the voice that the speaker was Humphrey.

Humphrey expressed his sorrow at Clym's condition, and added: "Now if yours was low-class work like mine, you could go on with it just the same."

"Yes: I could," said Yeobright, musingly. "How much do you get for cutting these fagots?"

"Half a crown a hundred; and in these long days I can live very well on the wages."

During the whole of Yeobright's walk home to Alderworth he was lost in reflections which were not of an unpleasant kind. On his coming up to the house Eustacia spoke to him from the open window, and he went across to her.

"Darling," he said, "I am much happier. And if my mother were reconciled to me and to you, I should, I think, be happy quite."

"I fear that will never be," she said, looking afar with her beautiful, stormy eyes. "How *can* you say 'I am happier,' and nothing changed?"

"It arises from my having at last discovered something I can do, and get a living at, in this time of misfortune."

"Yes?"

"I am going to be a furze-cutter."

"No, Clym!" she said, the slight hopefulness apparent in her face going off again, and leaving her worse than before.

"Surely I shall. Is it not very unwise in us to go on spending the little money we've got, when I can keep down expenditure by an honest occupation? The out-door exercise will do me good, and who knows but that in a few months I shall be able to go on with my reading again?"

"But my grandfather offers to assist us, if we require assistance."

"We don't require it. If I go furze-cutting we shall be fairly well off."

"In comparison with slaves, and the Israelites in Egypt, and such people!" A bitter tear rolled down Eustacia's face, which he did not see. There had been nonchalance

in his tone, showing her that he felt no absolute grief at a consummation which to her was a positive horror.

The very next day Yeobright went to Humphrey's cottage, and borrowed of him leggings, gloves, a whetstone, and a hook, to use till he should be able to purchase some for himself. Then he sallied forth with his new fellow-laborer and old acquaintance, and selecting a spot where the furze grew thickest, he struck the first blow in his adopted calling. His sight, like the wings in *Rasselas*, though useless to him for his grand purpose, sufficed well enough for this, and he found that after a little practice should have hardened his palms against blistering, he would be able to work with ease.

Day after day he rose with the sun, buckled on his leggings, and went off to the rendezvous with Humphrey. His custom was to work from four in the morning till noon; then, when the heat of the day was at its highest, to go home and sleep for an hour or two; afterward coming out again and working till dusk at nine.

This man from Paris was now so disguised by his leather accoutrements, and by the goggles he was obliged to wear over his eyes, that his closest friend might have passed by without recognizing him. He was a brown spot in the midst of an expanse of olive-green gorse, and nothing more. Though frequently depressed in spirit when not actually at work, owing to thoughts of Eustacia's position and his mother's estrangement, when in the full swing of labor he was cheerfully disposed and calm.

His daily life was of a curious microscopic sort, his whole world being limited to a circuit of a few feet from his person. Bees hummed around his ears and tugged at the heath and furze flowers, weighing them down to the sod. The strange amber-colored butterflies which Egdon produced, and which were never seen elsewhere, quivered in the sunny air, alighted upon his bowed back, and sported with the glittering point of his hook as he flourished it up and down. Tribes of emerald-green grasshoppers leaped over his feet, falling awkwardly on their backs, heads, or hips, like unskillful acrobats, as chance might rule, or engaged themselves in noisy flirtations under the fern fronds with silent ones of homely hue. Huge flies, ignorant of ladders and wire netting, and quite in a savage state, buzzed about him without knowing that he was a man. In and out of the fern brakes snakes glided in their most brilliant blue and yellow guise, it being the season immediately following the shedding of their old skins, when their colors are brightest. Litters of young rabbits came out from their forms to sun themselves upon hillocks, where the sunbeams blazed through the delicate tissue of their thin-fleshed ears, firing them to



a blood-red transparency in which each vein could be seen.

The monotony of his occupation soothed him, and was in itself a pleasure. A forced limitation of effort offered a justification of homely courses to an unambitious man, whose conscience would hardly have allowed him to remain in obscurity while his powers were unimpeded. Hence Yeobright sometimes sang to himself, and when obliged to accompany Humphrey in search of long brambles for fagot bonds, he would amuse his companion with sketches of Parisian life and character, and so wile away the time.

On one of these warm afternoons Eustacia walked out alone in the direction of Yeobright's place of work. He was busily chopping away at the furze, a long row of fagots which stretched downward from his position representing the labor of the day. He did not observe her approach, and she stood close to him, and heard his undercurrent of song. It shocked her. To see him there, a poor afflicted man, earning money by the sweat of his brow, had at first moved her to tears; but to hear him sing and not at all rebel against an occupation which, however satisfactory to himself, was degrading to her as an educated lady-wife, wounded her through. Unconscious of her presence, he still went on singing:

*"Le point du jour  
À nos bosquets rend toute leur parure;  
Flore est plus belle à son retour;  
L'oiseau reprend doux chant d'amour:  
Tout célèbre dans la nature  
Le point du jour.*

*"Le point du jour  
Cause parfois, cause douleur extrême,  
Que l'espace des nuits est court  
Pour le berger brûlant d'amour,  
Forcé de quitter ce qu'il aime  
Au point du jour."*

It was bitterly plain to Eustacia that he did not care much about social failure; and the proud fair woman bowed her head and wept in sick despair at thought of the blasting effect upon her own life of that mood and condition in him. Then she came forward.

"I would starve rather than do it," she exclaimed, vehemently. "And you can sing! I will go and live with my grandfather again."

"Eustacia! I did not see you, though I noticed something moving," he said, gently. He came forward, pulled off his huge leather glove, and took her hand. "Why do you speak in such a strange way? It is only a little song which struck my fancy when I was in Paris, and now just applies to my life with you. Has your love for me all died, then, because my appearance is no longer that of a fine gentleman?"

"Dearest, you must not question me unpleasantly, or it may make me not love you."

"Do you believe it possible that I would run the risk of doing that?"

"Well, you follow out your own ideas, and won't give in to mine when I wish you to leave off this shameful labor. Is there any thing you dislike in me, that you act so contrarily to my wishes? I am your wife, and why will you not listen? Yes, I am your wife indeed."

"I know what that tone means."

"What tone?"

"The tone in which you said, 'Your wife indeed.' It meant, 'Your wife, worse luck.'"

"It is hard in you to probe me with that remark. A woman may have reason, though she is not without heart, and if I felt 'worse luck,' it was no ignoble feeling—it was only too natural. There, you see that at any rate I do not attempt untruths. Do you remember how, before we were married, I warned you that I had not good wifely qualities?"

"You mock me to say that now. On that point at least the only noble course would be to hold your tongue, for you are still queen of me, Eustacia, though I may no longer be king of you."

"You are my husband. Does not that content you?"

"Not unless you are my wife without regret."

"I can not answer you. I remember saying that I should be a serious matter on your hands."

"Yes, I saw that."

"Then you were too quick to see. No true lover would have seen any such thing. You are too severe upon me, Clym—I don't like your speaking so at all."

"Well, I married you in spite of it, and don't regret doing so. How cold you seem this afternoon! and yet I used to think there never was a warmer heart than yours."

"Yes, I fear we are cooling—I see it as well as you. And how madly we loved, two months ago! You were never tired of contemplating me, nor I of contemplating you. Who could have thought then that by this time my eyes would not seem so very bright to yours, nor your lips so very sweet to mine? Two months—is it possible? Yes, 'tis too true."

"You sigh, dear, as if you were sorry for it; and that's a hopeful sign."

"No. I don't sigh for that. There are other things for me to sigh for, or any other woman in my place."

"That your chances in life are ruined by marrying in haste an unfortunate man?"

"Why will you force me, Clym, to say bitter things? I deserve pity as much as you. As much?—I think I deserve more. For you can sing. It would be a strange hour which should catch me singing under such a cloud as this. Believe me, sweet, I could weep to a degree that would astonish and



confound such an elastic mind as yours. Even had you felt careless about your own affliction, you might have refrained from singing out of sheer pity for mine. God! if I were a man in such a position, I would curse rather than sing."

Yeobright placed his hand upon her arm. "Now don't you suppose, my inexperienced girl, that I can not rebel, in high Promethean fashion, against the gods and fate as well as you. I have felt more steam and smoke of that sort than you have ever heard of. But the more I see of life the more do I perceive that there is nothing particularly great in its greatest walks, and therefore nothing particularly small in mine of furze-cutting. If I feel that the greatest blessings vouchsafed to us are not very valuable, how can I feel it to be any great hardship when they are taken away? So I sing to pass the time. Have you indeed lost all tenderness for me, that you begrudge me a few cheerful moments?"

"I have still some tenderness left for you."

"Your words have no longer their old flavor. And so love dies with good fortune."

"I can not listen to this, Clym—it will end bitterly. I will go home."

### CHAPTER III.

#### SHE GOES OUT TO BATTLE AGAINST DEPRESSION.

A FEW days later, before the month of August had expired, Eustacia and Yeobright sat together at their early dinner.

Eustacia's manner had become of late almost apathetic. There was a forlorn look about her beautiful eyes which, whether she deserved it or not, would have excited pity in the breast of any one who had known her during the full flush of her love for Clym. The feelings of husband and wife varied, in some measure, inversely with their positions. Clym, the afflicted man, was cheerful, and even tried to comfort her, who had never felt a moment of physical suffering in her whole life.

"Come, brighten up, dearest; we shall be all right again. Some day, perhaps, I shall see as well as ever. And I solemnly promise that I'll leave off cutting furze as soon as I have the power to do any thing better. You can not seriously wish me to stay idling at home all day?"

"But it is so dreadful—a furze-cutter! and you a man who have lived about the world, and speak French, and who are fit for what is so much better than this!"

"I suppose when you first saw me and heard about me, I was wrapped in a sort of golden halo to your eyes—a man who knew glorious things, and had mixed in brilliant

scenes—in short, an adorable, delightful, distracting hero."

"Yes," she said, sobbing.

"And now I am a poor fellow in brown leather."

"Don't taunt me.—But enough of this. I will not be depressed any more. I am going from home this afternoon, unless you greatly object. There is to be a village picnic—a gypsying they call it—at East Egdon, and I shall go."

"To dance?"

"Why not? You can sing."

"Well, well, as you will. Must I come to fetch you?"

"If you return soon enough from your work. But do not inconvenience yourself about it. I know the way home, and the heath has no terror for me."

"And can you cling to gayety so eagerly as to walk all the way to a village festival in search of it?"

"Now you don't like my going alone. Clym, you are not jealous?"

"No. But I would come with you if it could give you any pleasure; though, as things stand, perhaps you have too much of me already. Still, I somehow wish that you did not want to go. Yes, perhaps I am jealous; and who could be jealous with more reason than I, a half-blind man, over such a woman as you?"

"Don't think like it. Let me go, and don't take all my spirits away."

"I would rather lose all my own, my sweet wife. Go, and do whatever you like. Who can forbid your indulgence in any whim! You have all my heart yet, I believe; and because you bear with me, who am in truth a drag upon you, I owe you thanks. Yes, go alone and shine. As for me, I will stick to my doom. At that kind of meeting people would shun me. My hook and gloves are like the St. Lazarus rattle of the leper, warning the world to get out of the way of a sight that would sadden them." He kissed her, put on his leggings, and went out.

When he was gone she rested her head upon her hands and said to herself, "Two wasted lives—his and mine. And I am come to this! Will it drive me out of my mind?"

She cast about for any possible course which offered the least improvement on the existing state of things, and could find none. She imagined how all those Budmouth ones who should learn what had become of her would say, "Look at the girl for whom nobody was good enough!" To Eustacia the situation seemed such a mockery of her hopes, that death appeared the only door of relief if the satire of Heaven should go much further.

Suddenly she aroused herself and exclaimed: "But I'll shake it off. Yes, I *will* shake it off! No one shall know my suffering.



"I'll be bitterly merry, and ironically gay, and I'll laugh in derision! And I'll begin by going to this dance on the green."

She ascended to her bedroom and dressed herself with scrupulous care. To an onlooker her beauty would have made her feelings almost seem reasonable. The gloomy corner into which accident as much as indiscretion had brought this woman might have led even a moderate champion of her cause to feel that she could advance a cogent reason for asking of the supreme Power by what right a being of such exquisite finish had been juxtaposed with circumstances calculated to make of her charms a curse rather than a blessing.

It was five in the afternoon when she came out from the house ready for her walk. There was material enough in the picture for twenty new conquests. The rebellious sadness that was rather too apparent when she sat in-doors without a bonnet, was cloaked and softened by her out-door attire, which always exhibited a peculiar nebulousness, devoid of harsh edges any where, so that her face looked from its environment as from a cloud, with no noticeable lines of demarkation between flesh and clothes. The heat of the day had scarcely declined as yet, and she went along the sunny hills at a leisurely pace, there being ample time for her idle expedition. Tall ferns buried her in their leafage whenever her path lay through them, which now formed miniature forests, though not one stem of them would remain to bud the next year.

The site chosen for the village festivity was one of the lawn-like oases which were occasionally, yet not often, met with on the plateaus of the heath district. The brakes of furze and fern terminated abruptly round the margin, and the grass was unbroken. A green cattle track skirted the spot, without, however, emerging from the screen of fern, and this path Eustacia followed, in order to reconnoitre the group before joining it. The lusty notes of the East Egdon band had directed her unerringly, and she now beheld the musicians themselves, sitting in a blue wagon with red wheels, scrubbed as bright as new, and arched with sticks to which boughs and flowers were tied. In front of this was the grand central dance of fifteen or twenty couples, flanked by minor dances of inferior individuals whose gyrations were not always in strict keeping with the tune.

The young men wore blue and white rosettes, and with a flush on their faces footed it to the girls, who, with the excitement and the exercise, blushed deeper than the pink of their numerous ribbons. Belles with long curls, belles with short curls, belles with love-locks, belles with braids, flew round and round; and a beholder might well have wondered how such a prepossessing set of young women, of like size, age, and dispo-

sition, could have been collected together where there were only one or two villages to choose from. In the background was one happy man dancing by himself with closed eyes, totally oblivious of all the rest. A fire was burning under a pollard thorn a few paces off, over which three kettles hung in a row. Hard by was a table where elderly dames prepared tea, but Eustacia looked among them in vain for the cattle-dealer's wife, who had suggested that she should come, and promised to obtain a courteous welcome for her.

This unexpected absence of the only local resident whom Eustacia knew, considerably damaged her scheme for an afternoon of reckless gayety. Joining in became a matter of difficulty, notwithstanding that, were she to advance, cheerful females would come forward with cups of tea, and make much of her as a stranger of superior grace and knowledge to themselves. Having watched the company through the figures of two dances, she decided to walk a little further, to a cottage where she might get some refreshment, and then return homeward in the shady time of evening.

This she did; and by the time that she retraced her steps toward the scene of the picnic, which it was necessary to repass on her way to Alderworth, the sun was going down. The air was now so still that she could hear the band immediately she had set out again, and it seemed to be playing with more spirit, if that were possible, than when she had come away. On reaching the hill the sun had quite disappeared, but this made little difference either to Eustacia or to the revellers, for a round yellow moon was rising behind her, though its rays had not yet outmastered those from the west. The dance was going on just the same, but strangers had arrived and formed a ring around the figure, so that Eustacia could stand among these without a chance of being recognized.

A whole villageful of emotion, scattered abroad all the year long, met here in a focus for an hour. The forty hearts of those waving couples were beating as they had not done since, twelve months before, they had come together in similar jollity. For the time Christianity was eclipsed in their hearts, paganism was revived, the pride of life was all in all, and they adored none other than themselves.

How many of those impassioned but temporary embraces were destined to become perpetuated, was possibly the wonder of some of those who indulged in them, as well as of Eustacia who looked on. She began to envy those pirouetters, to hunger for the hope and happiness which the fascination of the dance seemed to engender within them. Desperately fond of dancing herself, one of Eustacia's expectations of Paris had



been the opportunity it might afford her of indulging in this favorite pastime. Unhappily, that expectation was now extinct within her forever.

While she abstractedly watched them spinning and fluctuating in the increasing moonlight, she suddenly heard her name whispered by a voice over her shoulder. Turning in surprise, she beheld at her elbow one whose presence instantly caused her to flush to the temples.

It was Wildeve. Till this moment he had not met her eye since the evening of her reluctant promise to meet him again and decide the question of an elopement to America—a promise which for good reasons was never kept. Yet why the sight of him should have instigated that sudden rush of blood she could not tell.

Before she could speak, he said, "Do you like dancing as much as ever?"

"I think I do," she replied, in a low voice.

"Will you dance with me?"

"It would be a great change for me; but will it not seem strange?"

"What strangeness can there be in relations dancing together?"

"Ah—yes, relations. Perhaps none."

"Still, if you don't like to be seen, pull down your veil; though there is not much risk of being known by this light. Lots of strangers are here."

She did as he suggested, and the act was a tacit acknowledgment that she accepted his offer.

Wildeve gave her his arm and took her down on the outside of the ring to the bottom of the dance, which they entered. In two minutes more they were involved in the figure and began working their way upward to the top. Till they had advanced half-way thither Eustacia wished more than once that she had not yielded to his request; from the middle to the top she felt that since she had come out to seek pleasure, she was only doing a natural thing to obtain it. Fairly launched into the ceaseless glides and whirls which their new position as top couple opened up to them, Eustacia's pulses began to move too quickly for longer rumination of any kind.

Through the length of five-and-twenty couples they threaded their giddy way, and a new vitality entered her form. The pale ray of evening lent a fascination to the experience. There is a certain degree and tone of light which tends to disturb the equilibrium of the senses, and to promote dangerously the tenderer moods; added to movement, it drives the emotions to rankness, the reason becoming sleepy and unperceiving in inverse proportion; and this light fell now upon these two from the disk of the moon. All the dancing girls felt the symptoms, but Eustacia most of all. The grass under their feet became trodden away,

and the hard beaten surface of the sod, when viewed aslant toward the moonlight, shone like a polished table. The pretty dresses of the maids lost their subtler day colors, and showed more or less of a misty white. Eustacia floated round and round on Wildeve's arm, her face rapt and statuesque; her mind had passed away from and forgotten her features, which were left empty and quiescent, as they always are when feeling goes beyond their register.

How near she was to Wildeve! it was terrible to think of. She could feel his breathing; and he, of course, could feel hers. How badly she had treated him! yet here they were treading one measure. The enchantment of the dance surprised her. A clear line of difference divided like a tangible *cordon* experience within this maze of motion from experience without it. Her beginning to dance had been like a change of atmosphere; outside she had been steeped in arctic frigidity by comparison with the tropical sensations here. She had entered the dance from the troubled hours of her late life as one might enter a brilliant chamber after a night walk in a wood. Wildeve by himself would have been merely an agitation; Wildeve added to the dance and the moonlight and the secrecy began to be a delight.

Whether his personality supplied the greater part of this sweetly compounded feeling, or whether the dance and the scene weighed the more therein, was a nice point upon which Eustacia herself was entirely in a cloud.

People began to say, "Who are they?" but no invidious inquiries were made. Had Eustacia mingled with the other girls in their ordinary daily walks, the case would have been different: here she was not inconvenienced by excessive inspection, for all were wrought to their brightest grace by the occasion. Like the planet Mercury surrounded by the lustre of sunset, her permanent brilliancy passed without much notice in the temporary radiance of the situation.

As for Wildeve, his feelings are easy to guess. Obstacles were a ripening sun to his love, and he was at this moment in a delirium of exquisite misery. To clasp as his for five minutes what was another man's through all the rest of the year was a kind of thing he of all men could appreciate. He had long since begun to sigh again for Eustacia; indeed, it may be asserted that signing the marriage register with Thomasin was the natural signal to his heart to return to its first quarters, and that the extra complication of Eustacia's marriage was the one addition required to make that return compulsory.

Thus, for different reasons, what was to the rest an exhilarating movement was to



these two a riding upon the whirlwind. The dance had come like an irresistible attack upon whatever sense of social order there was in their minds, to drive them back into old paths which were now no longer regular.

Through three dances in succession they spun their way, and then, fatigued with the incessant motion, Eustacia turned to quit the circle in which she had already remained too long. Wildeve led her to a grassy mound a few yards distant, where she sat down, her partner standing beside her. From the time that he addressed her at the beginning of the dance till now they had not exchanged a word.

"The dance and the walking have tired you?" he said.

"No; not greatly."

"It is strange that we should have met here of all places after missing each other so long."

"We have missed because we tried to miss, I suppose."

"Yes. But you began that proceeding—by breaking a promise."

"It is scarcely worth while to talk of that now. We have formed other ties since then—you no less than I."

"I am sorry to hear that your husband is ill."

"He is not ill—only incapacitated."

"Yes: that is what I mean. I sincerely sympathize with you in your trouble. Fate has treated you cruelly."

She was silent a while. "Have you heard that he has chosen to work as a furze-cutter?" she said, in a low, mournful voice.

"It has been mentioned to me," answered Wildeve, hesitatingly. "But I hardly believed it."

"It is true. What do you think of me as a furze-cutter's wife?"

"I think the same as ever of you, Eustacia. Nothing of that sort can degrade you: you ennoble the occupation of your husband."

"I wish I could feel it."

"Is there any chance of Mr. Yeobright getting better?"

"He thinks so. I doubt it."

"I was quite surprised to hear that he had taken a cottage. I thought, in common with other people, that he would have taken you off to a home in Paris immediately after you had married him. 'What a gay, bright future she has before her!' I thought. He will, I suppose, return there with you if his sight gets strong again?"

Observing that she did not reply, he regarded her more closely. She was almost weeping. Images of a future never to be enjoyed, the revived sense of her bitter disappointment, the picture of the neighbors' suspended ridicule which was raised by Wildeve's words, had been too much for proud Eustacia's equanimity.

Wildeve could hardly control his own too forward feelings when he saw her silent perturbation. But he affected not to notice this, and she soon recovered her calmness.

"You did not intend to walk home by yourself?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said Eustacia. "What could hurt me on this heath, who have nothing to lose?"

"The first half of my way home is the same as yours. I shall be glad to keep you company as far as Throope Corner." Seeing that Eustacia sat on in hesitation, he added: "Perhaps you think it unwise to be seen in the same road with me, after the events of last summer?"

"Indeed, I think no such thing," she said, haughtily. "I shall accept whose company I choose, for all that may be said by the miserable inhabitants of Egdon."

"Then let us walk on—if you are ready. Our nearest way is toward that holly bush with the dark shadow that you see down there."

Eustacia arose, and walked beside him in the direction signified, brushing her way over the damping heath and fern, and followed by the strains of the merry-makers, who still kept up the dance. The moon had now waxed bright and silvery, but the swarthy heath was proof against such illumination, and there was to be observed the striking scene of a dark, rayless tract of country, under an atmosphere charged from its zenith to its extremities with whitest light. To an eye above them their two faces would have appeared amid the expanse like two pearls on a table of ebony.

On this account the irregularities of the path were not visible, and Wildeve occasionally stumbled; while Eustacia found it necessary to perform some graceful feats of balancing whenever a small tuft of heather or root of furze protruded itself through the grass of the narrow track, and entangled her feet. At these junctures in her progress a hand was invariably stretched forward to steady her, holding her firmly until smooth ground was again reached, when the hand was again withdrawn to a respectful distance.

They performed the journey for the most part in silence, and drew near to Throope Corner, a few hundred yards from which a short path branched away to Eustacia's house. By degrees they discerned coming toward them a pair of human figures, apparently of the male sex.

When they came a little nearer Eustacia broke the silence by saying, "One of those men is my husband. He promised to come to meet me."

"And the other is my greatest enemy," said Wildeve.

"It looks like Diggory Venn."

"That is the man."



"It is an awkward meeting; but such is my fortune. He knows too much about me, unless he could know more, and so prove to himself that what he now knows counts for nothing. Well, let it be: you must deliver me up to them."

"You will think twice before you direct me to do that. Here is a man who has not forgotten an item in our meetings at Blackbarrow: he is in company with your husband. Which of them, seeing us together here, will believe that our meeting and dancing at the gypsy party was by chance?"

"Very well," she whispered, gloomily. "Leave me before they come up."

Wildeve bade her an earnest farewell, and plunged across the fern and furze, Eustacia slowly walking on. In two or three minutes she met her husband and his companion.

"My journey ends here for to-night, reddleman," said Yeobright, as soon as he perceived her. "I turn back with this lady. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Yeobright," said Venn. "I hope to see you better soon."

The light shone directly upon Venn's face as he spoke, and revealed all its lines to Eustacia. He was looking suspiciously at her. That Venn's keen eye had discerned what Yeobright's feeble vision had not—a man in the act of withdrawing from Eustacia's side—was within the limits of the probable.

Had Eustacia been able to follow the reddleman she would soon have found striking confirmation of her thought. No sooner had Clym given her his arm and led her off the scene than the reddleman turned back from the beaten track toward East Egdon, whither he had been strolling merely to accompany Clym in his walk, Diggory's van being again in the neighborhood. Stretching out his long legs, he crossed the pathless portion of the heath somewhat in the direction which Wildeve had taken. Only a man accustomed to nocturnal rambles could at this hour have descended those shaggy slopes with Venn's velocity without falling headlong into a pit, or snapping off his leg by jamming his foot into some rabbit burrow. But Venn went on without much inconvenience to himself, and the course of his scamper was toward the Quiet Woman Inn. This place he reached in about half an hour, and he was well aware that no person who had been near Throope Corner when he started could have got down here before him.

The inn was not yet closed, though scarcely an individual was there, the business done being chiefly with travellers who passed the inn on long journeys, and these had now gone on their way. Venn went to the public room, called for a mug of ale, and inquired of the maid in an indifferent tone if Mr. Wildeve was at home.

Thomasin sat in an inner room, and heard Venn's voice. When customers were pres-

ent she seldom showed herself, owing to her inherent dislike for the business, but perceiving that no one else was there to-night, she came out.

"He is not at home yet, Diggory," she said, pleasantly. "But I expected him sooner. He has been to East Egdon to buy a horse."

"Did he wear a white hat?"

"Yes."

"Then I saw him at Throope Corner, leading one home," said Venn, dryly. "A beauty, with a white face and a mane as black as night. He will soon be here, no doubt." Rising and looking for a moment at the pure sweet face of Thomasin, over which a shadow of sadness had passed since the time when he had last seen her, he ventured to add: "Mr. Wildeve seems to be often away at this time?"

"Oh yes," cried Thomasin, in what was intended to be a tone of gayety. "Husbands will play the truant, you know. I wish you could tell me of some secret plan that would help me to keep him home at my will in the evenings."

"I will consider if I know of one," replied Venn, in that same light tone which meant no lightness. And then he bowed in a manner of his own invention, and moved to go. Thomasin offered him her hand; and without a sigh, though with food for many, the reddleman went out.

When Wildeve returned, a quarter of an hour later, Thomasin said, simply, and in the abashed manner usual with her now, "Where is the horse, Damon?"

"Oh, I have not bought it, after all. The man asks too much."

"But somebody saw you at Throope Corner leading it home—a beauty, with a white face and a mane as black as night."

"Ah!" said Wildeve, fixing his eyes upon her; "who told you that?"

"Venn, the reddleman."

The expression of Wildeve's face became curiously condensed. "That is a mistake—it must have been some one else," he said, slowly and testily, for he perceived that Venn's grim countermoves had begun again.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ROUGH COERCION IS EMPLOYED.

THOSE words of Thomasin, which seemed so little but meant so much, remained in the ears of Diggory Venn. "Help me to keep him home in the evenings."

On this occasion Venn had arrived on Egdon Heath only to cross to the other side: he had no further connection with the interests of the Yeobright family, and he had a business of his own to attend to. Yet he suddenly began to feel himself drifting into



the old track of manœuvring on Thomasin's account.

He sat in his van and considered. From Thomasin's words and manner he had plainly gathered that Wildeve neglected her. For whom could he neglect her if not for Eustacia? Yet it was scarcely credible that things had come to such a head as to instigate Eustacia to systematically encourage him. He resolved to reconnoitre somewhat carefully the lonely path which led across the hills from Wildeve's dwelling to Clym's house at Alderworth.

At this time, as has been seen, Wildeve was quite innocent of any predetermined act of intrigue, and except at the dance on the green he had not once met Eustacia since her marriage. But that the spirit of intrigue was in him had been shown by a recent romantic habit of his—a habit of going out after dark and strolling toward Alderworth, there looking at the moon and stars, looking at Eustacia's house, and walking back at leisure.

Accordingly, when watching on the night after the festival, the reddleman saw him ascend by the little path, lean over the front gate of Clym's garden, sigh, and turn to go back again. It was plain that Wildeve's intrigue was rather ideal than real. Venn retreated before him down the hill to a place where the path was merely a deep groove between the heather; here he mysteriously bent over the ground for a few minutes, and retired. When Wildeve came on to that spot his ankle was caught by something, and he fell headlong.

As soon as he had recovered the power of respiration he sat up and listened. There was not a sound in the gloom beyond the spiritless stir of the summer wind. Feeling about for the obstacle which had flung him down, he discovered that two tufts of heath had been tied together across the path, forming a loop which to a traveller was certain overthrow. Wildeve pulled off the string that bound them, and went on with tolerable quickness. On reaching home he found the cord to be of a reddish color. It was just what he had expected.

Although his weaknesses were not specially those akin to physical fear, this species of *coup de jarnac* from one he knew too well troubled the mind of Wildeve. But his movements were unaltered thereby. A night or two later he again went up the hill to Alderworth, taking the precaution of keeping out of the path. The sense that he was watched, that craft was employed to circumvent his errant proclivities, added piquancy to a journey so entirely sentimental, so long as the danger was of no fearful sort. He imagined that Venn and Mrs. Yeobright were in league, and felt that there was a certain legitimacy in combating such a coalition.

The heath to-night appeared to be totally deserted; and Wildeve, after looking over Eustacia's garden gate for some little time, with a cigar in his mouth, was tempted by the fascination which emotional smuggling had for his nature to advance toward the window, which was not quite closed, the blind being only partly drawn down. He could see into the room, and Eustacia was sitting there alone. Wildeve contemplated her for a minute, and then, retreating into the heath, beat the ferns lightly, whereupon moths flew out alarmed. Securing one, he returned to the window, and holding the moth to the chink, opened his hand. The moth made toward the candle upon Eustacia's table, hovered round it two or three times, and flew into the flame.

Eustacia started up. This had been a well-known signal in old times when Wildeve had used to come secretly wooing to Mistover. She at once knew that Wildeve was outside, but before she could consider what to do, her husband came in from up stairs. Eustacia's face burned crimson at the unexpected collision of incidents, and filled with an animation that it too frequently lacked.

"You have a very high color, dearest," said Yeobright, when he came close enough to see it. "Your appearance would be no worse if it were always so."

"I am warm," said Eustacia. "I think I will go into the air for a few minutes."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Oh no. I am only going to the gate."

She arose, but before she had time to get out of the room a loud rapping began upon the front-door.

"I'll go—I'll go," said Eustacia, in an unusually quick tone for her; and she glanced toward the window whence the moth had flown, but nothing appeared there.

"You had better not, at this time of the evening." Clym stepped before her into the passage, and Eustacia waited, her somnolent manner covering her inner heat and agitation.

She listened, and Clym opened the door. No words were uttered outside, and presently he closed it and came back, saying, "Nobody was there. I wonder what that could have meant?"

He was left to wonder during the rest of the evening, for no explanation offered itself, and Eustacia said nothing, the additional fact that she knew of only adding more mystery to the performance.

Meanwhile a little drama had been acted outside which saved Eustacia from all possibility of compromising herself with Wildeve that evening at least. While he had been preparing his moth signal another person had come behind him up to the gate. This man, who carried a gun in his hand, looked on for a moment at the other's oper-



ation by the window, walked up to the house, knocked at the door, and then vanished round the corner and over the hedge.

"D—— him!" shouted Wildeve. "He has been watching me again."

As his signal had been rendered futile by this uproarious rapping, Wildeve withdrew, passed out at the gate, and walked quickly down the path without thinking of any thing except getting away unnoticed. Half-way down the hill the path ran near a knot of stunted hollies, which in the general darkness of the scene stood as the pupil in a black eye. When Wildeve reached this point a report startled his ear, and a few spent gunshots fell among the leaves around him.

There was no doubt that he himself was the cause of that gun's discharge; and he rushed into the clump of hollies, beating the bushes furiously with his stick; but nobody was there. This attack was a more serious matter than the last, and it was some time before Wildeve recovered his equanimity. A new and most unpleasant system of menace had begun, and the intent appeared to be to do him grievous bodily harm. Wildeve had looked upon Venn's first attempt as a species of horse-play which the reddleman had indulged in for want of knowing better; but now the boundary line was passed which divides the annoying from the perilous.

Had Wildeve known how thoroughly in earnest Venn had become, he might have been still more alarmed. The reddleman had been almost exasperated by the sight of Wildeve outside Clym's house, and he was prepared to go to any lengths short of absolutely shooting him, to terrify the young innkeeper out of his recalcitrant impulses. The doubtful legitimacy of such rough coercion did not disturb the mind of Venn. It troubles few such minds in such cases, and sometimes this is not to be regretted. From the impeachment of Strafford to Farmer Lynch's short way with the scamps of Virginia there have been many triumphs of justice which are mockeries of law.

About half a mile below Clym's secluded dwelling lay a hamlet where lived one of the two constables who preserved the peace in the parish of Alderworth, and Wildeve went straight to the constable's cottage. Almost the first thing that he saw on opening the door was the constable's truncheon hanging to a nail, as if to assure him that here were the means to his purpose. On inquiry, however, of the constable's wife, he learned that the constable was not at home. Wildeve said he would wait.

The minutes ticked on, and the constable did not arrive. Wildeve cooled down from his state of high indignation to a restless dissatisfaction with himself, the scene, the constable's wife, and the whole set of cir-

cumstances. He arose and left the house. Altogether the experience of that evening had had a cooling, not to say a chilling, effect on misdirected tenderness, and Wildeve was in no mood to ascend again to Alderworth after night-fall in hope of a stray glance from Eustacia.

Thus far the reddleman had been tolerably successful in his rude contrivances for keeping down Wildeve's inclination to rove in the evening. He had nipped in the bud the possible meeting between Eustacia and her old lover this very night. But he had not anticipated that the tendency of his action would be to divert Wildeve's movement rather than to stop it. The gambling with the guineas had not conduced to make him a welcome guest to Clym; but to call upon his wife's relative was natural, and he was determined to see Eustacia. It was necessary to choose some less untoward hour than ten o'clock at night. "Since it is unsafe to go in the evening," he said, "I'll go by day."

Meanwhile Venn had left the heath and gone to call upon Mrs. Yeobright, with whom he had been on friendly terms since she had learned what a providential countermove he had made toward the restitution of the family guineas. She wondered at the lateness of his call, but had no objection to see him.

He gave her a full account of Clym's affliction, and of the state in which he was living; then, referring to Thomasin, touched gently upon the apparent sadness of her days. "Now, ma'am, depend upon it," he said, "you couldn't do a better thing for either of 'em than to make yourself at home in their houses, even if there should be a little rebuff at first."

"Both she and my son disobeyed me in marrying; therefore I have no interest in their households. Their troubles are of their own making." Mrs. Yeobright tried to speak severely, but the account of her son's state had moved her more than she cared to show.

"Your visits would make Wildeve walk straighter than he is inclined to do, and might prevent unhappiness up the hill."

"What do you mean?"

"I saw something to-night up there which I didn't like at all. I wish your son's house and Mr. Wildeve's were a hundred miles apart instead of three."

"Then there *was* an understanding between him and Clym's wife when he made a fool of Thomasin!"

"We'll hope there's no understanding now."

"And our hope will probably be very vain. Oh, Clym! Oh, Thomasin!"

"There's no harm done yet. In fact, I've persuaded Wildeve to mind his own business."

"How?"



"Oh, not by talking. By a plan of mine called the silent system."

"I hope you'll succeed."

"I shall if you help me by calling and making friends with your son. You'll have a chance then of using your eyes."

"Well, since it has come to this," said Mrs. Yeobright, sadly, "I will own to you, reddleman, that I thought of going. I should be much happier if we were reconciled. The marriage is unalterable. My life may be cut short, and I should wish to die in peace. He is my only son—and since sons are made of such stuff, I am not sorry I have no other. As for Thomasin, I never expected much from her, and she has not disappointed me. But I forgave her long ago, and I forgive him now. I'll go."

At this very time of the reddleman's conversation with Mrs. Yeobright at Blooms End, another conversation on the same subject was languidly proceeding at Alderworth.

All the day Clym had borne himself as if his mind were too full of its own matter to allow him to care about outward things, and his words now showed what had occupied his thoughts. "Since I have been away to-day, Eustacia, I have considered that something must be done to heal up this ghastly breach between my mother and myself. It troubles me."

"What do you propose to do?" said Eustacia, abstractedly, for she could not clear away from her the excitement caused by Wildeve's recent manœuvre for an interview.

"You seem to take a very mild interest in what I propose, little or much," said Clym, with tolerable warmth.

"You mistake me," she answered, reviving at his reproach. "I am only thinking of things."

"What things?"

"Partly of that moth whose skeleton is getting burned up in the wick of the candle. But you know I always take an interest in what you say."

"Very well, dear. Then I think I must go and call upon her. It is a thing I am not at all too proud to do, and only a feeling that I might irritate her has kept me away so long. But I must do something. It is wrong in me to allow this sort of thing to go on."

"What have you to blame yourself about?"

"She is getting old, and her life is lonely, and I am her only son."

"She has Thomasin."

"Thomasin is not her daughter; and if she were, that would not excuse me. But this is beside the point. I have made up my mind to go to her, and all I wish to ask you is whether you will do your best to help me—that is, forget the past, and if she shows her willingness to be reconciled, meet her

half-way by welcoming her to our house, or by accepting a welcome to hers?"

At first Eustacia had closed her lips as if she would rather do any thing on the whole globe than what he suggested. But the lines of her mouth softened with thought, though not so far as they might have softened; and she said, "I will put nothing in your way; but after what has passed, it is asking too much that I go and make advances."

"You never distinctly told me what did pass between you."

"I could not do it then, nor can I now. Sometimes more bitterness is sown in five minutes than can be got rid of in a whole life; and that may be the case here." She paused a few moments, and added: "If you had never returned to your native place, Clym, what a blessing it would have been for you! . . . It has altered the destinies of—"

"Three people."

"Five," Eustacia thought; but she kept that in.

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I.

WE were seated at the breakfast table, Helen and I, in our pleasant cottage on the Hudson, when the letters were brought in. Helen uttered a little cry of delight as her eye fell upon a dainty monogram composed of the letters E R M, so deftly intertwined that no uninitiated eye could possibly have deciphered them. I recognized the monogram as that of one of my wife's oldest friends, Elsie Montague, and, leaving her to her raptures, buried myself in my own correspondence. A second cry, one of dismay this time, brought me quickly to the surface, however. I looked up to find Helen's eyes fixed upon me, over the edge of the letter which she held in her hand, while a look of dismay struggled in a comical manner with the delight which overspread her face.

"What is it, Helen?" I asked. "Is Elsie engaged, or married, or dead? She can not well be dead, though, as she has written herself. Has she lost her fortune or her beauty? Is she—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Helen, half laughing, half tearful. "The letter is not from Elsie at all, but from her aunt, Miss Montague. She wants Elsie to come here—to us—now, to make us a visit. What shall I do?"

I stared at Helen for a moment, wondering whether she had lost her senses.

"Do? Why, let her come, by all means. You've asked her often enough, I'm sure," I said, returning to my letters, relieved that no more intricate problem had been presented for solution.



"But, Fred, you don't understand," pleaded Helen. "You know that Miss Montague has been a mother to Elsie, and loves her like a mother, I am sure. Now Elsie has just refused a match upon which Miss Montague has set her heart."

"Plucky girl!" I said, "to refuse a man whom she does not love. Bring her here by all means, and we'll make a heroine of her."

"Will you be quiet and listen to what she writes?" says Helen, in despair. "'A year ago Elsie was as nice a girl as you will find any where,'" read Helen. "'The mischief all comes from her visit to Boston. There she fell in with a set who were science-mad, who spent their time tearing about to lectures, and burned the skin off their faces and ruined their clothes with their 'scientific experiments,' save the mark! and unbent their minds, in their leisure hours, over geology and entomology and ornithology, and such like inventions of the adversary. She would have outgrown all this, for the girl has a natural, healthy taste for society and amusements, but, unluckily, they found her too promising a pupil to be lost, and so gave her letters to friends here, who are rapidly finishing what they began. The girl is mad, my dear, absolutely mad! Frank Avery is a fine, upright, whole-souled young man, with a handsome face and fortune and a sound classical education. She liked him well enough before she went mad, but now, forsooth! she must sneer at the classics and throw Huxley in my teeth. 'A man should know the world he walks on first, and if he then has time to gnaw dead bones, well and good,' so says Miss Minx. She must have a scientist, if you please, a man 'whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and the laws of her operations.' Now I might let her take her own way, if I were not really sure that, at bottom, she loves Frank Avery. Just now she is dazzled and befooled by the new lights which have been poured in upon her, and does not see, or seeing will not understand, that the first and oldest law of nature is *to love*, and that that one Frank Avery thoroughly understands; that, with his help, she could follow it happily and successfully all the days of her life."

"Now all I ask of you is that you will let her come to you for a month or so, where she will be out of the way of her scientific friends, and at leisure to solve the problems of her own heart. I do not want her to feel banished or under punishment. I send her to you (if you will have her) because I know that with you she will be at once happy and out of the way of all these new-fangled ideas which have maddened her."

"Don't you see now," asked Helen, pausing abruptly, "that this is the last place on earth for her to come to just now?"

"Why, my dear?" I said, innocently. "I'm not scientific, and I couldn't marry her if I were, being already provided for in that respect."

"You!" said Helen, scornfully. "I wish you wouldn't make bad jokes, but listen to me. Have you forgotten Harry?"

"Forgotten Harry?" I said. "By no means, but— Oh! ah! I begin to see. You think Miss Montague wouldn't wish her to come if she knew that we are in possession of a scientist here? Let her come, my dear, let her come. Let her taste the bliss of—inhabiting the same house with a naturalist for a month. If that does not cure her, nothing will. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Miss Montague will find that she 'builded better than she knew' when she sent her to us. Let her come, by all means." Helen still looked dubious, but before she could reply, it became necessary to drop the conversation, for the door opened and Harry sauntered into the room.

A charming fellow was my brother-in-law Harry Leighton, frank and innocent as a boy in spite of his twenty-four years; good-looking too, with clear blue eyes, a tall stalwart figure, and close-curling rings of brown hair. Yes, certainly a charming fellow; but—did you ever live in the house with a naturalist—a small house, mind you, where every thing must be kept trim and "ship-shape" under penalty of everlasting confusion and entanglement? Never mind that now, though. Perhaps you will see my meaning more clearly before I get through.

Harry had been for an early—a very early—walk, and he was in his usual out-of-door accoutrements. Bachelor Butterfly, dear to our childish hearts? Nay, Bachelor Butterfly himself never was such a figure. He had been originally arrayed in gray trousers and blue flannel shirt, but as the ardor of his pursuit invariably led him "through bush, through brier," not to speak of sundry quagmires and stagnant pools, the original color or texture of his garments would have been hard indeed to guess through their present coating of mud and dirt. From his belt was suspended the usual assortment of boxes and bottles, which had inspired one of our puzzled neighbors with the inquiry: "Why *does* Harry Leighton always wear that life-preserver around his waist when he goes out?" A huge butterfly net was grasped in one hand, and around him floated mingled odors of chloroform, benzine, and decay—odors to which we were so accustomed that they scarcely produced a remark in general. This time, however, the perfume was so very pronounced that Helen backed rapidly away, with an exclamation of horror.

"What is it?" asked Harry, looking around, blandly but vaguely. "Benzine? No? Ah! I remember now. I was examin-



ing a heap of moss-bunkers this morning upon the beach. I found several beautiful specimens among them, but they had been lying there for some time, and were—well, rather soft. Never mind that, though,” says Harry, waving the subject airily aside. “Just see the results!”

And forthwith a various heap of crawly and wriggling things is deposited in the very centre of the table (of the side table, fortunately), whence they disperse themselves rapidly in all directions. Helen, amusement and disgust struggling visibly in her countenance, hastens to the rescue of her table and carpet; while Harry, in no wise discomposed, dilates fervently upon the beauty and richness of his spoils. As for me, I am suddenly seized with a spasm of wild though secret mirth as a vision of our fair-haired Elsie rises before me, with her delicate high-bred instincts, her exquisite daintiness and refinement, and I wonder how long her scientific aspirations will hold good against the revelations which await her here.

## II.

It was in the broad glare of a midsummer noon that Elsie arrived, fresh and dainty as her wont, with no ruffle of her jaunty traveling suit, no wave of her shining hair, disturbed. That was one of Elsie’s peculiarities, that no amount of travel or exposure could in the least disarrange the dainty negligence of her costume, or heighten by more than a shade the delicate color upon her cheeks.

Harry was too busy examining some of his last prizes with the aid of a magnifying-glass to bestow more than a passing greeting upon our guest.

“What do you think of her, my boy?” I asked, as I returned to the parlor, while Helen escorted Elsie up stairs.

“Beautiful!” cries Harry, with less of abstraction and more of enthusiasm in his tone than I have ever before heard him express on any subject outside of natural history. “Really, quite perfect as far as I can see,” he continues, without looking up.

I am a little surprised at his extravagant praise, but join in cordially.

“Did you ever see such eyes? That full, soft, brownish-gray is so rare, and the tinge of green gives them such a singular brilliance and transparency.”

“Brown? green? What are you talking about? Where are *your* eyes, Frederick? Why, they are blue—as clear and unmistakable a blue as I ever saw; and so wonderfully shaded!”

I am staggered for a moment, but hastily concluding that my worthy brother-in-law must be color-blind, I resume, cheerfully: “Yes, their shading is a great part of their beauty. They would be nothing without those long curved lashes—”

I stop suddenly, for Harry’s look of utter bewilderment verges for a moment upon idiocy. He thrusts his hands into his hair, rumpling it wildly as he stares at me. Suddenly a look of relief rushes across his face, as he ejaculates, fervently: “I beg your pardon, Fred. For an instant I really thought you had gone mad. I quite forgot that you are not of a scientific turn of mind. By ‘lashes’ you of course mean her *antennæ*. Yes, they are remarkably long.”

It is my turn for bewilderment now, but I control my feelings with an effort, as I inquire, mildly: “May I ask to what ‘she’ you are referring, Harry?”

“To what ‘she?’” repeats Harry, in a tone of surprise. “Why, what could I be speaking of but this superb specimen of *Samia gloveri* ♀ which I have just received from Arizona?”

As he speaks he points to a large moth, which, for the first time, I notice upon the table before him.

Before I can reply, however, Helen appears suddenly upon the scene, with head erect and sparkling eyes. Between her outstretched hands she bears gingerly a huge china wash-bowl, which I recognize as that which usually graces our “spare room.” Without a word she deposits it upon the table before us, removes the bit of blue mosquito netting which has been stretched across it, and reveals a frog. Yes, a huge green frog, with fat speckled body and sprawling legs and round bright eyes, with which he surveys us calmly. Helen says not a word, but stands like a statue of judgment, gazing steadily at Harry. He, on his part, stares with a puzzled air first at the frog, then at Helen, until suddenly the meaning of her accusing gaze breaks upon him and he starts to his feet.

“Upon my word, Helen, I’m very sorry,” he cries. “I brought that fellow home last night to try the effect of electricity upon his hind-foot, you know. I didn’t know where to put him, so I just popped him into that basin, intending to take him out this morning, and then forgot all about him.”

“Elsie found it just as she was about to wash her hands,” says Helen, “and it frightened her almost to death.”

An expression of amused scorn crosses Harry’s face. “Frightened her?” he exclaims. “I’m very sorry I forgot it; but—afraid of a frog! Oh, nonsense!”

And, finding the subject beyond his powers of expression, he subsides into an injured silence, while Helen, laughing now in spite of herself, leaves the room with the empty basin.

Elsie’s eyes are both awe-struck and mirthful as she enters the room half an hour later. No doubt our little domicile presented an extraordinary appearance, littered as it was in every direction with Har-



ry's spoils. Helen has long ago given up the hopeless attempt of keeping them within bounds, and resigns herself meekly to finding cocoons upon her work-table, "setting-boards" (which must upon no account be disturbed) upon the piano, curious little "messes" in cups or saucers upon all the window-sills, chrysalids wherever they are most likely to be sat upon, and specimens of all sorts scattered about in the most unlikely places. Only one point she maintains, faintly but unwaveringly. Dead specimens (when not *too* dead) she can tolerate, but living ones must positively be kept out of the parlors. Before the necessity for the strict enforcement of this law made itself felt, time would fail me to tell of the various awkwardnesses to which Harry's tastes had given rise; how ancient maiden ladies had been startled out of all decorum by the sight of huge green and yellow worms placidly wriggling their way across the carpet; of rare varieties of spiders spinning industriously in corners; of stray toads and lizards peering up at them with sharp, inquisitive eyes; of water-beetles bumming wildly in their very ears, startling them with horrid thoughts of bats—those terrors of all well-regulated female minds. I must acknowledge that even Harry saw the wisdom of this rule, and, as a general thing, conformed to it, though once in a while nature and forgetfulness still got the better of him.

### III.

According to all precedent, Elsie's entrance should have been the signal for Harry's disappearance by the opposite door. So it would have been, no doubt, but for her first exclamation as her eyes fell upon the brilliant carcass over which Harry was gloating.

"What a beautiful butterfly!"

When did the word *butterfly* ever fall unheeded upon Harry's ear? Now he bristled himself in lofty scorn.

"Butterfly? I beg your pardon. That is no butterfly."

Elsie looked dazed. "I beg yours," she said, humbly; "but—but do you call it a *bird*?"

"Butterfly! bird!" cries Harry. "Why, where are your eyes? Can't you see by the feathered *antennæ* that it is a moth?"

"A moth!" cried Elsie, in dismay. "But I thought moths were ugly little brown things that flutter round the candles at night, and eat woolens, and—"

I interpose hastily, while Harry is yet speechless in his indignation and contempt.

"Suppose you bring out one of your cases and show Miss Montague the difference between moths and butterflies," I suggest, by way of casting a sop to a scientific Cerberus.

Harry hesitates, looks dubious, but final-

ly decides to comply with my suggestion, though it is with rather an air of "casting his pearls," etc., that he sets down the box upon the table before Elsie, and slowly removes the cover.

"How beautiful!" bursts impulsively from Elsie's lips as she catches sight of the gorgeous creatures within, flashing with the light of emerald and sapphire, of ruby and topaz, of opal and amethyst. So far, well. Harry's face glows with delight as pure as that of a young mother when her babe is praised. Another moment, however, and the spell is well-nigh broken, as Elsie, raising her tender eyes to his face, asks, innocently, "And had you really the heart to stick pins through these beautiful creatures while they were alive? How cruel science is, after all!"

"Cruel? science cruel?" cries Harry. "Why, my dear madam, science is the only true tenderness. Stick pins through them while they are alive? Never! never!"

"I am so glad!" breathes Elsie, softly. "You wait until you find them dead, then. But, dear me! what a shocking mortality there must have been among the butterflies lately!"

"Wait till they are dead!" cries Harry, in horror. "Oh, not at all! In that case their beauty would be utterly gone. No; they must be killed at once, and without giving them time to struggle. A little chloroform or benzine is all that is necessary. Ether will do, but sometimes they come to life after that, and—"

"And suffer, poor things?" asks Elsie, in a soft, pitiful little voice.

"Worse than that. They beat themselves to death against the pins, which utterly destroys their value as specimens," says Harry, calmly, while Elsie utters a little shriek, and stops her ears with the tips of two tiny fingers.

I take advantage of her temporary loss of hearing to utter a few words of exhortation to Harry, who receives them with a good grace, and might possibly have profited by them but for Elsie's next innocent remark.

During her period of abstraction from the world she has been attentively studying the case of butterflies before her, and reading the labels attached to each specimen. Now she breaks forth suddenly:

"Helen, I have an idea—a brilliant idea. Look at these exquisite creatures, and compare them with the miserable imitations of butterflies which young ladies sometimes sport at fancy balls. What could be more gorgeous than a genuine Butterfly Ball—a fancy ball, you know, at which each guest should appear in a costume actually and minutely copied from a real butterfly—or moth? Just look. What could be more gorgeous for a dowager than this *Antiopa*?



Fancy the robe of maroon velvet edged with embroidery of black and gold, with spots of vivid blue. Or this *Asterius*, with its wings of invisible brown edged with spots of yellow and blue and orange. Here is one of the darkest possible green, shading to brown above and to light green below, and delicately bordered with bright orange. Then this tan-colored beauty—*Polyphemus*, you call it?—with the primrose streaks edged with dark gray, and the purple and yellow spots—superb! Then, for the younger guests, look at this lunar moth, with its pale green wings faintly streaked with the most delicate buff; this *Deiopeia bella*, with its lower wings of soft pink, and upper ones of the palest straw-color speckled with black. Can't you fancy the dress—a rose silk skirt and gauze tunic, with wings, of course, upon the shoulders? Then this little woodland fairy, all pale green and wood-color; this *Pieris rapæ*, of a green so faint that you stop to consider whether, after all, it isn't white, with spots of buff as pale as the green; this—oh, look at this lovely creature! What do you call it?"—turning up appealing eyes to Harry as she speaks. "The label is so covered up that I can't read it."

"*Saturnia io*," says Harry, briefly, and Elsie goes on:

"Look at it, with its wings the color of—of—what shall I say? Of weak, *very* weak chocolate, only chocolate was never so exquisitely shaded—the lower wings, where the purple eye is set in the midst of the most vivid yellow, and the colors so wonderfully brought out by the black curving lines in the yellow, and the one white point in the purple. Could any thing be lovelier?"

I glanced at Harry. His face was rapidly darkening as he listened to her innocent prattle. Did she, perchance, fancy that she would flatter him by her interest in his treasures? Deluded soul, if she did! Helen, however, laughed as she said:

"I suppose you intend to have a few men at your fancy ball, but you will hardly condemn them to trail about in robes of embroidered velvet, or flutter in tunics of speckled gauze. They *might* find their wings something of an incumbrance, too. How are you going to provide for them?"

"They?" says Elsie, brightly. "Oh! they shall be beetles, to be sure. Look at these gorgeous fellows in this case. Could mortal man ask more than to be clad like one of these? Here is one brave in smooth, glittering, blue-green armor, and another all shimmering in purple and scarlet. If that be too gorgeous, look at this fellow in black picked out with green, modest yet elegant. Here is one in a livery of blue and green with yellow stripes. State-prisonery? Very well, then, what do you say to this funny fat bug with green wings and the dull crimson breastplate on his back—"

Elsie has no time to laugh at her own bull, for, before the words are well out of her mouth, two hands have descended, one on each side of her, and caught up the butterfly case, which they close with a bang, and whisk away over her head. Elsie looks up in amaze to find Helen and me stifling with laughter, while Harry stalks away with a brow of thunder, bearing his precious casket in his arms.

"What have I done?" gasps Elsie, with eyes of fright. "What is it? What did I say?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," says Helen, as well as she can speak for laughing. "He is a harmless maniac, I assure you: that is the conclusion at which all our friends here have arrived. He frightens them nearly out of their senses by his antics during the first few days, but they have concluded now that there is no harm in him if he is properly managed."

"But what did I do?" gasps Elsie again, very little re-assured by this statement of affairs.

"Nothing, my dear, absolutely nothing," says Helen, still laughing. "Only treated his gods with profane levity. Bugs and fancy balls! I should have warned you, my dear, that such an association of ideas is sufficient to drive Harry to frenzy. Unless you treat his specimens with more respect in future, you may look for a frequent repetition of such little scenes."

"I will try to remember," says Elsie, humbly, and then laughs away the tear that twinkled for a moment in the corner of her beautiful eye.

#### IV.

During the first week of Elsie's stay with us things went on in much the same way as heretofore. Harry was off, as usual, morning, noon, and night, on his collecting tours, or so deeply engrossed in setting, classifying, and cataloguing his specimens as to have no time left to devote to our guest. This by no means surprised us, well versed as we were in his ways; but the effect which it might have upon Elsie's mind did trouble us slightly. She was very bright and very sweet, but now and then we fancied that we detected a wistful glance cast toward one of the many corners which Harry had pre-empted, therein to deposit his stores of collections and tools, or even toward the solemn and abstracted face of Harry himself as he bent over his work, unmindful of our presence or conversation. We did our best for her, sadly conscious as we were that our best was quite thrown away while science incarnate still turned his face from her. I shall never forget the afternoon when Harry's reserve was broken through at last—the afternoon when Elsie, for the first time, began to appreciate our Harry as he really was.



We went out to drive that afternoon, all four of us, for a wonder. It was not often that we could coerce Harry into joining us in any civilized form of amusement. When we did succeed we generally found that we might as well have left him at home. In the first place, he was too much absorbed in looking out for specimens to pay any attention to us; in the second, the sight of a rare worm, a new butterfly, or a particularly hideous bug was sufficient to send him tumbling heels over head out of the wagon and across the fields. After this we saw no more of him until, at some late hour, he arrived, torn, dusty, and dishevelled, at our door, beaming with joy or cast down by disappointment, according as he had or had not succeeded in his chase. This time, however, he seemed disposed to conduct himself in a more rational manner. Elsie was so full of awe and reverence, so brimming over with bright pertinent questions in regard to his favorite topic, so ready with wonder and admiration at all the items of information which he deigned to impart, that for fully an hour she succeeded in chaining his attention completely—a fact which filled Helen and me with unqualified amazement. It was the first, absolutely the first, time that we had ever known Harry to regard with aught but contempt any thing feminine which did not bear after its name the magic sign of ♀. So engrossed was I in observing this natural phenomenon that I quite forgot to note the direction in which I was driving, until recalled to my senses by Helen's queries upon the subject. Then I awakened suddenly to the conviction that I had not the faintest idea where we were, that I had no idea in what direction home lay, and that, moreover, a thunder-storm was rapidly coming up and threatening to deluge us.

A hasty consultation was held, resulting in the suggestion on Helen's part that Harry should climb a tree and endeavor to obtain a bird's-eye view of the country, and thus ascertain the direction in which we ought to proceed. Harry accordingly "shinned" up a great oak which stood by the side of the road, with the ease and dexterity which much practice in the pursuit of specimens had produced—shinned up, but seemed in no wise inclined to come down again. Meanwhile we sit in suspense and perplexity, while the black clouds climb higher and higher over the sky.

"He can't have hung himself up there by accident, can he?" says Helen, and then essays a shrill but feeble little call, which produces no response.

"Harry! hi, Harry!" I shout in my turn. "Are you up there? Do you see any thing?"

"See? of course I see," comes back, querulously, from the tree. "Don't bother a fellow just now. I'm trying to—"

The voice ceases abruptly, and we sit in

silence, while a low, shivering breeze creeps moaning over the hills, and the green leaves grow ghastly in the lurid light which spreads itself over the landscape. A drop of rain plashes down.

"Harry!" I shout again; "are you never coming?"

"Coming? Oh yes! I've got him now, and he is—"

"Upon my word, he's been stopping to hunt specimens!" cries Helen, as Harry swings himself into sight amid the leafy branches.

"Where are we?" I cry. "Did you see any landmarks?"

"Um-m-m," is the only reply which we can extort from Harry, and we stare at him in amazement.

As he nears the ground we notice a curious appearance about his mouth. Either he is sprouting horns, or—

"Harry," cries Helen, sharply, "what is that thing in your mouth?"

Harry's hands are free by this time, and he calmly removes from between his lips a huge beetle, whose long black horns are the objects which we have seen.

"A beetle," he says, regarding it tenderly—"a *Lucanus dama*, a splendid fellow; the finest I have ever seen."

He is proceeding to dilate upon his capture, regardless of looks of horror, but I interrupt him ruthlessly, for the wind is rushing through the branches with a noise like the roar of Niagara, and the thunder is rumbling and muttering around us.

"The landmarks, Harry—did you see any landmarks? Where are we?"

Harry looks dazed.

"Upon my word, I quite forgot to look!" he cries, with an expression of such profound contrition that Elsie bursts into a peal of merry laughter, and even Helen smiles in spite of her vexation.

Fortunately a man who passes just at this point is able to tell us of our whereabouts, as well as to point out an inn where we can take shelter until the shower is over. Helen keeps a watchful eye upon Harry and Elsie—we both do, in fact—but can detect nothing but a deep interest on her part in all that he says and does; a patronizing attention on his, which would well become an ancient pedagogue toward a pupil of tender years. Really, I should hardly be surprised were he to pat her on the head, or call her "my dear," so fatherly and scholarly is his bearing toward her. Before this extremity is reached, however, the rain has ceased, and we set forth on our way once more.

We are nearly home, are just driving, in fact, through the cluster of Irish hovels which herald our approach to the village, when a shout from Harry attracts my attention.



"Stop!" he cries, wildly—"stop! stop! let me get out for a moment!"

His cry is hardly necessary, for before I can draw up he has tumbled out pell-mell, has caught up some object from the road, has tossed it under the seat, and sprung in after it. What the object is I can not see, my whole attention having been absorbed by my efforts to stop the horses. Helen is in equal ignorance, but a group of ragged children have been more fortunate. The air resounds with their ecstatic shouts.

"Hi! hi! mate fur dinner the day! Cold mate fur dinner!"

"No, no; the gintlemon 'll have a foiner pot o' soup afther his ride."

"Hi! hi! that ain't your'n. No fair! That's our'n. Give it back!"

Women rush to the doors and windows; men toss up their hats and shout, or stare stolidly. We turn to Elsie for explanation, but find none. Her face is rigid in its preternatural gravity; her very dimples are stiffened into immobility; only her eyes—those great lustrous eyes—are dancing and sparkling like mad things under her arching brows, and her lips twitch faintly as she meets our inquiring gaze.

"Take out the bundles, Mike," I say, as we reach the house, for our drive has been utilized to the extent of a few purchases.

Mike proceeds to obey with his usual expression of stolidity; but suddenly a wild expression flashes across his face—a look of wonder and incredulity not unmixed with disgust. He pauses, hesitates, thrusts his hand cautiously under the seat, and draws out—a dead puppy, which he holds out at arms-length by one claw for our contemplation, while he inquires: "An' sure, Mither Grey, what 'll I do wid this?"

The murder is out. Elsie sits down upon the lower step, and fairly doubles up with laughter. Helen stands like a statue of disgust, staring alternately at Harry and the puppy. As for me, I am simply dazed, and stare helplessly from one to the other of the surrounding group. Harry settles the question by catching the puppy from Mike's hand and disappearing around the corner of the house, while the rest of us lose ourselves in conjectures as to what he can possibly want with it.

Elsie comes down to tea with her face brimming with fun.

"Helen, my dear," she says (Harry is late, as usual), "your brother must be a very humane person."

"No doubt," says Helen; "but what inspired you with that conviction?"

"I have just seen him," says Elsie, "from my window, digging a small grave in a secluded corner of the garden. The mystery is solved, my dear. He brought the puppy home to give it a Christian burial. I don't know whether he read the service over it

or not, but I dare say he did. The proceeding may seem futile, but is certainly as beautiful as it is unique."

Harry smiled when our solution of the mystery reached his ears, but positively declined to state what inscription he proposed to put upon the head-stone of his little grave. We visited it a day or two later, but became speedily conscious of an "ancient and fish-like smell" which forbade our nearer approach. Harry, however, whose olfactories appeared to be constructed upon a different principle from ours, haunted the spot with touching persistency.

Let me put the end of this episode in as few words as I may. A week or so later Harry appeared bearing in triumph sundry pretty little orange and black beetles. He exhibited them to each of us in turn, carefully keeping to leeward of us, however. We admired them, as in duty bound, and they *were* pretty. We inquired whence they came. The mystery was solved: the weather was hot; the puppy's grave was shallow; the puppy was a puppy no longer, but a beetle manufactory. Let us draw a veil over the scene.

Helen, as you may suppose, had not failed to sound Elsie as to the kind and degree of her liking for Frank Avery.

"My dear," she said to me, as a result of her investigations, "I am convinced that Miss Montague was right, after all. If you could but hear Elsie speak of Frank Avery, and then catch herself up suddenly with the most delicious little blush, which would fairly madden him if he saw it! I begin to believe that your idea was the right one, after all. The girl never knew what science is in a practical form, and the cure will be effectual, though sharp."

"And Harry?" I asked.

"Ah! Harry is safe enough," laughed Helen. "He likes Elsie well enough, but, after all, it is not the real Elsie he cares for, so much as the pupil Elsie. He likes to instruct her, to patronize her; but his heart is quite safe—never fret about that. A new worm would eclipse her any day."

I was not quite so sure. I flattered myself that I knew men better than Helen did, and, under the circumstances, I did not at all like the present aspect of affairs. If Elsie had been a free agent, it would have been a different thing; but committed to us, as she in a manner was, as a sacred trust, I looked upon the studies which she had taken up under Harry's direction, the collecting tours which they made together, their long confidential talks and discourses, as dangerous and alarming in the extreme. The talks, to be sure, were all about beetles and larvæ, chrysalids and pupæ, coleoptera and lepidoptera, and other such unromantic topics; but isn't Cupid quite capable of making a weapon of a mosquito's sting, or felling a man



with a horny-shelled beetle, if other missiles fail? Somehow Helen and I seemed to have exchanged characters. Whereas I had at first advocated Elsie's coming, while Helen objected to it; it was now I who feared, and Helen who laughed at my scruples.

## V.

Elsie's visit was drawing to a close, much to my relief, I must confess. So far as I knew, affairs between Harry and herself stood precisely as they had done all along; but who can tell what a woman is really at? Harry had behaved himself tolerably well during her stay with us. Once or twice he had forgotten himself so far as to lose a snake or two about the house, horned toads had been found in the beds, and the house had now and then been pervaded by fearful odors, when Harry had accidentally overlooked the fact that specimens will not keep forever, especially in a temperature of eighty to ninety degrees Fahrenheit. These were but trifles, however—to us who were accustomed to them, at least. If the effect on Elsie's mind were any deeper, she at least did not betray the fact, as I had fervently hoped that she would.

The last night of Elsie's visit had come. We were preparing to enjoy it—Helen, Elsie, and I—in a sensible way, with music and pleasant talk, with the windows wide open, and fresh little breezes coming and going through the cool darkness, laden with scents of heliotrope and mignonette, when Harry suddenly appeared among us. He was evidently, late as was the hour, arrayed for one of his collecting tours, but bore, in addition to his usual accoutrements, three articles which caused Elsie to open her eyes, though to Helen and me their meaning was patent enough. These were a small lantern of the sort known as "bull's-eye," a paintbrush, and a quart bottle filled with a sticky and abominable mixture which gave forth a particularly villainous smell.

"Now, Harry," cried Helen, as she caught sight of him, "you are not going to—just this last night."

"This last night is the very point, for she'll not have another chance soon," said Harry. "Will you go, Miss Elsie?"

"Go where?" asked Elsie, looking back and forth from one to the other, dubious, but evidently inclining to Harry's scheme, whatever it might be.

"Sugaring," replies Harry, enigmatically.

"Oh, certainly!" cries Elsie, springing to her feet; but Helen remonstrates.

"Now, Harry, this is too much! You will take her into all sorts of dreadful places, and cover her all over with that horrible stuff—you know you will! Just smell it, Elsie."

Elsie applies her nose daintily to the bottle, but withdraws it hastily. Harry laughs.

"Evidently you are not a moth, Miss Elsie. They find it delicious. What is it? Oh! only rum, sour lager, molasses, sugar, and asafœtida—that's all, I assure you. Nothing to object to in the least, you see. You just apply it with a brush to the trunks of as many of the trees as you please, sit down and wait a reasonable length of time, turn on the bull's-eye, and there you are—there the moths are, rather—and you can catch them at your leisure while they are feasting. Will you come?"

"Don't!" says Helen.

"Do!" says Harry.

"I will," says Elsie, and goes.

We sit at home waiting. An hour, two hours have passed.

"There is no use in looking at your watch," says Helen, in the pauses of her music, as she sees me striving in vain to decipher the figures upon its face by the light of the hall lamp which faintly illuminates the parlor. "When Harry goes out sugaring he never returns home before midnight."

The words are hardly out of her mouth when a clatter of feet is heard upon the piazza, and Harry rushes in. We look for Elsie to follow him, but in vain.

"Where is Elsie?" we cry, simultaneously, but Harry checks the words upon our lips.

"A candle, Helen!" he cries. "Mine was too short; burned out just as I was about to capture a splendid specimen. Elsie? Oh! I left her down there under the great oak-tree while I came in. She's all right. Don't worry."

"You are sure you can find Elsie again?" Helen says, as she lights the fresh candle.

"Sure? I should think so," says Harry. "Do you suppose I have been prowling about these woods all these months to get lost in them now?"

"I suppose not," says Helen, dubiously, but Harry is off before she can utter an extra word of caution.

The hours crawl on. It is eleven, it is half past eleven, it is twelve. As for me, I am worked up into a painful state of nervousness and anxiety. Even Helen is uneasy. I can tell by the mechanical way in which she plays that she is listening to every sound outside. Now and then she breaks off abruptly, and walks in an elaborately careless way to the window to peer out wistfully into the darkness. Just as twelve o'clock strikes, however, our minds are relieved. The front-door opens, a bright ray of light from Harry's lantern dances in, followed by Harry, serene, radiant, and—alone.

We start to our feet together.

"Harry, *where* is Elsie?"

"Harry, *where* is Elsie?"

Harry looks around in mild surprise.

"Elsie?—Miss Elsie?" he says. "Why, isn't she here?"



Another instant and he has struck his hand upon his forehead with an expression of dismay, and rushed out of the house. Helen bursts into a hysterical laugh, then catches up the lantern which he has dropped, and we hasten after him.

"Depend upon it," she says, "he has never thought of her from the time he came in for that candle. He found a moth on his way back, no doubt, and forgot all about Elsie. Poor child! poor child!"

"I hope she is cured of her scientific mania," I say, grimly.

"My dear Fred, she was cured long ago. This is only the last straw," says Helen, laughing.

We find Elsie, as Helen predicted, just where Harry left her two hours ago. A sorely limp and crumpled-up Elsie she looks, as we come upon her, but her eyes are dancing as she looks up at us.

"It was *very* interesting to watch Harry's lantern dancing about like a will-o'-the-wisp," she says, as we bear her back in triumph—"very interesting indeed, but after a while it became just a little monotonous, and I thought I would find my way back by myself. Unluckily the mixture which Harry spread upon the trees seemed to have as potent an attraction for me as for the moths. After blundering against about twenty of the trunks which he had painted I gave it up as a bad job, and sat down to wait for 'something to turn up.'"

A distant sound of hallooing through the woods tells us that Harry is still searching, vaguely but wildly. As for me, I confess that I take a fiendish pleasure in the sound, and unless the same feeling prevails, in a greater or less degree, in Helen's mind, I can in no wise account for her failure to reply to the shouts.

I should judge that it is somewhere about two o'clock that Harry, having entered by the window which I considerably left open for him, rouses me by a knock at my door.

"I can't find her!" is his communication, in tones of horror.

"Can't find whom?" I retort, composedly. "Elsie? Oh, Elsie's been in bed for hours, and you had better follow her example. Isn't it enough for you to be prowling about the woods until this hour of the night, without disturbing other people's innocent slumbers when you come in?"

Without further ado I shut the door in his face, and chuckle to myself as I think of the sensations with which he must look forward to his next meeting with Elsie. I have not reckoned upon the natural sequence of events, however, which is that Harry oversleeps himself the next morning, and comes down precisely ten minutes after the train has whirled Elsie away. I am a little disappointed, I confess, but perhaps it is better as it is, especially as her next

letter contains the news of her engagement to Frank Avery. Harry starts when he hears it, and I fancy that he looks a little blank, but the next moment he is, or appears to be, as deeply engrossed in his specimens as if no Elsie had ever crossed his path.

## VI.

Six months later Harry is away in the interior of South America with a scientific expedition to which he has been appointed entomologist.

"So your pretty friend is married," he writes, in reply to Helen's announcement. "It is a pity, a great pity. She had a wonderful eye for beetles, and a very pretty taste in worms and larvæ. I really think that she might, if she would, have become one of the very few women who have attained to scientific eminence. I shall always retain an affectionate and pleasing remembrance of her. As a proof of this fact I have immortalized her by bestowing her name upon a hitherto unknown carrion-beetle which I have been fortunate enough to discover—*Silpha elsia*, I call it—"

Helen paused at this point and looked at me.

"Well," she said, after a moment, "if he had been a botanist, and named a flower after her—"

"Or an astronomer, and named a star—"

"Or a poet, and dedicated a poem—"

"Or a musician, and dedicated a symphony—"

"Or even a captain, and named a ship after her, it would have been all right. Though the idea of Elsie and carrion-beetles does seem slightly incongruous, I suppose, upon the whole, the principle is the same."

"Undoubtedly," I said.

## THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IT is generally conceded in this country that women are better fitted than their brothers to guide and instruct the minds of young children. A certain Michigan superintendent says, "In visiting schools of small children taught by gentlemen I have been reminded of the condition of young children in the families of widowers." And in looking over a score of school reports from different parts of the country I find the common verdict is that "female teachers are the most faithful, active, and successful." It is said that women teachers are often preferred by superintendents because they are more willing to comply with established regulations, and less likely to ride headstrong hobbies; and some persons declare that teaching is woman's special mission, and insist that the whole field should be left open to her without competition. On the other hand, in Massachusetts, where seven-eighths of the public-school teachers



are women, it is sometimes thought that the interests of education have suffered by the too great surrender of the work to one sex. In a number of districts in Pennsylvania great prejudice exists against women teachers. They are accused of being "lazy," and not able to control their refractory, half-civilized scholars; and in these places men of little culture are employed, merely because they are men. But whatever the reasons may be, the number of women teachers is constantly increasing in America, and their importance growing to be more fully acknowledged. The statistics of normal schools show how rapidly the work of education is passing into the hands of women. In 1875 a class of twelve young women and two young men was graduated from the Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, and the next day the State Normal School at New Britain, Connecticut, sent out a class of twenty young women and two young men.

The custom of employing women only through the summer months, and men in the long winter terms, is fast disappearing, though it still lingers in certain localities, as in Maine. But to understand what progress women have made we have only to go back to the early days of the republic. Female education was then not far advanced beyond the rule laid down by a writer of the thirteenth century—"the knowing how to pray to God, to love man, and to knit and sew"—though, to be sure, according to the early statutes, female teachers were required to "teach the English language grammatically and the rudiments of arithmetic." The qualifications of both sexes were, however, very meagre, and the spelling-book was almost the only kind of printed book known to the school-room of those days. Girls had then small chance to cultivate their minds, for often only the boys of a family were sent to school, the reasons given being that in winter girls could not walk so far, and in summer they must help their mothers. The school-houses were as primitive as the instructors. One of the first school-houses erected in Maine was built like a logging camp, without windows, but with the gable ends open, and the only way of ingress for both master and scholars was by climbing up on a stile at one end and jumping down into the school-room. The boys were dressed like the girls, and were taught to knit garters, and very young scholars were mercifully provided with pillows for their sleepy heads. Then, of course, there were early private schools and academies in the larger towns and cities, where young ladies were taught the accomplishments of the day, including "the elegant art of writing." The Dame Schools, which are now known here only by tradition, still exist in England, much to the grief of the school officials, who complain that parents send their lit-

tle ones irregularly to these apologies for schools, and thus evade the laws of the School Board. They are often kept by some Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, who has a little shop with gingerbread and tape for sale; and in the window, by the side of these tempting wares, a sign is displayed, announcing that "a school is kept here." Shensstone's lines—

"In every village, marked with little spire,  
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,  
A matron old whom we school-mistress name,  
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame"—

might apply to the present day in England; while Young America, so scornful of all relics of the past, has forgotten that he ever went to a Dame School, and was pinned to an old woman's apron while he said his letters. The nearest approach we now have to the traditionary dame is the eccentric spinster, the graduate of some old and respectable seminary, who "keeps" a small private school for girls. When her pupils wish to take the shortest road to her good graces they discourse upon missionaries, for, ten to one, she is a second Mrs. Jellyby, even to her distracted-looking wardrobe; and when she is uncommonly absent-minded, her girls quietly nod at each other, and whisper, "Borriboola-Gha."

Woman has won her present position in the public schools from beginnings as small as the grain of mustard seed. In Barnard's Rhode Island Report for 1845, he says that in all the schools he visited, or from which returns were received, out of Providence (and excepting the primary departments of a few central districts), he found only six female teachers, and that, with the above exceptions, there could not have been more than twice that number employed in the whole State. His successor, who visited the same schools in 1861, found more than two hundred female teachers; but he thought two-thirds of those taught by men, even then, would have been better taught and disciplined by women. In 1837 there were in Massachusetts 3591 female teachers, and in 1848 their number had swelled to 5510. This increase Horace Mann considered a great reform, believing women much better adapted to the work. In 1870, according to the census, about seventy-four per cent. of all the teachers in the United States were women. In New England the excess of women teachers over men is very great; but in most of the Western and also in the Southern States there is a smaller percentage. In Maine the proportion in summer is about ninety-seven per cent., and in winter only fifty-five per cent.; in Vermont nearly ninety per cent. of the teachers are women throughout the year; and in New York about sixty-seven per cent. In New York city more than ninety per cent. of the teachers are



women, and in other large cities the preponderance of women over men is very great. No doubt the economy of employing women as teachers goes far to explain their rapid increase, but their wages as well as their numbers have also steadily increased. It is recorded that Polly Hovey, one of the first female teachers in Maine, was paid, in 1792, \$1 50 per week. In Iowa, at one time, two women taught for \$4 29 a month, though the average salary of women teachers in that State was \$7 64 per month. Even men were not very liberally paid in old times, for in Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1650, a school-master was hired for one year for \$30, and allowed "2s. a head for keeping the dry-herd." It is mentioned in one of the Massachusetts Normal School Reports that one of the young men graduates received, when he entered upon his career, \$13 a month, and "boarded round." By-the-way, that old custom of "boarding round" is generally supposed to have died out; but it is still in vogue in many places, and in at least one district in Pennsylvania all the teachers receive \$15 a month and board in this manner. Who but the victim himself can describe the miseries of "boarding round" in rambling country villages—of living for a week or month on tea and pie, and then only exchanging the bill of fare for pie and tea; of sleeping under leaky roofs, upon pillows which the rains and snows of heaven bedew; of shivering in breakfast-rooms, where, if a drop of water fall upon the table-cloth, though the stove be in close proximity, it is instantly frozen? And yet the physical discomforts are often the least of the homeless teacher's trials.

To return to wages, certain male graduates of the Bridgewater Normal School, who began with \$25 or \$30 a month, including board, now receive \$3200 a year, and a few \$4000; and salaries of women graduates have increased in the same proportion. To be sure, there is too often a lamentable difference between the sexes in respect to wages; but women, at least those employed in cities, undoubtedly earn more than they could obtain in other occupations. Probably few clerks or operatives earn, as do 900 teachers in Boston, \$15 39 every week in the year, including ten weeks of vacation. In Massachusetts the average salary per month of men, for 1875, was \$88 37; of women, \$35 35. In Maine, men, \$37; women, \$18. In Pennsylvania, men, \$41 07; women, \$34 09. In Ohio, men, \$60; women, \$44. In Michigan, men, \$51 29; women, \$28 19. But in some States, as in Iowa, the rule is becoming general to pay men and women the same salary for the same grade of work. In the city of St. Louis no distinction is made between the sexes in fixing the teachers' salaries; and the California Legislature of 1873 enacted that the female teachers in

the public schools should in all cases receive the same compensation as men for like services. A few of the Southern States, which employ more men than women, pay the same salary for the same work to both sexes; and Idaho, Nevada, and Arizona report the same custom. Nevada, which supports but few schools, pays her teachers \$100 56 per month; and in Arizona, where the schools are all of a primary grade, and the larger portion of the children of Mexican birth, teachers are paid from \$100 to \$125 per month. Of late the hard times have caused a reduction in teachers' salaries, and this seems to many unjust. One indignant superintendent cries: "Why should retrenchment begin at teachers' salaries when fashion laughs at panics?"

I have sometimes wondered what would happen if that indefatigable, overworked class, the school-teachers, should have a "strike." Fancy the consternation that would seize the people from one end of the land to the other if the school-room doors were all closed, and the children let loose upon us, especially if we credit the statement of a certain Commissioner of Education, who says, "Thousands of our schools are little less than undisciplined juvenile mobs."

One complaint often brought against women teachers is that they stay so short a time in the service. Mr. Francis Adams, in his *Free School System of the United States*, says: "As a matter quite of course women do not look to teaching as a life-long career. In England scarcely one in twenty of the female teachers reaches her tenth year of service. Of the female teachers trained at Bishop's Stortford it has been ascertained that the average school life was under five years." *Per contra*, a writer on women as teachers, in the *Cyclopedia of Education*, explains their success by the "fact that women pursue teaching more as a steady employment, while there are but few young men in elementary schools who are not looking forward to more lucrative and more influential occupations." Those who contend that teaching with women is apt to be a temporary resort more than with men, have only to look about them to become convinced of their mistake. Almost any New Englander can count among his personal acquaintances women who have taught from fifteen to thirty years, and who will probably die in the harness. One of the Boston teachers—a single woman—died recently, after teaching in one of the primary schools for forty years. Colonel Higginson, when a member of the school committee in Newport, Rhode Island, stated in the *Woman's Journal* that the whole number of women teachers employed in that city was thirty-five, and of these, ten had served from twelve to twenty-one years, the average term of service being eight-seventeen years,



while the average term of the five male teachers was three-eight years. And he gives the results of a good deal of observation, as follows: "Women, when they teach public schools, usually continue teaching for an indefinite period, unless they are married; but men usually leave that occupation in a few years, whether they are married or not."

A certain Cincinnati school-teacher has announced that "women were intended for wives and mothers, but school-teaching is a dead lock against both." According to the reporter, he puts the case thus: "When a young woman commences to teach she loses nine chances in ten for marriage. If she teaches five years, her chances for marriage are but one in one hundred; and if she teaches ten years, her chances for marriage and good social position are but one in ten thousand." This makes a good newspaper item; but I would refer "Principal Dice" to the Newton (Massachusetts) School Report for 1876, in which the school officials wail over the loss of some of their most valuable teachers by marriage, and the frequent changes thus made necessary. "Even mature age," they exclaim, pathetically, "is no defense, and unless a class of our ladies emulate the self-sacrificing spirit of the Sisters of Charity, the full power of women in the school-room will not be felt." But even marriage does not always (permanently) interfere. Husbands and wives not infrequently help each other in the school-room, and their own children are in the classes. Not long ago a veteran teacher—a widow with children—died at Bristol, Rhode Island, at the age of seventy-four. She had taught in that city forty years, and was in her school-room as usual two days before she died.

In other countries, where the majority of teachers are men, changes, except for promotion, are almost unknown. Women are employed in the primary departments to a certain extent, but in Germany neither the government nor community consider women fitted for teachers. They are accused of being too much under the influence of priests, of being too irritable, and having too little self-control, and it is thought that their influence tends to develop effeminacy in boys. But Horace Mann says, "The union of gentleness and firmness [in German male teachers] leaves little to be desired." The salaries are no higher than here, but old and worn-out teachers are entitled to a pension. In Belgium, where there is no compulsory education, and a large number of children receive no kind of instruction, the chief town of every province has a special savings-bank for teachers, into which they are required to pay annually a certain proportion of their salary; and there, as in France, every teacher who is sixty years old,

or has served thirty years, is entitled to a life pension, while the full pension of teachers is also paid to their widows and orphans till the latter have reached their sixteenth year. In Prussia every teacher contributes to the pension fund from one to two per cent. of his annual salary, besides one-half of his first year's salary. Of late years the condition of teachers in Germany has improved. Colonel Waring, in his *Bride of the Rhine*, says that the village teacher had one room and a salary of \$40 or \$50 a year not long ago; now he boasts several rooms and a small garden, while his salary has been advanced to \$120 per annum, and out of this small salary he often lays by a sum for his children, with an economy unknown to us.

There is no doubt that our system of rotation in office is detrimental in many ways. A large number of our teachers seem deeply imbued with the migratory spirit of the nation, so constantly do they flit from school to school. Did the aborigines breathe a parting curse upon the soil from which they were driven, predicting too truly that all who should dwell upon their stolen lands should inherit their roving dispositions? As soon as one teacher gets his peculiar system into working order, and has learned to know his pupils, lo! his time is up, and there is nothing to do but to "move on;" and the same ground is to be gone over by his successor. On the other hand, a teacher, like any plant hemmed in by other plants, is apt to grow one-sided, instead of developing a perfect whole, and both men and women grow pedagogic and narrow when their whole world is confined within the school-room walls. A teacher of long experience once said to me, "All teachers ought to give up their work occasionally and rest—let their thoughts flow into new channels, leave the dead history of the past, and find out what the world is doing to-day." New teachers may bring fresh enthusiasm and fresh thoughts to the work, in contrast to those who have been plodding along in the same ruts for weary years. In Europe one purpose of the pensions is to induce old teachers to withdraw, and bring in fresh ones.

Of course, in a country like Germany, where the profession of teacher assures to a man a high social position, he being regarded as an officer of the government, there is more inducement to stay in the service. Horace Mann wrote of our own teachers in 1848: "Their social estimate not much surpasses the pecuniary value set upon their services. The profession at large, while it enjoys but a measured degree of public respect, seems shut out from all paths to fortune or fame." This sounds discouraging; but the social status of teachers is largely dependent upon the ideas which prevail in different localities. In Philadelphia, for instance, the impression exists that teachers



must be inferior in social standing; they are spoken of with pity mingled with contempt, not because they are teachers, but because they are obliged to teach. To be sure, those ladies who teach private schools are somewhat differently regarded. The position and persecution of this class at the South after the war are well known; even the "Crackers" despised a Yankee teacher. In New England a teacher is esteemed as highly as the members of any other profession, and in the rural districts the teacher is often an object of wonder and veneration. Into remote country villages the school-ma'am carries the latest fashions, and the family which is happy enough to board "the mistress" is accused of being "stuck up." In a certain country church "down East" the organ boy threw the choir into a panic one Sunday by suddenly ceasing to "blow;" he was looking at the teacher's water-fall. The "sallow-faced, gray-eyed school-mistress" from Boston, who figures in one of Bret Harte's California sketches, moves among the rough mining population like the heroine of Longfellow's verse,

"Subduing e'en rude village churls  
By her angelic looks."

"Profane Bill," the stage-driver, gives her half the coach to herself, instead of offering her the box seat as usual, because he has an unfortunate habit of "cussin' on up grades;" a gambler, who once silently rode with her in the same coach, afterward threw a decanter at the head of a friend for mentioning her name in a bar-room; and the parents of her pupils "worshipped the priestess from afar." To turn from this sketch to a little story of Jean Ingelow's, called *Emily's Ambition*, is to be transported to a different world. The heroine of this story was apprenticed as a pupil-teacher, but became dissatisfied and "pined to be a lady"—in other words, a milliner. "I shall have to work very hard," she soliloquized, "and what shall I be? Why, nothing but a teacher; and what a common, vulgar sort of trade that seems!" And Miss Emily's teacher tried in vain to quell her "craving ambition" by reminding her that teachers can not "earn their bread without scattering blessings wherever they go."

The whole army of school-teachers need this last thought to cheer and inspire them on their thorny road. When we consider that the elementary school is the only college reached by the masses, we can see what a responsibility rests upon our women teachers, and that their opportunities for scattering blessings are unbounded. It is claimed that the frightful number of ignorant and unprincipled voters in this country is owing to the inefficiency of the lower schools; and yet it is doubtless true that the moral atmosphere of the schools is better than that of a large majority of American homes. But

the influence of the school-mistress on the republic is not to be estimated in a few words in a paper like this. Women may sigh through long years to come for the ballot-box, forgetting how large a share she has not only in the family, but in the school-room, in training the coming man, teaching him to love the truth, and pointing out the path of a noble, upright, and fearless manhood. Surely the votes of the women are deposited in every ballot-box in the land by every manly hand that has been led by feminine influences, at home or school, to love justice and purity in high places.

## A DAY WITH DOCTOR SARAH.

A DOZEN ladies were taking luncheon with Mrs. Harry Epps, of Murray Hill. That little matron's luncheons are always ideal woman's parties. This especial morning, for example.

There was plenty of space and sunshine in the pretty pale-tinted rooms. No great pictures nor distracting array of bric-à-brac. Nobody wanted to climb into regions of high art, or to admire—the day was too warm. There were flowers instead, flowers every where; a vine waving in at the bay-window. From the other windows you could hear the rustle of the trees of Central Park, and catch glimpses of slopes of grass there, of a clump of dark cedars at the base of a sunny hill, of a hedge of wistaria—a mass of snaky black arms holding up purple blooms.

Inside there was a clear feminine softness in the very atmosphere; the dishes on the table were feebly sweetish in flavor, and so was the talk. There was much good feeling and culture shown in the conversation of these delicate, low-voiced women; but an idea, naked and freshly born into the world, would have been as out of place if dragged into sight at Mrs. Epps's luncheon table as a man, or a greasy joint, or the Archangel Michael with his flaming sword.

At least that was Doctor Sarah Coyt's opinion as she sat in moody silence, listening to the soft ripple of talk about her. If there was one thing of which Doctor Sarah had a full supply, it was ideas. She kept a stock of them, as David did of pebbles, and was perpetually slinging them at the head of one Goliath of custom or another. The aged giants were hard to kill; indeed, her best friends hinted that her pebbles were only mud. But she fired them with desperate courage—there was no doubt of that. She had fought her way into her profession, and out of the Christian Church, and now she had clinched with Law, Religion, and Society in a hand-to-hand fight because of their treatment of woman.

When Maria Epps introduced Doctor Coyt to her friends, they felt a shock as from an



electric battery, and then they all roused into pleasurable excitement. It was such a treat to see this famous creature face to face!

"I do like this sort of thing, mamma," said Margaret Whyte to her mother. "You know I went to see Jem Mace as the prize-fighter in *As you Like it*, and this woman is accounted a kind of intellectual Heenan or Morrissey by the newspapers. So nice in Maria to bring her!"

"It must be true that Maria Epps is going to join the woman's rights people," said her mother, thoughtfully. "She is always aiming at the *bizarre*. You remember she was the first to drive three ponies *à la Russe* in the Park; and she went to those Moody meetings. But I did *not* think she would carry her freaks as far as this."

But they were all courteous to Doctor Sarah. The courtesy, indeed, became oppressive. The very air grew clammy and heavy; all the ease, the pleasant repose, had faded out of it. The man, the greasy joint, were upon the stage now.

Visibly, Doctor Sarah was only a thin little woman in purple silk, sitting painfully erect on a straight-backed chair, her eyes glancing from one woman to another as though she were an officer, and they troops about to be drilled. Her features were delicate though worn, her eyes were sincere, sad brown eyes naturally, but they had learned a fierce trick of challenge in the rough-and-tumble fight which she had chosen to make of life. She had not said a word as yet except about her drive and the dust, but something in the flat, quivering nostril made every woman stand on guard. They felt that they were no longer Maria Epps's chance guests, lazily sipping chocolate; they were human beings—to be, to do, and to suffer.

Mrs. Epps took some pains to draw Doctor Sarah out, just as she had been careful that nobody should miss the flavor of the new salad. A novelty always gave *goût* to a luncheon or dinner.

"This talk of pictures and music must seem horribly trivial to you, doctor," she said. "We are such mere butterflies, compared to a woman with a great object in life."

Doctor Sarah smiled good-humoredly. "I find great help in music," she said, "and I paint pictures—poor ones, but they help me too. Nature and art give me a better insight into the needs of my sex."

"Doctor Coyt's object, you know," explained Mrs. Epps, beaming around the table, "is to emancipate woman."

There was a low murmur of polite assent. Mrs. Marmaduke Huff raised her eyeglasses, and courteously inspected Doctor Sarah with a gentle wonder, precisely as she had done the devil-fish that morning in the Aquarium.

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting a woman of your—your party before," said pretty Miss Purcell, softly.

"Oh, I saw several of them in London," cried Mrs. Hipple, who dressed hideously and drank beer since she came home, and fancied herself wholly English. "It is quite a favorite *fad* with some very respectable people over there."

Then there was a sudden embarrassed pause, for every body expected Doctor Coyt to begin to defend her *fad*. But she sat silent, looking at a bit of honeysuckle which had crept in at the window. The angry red burned up into her thin cheek. Why should these people look at her as though she were the woman with the iron jaw, or some other such monster? No doubt they thought she had holes in her stockings, and went swaggering about at grog-shops. Why, her home was more womanly and fanciful than this, and she herself—

"I was in hopes, madam," said Miss Purcell, gently, "that you would give us some insight into your plans. It is we, after all, whom you should convert."

"I am no proselyter," said Doctor Sarah, with an acrid smile. She felt, as she often did, that the cause was hopeless. These frothy creatures to comprehend its great principles! Even suppose they had suffrage, what would they know of politics, of their fellow-men outside of a ball-room, or even of the money which they squandered?

In which the soured woman made the mistake which we all make when we judge of a chimpanzee, not being of chimpanzee blood. This Maria Epps, with the baby face, had manipulated half a dozen bills through Congress last session. There was not a party wire which she did not know how to work. She had matters in train now to get Epps a foreign mission. There was not a shrewder dealer in stocks in New York than the little blonde widow, Mrs. Huff, on the other side of the table. She had made a snug fortune for herself since Marmaduke died, and had given the boys a fair start in the tobacco trade. While, as for the classes outside of society, that good Fanny Purcell had spent more time last winter in the prisons and hospitals than Doctor Sarah had done in a lifetime. Yet they all wore dresses which framed them into pictures, and they haunted curio shops, cackling about old Satsuma ware.

When they found that Doctor Sarah would not consent to be exhibited that afternoon, they went away one by one.

"Now, dear Maria," said Miss Purcell, as she kissed her hostess outside of the drawing-room door, "don't allow yourself to be entangled with that dreadful woman's set. Infidels, free-lovers—"

"Sarah Coyt is as chaste and clean-minded a woman as there is in New York," said



Mrs. Epps, tartly. "Do have some charity with your religion, Fanny." Mrs. Huff hurried Fanny away.

"It is only one of Maria's political manoeuvres," she said, as she seated herself in her phaeton. "Some of these woman's rights people have influence which she needs to gain Major Epps his appointment. The house will be overrun with radicals until she has secured her point, and then—Oh, we all know Maria!"

Mrs. Epps meanwhile went darting about, re-arranging the flowers, while Doctor Sarah, in her aggressive purple gown, sat bolt-upright, watching her with a quizzical smile. Maria reminded her of a dragon-fly, with its little flutter and shine and buzz, with its poisoned sting underneath, too. She was too hard on Maria, being, like most radicals, intolerant. The little woman inside of her finesse had a hot heart and hot temper; she was just now vehemently minded to side with Doctor Sarah, because the other women had snubbed her.

"I am glad they are all gone before the business meeting commenced," she said. "You asked all the leaders of the cause to be here this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"And you go down to Washington to-night to plead the cause before a Congressional committee? Alone?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't it be better to have a deputation—for effect, now?"

"No," she said, sharply. "I am in earnest in this matter. Who else is? I've given up my profession for it. There's not another woman in the field who gives more than half her time and energy to the cause." She talked on as if to herself, her black brows contracted, her nostrils drawn in, her eyes fixed in a fierce abstraction. "There's always an obstacle. This one must make her living by writing slipshod novels or lecturing, that one has a baby, another a dead lover to mope over. Some of our leaders have taken up the cause to gain notoriety, and some for even meaner purposes," glaring suspiciously at Maria.

"Oh dear, yes, I suppose so," said that arch little hypocrite. "And you are going to meet the committee to-morrow?" her head on one side, scanning Doctor Sarah critically. "Might I hint?—your mind is so engrossed with high matters—but you must pay some attention to your costume. I know the chairman, Colonel Hoyt, very well. A pretty woman, well dressed, can do as she pleases with him. All men are influenced by dress when women are in question. You're not offended?—it's only poor little me. But I would suggest now black velvet with a hint of scarlet. So much depends on it! I would not spare the scarlet, either."

"Yes. I did not know how much depended on it," said Doctor Sarah, smiling. It was a bitter smile. *She* had not taken up the cause to make money or notoriety out of it. Many of her colleagues laughed and fought for it as for a jolly. She never laughed. She was in as desperate earnest as ever was Luther or Patrick Henry. The newspapers all over the country jeered at her; her own sex held her off at arms-length: being a womanish woman, every jeer and snub had cut deep. But her sex, she had thought, were in as perilous a strait as was ever church or slave. She would give up every thing for them. And now that her cause was coming to a final issue, the verdict depended on a gown and its trimmings!

Two or three of the defenders of the cause had arrived by this time, and were talking apart with Maria; they held Doctor Sarah in a certain reverent awe. She never fraternized with the rest of her party, never accepted invitations to women's clubs, or posed at their public dinners.

"She is more like a wonderful machine than a human being," whispered one of her colleagues. "She makes no friends, leans on nobody, cares for nothing but the cause. Eh? Where is she going now?" For Doctor Sarah had suddenly crossed the room, and was stooping over a table. Mrs. Epps joined her, curiously. The doctor's long nervous fingers were fidgeting over a dish of mignonette and sweet-peas.

"My old-fashioned 'bow-pot,'" said Maria, smiling.

"Yes; the perfume brought me over to it. I have not seen the flowers together for many years. I used to know a man who always kept a pot of them in his room."

"It was a man that arranged these—the Reverend Matthew Niles. A poor clergyman whom we knew in Maryland. I have him up for a week's vacation, and to fit him out with some new clothes. A good creature!"

A half-quizzical, half-sad smile flickered over Doctor Sarah's sharp face. "Matthew was arranging dishes of peas and mignonette still, eh? A beggar for Major Epps's old clothes? Sentimental, effeminate, boneless creature! And I used to tremble and turn cold when the pretty fellow spoke to me. I suppose that was the disease of love. Well, I had it pretty thoroughly then," she thought. She pulled out a pea and held it to her nose. Her blood ran cold now, and her fingers shook. She could have struck them, with a rage of contempt. Why, it was twenty years ago! She had cast the man off as her inferior when she was a girl, and she had been growing ever since. What subtle physical power had this limping creature still upon her which shook her in this way? "It is my youth—my youth, which takes hold of me in him," thought the doc-



tor, stiffening herself in her purple silk; and marching over to the table, she called for the report of the meeting in Boston.

Surely she had tested this folly of marriage, and knew what it was worth! For the doctor, as the female pioneer of the cause in the West, had married Simon Coyt, the male pioneer, and it had not been a successful partnership. Mental qualities had balanced exactly; yet now that Simon was dead, his widow had not the slightest wish to meet him again any where on the other side of the grave.

Friend Eli Sowerby was on his feet. He was a practical, zealous little man. "We have made a wise choice in selecting Sarah Coyt to lay this matter before the committee. Yet it would be proper, in my judgment, if she would state briefly the arguments by which she will support it, that we may know precisely how she will represent us."

"I shall be guided by the suggestions of the moment in the bulk of my remarks," said the doctor; "but I can give you the principal points which I mean to make. It is only fair you should know to what I bind you."

She stood up, her hands resting on the back of a chair. She always spoke with fluency and decision, and she knew her arguments now by heart. Her thin body after a while began to glow with fiery exaltation. She rose on tiptoe, flourished her lean arms. At last the battle was at hand. She was going out alone to fight it. She was going out, like David, in the face of the conflicting hosts, her nation looking on. (Only David took his sling in the name of the Lord, and she unslung hers in the name of Sarah Coyt.)

"The American is just, reasonable in the hearing of every cause but this," she shouted, shrilly, wondering to herself at the same time what thumping noise that was in the hall, and why Mrs. Epps did not quiet it. "A woman," more vehemently, "is, first of all, a citizen. She loves, marries, by accident, but she is a citizen by inalienable right. It is her highest—"

The thumping was evidently made by a crutch. The doctor had the physician's instinct. Still gesticulating, her eye wandered to the door to see the cripple who should enter.

"She holds a legal place in the social body as a wife—a mother. But as a citizen—"

It was a child—a half-starved, shabbily dressed girl who came limping in.

"You render her—a nullity. Will nobody give that child a chair?"

The child tripped and fell headlong.

"All right," said Eli, picking her up. "Go on, doctor."

But the doctor already had the child in

her lap, and was fingering her leg. "I was only about to say that the duties of a woman to the state far outweighed those which she owed as wife and mother, the latter being comparatively selfish, partial, and trivial. This child has had an attack of paraplegia, and it never has been attended to."

"What has paraplegia to do with woman's suffrage?" said Eli.

"Whose child is she? There has been the grossest neglect," continued Doctor Sarah, sharply. She rose and walked out of the room in her usual decisive fashion, the little girl in her arms. She never had entire control of herself when she had a child in her arms. When she was in the dining-room she sat down, uncovered the withered limb, and patted the thin watchful face on her breast.

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Winny Niles."

"Matthew's daughter? She might have been my child," thought Doctor Sarah. It was not her old fancy for the silly young clergyman which brought that change slowly in the expression of her sharp features as she sat holding the girl. It was the remembrance of the dead-born baby which had never lain there. The breast had been full of milk then, but the dead little lips had never touched it, and the breast had shrivelled slowly and grown hard. As Sarah held the child closer to it she remembered how hard it was, as became the mongrel creature which the newspapers called an Advanced Female.

"Bah! They know nothing about us," she broke out, hugging Winny. "You poor, patient little soul, has nothing been done for you? What has your father been about?"

"Papa has only his salary, and he helps the poor a great deal," said Winny, with dignity.

"The poor! And his child looking in this fashion! Idiot!" muttered the doctor.

"Well, your mother—where was she?"

"She is dead."

A sudden heat overspread Sarah's face; she was not sorry that this woman was dead, yet assuredly she did not wish to take her place. "How many are there of you?" she said, gently.

"Four—the two boys and baby and me."

"A baby and boys," thought Sarah. "And their father as fit to govern them as a moon-calf. Well, it's none of my business. That is your father's step coming up the stairs," she said, aloud, putting the child hurriedly down. A Venetian mirror hung near them. The little doctor glanced in it quickly; there was in it a wiry, muddied-skinned, high-nosed woman in purple silk. She saw suddenly beside her a vision of a shy, rose-tinted girl, watching a young divinity student as he arranged mignonette in a pot, and she laughed to herself with a keen sense of absurdity.



The door opened, and the Reverend Matthew stood on the threshold, plump, neat, precise, from the tip of his low shoes to the folds of his lawn cravat. Above the folds of the cravat was an apple-cheeked face, full of mild good humor and feeble obstinacy. Coming up the stairs, he had met the retiring delegates to the meeting, and Mrs. Epps, who told him who was with Winny. He heard the name of the great reformer with a little conscious chuckle.

"Doctor Sarah Coyt? Tut! tut! Now, would you believe it, Mrs. Epps, that that lady was an old flame of mine? Fact! A callow fancy—calf-love, you know; had not cut my wisdom-teeth. Sarah Fetridge, she was then. But I have watched her course since with interest, in consequence. With reprobation, of course, but still with interest. I never have any thing to do with that kind of people, but I should like to see her, I confess. *Doctor Coyt*, eh? Tut! tut! Poor creature!"

Then he opened the door, and looked at her with an amused, curious smile.

"Ah, Matthew, how do you do?" Doctor Sarah nodded curtly. "Haven't seen you for twenty years, I believe. We've both grown old, eh?" holding out her hand. It shook; she could not quiet it. His was cool and soft and limp. How well she remembered the touch of it!

"On the contrary," he said, civilly, "I don't know when I have seen a woman as well preserved."

She winced. She had seen hideous caricatures of herself in illustrated papers, and laughed; why should she care when this man of all men called her "well preserved?" But she did care. The hot tears of mortification came in spite of herself to her eyes. What did it mean? Why did she quake as if with ague since he came into the room? She had no regard, no respect, for the man; he was weak, ridiculous—

Mr. Niles, who had a shrewd knack of observing trifles, saw her agitation, and began to quake in his turn. She remembered the past. She would begin to hint at love's young dream. What if she should propose to him? There was nothing which these unsexed women would not do.

Mrs. Epps came in at the moment, and he turned to her with a sense of escape. Maria began to chatter, glancing curiously at them both. She fancied that the doctor's sudden interest in Winny was explained by her old love affair with her father. But Maria was wrong. Nature adapts women to be either wives or mothers; the best of one class are not often the best of the other. Doctor Sarah, with her thin lips and broad forehead, had very few of the qualities which go to make a happy marriage; but she was a born mother. Besides, she had reached the age when the motherly instinct is stron-

gest in any woman. She might have married Matthew now, not from love, but a protective pity—to take care of him. It was the age when Maintenon married Louis, and Margaret Fuller the Italian lad.

She sat silent while Mrs. Epps and the clergyman talked of the weather, and then rose abruptly and tied on her hat; then she came up to him. A mild alarm gathered in his face: he stood on guard.

"About this child of yours, Matthew? I'm a physician, you know."

"So I have understood," repressing a smile. She eyed him a moment in silence. "Whether I deserve the name or not," she said, calmly, "matters nothing. I know enough to assure you that the child's disease is curable if taken in time, but that, if neglected much longer, she will be a helpless invalid for life. I have given up practice. But I should like to examine her again. I have taken a fancy to the little thing. Will you bring her to my house on Tuesday?"

Mr. Niles hesitated: he blushed, stammered. "Mrs.—Doctor—Coyt, I must consider the matter. I am mother and father both to the children, and, to be candid," gathering courage, "I doubt whether my wife would have risked Winny's case in the hands of so—so irregular a practitioner."

The doctor smiled—a smile which lasted a trifle too long. "I understand. I am sorry. I had taken a fancy to the child," she repeated. "Good-morning." Mrs. Epps followed her down the stairs.

"Don't mind it, doctor. He is a bigoted little man," she said, soothingly.

"Oh, it's nothing!" Doctor Sarah replied, hurriedly. "The objection really came from his wife. Many mothers used to object to me as a practitioner because I never had a child."

When Mr. Niles and his little girl took their seats in the train that evening to return to his parish in Maryland, he saw Doctor Sarah at the other end of the car. The Rev. Mr. Abbott, one of the leaders of his Church, came in, and, much to Matthew's surprise, stopped to speak to her, and did it with marked deference. He took a seat presently beside Matthew.

"That is Sarah Coyt," he whispered. "The little woman with the strong, fine face."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Niles, giggling, "I know. One of the strong-minded sisterhood."

"She has an exceptionally clear head for business, if that is what you mean," replied Mr. Abbott. "Rides the suffrage hobby hard, I believe; but childless women must have some such outlet. But she has amassed a considerable fortune by her business tact."



"Indeed?" said Matthew, gravely. He looked at Sarah with altered eyes. He had a respectful awe of any body who could make money.

The train rolled swiftly on. Doctor Sarah talked to Eli, who accompanied her as far as Philadelphia, of her argument on the sixteenth amendment, but her eyes under her veil scanned deliberately her old lover and his child. How miserably poor they must be! Matthew did not wear now the new suit which Mrs. Epps had given him, and the child's clothes, her hair, her manner, all showed the lack of a mother's care.

"But it is no business of mine," she said.

"I leave the cause in thy hands," said Eli, parting with her at Philadelphia. "The eyes of the country will be upon thee to-morrow."

Evening was falling. The train rolled smoothly on in the soft twilight through the drowsy Maryland villages, with negroes lounging in crowds about the stations, through rich pastures crimson with clover, and the old apple orchards; over long bridges, with stretches of gray lapping water beneath, and here and there a filmy sail moving dim and spectral in the faint shine of the rising moon.

Doctor Sarah pointed them out to Matthew, who now sat behind her. "Surely a ghost sits at the rudder yonder. It might be Charon coming for us in his boat," she said.

Matthew smiled. Women were all silly and fantastic alike! But it was a kindly smile. The little man's affectionate heart smote him for his rudeness. She had meant kindness, and he had snubbed her brutally. She could not be a bad woman, when Mr. Abbott thought so well of her. He was glad when Winny went over and sat down by her. The lonely, neglected child had understood the meaning in the woman's eyes. Presently she fell asleep, and Sarah put her arm about her and drew her down on to her shoulder. Then Matthew came over to them, and the doctor nodded and smiled and pointed out Charon and his boat. After all it was comfortable to be in accord with his old friend again. It was a friendly world! That little Mrs. Epps, now, was a good Christian soul, though she had her whims. Matthew, although conscious that he was the only entirely sane person in the world, felt to-night a sense of the beauty and good-will and happiness in it as never before. Usually his little mind was kept acerb and restless by the stringent want of money. But this evening he needed nothing. He looked at the nodding passengers in the silent car with a good-humored smile, and then at the sleeping valley flooded now with the light of the risen moon. It was the time when, if he had been at home, he would have had prayers with the chil-

dren. He always had the feeling, as they knelt, that their mother was near them. "The Lord is our shepherd," said the devout little man, silently. "He leadeth us beside the still waters."

The valley before him wavered giddily; there was a deafening roar, a hot rush of vapor, and then he was lying in the wet grass, the moon going out in darkness.

Doctor Sarah was unhurt. She gathered her legs and arms out of the mass of struggling bodies, and then, without a word, began to tug at Winny. The child did not move. Doctor Sarah presently caught at the arm of a burly fellow who was shouting out terrified oaths and questions.

"Try and compose yourself," she said, grimly. "We have run into a freight train, and half of us are killed. Take hold of this child. She is a cripple."

"Cripple? God help us! She's done for, then. I believe I'm not hurt," shaking himself. He drew Winny out with exceeding gentleness, and carried her to the field, followed by Sarah. "It's too late, ma'am," as he laid her down.

The doctor's practiced hands were at work. "No; she is alive, but her other leg is broken. What village is that?" For the people from the next station were crowding about the train.

It proved to be Matthew's parish. In half an hour he was carried to his own house by some of his parishioners, who seemed very fond of the little man. He was conscious, and the physicians could find no external injury.

"It is the steam which he has swallowed," said Doctor Sarah. "Bring the other children to him. It will be too late in a few minutes."

It was such a bare little house! Her keen eye took note of every mark of poverty even while she stirred a draught for the dying man. The village doctors were busy with Winny.

"It is a compound fracture," one of them said. "A case for months."

"Have these children no kinsfolk?" demanded Sarah.

"None. Poor Mr. Niles has scratched along as he could for them alone."

"And what is to become of them now, God only knows!" groaned a despondent fat mother in Israel, who held the bandages.

"The Lord will provide. He always does," said the village doctor.

The boys, ugly, manly little fellows, were brought in, terrified and half asleep. Doctor Sarah carried the baby in its night-gown, and laid her on the bed beside Matthew. But he was scarcely conscious now. "Is that you, Dot?" he said. "Papa can't romp this morning." Presently he passed his hand gropingly over her face. "Poor little Dot! O God! who is there to take care of them?"



Sarah hesitated. She remembered the cause to which she had given her life. She had been in earnest when she gave it. Then she stooped and took his hand. "I am here, Matthew," she said, quietly.

The Congressional committee met, according to appointment, and waited in vain for Doctor Sarah.

Friend Eli Sowerby was naturally indignant when he heard of it. "There is always an obstacle in the way with women," he said. "But why must it always be a man or a baby?"

### CATARINA CORNARO.

WHILE Catarina Cornaro, the future Queen of Cyprus, was yet a child, praying and dreaming among the vines of her Paduan convent, a drama was being enacted on that island which, in the intimate relation of its personages, the severe unity of its conditions of time and place, and that mysterious retributive power which the Greeks called Nemesis, bears a close resemblance to the old Greek tragedies. From the fall of paganism until the time of the Crusades little is known of the history of Cyprus. Its people had relapsed into a state of semi-barbarity, and the kings who ruled over it were cruel and fierce. Richard Cœur-de-Lion dethroned and executed the then reigning sovereign. He sold the island to the Knights of Rhodes; but they, unable to govern the half-savage inhabitants, returned it to Richard. He then offered it to Guido Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, who had been driven from his throne, in exchange for a certain sum of money and the renunciation of all his claims to his former title in favor of the English crown.

At the period under consideration the island was governed by one Giovanni, fourteenth of the line of Lusignan, who had taken to wife a daughter of the house of Paleologue, the imperial dynasty of Byzantium. The queen was a woman of fierce and jealous temper, and, in connection with her brother Tommaseo, stirred up revolt and rebellion on all sides against her weak, pleasure-loving husband. She murdered her daughter's husband, and aroused the hatred of his widow, who appealed to her half-brother Giacomo for protection, and instigated him to the murder of her uncle Tommaseo. For this crime Giacomo was banished from court. The queen hated him because of the king's affection for his mother, and his exile lasted as long as her jealous spirit ruled the island. But one day she died of rage at learning of the remarriage of her daughter with a prince of Savoy, and the feeble old king allowed his much-loved son to return to court.

It was at this time that the Venetian mediation was first actively called into play. For several years members of the Cornaro family had hung about the court, winning favor both with the king and with his rebellious son, and often employed as ambassadors between them. The Venetian senate had long been winding the slow length of its serpent policy about this royal family, so divided against itself. Fortunate it was for the republic that Marco Cornaro, the father of young Catarina, should have come down from Venice to inspect some lands belonging to his wife, and that his brother Andrea should have won Prince Giacomo's indebtedness by his generous aid in time of need.

The old king died, and Giacomo, after a severe contest with his sister Carlotta, mounted the throne of Cyprus. Tradition relates that Giacomo's ambition was stimulated by the fact that Andrea Cornaro one day showed him the portrait of a beautiful young girl. Giacomo fell madly in love with the portrait. When the crafty Venetian saw that the right moment had come, he revealed to him that this beautiful young creature was none other than his niece Catarina Cornaro, a girl of fourteen, who was in all respects worthy to be a queen. Be that as it may, when the crown was fairly on his head, Giacomo determined to contract an alliance with some powerful state, and he naturally turned to the Venetian republic. He dispatched an ambassador to the senate to ask the hand of some high-born maiden in marriage.

There was work now in Venice for the sellers of cloth of gold and velvets and satins and cunning embroidery, for the hairdressers and seamstresses and dealers in beautifying cosmetics. There were seventy-two noble damsels to be assembled in the great council hall of the Ducal Palace. The great day came at last. From all the balconies along the canal hung the festal *arazzi*—the crimson damasks and cloths of gold and tapestries from Flanders—and crowds leaned over them gazing down curiously into the black *gondole* that flitted by with their curtains closely drawn. At the Piazzetta stood the Doge's guards in holiday uniform to receive and escort the noble damsels as they passed across the Molo to the court-yard and up the staircase of the giants to the council chamber. A goodly sight it was—all the patrician matrons of the city loaded with diamonds and rubies, all the highest dignitaries of the state in robes of crimson and scarlet, the seventy-two potential queens combed and coifed and powdered and tight-laced. The ambassadors passed from one to another, complimenting the young damsels upon their beauty and their taste in dress, like the finished courtiers they were. But they paused lon-



gest by the side of a slight girl with some rich white stuff drooping about her, her white shoulders bare in all their beautiful moulding, her perfect form drawn to its full height, and her queenly head, with its crown of dark gold hair cast slightly back, as though disdainful to court the favor of king or ambassador. Think what glad surprise filled that heart of fifteen years when the ambassadors took her by the hand and led her to where the Doge sat on his throne at the end of the great council hall, with the senators grouped about him, and told him they had chosen for their future queen young Catarina, daughter of the noble patrician Marco Cornaro!

The Doge ordered her portrait to be painted and sent to the King of Cyprus. Catarina was proclaimed by decree of the senate "Daughter of the Venetian Republic." Her marriage portion was fixed at one hundred thousand ducats, and the protection of the state was assured to the island of Cyprus. Catarina was married by proxy, and the Doge himself gave her away. Then he led her by the hand down the tapestried stair to where a gorgeous fairy bark was waiting to receive her—the *Bucentaur* itself—a mass of gold, dazzling in the sunlight, with white statues of saints standing against the brightness, and lions' heads and escutcheons and Doges' caps and emblems of the republic covering it, and silken silver-fringed streamers of pale blue and scarlet trailing behind it in the luminous green water, and trains of velvet sweeping along the sides, purple and crimson. From between the decks extended long scarlet blades that cut the water noiselessly at the command of lithe figures in dresses of blue and silver. On the upper deck was a throne for the old Doge, with velvet hangings sweeping behind it, and at his right hand, on her gilded chair, sat young Catarina in her white bridal dress sown with great pearls. How proud the city was of her! The wide-mouthed monsters smiled down upon her in blessing as she moved along the canal among the stuffs of crimson and gold that fluttered from the arched windows against their background of tender gray.

A multitude of enchanted barks escorted her down the canal and across the lagoon—long, slender, graceful craft, like delicate-hued birds gliding down the slow rivers of some tropical clime, or the barge of the Cydnus, or the souls of antique galleys, with their stately curved prows, steel and silver and gold, flashing erect and proud as the beaks of the ships of heroic fable. Some were all gilding, with sumptuous velvet trains sweeping from prow to stern, with proud patrician dames seated in them, and manned by gondoliers in dresses of satin, brilliant in the clear day, and with plumes in their hats that waved with every fall of the oar as the

sculpturesque figures swayed back and forth in unison. Others were of transparent glass, shaped in lilies and daisies and heart's-ease, with children dressed like fairies asleep among the petals, and rowers grouped together like the stamens of the blossom. Great crystal birds floated at ease on the surface of the water, and dolphins, changing from pink to purple in the sunlight, or griffins with open beaks and cruel claws, glided on with the retreating tide to the mouth of the canal. From every bark ascended songs in praise of the new-made queen.

The brilliant pageant skirted the Lido, and emerged through the channel between the fortresses upon the tossing sea. There the galleys were waiting to bear the queen away. The Doge gave her his blessing, her parents took leave of her, and she went on board, followed by the train of friends and servants who were to form her household in her barbaric home on the Greek island. How desolate the poor child must have been as she watched the lace-work spires and gleaming domes of St. Mark's vanish one by one, the stunted Lombard turrets settle down into the adjacent roofs, the golden angel of the Campanile fold his wings beneath the rising sea, the red steeple of San Giorgio melt with the night-fall into the red clouds above!

After a long and tempestuous voyage the galleys reached Famagusta, and here Catarina was met by the king. He was not the man to treat with coldness the lovely young creature whose happiness the state reasons of two governments had confided to his care. A strong affection sprang up between them, which ended only with death. Catarina's new position offered all that a woman could ask of happiness. Idolized by the people, adored by her husband, living in a court which combined barbaric Eastern splendor with the refinement and luxury with which the thoughtful senate had surrounded her, she knew nothing of life but its sweetness until that fatal day (in A.D. 1473) when King Giacomo went hunting in the neighborhood of Famagusta, and, being exposed to a heavy storm, fell ill. The physicians told him his end was near at hand. The queen was recalled from Nicosia to her husband's side by her uncle Andrea Cornaro and his nephew Marco Bembo. The dying king ordered his counsellors to appear before him, and committed to their care the execution of his last wishes. He made his unborn child, if it should prove a son, heir to the throne of Cyprus; if a daughter, joint heiress with his wife. At this critical moment Mocenigo, the commander of the Venetian galleys, came to visit him, and assured him that the senate would uphold the rights of his wife and child against all usurpers. The king was comforted; for



all his life he had placed his dependence on the Venetian strength, and he died in peace. Suspicions of poison were cast by the natives upon the king's Venetian counsellors and upon his half-sister Carlotta. The island was divided into factions waiting an opportunity to seize the crown. - In the midst of these disquieting movements the queen bore a son.

For two years Catarina stood watchful and alert, ready to do battle for her crown, with no counsellor but her own brave spirit. She stood through those long months by the cradle in which was throned the baby King of Cyprus, like some beautiful, strong-limbed tigress protecting its young. But one day the child died, and Catarina stood alone in the world, with no human creature upon which to expend the wealth of affection that throbbed in her rich veins.

The one purpose was firmly rooted in her soul to maintain the independence of her crown. The greatest danger lay upon the side of the Venetians. The Princess Carlotta, after having made frequent but unsuccessful attempts on the queen's life, had died in great poverty in Rome. The Venetian state was thus left without a rival in its designs upon the independence of Cyprus. Plots and conspiracies were constantly formed and discovered at the island court. The senate began to grow impatient at the long life of its dutiful daughter. Her crown was certain to revert to it at her decease, but she gave no sign of preparing to leave the world. The senate determined to request her to abdicate. That patient Venetian policy had woven its net so closely about her that the victim had no chance of escape. Tempests gathered thick and fast about the lonely island. It was rumored that the Sultan of Turkey, on his way to attack the Egyptian prince, would attempt the conquest of Cyprus. The Venetians sent a fleet of twenty-five galleys to the island, and forced the Turks to return to the Hellespont. But the danger of the Mussulman invasion returned repeatedly. The island was in a state of perpetual discord. Emissaries of both European and Asiatic powers were constantly at work inciting the people to revolt. But they loved their queen, and stood firm against all snares and insidious devices.

The queen sat unshaken and erect upon her tottering throne, and turned a deaf ear to all the insinuations of the senate. The kingdom was her own, the people her subjects, and so long as one heart remained loyal to her she would find strength to shield it against the craft of her mother-state. The senate, finding that this soft tool of theirs had hardened to toughest steel in the stormy years of her reign, had recourse to open negotiation. They sent the queen's brother, Giorgio Cornaro, to the

island to demand of her, in the name of the republic, to yield up her kingdom. To this proposal the queen proudly replied that she was astonished beyond measure at the charge the reverend senators brought against her of having allowed the sceptre to slip from her hands; that she had been too long accustomed to the splendor of a court to live at ease in the simple state of a private gentlewoman; that her strength had already been tried, and was able to meet whatever new misfortune might overtake her; that she had never known much of happiness, for her husband had died very early, and the sweetness of motherhood had been hers but a little space; her relations had been murdered before her eyes; the revolts of her vassals, the intrigues of her court, had familiarized her with danger in all its forms. She demanded of her brother, the state's ambassador, how he could have so little regard for the honor of their name as to ask of her a deed that would blacken it in the eyes of all posterity. She had resolved never to remarry, and thus at her death the crown of Cyprus would revert to the republic. Until then the noble senators might wait.

This answer, with all its defiant strength and queenly dignity, flung at the feet of the Venetian senators, filled them with the surprise that one might feel who should watch a gazelle at its gambols, and returning in the morning find it transformed into a tigress.

The senate replied to the queen in an indignant strain. Catarina asked for time to deliberate, and loud and angry were the discussions between herself and her brother. He was the only member of her family for whom she felt any affection, and the senate had remembered this when it chose him for its ambassador. The covert menace, the lurking insult of the senate's protest, showed Catarina what she had to expect from those tender nurturers of her youth. The threat of force which crouched behind the courtly phrases revealed the dread Venetian tribunal in all its hideousness. But resistance meant ruin and desolation to her people. If the senate withdrew its support, the barbarian hordes would rush down upon helpless Cyprus and tear it limb from limb. If she threw down the gauntlet to the Venetians, their fleet would in a moment surround the island and take it by storm. Every outlet was closed, every avenue of escape walled up by the crafty senate. It was only the sacrifice of her own pride that was demanded, and she was a widow without child. A few short years and all would be over, and should she make other wives widows and other mothers childless by fighting for her crown? The woman's heart was stronger within her than the sovereign's pride.

She avoided all direct mention of the Venetian coercion. "Too well I see how fleet-



ing were the shows of happiness with which Fortune sought to tempt me in my first youth, for I have received nothing at her hands but grief and disappointment. Thus I renounce the pomps and the ambitions of the world as I renounce my kingdom. Never again will happiness enter my life. I see too clearly the uncertainty and the futility of earthly circumstance. I give my thoughts and my soul to God, imploring Him to grant me His grace in return for the sacrifice of my kingdom."

The news of the queen's abdication and return to her native land spread throughout Cyprus. The people followed her in procession to Famagusta with shouts of clamorous applause and demonstrations of regret. The people loved her deeply and truly, for they knew her to be a Cypriote at heart through her love for the dead king. In Famagusta the Venetian general offered her the dispatches from the senate. But she answered that she was disposed to obey the state blindly, only praying it to have at heart the happiness of her kingdom, for although her body was about to leave it, her soul would remain. A council was held, in which the queen made a formal renunciation of her rights, the island magistrates took the oath of allegiance to the republic, and after a solemn mass the standard of St. Mark was consigned by the queen to the Venetian general, who caused it to be reared aloft in the market-place of the city.

A few months later (A.D. 1489) the queen took her departure. Crowds followed her to the shore. Mothers held up their children that they might look upon the last of the sovereigns of Cyprus. The old proud line of Lusignan had been swept from the earth, and the storm-ridden island which had held its own for so many years was now but a vassal of the arrogant republic.

Centuries of suffering lay between the fair young bride who had left the sea city and the proud sad widow who returned to it. At the Lido she was met by the Doge. The old sovereign who had blessed her marriage had long before been laid to rest in some dark church beneath his marble effigy. The same courtier train, the same fairy barks, the same brilliant trappings, that had adorned her departure from the sea city tempered the bitterness of her return. She went on board the *Bucentaur*, accompanied by her train of Cypriotes. Seated on the right of the Doge, in the very place she had occupied when she went forth a new-made queen, this widowed, childless, dethroned sovereign was borne across the lagoon to the old familiar landing at the Piazzetta.

The senate invested the house of Cornaro with certain fiefs of the island of Cyprus, and accorded to it the right to unite the arms of Lusignan with its own. Every sumptuous banquet, every gorgeous color-

scene, every pleasure of sight or sound that the senate could devise, was offered to this half-tamed tigress that had been torn from her jungle and prisoned within a gilded cage. The religious sentiment, which had grown stronger in Catarina year by year since her husband's death, took firmer hold upon her weary yet restless spirit after her return to Venice.

She lived on in the palace on the canal, taming her haughty soul with prayer and meditation, feeding her strong intellect with the talk of the scholars who flocked to her table, brooding over her island life with the fierce melancholy of a captive eagle. As the second lady in the state, she led all revels, all banquets, all festivities offered by the republic to its guests.

Four years later, when the Emperor Maximilian passed through the Tyrol in his triumphal homeward progress, Catarina obtained permission from the senate to make a pilgrimage to Conegliano—a town a few hours' journey north of Venice—to greet the Northern sovereign. After the imperial train had passed she still lingered in the Tyrol. The free mountain air, the sense of liberty awakened in the heart after the stifling atmosphere of Venice, brought her high royal strength back to her crushed soul. The eagle determined to build for itself another eyrie high up among the rocks. She craved the splendid solitude, the stately loneliness, the feeling of command, that had been hers on the far-off Greek island.

In the course of her wanderings among the northern mountains, she chanced upon a little town called Asola, frowned upon by a mighty castle. Here she determined to establish her court and revive some shadow of her old dignity. The senate had frequently offered to bestow upon her any one of its numerous estates, and when she demanded a free gift of the government of the country about Asola, her request was readily granted. When the inhabitants of Asola learned that the famous Queen of Cyprus was coming to live among them, they were almost beside themselves with excitement. They were simple, pious folk who tilled their fields and trod their wine-presses all the week, and on Sunday went to mass in the little white churches, and had their games of bowls on the piazza outside, or sat in the apothecary's haunt among the blue and white jars through the long afternoons, and talked of the wars and the Pope, the last earthquake and the latest miracle.

When the municipal rulers learned that the queen was close at hand, they sent two notaries—monstrous figures, with cylinder hats and long furred gowns and solemn shaven faces—out on to the dusty white road to greet the fair sovereign. As the train approached, these two solemn nummers fell on their knees, bowing their heads, pressing



their hands to their hearts, and averting their eyes, to signify that they were dazzled by so much beauty. She was received at the town gate by the podesta and municipal council, made her triumphal entry under an umbrella of cloth of gold, borne by nobles of the country, entered the cathedral, and listened to a mass of thanksgiving for her arrival. The following day she was conducted to the public *loggia*, where all the magistrates were gathered. The podesta, commanding the populace to silence, read an address, in which I doubt not the queen found more true loyalty, despite its florid classicism, than in all the flattering missives of the senate. These good, honest peasants must needs have reminded her of her own islanders. They held jousts and rude games there on the piazza, and the queen gave the prizes with her own hand, and had a kindly word for all the winners. On Christmas-eve, when Asola lay deep in the snow, and warm red lights gleamed out from the churches over the whitened earth, and the faithful were gathered in prayer about the blazing altars, the inhabitants were surprised at the arrival of a company of dark-faced men in garments of strange Eastern fashion, who asked the way to the castle of the Queen of Cyprus. The people thought the Magi had come among them, but it was only a deputation of nobles from the far-off island, who had brought the Christmas greeting of the people to the queen, and gifts of native confections.

The report of the queen's residence in Asola went abroad through Italy. From the neighboring states came knights and ladies to offer their homage. Her court became the resort of scholars and wits and poets. She showed particular favor to the young. Crowds of young girls were always in attendance upon her. Pages and young cavaliers she viewed with especial pleasure. She was never happier than when she could bring about a marriage between two of her young attendants. She dowered the bride with splendid gifts, and made the union an occasion for gorgeous feasts that lasted for days. Her court was known throughout Italy as the Court of Love. One of these marriage festivities was celebrated by Pietro Bembo, the Venetian poet and historian, who in his youth lived long at Catarina's court. He wrote a dialogue treating of the power of love, the scene of which was laid in the magnificent gardens with which Catarina had surrounded her palace, and the various sides of the question sustained by different damsels and gallants of Catarina's court in the presence of her majesty. Young Bembo, who was even then celebrated among his countrymen for his precocity of learning and intelligence, dictated the inscriptions for the queen's fountains and pavilions. In his old age,

when he had become a cardinal and a pedant, he looked back upon those days at Asola as the golden era of his life, and called the court of Cyprus's queen the Arcadia of its time.

The queen dwelt for many years in Asola, governing her people with mercy and wisdom, filling her halls with all the intellect and beauty of the state, offering a refuge and asylum to the oppressed. The senate did not allow her to remain undisturbed in her sovereign loneliness. Every now and then came a petition from the noble body begging her presence in the sea city for the reception and entertainment of some foreign dignitary. Then there were splendid dances given in the ducal halls, for which young Bembo composed odes to all the illustrious ladies present, regattas upon the canal, and serenades of summer nights. On one of these great occasions, when the winter was so severe that the lagoons were frozen and the people walked back and forth from the main-land, there was jousting upon the Grand Canal under the queen's windows.

In the course of the queen's visits to Venice her portrait had been painted by several of the greatest colorists in the state. After she had dwelt a while in the free air of Asola her old queenly pride returned to her, and the wish arose in her heart to have herself worthily represented in her robes of state by some master-hand, that posterity might judge of her as Queen of Cyprus and Daughter of the Republic. The supreme genius of the young painter Titian, the courtliness of his manner, the ingenuousness and manly strength of his character, had impressed her most favorably. She determined to commission him with the portrayal. There was a certain sympathy between these two large, magnanimous natures—a royal outlook upon the world, with him from the heights of his genius, with her from the pinnacle of her station. She invited the young painter to Asola. There, as he beheld her surrounded by all the state and splendor of her court, with the darkness of her past life mellowing the quiet happiness of her latter days, he painted that portrait of this sovereign lady which to-day hangs in the palace above the Arno.

The queen stands erect, with her large white hands, generous and feminine, loosely clasped. In her attitude is something of the feigned repose and negligence with which a watchful tigress stretches her lithe body by the side of her cubs. The figure is full, the throat bare and white. A loose garment, shaped to the limbs, falls in long folds from shoulder to knee, the length of the picture. It is of that rich, deep-toned velvet, shading from crimson to purple, full of dark, solid shadows, which the Venetian masters loved, sown with rows of great white pearls, as though to remind the after-



world of the tears the wearer had shed. The head is cast proudly back, and is encircled by a diadem of wrought gold studded with jewels, with a long white gauze veil depending from it, which suggests the Eastern traditions of the far-off Greek island. Something of Oriental mystery is in the face—a rapid shifting of expression, which defies you to read its character or fathom its purposes. The self-communion and secretiveness which the young and solitary ruler learned in those days when she strained every nerve to keep the crown upon her head have hardened the curves of the fair face, and closed the full lips with defiance. The pallor and immobility of the features, the perfect arch of the eyebrows, increase the Oriental character of the face. It was the intuition of genius that led the painter to stamp that impress of half-savage, defensive watchfulness upon that face which when he knew it was always wreathed with smiles of genial hospitality. With a subtle comprehension of her past suffering, and a sense of analogy which only a great poet-nature could possess, he placed in the corner of the canvas the spiked wheel of torture, the emblem of St. Catharine.

Years passed on, and shadows gathered thick about the brilliant Court of Love. The queen grew very devout, and the voice of the holy hermit who dwelt on the hill above the castle was oftener heard within her halls than the songs of young pages or the tinkle of mandolins. Wars swept over

the Venetian state, and the mountain castle was often threatened with attack. The queen was frequently obliged to leave it for months at a time.

One morning she left Asola to visit her brother in Venice. Scarcely had she reached Venice when she fell ill of a fever, and knew that her end was approaching. She begged her relatives not to mourn the loss of her uncertain mortal life. "Here I have seen only the shows of things, but there I shall behold the things themselves. If instead of the royal robes I have always worn and the splendid palaces in which I have dwelt, I could have been clad in the rags of a beggar and have slept on a bed of rushes, how much more lightly would the burden of the past weigh upon my soul! I have all my life known sorrow and care. There I shall meet those I loved, and dwell forever with them in peace."

There were sorrow and desolation throughout Venice. The senate ordered the city to be hung with mourning. Catarina's body, dressed in its robes of state, was laid upon a bier in the great hall of her brother's palace, and the people streamed in to take their farewell of the dead sovereign. A bridge draped with black was erected from the water gate of the palace to the street opening on the opposite side, and along the solemn avenue of mourning was borne to its rest, in the family chapel in the Church of the Holy Apostles, the queenly body of the last sovereign of Cyprus.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE was a time within the memory of Easy Chairs when, in a college town, Commencement was the one high festival of the year. The Fourth of July, Christmas, New-Year's, and Thanksgiving all were days of less lustre. They were common to Christendom, or the country, or the State, but there was only one town in the world that contained this college, and only one day in the year when this college celebrated its Commencement. There was always something pleasant, too, in the misnomer. The especial significance of the day, its pathos, its charm, was that of farewell. It was the end of boyhood, of young manhood, of the preparatory years; a day of memory and tender regrets. Being peculiarly an end, there was a delightful jest in calling it a Commencement. It was, indeed, the beginning of a new experience, but it was still more the closing of an old one. It was undoubtedly the opening of the college career to Freshmen. But Freshmen? Who are Freshmen on Commencement-day? Surely if there be any negative quantity, every Senior and Junior, and especially every Soph, who was a Freshman yesterday, will tell you that it is a Freshman at Commencement. What a cruel contrast in the feeling of that unfortunate before and after! What palpitating hope and awful fear about "getting in!" Once

in, what abject sense of unworthiness and absolute extinction before the unspeakable Senior! Commencement derives no glory, no romance, no association, from any event in the life of Freshmen.

The enormous increase in the number of colleges—there are thirty-five in the State of New York alone—has somewhat affected this intensity of college feeling. There is no longer *the* college town in a State, but a choice, even a mob of them. The sole day of the year, when his Excellency the Governor was escorted in state by a brilliant troop "to attend the exercises;" when the village church was packed with girls in muslin, with waving fans; when the graduating class, one after another, clad in solemn black, with the silken gown over all, ascended the well-carpeted stage, and, with low reverence to president, faculty, trustees, corporation, and then *urbi et orbi*, pronounced the essay, dissertation, intermediate oration, or oration; the day when, at last, after many hot hours, during which some reverend don, melting in his suit of thick winter sables, had turned haply to his profusely perspiring brother, and murmured,

"The heart, distrustful, asks if this be joy,"

the venerable president arose, in the scholar's



cap and gown, and bowing to the honorable the corporation, and indicating the graduating class with a gracious wave of his hand, began, "*Hos juvenes*," and so proceeded in Latin to the end, while the honorable the corporation eyed him solemnly, as if they understood what he was saying; and when the diplomas, neatly tied with a blue ribbon, were finally delivered with impressive bow—this day, indeed, still lingers; this spectacle is still visible; but it is no longer a planet, it is a constellation. At midsummer there are scores of contemporaneous Commencements. The newspapers are for a time daily filled with overflowing columns of description. But the occasion is no longer singular. And the old graduate, as he hears the familiar sound, not from the sacred grove alone, but from every side, half sighs, with Elia's old sweep, who recalled the long-vanished feasts of Jem White, "The glory of Smithfield has departed."

But the change has brought its own great compensations. The midsummer fortnight of Commencement celebrations reminds us all of that most common but most vital of commonplaces, the value of education, and it gives the occasion for competent men to point it out anew. There are many more Commencement addresses of this kind than the general community ever hears of. The audience that listens is the only immediate audience that the speakers have, because the papers have not space to reproduce their words. But wise suggestions at such times are sound seed sown in a good soil, and inevitably they spring and ripen. Among the good discourses of this year was that of Horatio Seymour at Madison University—a college of the Baptist denomination, in the pleasant rural village of Hamilton, in Central New York. We mention the religious denomination because one of the points in Mr. Seymour's address is that colleges have been and will continue to be founded and supported by persons of common religious sympathy, and that that fact alone is not a proper objection to aid from the State. The main doctrine of the address is admirable, but it is seldom considered. The advocates both of a national supervision of education and of an extreme limitation of State primary education are held by Mr. Seymour to be mistaken, the one side because they misunderstand the genius of our government, the other because they view education solely as a personal advantage to the man who gains it.

He holds, on the contrary, that in its very nature learning or knowledge is a public, not a private, benefit. Taxation to give men education is not like taxation to give them property for their own profit. A man can not easily use his knowledge for himself alone. "As a rule," says Mr. Seymour, "learned men do not profit as much from their learning as others engaged in industrial pursuits gain by the knowledge of those who devote their minds to the study of science." The reason, therefore, for a common support of the highest education is not that every man will receive it, but it is that those who obtain it necessarily receive it for the common benefit. It is learning that makes labor more profitable; the college that enables the workman to secure better wages and the workman a more desirable life. Wherever science is most advanced, "tax-payers and laborers are best protected and paid." The little tax that the laborer pays toward the pro-

vision of advanced education is repaid to him a hundredfold in the increased facilities, the better husbanded skill, that spring from that education. The orator, therefore, meets the assertion that public-school teaching should go no farther than the elementary knowledge necessary to fit a man to vote or to comprehend his political rights, by the plain declaration: "The system which makes all men members of the governing class demands higher education than the mere primary elements of learning." And if all can not obtain it, give it to those who can, for the benefit of all.

This is the general doctrine of Mr. Seymour's discourse, elaborated and illustrated with great force; and his view of sectarian aid is contained in this sentence: "I would give to every college and to every charity just that measure of public aid and of private support which their work in teaching and beneficence entitle them to, without regard to the creeds of those who have them in charge." This was substantially the view of another New York statesman, who differed widely in many ways from Mr. Seymour, and who, like him, had been the Governor of the State—Mr. Seward. The ground of the common conviction is that if religious feeling, although in a sectarian form, produces enterprises of public advantage that would otherwise be lost to the community, it is wise to aid them from the common fund so long as the aid promotes the benefit and not the sectarianism. The trouble obviously is to determine just where the use diverges from the public to the purely private end.

Commencement still retains its romance, and, while such timely and thoughtful addresses are spoken, it has not lost its best uses. We can see with pleasure the growing multitude of colleges, for, however numerous they may be, they can not affect the standard of a real scholarship, while they cultivate and extend the respect and profit that must always attend education and flow from it. It may not be the local sentiment, the tender association of the day, to which such an address appeals. That is found in the class meetings, in the good feeling of parents and of sweethearts for the graduating youth. But it speaks to the public opinion that controls every college and all education.

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A LADY recently died in Providence, Rhode Island, who is not unknown in our literature, and who will be remembered always by those who personally knew her for the singular graces of her character and life. Among the cities of New England, Providence is noted for the story of its settlement by the apostle of soul liberty when he fled from Massachusetts, and for its enterprise in commerce and manufactures. Brown University is there also, one of the great schools of New England, taking its name from a member of one of the famous commercial families of Rhode Island, who was its benefactor. The history of the little State filling the rugged coast corner of the mainland between Massachusetts on the north and Connecticut on the west curiously illustrates the tenacious individuality of communities mutually separated only by arbitrary territorial lines. A century ago, Newport, the rival city of the State, seated by the sea, and thronged in summer with guests from every part of the country, looked haughtily from her post, at the outlet of Narragansett Bay into the ocean, upon the town at its



head, thirty miles away. It is not yet forty years since Newport, in her stately decline, sent six members to the Legislature, while her conquering rival sent but four; and still, we believe, the election of his Excellency the Governor of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations is annually announced from the balcony of the quaint old State-House. The voice of the sheriff, invoking God to save that State and those plantations, can be easily heard in the house where Commodore Perry lived, and that in which Count Rochambeau and his officers toasted the fair Quaker belle, Polly Lawton, and scratched her name with a diamond on the window-pane. But the garden with the superb Norway spruces in which Dr. Channing walked, and the rocks on which Bishop Berkeley mused by the sea, can hear only the distant sound of the salute that follows the prayer. These names we mention because they are among the treasured traditions of Rhode Island, in which Providence, so important a part of the State, has necessarily so large a share.

*The Rhode Island Book*, edited by Mrs. Botta while she was still a resident of Providence, shows how many noted names in literature the State may in some way rightfully claim. "Old Grimes" was a Providence poem, and its author, Albert G. Greene, a brother-in-law of the late Governor Clifford, of Massachusetts (himself a Providence boy), a quiet, retiring, and well-read man, was for many years one of the familiar figures in the streets of the city. The college in other days had little direct literary influence upon the community. Indeed, its character was more religious than literary. But it drew its children back again once a year, and forty and fifty years ago Alexander Everett or John Neal, and later Professor Park and Oliver Wendell Holmes, with other scholars, orators, and poets, lighted one day in the year with eloquence and song. In the winters of his first Boston lectures Mr. Emerson came up and repeated his discourses, and Richard Henry Dana brought his criticisms of Shakespeare to a small but thoroughly sympathetic and intelligent circle. Then the Greene Street School was founded, which was to surpass all other schools, and be worthy of America and the times, of New England and of Providence. Mr. Emerson came at the opening, and read one of his remarkable discourses in the church in which William Ware and Dr. Hedge and Dr. Osgood and Dr. Farley have been ministers; and chief among the teachers of the new school was Emerson's friend Margaret Fuller. Already there was a social literary club of ladies which met weekly during the winter at the houses of the members, and which was called, inscrutably, possibly upon Leigh Hunt's principle of inappetness, the Coliseum.

But at the Coliseum, at all the literary meetings, foremost in intelligence, in accomplishment, in appreciation, in all that is most refined and most gracefully feminine, was Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman. Born in Providence, she was married and went to Boston, but after a very few years she returned, a childless widow, and for nearly fifty years afterward, and for a long time with an only unmarried sister, she lived there in the simplest way, devoted to literary studies and companionship, preserving always that freshness of the heart which secures the immortality of youth, peacefully dying at last, at the age of sev-

enty-five, with no near relative surviving, but singularly beloved and respected by a circle of intimate friends, who laid her in a grave lined with June flowers not purer or lovelier than she. There was one remarkable episode in her widowhood—her engagement to Poe. She was nearly ten years older than he, and she was then more than forty. So purely personal an event will be variously estimated. But all that need be said of it here is that it would give a wholly false impression of Mrs. Whitman if it caused her to be considered a mere romantic enthusiast. With all the sensitiveness of a delicate and highly imaginative nature, she had a reserve, a sense of essential fitness, which prevented extravagance in expression or conduct. Her interest and sympathy in intellectual and social and moral questions were exhaustless, and she had perfect independence of thought and action; but she was never hurried beyond the finest common-sense, and therefore she never lost the most poetic feminine charm. Some years after the death of Poe she published a little volume upon Poe and his critics, in which she vindicated his memory from what she felt to be misapprehension and injustice. The work was done with a gentle dignity, decision, and sincerity which are in themselves by far the noblest tribute ever offered to the man whose chief distinction is that he could engage so deeply the affection of such a woman.

Mrs. Whitman wrote little for publication, and her printed writings would fill scarcely more than a volume of verse and one of prose. The verse is marked by an exquisite grace of feeling, suggestive of a refined, emotional, and contemplative nature, and belongs to that unique literature which is less valuable in itself than as a revelation of the delightful personal character which every where enriches the world, and the wealth of which but for such expressions would be unsuspected. It is a literature which does not so much directly inspire and instruct in its own subject as awaken a new sense of the range of cultivated thought and intelligence. Apart from this, however, both the verse and prose of Mrs. Whitman have a distinctive attraction from the same pure and fresh earnestness combined with sweet and grave restraint which was the basis of her character.

Such a woman chiefly impresses others by her personality, and it is pathetic to think that the knowledge of so much that was good and fair is mainly limited to those who knew her. To the larger Providence which had grown up around her it may well be that the modest and intellectual woman, whose name will be always one of the ornaments of the city, was generally unknown. Yet her steadfast and unostentatious fidelity to the higher life, her unwasting sympathy with intellectual aspiration and endeavor, her tranquil and firm preference, in the midst of a busy and eager community, of the things that are unseen, are silent but vital influences that can not be lost. The good results of such simple and devoted lives can not be measured, and the mere remembrance and contemplation of them are a benediction.

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UNDER the inscrutable law that causes great rivers to flow by great cities, New York, being a peculiarly great city, is flanked by two great rivers. Its form is that of an attenuated peninsula,



and its busiest part is the point of the peninsula. That is the focus of the greatest business and commercial activity of the western continent. From that point one waterway leads toward New England and the East, another to the North and the boundless West, and a third to the ocean and the rest of the world. Yet access to this vital point has been impeded by conditions arising from the site of the city, and by the stern conflict of many interests. Brower's stages, with a man at the door, gave way long since to the smaller omnibuses with the attendant man omitted. The street railroads were built, to the discomfort of many and to the convenience of more. But the larger the growth of the city, the more imperious was the demand for the access of a population, every day larger and daily more and more remote, to the point of the peninsula. It has been exceedingly interesting to see the shrewd Yankee or American genius grappling with what has been known as the problem of rapid transit—interesting especially to a spectator who was perfectly sure of its ability to cope successfully with every practical difficulty.

When an elevated railroad was proposed, it was generally regarded as a frantic and futile chimera. To-day there are two elevated railroads. When the first iron pillars were raised along Greenwich Street and up the Ninth Avenue, it was declared that it was an intolerable nuisance and disfigurement of the street. To-day main streets are occupied with the trestle-work of the railway, and the aerial traveller shoots by steam through the thoroughfares from Central Park to the Battery and from the Battery to Harlem. No spot in the world, within the same time, can show a more miraculous change than that of the New Amsterdam of Governor Stuyvesant to the New York of Mayor Ely; and as the passenger whirls across the island in the time that old Governor Peter used to stump from end to end of the Battery, he may curiously wonder what municipal marvels the next two centuries will produce.

Should this printed leaf flutter down to the reader of that day, he will be glad to know something of the beginning of the elevated street railways. If he will imagine, then, going down a little street by the south side of Trinity Churchyard, which now surrounds Trinity Church, he will find in the next street parallel with Broadway a structure which covers it like a massive low bridge. He looks up the long perspective of rafters underneath, and that is all that he sees of the street. Ascending a wooden staircase to the top of the bridge, he finds an office, where he pays ten cents for a ticket, and passes immediately into a car remarkable for its light elegance. The form of the seats and of the wood-work is graceful; the seats—for it is summer—are of cane, and there is a general freshness and coolness of aspect which is very agreeable. In a moment the train is moving with a curious solidity of action, the wheels running in grooves that would seem to make the mishap most to be feared—that of leaving the track—quite impossible. There are a dozen passengers in the car, and as many more in each of the three cars of the train, and there is a train from the station we have just left every three minutes.

We roll along at the level of the second-story windows of the larger houses, stopping at frequent stations, which are gay and pretty wooden

buildings, with gates and warnings to prevent heedless stepping in front of the constant trains. Suddenly our speed is slackened almost to stopping, and we turn at right angles down a street, and presently, at the same angle, resume our northerly course. This involves great loss of headway, and consequently of speed, which will be remedied some day. As we roll on, our view is confined to the faces of the houses that line the street and the glimpses and vistas of the cross streets. But as we reach the broad Sixth Avenue we see more of the life of the shops and sidewalks; we are opening out into the broader parts of the city; there are stately churches and lofty houses; and suddenly there is the green country before us—we are at the Central Park, and it is twenty or twenty-five minutes since we left Trinity Church.

To the passenger there has been but one discomfort—the smoke and fine dust from the locomotive. It has been a surprisingly delightful journey. Omnibuses and street cars are the monsters of a distempered fancy. Going down town or going home is a charming excursion. But while this is his own personal experience, the passenger, as he has caught sight in his flight of a chamber in an upper story, with the bed toward the window, the bureau, the table, and the chair—a seclusion ruthlessly invaded every moment by hundreds of careless eyes, by a continuous roar, and a puff of dust and smoke—has wondered what the lodger may think of it all, and what the lodger, with ruined privacy and murdered sleep, may have to say to the landlord, hot and profane from the mere apprehension of complaint and warning. These rooms are darkened sometimes; there are sickness, suffering, death in them; but the rattle and jar and smoke and dust go storming by incessantly. The passenger sees also the shops below, and his imagination goes into them, accompanying the "shopper," wiping dust from her sacque and cinders from her eyes, and "cheapening the goods" amid the rumble of the train, and he wonders if the noise and the smoke and the dust promote the prosperity of the shops. The carriage horses passing under the frame-work of the railway do not seem to be frightened. They lift their heads, perhaps, as the train comes thundering over, but that is all. Indeed, every body is compelled to observe that here is a new thing, another step forward, another improvement of the nineteenth century which has come, and, despite chambers and lodgers and landlords and shop-keepers, has "come to stay."

There have been protests of property-holders and physicians, and suits have been brought and meetings held. The railway has been denounced as the result of a monstrous usurpation of public force over private right, forecasting the Commune itself. But the conviction of public convenience will probably prevail over all, and the problem of rapid transit will have been solved by the aerial method. It must produce great changes of value. Streets through which such roads run will cease to be streets of dwelling-houses or of small shops. These will withdraw into the neighborhood adjacent, near enough for the use, and out of the reach of the noise. The current of increasing population will be turned from New Jersey and Long Island to the region between the North River and the Sound, which will thus have a swift and direct connection with the lower city, unvex-



ed by ice or fog or storm. But the sagacity of the city must now secure as certainly a swift and cheap freight connection with the West, or it may find the increased facility of local transit will not alone retain the supremacy of New York.

WE have been talking of Commencement, but the great college event of the year is the Henley race in which the American Columbia took the cup from the English Oxford. This greatly enhances the renown of Columbia, which was victorious at Saratoga two or three years ago, and which, although the city college by distinction, has now established its athletic character. For a moment interest in the great political contest at Berlin was eclipsed by absorption in the aquatic tournament at Henley. The newspapers broke out into maps and double leads. Vast crowds gathered at the bulletins. The news flew like that of Sadowa or Sedan. If the young gentlemen who were victorious had landed at the Battery that afternoon, they would probably have been drawn by shouting crowds of Columbia alumni up Broadway, the flags on the City Hall would have been displayed, and the city given over to jubilee.

The young gentlemen did not arrive, but the alumni none the less abandoned themselves to jollity. The interest that attended them on all sides was not due merely to sympathy in a college success. It would have attended the rejoicing of any college in the country, for it was a feeling of national pleasure. American boys had outrowed English boys. Rowing is a sport which is peculiarly English, an art in which British skill and endurance have been held to be supreme, and here were a company of Americans who, coming to England, rowed Englishmen upon their own water, and beat them. It was as if English builders had turned out lighter trotting wagons than ours, or English inventors superior mowers and reapers. It was not necessarily the mere stupid boast of "beating the Englishmen," it was the legitimate pleasure of proving that in an art in which Englishmen confessedly excel, Americans were not inferior. That an American should beat an Englishman is nothing. That an accomplished Englishman should be surpassed in his peculiar accomplishment by an American is a just source of pleasure.

The delight of the alumni was very great, and men were boys again as they cheered and shouted in honor of the victors. There was, indeed, a cynic who said that he believed Pavia and Salamanca and Paris and ancient Oxford were schools whose names went round the world because of the greatness of their scholarship and the renown of their teachers, not because of the skillful wrestling or running of the youth who thronged them. "A college famous for rowing," he said, "seems to me very like an organ famous for gilding." But he received no quarter. He was answered that college youth were not the less young men because they were students. They have the tastes and instincts and ambitions of young men. It is as natural to a clever youth to run and row and skate and wrestle and fence and box as for a kid to gambol or a roe to leap, and these are universal tastes. Every body enjoys a good game at ball, but very few understand scholarship, or sympathize with success in the higher mathematics, or the perfect interpretation of a

Greek particle. It is the young man rowing, not the young man studying, who commands an intelligent universal sympathy. No triumph of scholarship only would ever send a thrill under the sea to an entire community. But the Henley event touched a common national chord of manliness and patriotism. It was something that every body could appreciate and enjoy, and the cynic need not fear that the sound mind will suffer because of the sound body. It is observable that during the modern athletic dispensation in college life the scholastic requirements and standards have been steadily rising, and in this year of Columbia's success in the regatta, Columbia's demand of study is more rigorous than ever.

Good sense, of course, will prevent an exaggeration of the event, and students who have won a boat-race will not be received as soldiers who have saved a country. Dr. Birch, also, in his lecture-room will doubtless remind his young friends that the particular purpose of the college curriculum is not oar exercise, and that those to whom that is the chief end will find themselves in a more congenial atmosphere elsewhere. Meanwhile, however, it is the long summer vacation—a summer made glorious by these sons of York.

In a recent admirable discourse before an association of editors in New York, Mr. Charles E. Fitch, of the Rochester *Democrat*, warned his brethren of several dangers peculiar to the profession. One of them was the want of a due sense of responsibility, and it is one of the chief. Admonitions of the press are, indeed, something like Canute's orders to the sea, except when, as the lawyers say, a case can be made, and a particular newspaper can be caught in a particular offense. The true appeal is to the public, which should be constantly reminded to emancipate itself from the thralldom of the idea that size is greatness, or that volume of sound is veracity. A newspaper is a tremendous speaking-trumpet. What a great paper says goes thundering and echoing round the world. Every body must hear and attend. But a lie can thunder quite as uproariously as the truth. And as the hearer or the reader can not know the motive of the speaker, who may be interested in making a lie as sonorous as possible, the hearer must be on his guard constantly not to believe merely because there is such an overwhelming noise.

This is especially to be remembered now when almost daily the gentle reader will see in his paper some important statement in regard to some important person which is wholly untrue. It is made generally with detail and precision. It has the air of all the other information in the column. It is elbow to elbow with an undeniable truth. There is apparently no more reason for not believing it than for discrediting every thing else in the paper. Time and place and person and remark are all quietly and circumstantially told, and it is a lie. Or, again, it appears under a slight veil of insinuation. "If the rumor be true that Bishop Simpson picked the pocket of Vice-President Wheeler on Saturday the 10th instant, then it is evident where the money came from with which he bought the huge piece of taffy that he is said to have been sucking as he went to church on Sunday the 11th." The mischief done by these two methods of slander, the one direct and the other indirect, is incalculable; and



the fault is not primarily with the newspaper, but with the gentle reader—in fact, with the respected unit of the community who is now glancing at these words.

There is no supply where there is no demand. Such lies would not be told if they were not read as news—that is, as truth—by the gentle reader. The remedy lies, therefore, with him, and it is very simple. It is merely that he shall confide in character. He knows that Bishop Simpson is not a thief, although he may have no personal acquaintance with him. Let him disbelieve, and let it be understood by the paper that he will disbelieve, any injurious aspersion upon that gentleman, and it will not be made. "Did you see that extraordinary story about the bishop?" says a gentle reader. By that very question he has propagated lies. It is because he does not instantly and instinctively disbelieve it that it is told. The gentle reader also knows the character of other public men. He has only to trust his knowledge against a cloud of lies, and the cloud will cease to form. The character of the press does not depend upon the editor and the reporter only, but quite as much upon the gentle reader, who makes every kind of public life more difficult by believing whatever an irresponsible and anonymous writer may choose to say.

THERE is a general complaint of dishonesty in public and private relations, and at this season of political Conventions every party "arraigns" and denounces every other as conniving at the overthrow of the fundamental law and the destruction of society. It is, indeed, a very melancholy and despairing view of affairs that the Conventions take, and a man might well deplore his untoward fate that he is born into so degraded a time and country. Every party gives us no hope whatever unless we put it into power, in which event it holds out reason for faith that fate may be persuaded to smile. But positively there is no other chance than its own success. Now all this implies that things are going very wrong, and that at least half the country is fatally astray. Indeed, when it is a party in actual power which is so severely denounced as countenancing all the deadly sins, the declaration really is that a majority of the people prefer evil to good. This is indeed a matter that should arrest the most serious attention, and throw us all into the profoundest reflection.

And now mark a phenomenon. Borrow tells us that in Spain, when he interfered on behalf of a wife whose husband threatened her with a knife, she suddenly made common cause with the husband and against him as an intruder. So when a cool spectator, looking at the country which is so foully entreated by the party platforms, agrees that there is a good deal of justice in the criticisms, and that although we are a free and independent and generally glorious people, yet that there are abuses and failures and dangerous tendencies which should be distinctly seen and vigorously corrected, he is assailed by both sides as an aristocrat and a theoretical coxcomb, wanting sympathy with the people, and weakly distrustful of popular institutions. But if the failure of such institutions has been loudly proclaimed and vehemently reiterated, it is by the two parties themselves, each of which declares that the other, composed at least of half the peo-

ple in the country, could, would, and does lie, cheat, steal, and seek in every illicit way the ruin of the common welfare.

Is a man to be accused of distrusting popular institutions because he thinks that the government of a hundred ignorant savages would be no better than that of one? And if he expresses such a conviction reasonably and cogently, is he therefore an aristocrat secretly yearning for a despotism? There are a great many exceedingly intelligent Americans who think that universal suffrage, as it is called, is not a guarantee of good government unless it be the suffrage of an intelligent and self-respecting people. They think that universal suffrage in Abyssinia, for instance, would not civilize that country, or elevate human character, or benefit human life there. They may, indeed, be mistaken. But they are not proved to be in error merely by the taunts of men no more intelligent or patriotic than they, who retort sneeringly that to express such an opinion is to prove that you have no sympathy with the people. A man does not prove that he has sympathy with the people by flattering a mob, but by considering how every man can be made secure in his personal rights, how his labor may be more surely and better paid, and how ampler education and more promising chances can be obtained for his children.

Here is a demagogue who bellows incessantly that nothing is so dear to him as the people, and that to question the wisdom of universal suffrage every where and under all circumstances is to prove yourself a frilled-shirted and gold-headed prig and college-bred aristocrat, to proclaim yourself a perfumed member of a club of silk-stockinged self-admirers and effeminate noodles who distrust the stalwart virtues of "the common people." The demagogue's sole argument is this kind of feeble and hackneyed abuse. But he does not believe in his own panacea. He shouts for universal suffrage. But he himself excludes half of the intelligent adults of the community, and all the rest of the people who are not twenty-one years old. He says, in effect, that a quarter, or a fifth, or a sixth of the people ought to govern, and that a man who says that a seventh would probably turn out to be a wiser proportion is a gilded jackanapes, and a traitor to universal suffrage.

The contemptuousness of the assailant shows his own distrust. The man who clearly comprehends and honestly believes his own view is perfectly patient of criticism, and gladly welcomes it from an intelligent and sincere critic. The American who resents every doubt of the perfection of our political system, or the suggestion of perils and abuses, as an insult and a treachery, is an exceedingly absurd American; and when he goes to his party Convention and charges those perils and abuses upon half of his fellow-citizens, his absurdity becomes grotesque. One of the most flagrant insults that can be offered to a popular system of government is the quick sneer at any one who trusts it so truly that he plainly points out what seem to him weaknesses and defects. The first condition of such a system is liberty and an honest respect for it. But if there is to be no liberty of discussion—and there can be none where there is a penalty of personal calumny—there is no popular freedom, except as in the reign of terror of '93 or in the Commune of '71.



## Editor's Literary Record.

PROFESSOR JOHN A. HINES, of Pennsylvania University, gives evidence in his *Study of Milton's Paradise Lost* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) of thorough acquaintance not only with this English classic, but also with the ancient classics which furnished Milton with so much of his imagery and his language. Taine's sparkling, entertaining, but spiritually shallow criticism of Milton's great poem, and Professor Hines's profound, beautiful, but overreverent essay, represent the two extremes of opinion respecting the great English epic. Mr. Hines, perhaps, somewhat overpresses the resemblance between "Paradise Lost," Virgil's *Æneid*, and Homer's *Iliad*, but, in the main, the analogies which he discovers appear to us to be as just as they are striking. Like all artists, the great English poet-painter has painted from models. Prometheus and Apollo have each sat for Satan, Epimetheus for Adam, Pandora for Eve, Mars for Moloch, Paris for Belial, Ulysses and Artemas for Beelzebub; and the battles of the Titans and giants, magnified and spiritualized, have suggested the great war in heaven. Professor Hines also brings out that great power, that reserved force, that conscientiousness in the use of language, which is one of the secrets of Milton's greatness. His "almost immense" and "next to Almighty power" are in singular contrast to the exuberant epithets of much of our modern sensational writing, and certainly go far to justify the use of Milton as a most valuable text-book in composition in our higher schools and colleges. Mr. Hines is a keen critic of Milton's critics—Masson, Addison, Landor, etc.—but, we believe, passes by Taine's irreverent but striking criticism in utter silence. This can hardly be due to ignorance. Is it due to contempt? If so, Mr. Hines has fallen into a most serious error, for Taine's criticism on Milton's portraiture of Adam and the Deity is substantially though severely just, whatever may be thought of the infelicity of the language and the irreverence of the spirit in which it is expressed.

There is nothing in the character of Dr. EDWARD H. CLARKE's posthumous book, *Visions: A Study of False Sight* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.), to suggest the history of its origin. Laid upon a bed of sickness by a disease the fatal issue of which was inevitable from the beginning, Dr. Clarke resolved to combat the suffering to which he was condemned by giving himself to a special course of mental study and to authorship. He used this intellectual anæsthetic until death broke in upon his occupation, when the manuscript came into the possession of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by whom it is given to the public. One might naturally look in such a book for some traces of morbid fancy, but one looks for it here in vain. The same hard, plain common-sense, the same clear grasp of fundamental principles, and the same skill in abundant illustration of them which made Dr. Clarke's *Sex in Education* so notable a contribution to American literature, pervade this less important but not less interesting treatise. Dr. Clarke is not a materialist; he does not deny the possibility of spiritual apparitions; he asserts his own personal belief in the existence of the soul apart from the material organs which it employs; but he devotes himself

in this work to a scientific explanation of the phenomena of visions, and, without assuming to account for all of them, certainly reduces the unaccountable to a minimum. His explanation we may give almost in a single sentence, in his own words: "Sight is not a function of the eyes, but of the brain. . . . A vision is produced when the cell groups indicating that vision, its hieroglyph or cipher, are formed in the brain, whether they are formed normally by the stimulus of light-waves from an external object, or abnormally by a stimulus initiated intracranially."

*Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam* (Henry Holt and Co.) is deservedly one of the most popular books of travel of the season. The *Sunbeam* was a large yacht, barkentine rigged, and furnished with steam, upon which Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., his wife, his four children (including a baby), and five gentlemen friends made a pleasure trip around the globe, visiting the Madeira Islands, the western and eastern coasts of South America, several of the islands of the Pacific, Japan, etc., passing through the Straits of Malacca, the Red Sea, and the Suez Canal, and so home by the Mediterranean. Such a trip could not be made without some romantic adventures. A sudden sea which nearly swept off two of the children; a deserted wreck, loaded with port-wine; a ship on fire, whose crew were barely rescued; brief trade opened with half-naked barbarians in Patagonia—are among the episodes which added excitement to the journey, and which add interest to the book. It is simply a transcript of Mrs. Brassey's diary. Its excellences and its faults are those of an unpretentious journal written by a thoroughly womanly woman, with no claim to special literary skill, and, we should say, with no special literary ambition.

Among the books which it is safe to prophesy will attract no inconsiderable attention from lovers of science is Dr. JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER's *Scientific Memoirs* (Harper and Brothers). It consists of a collection of papers contributed by him during the past forty years in various pamphlets and journals. It includes only papers connected with the effects of radiation or radiant energy. Other papers on scientific subjects he reserves, implying, though not asserting, a purpose of their future publication. Dr. Draper possesses two qualifications not often combined in one person—a remarkable power in original investigation and experiment, and an equally remarkable power in instruction. As a scientific lecturer he has had no superior in this country; in clearness of statement he is the peer of Tyndall, whom he surpasses in the realm of original investigation. The present volume is elaborately illustrated; and while it deals with the higher branches of science, and the most recent discoveries in light and heat, it is as clear to the non-professional reader as such a work can be.

*Hammersmith: His Harvard Days*, by MARK SIBLEY SEVERCAISE (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.), is a novel with Harvard for scenery. The incidentals of American college life—ball matches, boating, riding, dancing, singing, love-making, etc.—are all here. Of the essential of college life—study—there is a minimum. In this respect there is a strong family likeness between this



and other college stories. But between this and *Fair Harvard* there is a striking contrast, the one being written by a pessimist, the other by an optimist. Tom Hammersmith, the hero of the story, goes through his college career with the greatest *éclat*. He is a fine scholar, a leader in the boat club, prominent in the glee club, successful in the love-making, and generally great in every thing. The external scenery is faithful and exact, almost photographic. The inward college life is highly colored. *Tom Brown at Oxford* was a faithful college picture; Hammersmith at Harvard is a pure college romance.—*Innocents from Abroad*, by the author of *Tom's Wife* (G. W. Carleton and Co.), represents a Brazilian and his son visiting this country and looking at American life, or rather on New York city life, through a Brazilian's eyes. It is a burlesque founded on truth. It represents not the realities, but the gigantic shadows which they cast, in which every fault and foible is magnified. We should be sorry to have any foreigner take his idea of America from this book; but Americans might read it with profit, if not with pleasure.—*Miriam's Heritage*, by ALMA CALDER, and *Mag; a Story of To-day* (Nos. 3 and 4 of "Harper's Library of American Fiction"), are both of them distinctively religious novels, though neither of them is in any sense dogmatically so. Neither is written to commend a creed, a system, a philosophy, or a church; both of them to show the power of genuine Christian love. The scene of *Miriam's Heritage* is the Upper Delaware River; the time, half a century or so ago, before the New York and Erie Railway was built; the heroine, Miriam Morgan; her heritage, the work of carrying on the home life after her mother's death and her father's paralysis, the work of managing his business affairs, and of so managing them as to make both home and business a means of reclaiming the outcast, educating the ignorant, and developing in culture, refinement, industry, thrift, and intelligence the entire community. In *Mag* the scene is an unlocated point in the South; the heroine, Miss Bertie Lee. The story turns upon the power of her gentle and loving influence over the untamable, savage, brutal nature of the friendless, ungovernable, drinking Irish Mag. The purpose is to encourage Christian work in the most hopeless cases. The story is relieved by some humorous sketches of negro life, and contains incidentally, but none the less effectively, a vigorous indictment of our county jails, which are almost as bad as the prisons of England were before the days of Howard.—*Bonnie Kate*, by CHRISTIAN REID (D. Appleton and Co.), is a pure love story, a genuine romance, without moral purpose, but rich in real generous heart-love, love in different phases and in widely different natures. A pleasant though perhaps not altogether a natural feature of the book is the fact that among the many claimants for Bonnie Kate's hand there are no bitter jealousies and angry contentions. The love for Kate of the disappointed lovers leads them, with a chivalry uncommon certainly in real life, to labor for her happiness, and finally the separation between herself and her accepted lover is brought to an end through the indefatigable services of one whom she has rejected, and of a girl whose affianced lover has also been an unsuccessful claimant for her hand.—Appletons begin a "New Handy Volume Series," somewhat resem-

bling in purpose and structure the already famous "Half-hour Series." They promise to supply "books in a form so convenient and handy that the volume may always be carried in the pocket, ready for use on the train, on the steamboat, in the horse-car, at moments snatched at twilight or bed-time, while sitting on the sea-shore or rambling in the woods—at all periods of rest or leisure, whether in town or country." The earliest of this series are two novelettes. *Jet: her Face or her Fortune*, by MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS, is a simple story of the experience of a girl with an attractive fortune-hunter, from whom she happily escapes. Incidentally it gives a good glimpse of life at the Continental watering-places. *A Struggle* is by BARNET PHILLIPS, the author of the brilliant story, "On a Melon Schooner," published in this Magazine last October. The scene is the field of battle in the Franco-German war; the hero is an American, rather idealized, but a genuine hero; the characters, which are few, are distinctly individualized; and the story is so prettily told, and the love and heroism are made so prominent, that there is nothing appalling in the tragic background. It is a notably good novel.—In *Dosia*, of the "Cobweb Series" (Estes and Lauriat), the translator of *Sidonie* introduces to the American public the French novelist HENRY GREVILLE. *Dosia* is a story of Russian life; some of its characteristic scenes are very vividly depicted, as, for example, the skating rink; and there is a charming vivacity about the whole story, after we once get into it, which is peculiar to the best French writers of fiction.—*His Inheritance*, by ADELINE TRAFTON (Lee and Shepard), is so mournful that we can commend it only to those who enjoy the tragedy of fiction. The cunning of a shrewd mother overreaches itself and destroys two lives that but for her treachery might have been made happy in a commingled love. The pictures of pioneer and camp life on our borders are well drawn.—There is nothing to distinguish the latest of the "Leisure Hour Series," *Hathercourt*, by MRS. MOLESWORTH (Henry Holt and Co.), from the ordinary English love story except that it is rather poetically wrought out.

Putnam's Sons have begun a series of compact art books, each one independent, and no one reaching a hundred pages. They are edited by SUSAN N. CARTER, principal of the Women's Art School of Cooper Union. Of the two volumes before us, one treats of sketching from nature, the other of landscape painting. They are both adapted from English publications, and have had a large sale in England. The first is made clearer to the student by illustrations. They seem to us to be admirably adapted to serve both as introductions to practical art, and as guides and aids to even the somewhat advanced student. Their size makes it easy for the amateur to carry them in his pocket in the fields or the woods.

Miss MULOCK's *Legacy: being the Life and Remains of John Martin, School-Master and Poet* (Harper and Brothers), is a sorrowful story eloquently told. In it is written out the transcript of many a life; of disappointed hope, ambition, aspiration, the suppressed power of a noble soul struggling in vain for an opportunity to utter itself; pinched by hunger, dwarfed by cold, hedged about by all the limitations and degradations of hopeless poverty, and at last dying really of want in the midst of plenty. Oh, if they



that feast on morbid misery would but read this story of a real and life-long tragedy! if they that consider not the poor would but look at this picture of the latest power of heroism which dies unseen for want of a historian! Thanks to Miss Mulock's sympathetic heart and simply eloquent pen for this sorrowful but significant story. Thanks, too, for the life itself, that stands as a witness to the heroism of common life in unexpected places. Neither Dickens nor Farjeon has ever conceived a story of the pitiful yet inspiring tragedy of poverty to compare with this simple and "ower-true tale" of the life of the aspiring but quenched and prematurely dying poet. If we criticise the book at all, it is that Miss Mulock, in the fear lest her sympathies run away with her critical judgment, hardly gives to her hero credit enough for the merit of his literary productions. For they have real merit; and under brighter suns he might have developed into a real contributor to English literature.

Harpers issue a new and revised edition of HOOKER'S *Natural Philosophy*. Much new matter has been added, some portions have been entirely rewritten, and a number of new illustrations have been introduced.—*Shooting-Stars*, by W. L. ALDEN (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a republication of some selected editorials of the funny man of the New York Times. He is sometimes very funny, as in his "Remedy for Brass Instruments," and sometimes somewhat forced and heavy in his wit, as in the "Tom Bigbee" incident. The book will serve a good purpose to the tired man who wants half an hour of unobjectionable nonsense to compel him to forget all serious things.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S *In the Wilderness* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.) strikes us as the best even of his always excellent work. The natural humor of a genial soul bubbles out on every page, like water bursting from an overfull hill-side. His picture of the night walk lost in the woods deserves to be a classic.—*Camp Cookery*, by Mrs. M. PARLOA (Graves, Locke, and Co.), is a useful little book to carry in the pocket in a camping-out expedition. The greatest fault with it lies in the fact that it assumes too much and provides too much; but an ingenious American will easily know how to dispense with some of the luxuries which Mrs. Parloa proposes to provide for the camp, and to employ just so much of the directions which she gives as will be practicable in ordinary camp life.—LEONARD SCHMITZ, in his *History of Latin Literature* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), aims to supply a real and serious deficiency in our literature. We do not know of any good text-book in the English language of Latin literature; but this little work is unfortunately and unnecessarily dry. It is little more than a barren catalogue of writers and their writings, convenient for reference, but too bald for even a scholar's text-book. It is without generalizations, or perspective, or proper criticism, or analysis, or comparison of authors.—If it is worth while to devote a treatise of over 500 pages to the subject of etiquette, *Sensible Etiquette of the Best Society*, compiled from the best authorities, by Mrs. H. O. WARD (Porter and Coates), is worthy of commendation. She has the grace to declare that it is simply a compilation. There are, however, no ear-marks, and the critic would not have guessed that it was not purely original if the author had not told him. It is readable, entertain-

ing, anecdotal, suggestive—a book of conversation rather than of rules for good-breeding. Since culture is the foundation of all true etiquette, it may be that reading such a book as this will, in lieu of mixing in the best society, tend to cultivate the best social habits. On no other ground could so voluminous a book on so minute a subject be justified.

*Philochristus* (Roberts Brothers) is a very unique book both in its literary and its theological aspects. It purports to be the memoirs of a disciple of Jesus Christ, written ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem; therefore before the Gospel of John was written, and before most of the epistles had become the common property of the churches. The actual basis of the book is, therefore, the three synoptic Gospels and such of the traditional sayings of the Lord as are recognized by such scholars as Dr. Wescott as of probable authenticity. The author, who is reported to be the Rev. EDWARD ABBOTT, of London, is unmistakably a man of broad if not of profound scholarship, and of genuine spiritual sympathies, if not of orthodox opinions. The very title of his book, no less than its dedication to the author of *Ecce Homo*, should have prevented the theological critics from regarding him as of the same school as Renan. The one is an admirer of Jesus, the other is a lover of Christ. Artistically the book is very nearly faultless. In form a romance, it has not the faults which have rendered the Gospel romances such wretched works of art. It is characterized by simplicity in expression and by an air of historic genuineness. In the former respect the author has wonderfully caught the spirit of the Gospels themselves. Because of its quietness it perhaps palls a little on a continuous reading, but he who lays it down will find himself impelled to take it up again, and will not rest satisfied till he has finished its perusal. Its interest is not dramatic nor philosophical, but almost wholly spiritual. Theologically it is characteristic of the era. It belongs to no recognized school of theology. The critics do not know what to make of it. In this respect it reminds one of *Ecce Homo*. It is not orthodox; the very fact that the author has chosen to omit wholly the fourth Gospel is very significant; and while the author does not attempt to afford an explanation of the miracles, he certainly does not defend, and hardly recognizes, them as miracles. Yet he throughout reverences Christ as in a true sense the manifestation of God in the flesh. His treatment of the resurrection is not unjustly regarded as a test of his theological opinions; but on turning to the last chapters, these opinions are not even there disclosed. One critic thinks that he is a rationalist, and regards the resurrection as only spiritual; another thinks that his treatment of the resurrection is a sufficient reply to those who have accused him of rationalism. The fact is that he simply describes the appearances of Christ after his death, without attempting to evolve or even to suggest any hypothesis respecting them. Those who are inclined to dread any presentation of the life and character of Christ which does not openly and clearly recognize the old philosophy respecting Him will look on this book with suspicion, if not with aversion. Those who are ready to welcome fresh studies into His character will find a peculiar charm in this singular volume, despite some serious defects in its underlying philosophy.



## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

*Astronomy.*—The Naval Observatory at Washington has received many observations of the transit of Mercury on May 6 from private observers (some forty or more), besides the results of the parties of the Coast Survey, of the Engineer Department of the army, and of its own expeditions. The data of the French party at Ogden were also placed at its disposition.

The preparations for observing the total solar eclipse of July 29 are in a forward state. The Naval Observatory has an appropriation of \$8000, which will be devoted to sending parties to the field, under Professors Newcomb, Hall, Harkness, Eastman, and Holden, of the navy; and Professors Langley and Stone. Mr. Trouvelot and Dr. G. W. Hill are also sent by the observatory. Professor Watson will photograph the eclipse with a horizontal photoheliograph belonging to the Naval Observatory. Professor Young, of Dartmouth, has formed a party to go from Princeton College. Several distinguished Englishmen have already signified their intention of coming. Dr. Draper, with Professors Barker and Henry Morton, of New York and Philadelphia, intend going. Among the observers sent by the Naval Observatory are Professor O. B. Wheeler, of Detroit; Professor Wright, of New Haven; Professor Robinson, of Rochester; Alvan G. Clark, of Boston; Professor Boss, of Albany; Professor Hastings, of Baltimore.

In *Meteorology*, we have received during June, among other pamphlets, one by Carpmæl, of Toronto, on the reduction to sea-level of the readings of the barometer. His formulæ are convenient, and quite as accurate as the conditions of the problem admit of; they differ, however, very much from those in the method adopted by the Army Signal Office.

Ruberson has examined the diurnal variations of temperature of Swedish stations, and finds (1) the non-periodic variation is throughout the year greater than the periodic; (2) the difference of these two variations is greatest in winter; (3) during the remainder of the year the difference is nearly constant; (4) the difference—2.66 mm. in spring, 2.82 in summer, 3.03 in autumn—can be assumed to hold good apparently for the whole of Sweden. The difference in question is greater for a maritime climate, and least for one of a continental type.

In a memoir upon atmospheric pressure, Ragone gives some important measure of the correction due to capillarity of the meniscus form of the top of the mercurial column. In a siphon barometer the height of the meniscus in the two legs is seldom the same. In comparing any barometer with a standard, he finds the relation of the former to the latter to vary with the pressure, temperature, and diameter of the tubes.

Buys Ballot communicates a highly important memoir containing tables of monthly mean pressures at the stations for which the departures are given daily in the Meteorological Bulletin of the Netherlands. The large number of stations and the careful revision of the data render this a very welcome addition to our knowledge of the distribution of atmospheric pressure in Europe.

Goldberg and Mohr have published two articles

on the vertical diminution of temperature in the atmosphere. Their essay goes over a ground already pretty fully traversed by Thomson, Rege, Haun, etc., but presents some features of the subject in a rather new aspect. Their formulæ relate to a stationary atmosphere and to ascending and descending currents.

Linss, of Darmstadt, calls attention to the importance of considering the inertia of the atmosphere (Lamont's Theory) in explaining the diurnal barometric variation. In studying the direction of the motion of the clouds, he finds that the barometer rises less in proportion as the angle is larger which the direction of the lower clouds' movement makes with the direction of the barometric gradient.

Captain Hoffmeyer, of Copenhagen, in some notes on the recent winter in Iceland, states that in the autumn of 1877 very beautiful weather prevailed, the temperature of September being the highest in thirty years. A sudden change in the weather occurred October 11, and a very stormy period intervened, culminating in a hurricane from the northwest, with a very cold snow-storm on January 6 and 7, 1878. February and March were mild and damp.

Deura, of Mencalieri, announces that it has been decided to give the meteorological station on the summit of the Stelvio Pass the name, "The Secchi Station at Stelvio," in permanent commemoration of the great work accomplished in Italy by Father Secchi, who, among many other things, began in Rome the publication of a telegraphic meteorological bulletin a year before Leverrier started the Paris Bulletin.

The discovery by Main at Oxford that the annual mean direction of the wind fluctuates with the variation of the solar spots has stimulated Hornstein to a similar investigation for Prague. He finds results perfectly agreeing with those of Main, and also indications of still further coincidences between these phenomena.

In addition to their memoir on the distribution of temperature in the air, Professors Goldberg and Mohr have also published a short elementary essay on vertical currents in the atmosphere. They treat of ascending and descending currents, and illustrate their formulæ by numerous examples, and especially urge the importance of knowing more than we do about the condition of the outer or higher atmosphere with reference to temperature and moisture.

Lieutenant J. Spindler publishes, in an appendix to the St. Petersburg Daily Meteorological Bulletin, a valuable collection of the paths of storm centres that have passed over Northeastern Europe during 1873-77. The tables and results can not be condensed, but will afford material for testing future theories of storm movements.

Goldschmid has invented a very delicate self-recording attachment to his form of aneroid barometer. A test series of observations at Zürich showed that his apparatus gives quite as good results as ordinary readings.

Thiesen publishes an interesting memoir on the extent of our atmosphere. Having regard to all that at present is known of the physical properties of air, he finds that contradictions arise at



almost every step, and that we are not as yet able to indicate the limit.

In *Physics*, Stanley has proposed the use of the pendulum for the purpose of registering cumulative temperatures or pressures. The pendulum consists of a steel cylindrical tube 32 inches long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  internal diameter, closed at both ends, to the upper of which is attached a rod to connect the pendulum with the clock-work. An air-tight division is placed across the tube at five inches from the upper end, from which a small tube extends to the bottom. Through a screw hole in the lower end mercury is poured into the small tube, filling both it and the upper chamber. It is then boiled and inverted, and thus constitutes a steel barometer. To convert it into a thermometer a small air-hole in the outer tube is closed air-tight. Since by increase either of pressure or temperature the mercury rises in the tube, the centre of oscillation of the pendulum changes, and its rate is accelerated. The clock is arranged to count beats in units up to ten millions, and the number of beats per day, week, month, or year becomes the unit of temperature or pressure for the period. The upper chamber contains a conical plug for the purpose of automatically effecting certain corrections, especially that due to the expansion of the case. For a pressure apparatus, which the author calls a chronobarometer, the external tube is dispensed with, except at top and bottom.

Mann has described in *Nature* an improved method of projecting Lissajou's curves upon the screen. On a base board two reed boxes are placed, one horizontal, the other vertical, capable of slight adjustment, so arranged that the reeds face each other. These reeds are inserted in reed plates, clamped to the face of the boxes, the vertical one giving the fundamental note, the horizontal consisting of a series giving all the intervals up to the twelfth. The reeds themselves are similar to those used in harmoniums. To each, about an inch from its free end, a small mirror of silvered glass is attached. By means of an air current, controlled by two taps, the reeds may be thrown into vibration, the rate being controlled within certain limits by the air pressure. A beam of light being thrown on one mirror, is reflected to the other, and thence to the screen. By admitting the air blast the reeds are thrown into vibration, and the figure characteristic of the ratio represented by the reeds is produced.

Ellis has described some results obtained by Jenkin with an apparatus by which he obtains vertical sections of the impressions made on the tin-foil of the phonograph, magnified 400 diameters, and called "speech curves." In the word *tah*, for example, intoned, there is first the "preparation," the curve gradually but irregularly rising; then the "attack"—a bold serrated precipice, with numerous rather sudden valleys; next the "glide"—a perfect tumult of curvatures, which gradually settle down into the "vowel" proper. This remains constant for a considerable number of periods, and vanishes away gradually to silence. This curve Jenkin has submitted to analysis, reducing it to its separate pendular curves, and has succeeded in tracing out as many as five partial tones. The results differ materially for different speakers, and Jenkin is endeavoring to classify these speech curves into genera.

Thompson proposes to improve the sibilants in the phonograph by placing a strip of card or watch spring across the opening edgewise, so that the voice impinges on the edge of the strip. The aspirates are also well spoken by such an instrument.

Vincent has made a careful study of the use of methyl chloride in the production of cold. At ordinary temperatures and pressures it is a colorless gas, having a sweet taste, and an odor recalling that of chloroform. At a tension of 3.13 meters of mercury at  $15^{\circ}$  it condenses to a colorless liquid, which boils at  $-23^{\circ}$ . It is prepared commercially from vinasse, which is the residue after the fermentation and distillation of beet-root molasses, by calcination for the preparation of potash salts. During the process there is disengaged a considerable quantity of trimethylamine, the hydrochlorate of which decomposes, when heated to  $295^{\circ}$ , into free trimethylamine, monomethylamine, hydrochlorate, and methyl chloride. The gaseous mixture being passed through an acid, the alkaline bodies are removed, and the methyl chloride is left pure for condensation. On exposure of the liquid to the air it at once boils for an instant, until the temperature falls to  $-23^{\circ}$ . If a current of air be passed through it, a temperature of  $-55^{\circ}$  is obtained, in which mercury freezes. Placed in a closed vessel and the air exhausted, a very low temperature is obtained, which may be utilized in the production of ice. Methyl chloride is sold in the liquid form in Paris at four francs the kilogram.

Arzrmi, in studying the crystalline properties of various organic bodies, has discovered that triphenyl-benzene possesses the property of double refraction to a degree surpassing that of any other crystalline body yet known. In substituted compounds he shows also that the introduction of the nitro-group invariably causes a much slighter change in crystallographic properties than when hydrogen is substituted by bromine or by iodine.

Lommel has communicated to the Physical Society of Erlangen a memoir on fluorescence, in which he divides all fluorescent bodies into three classes, the first comprising those substances upon which each homogeneous ray of light capable of producing fluorescence produces the whole fluorescent spectrum, the second including those bodies upon which the same ray of light produces only those rays of the fluorescent spectrum which are of a less refrangibility than the ray itself, and the third embracing those substances whose fluorescent spectrum consists of two parts, one of which corresponds to fluorescence of the first, and the other to fluorescence of the second order. He enumerates nine bodies belonging to the first class, twenty-five of class second, and seven of class third. He has not been able to prove that class three is a mixture of classes one and two.

Abney has described to the London Physical Society the method he had adopted for photographing the least refrangible end of the spectrum. He had succeeded in obtaining a compound which is sensitive at the same time to the red and blue rays, by weighting silver bromide with resin, subsequently, however, causing the silver bromide molecules to weight themselves. While an ordinary silver bromide plate was of a



ruddy tint, showing absorption of the blue rays, a plate containing weighted bromide of silver transmitted blue light and absorbed red. The latter plates are sensitive to the red and ultra-red rays, and photographs of the spectrum were exhibited extending from the line C to a wave length of 10,000, the ultra-red showing remarkable groupings of lines. He explained the reversing action obtained by Draper at the red end as an oxidizing action, and found it to be accelerated in solutions of permanganate, hydroxyl, etc.

Hughes has presented a paper to the Royal Society on an instrument he has devised for magnifying weak sounds, and which he calls a microphone. In its best form it consists of a stick of gas carbon placed vertically, and supported loosely between two small blocks of carbon fastened to a piece of thin board. When an electric current passes through the carbon, an ordinary telephone being in circuit, the slightest jar, and even the vibrations of the voice, are sufficient to interrupt the contact at the surfaces. This, varying the current strength, causes a sound in the receiver. The sensitiveness of the instrument is surprising, the ticking of a watch, the brush of a camel's-hair pencil, the tread of a fly, all being readily audible at the distant telephone. The principle of varying the resistance of a circuit by varying the number of points of contact in it, upon which these phenomena depend, was first utilized by Edison in January, 1877, and has within a year been brought to great perfection in the construction of the carbon telephone transmitter. The disks of carbon, or of silk thoroughly impregnated with carbon, he has also used in his tasimeter, which in various forms serves as a thermometer, barometer, hygrometer, and anemometer in a new and simple rheostat, and in a new relay contrived expressly for the relaying of telephone currents. Other workers have also discovered this sensitiveness of contacts.

*Anthropology.*—The Washington *Evening Star* of June 1 gives an account of an Indian soap-stone quarry in Virginia, by Mr. Frank C. Cushing, of the National Museum. It is located on the farm of John B. Wiggins, near Chula, Amelia County, Virginia. Mr. Cushing discovered the spot where the Indians had carried on their quarrying, and also the quartz bed in the neighborhood where the implements had been procured for detaching the soap-stone. Models of the excavation, and a large number of pots, picks, and other implements, were brought back for the National collection.

The circular recently issued by the Smithsonian Institution to archæologists throughout the United States has already elicited some valuable replies. Dr. G. S. B. Hempstead has prepared a map of all the antiquities in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, Ohio, representing the topographical features of the country, and every mound and earth-work in the vicinity. If the contemplated work is to be a success, it will be owing to the enterprise of individuals in each locality where remains exist. The intention of the Institution to have all work duly accredited, as in natural history study, ought to stimulate archæologists to have their own region properly represented.

The second part of *Revue d'Anthropologie* for 1878 opens with a paper by the editor, Dr. Paul Broca, upon cerebral nomenclature. We have formerly spoken of the study of cranio-cerebral

topography by European anthropologists as a substitute for the crude speculations of the old phrenology. Foremost among those who have looked upon the brain as a definitely organized mass, and not a fortuitous collection of convolutions, like a dish of macaroni, is Dr. Paul Broca. In this paper the author not only attempts to systematize the cerebral convolutions, but to establish a definite nomenclature. The most valuable feature of this publication to the general student is the appendix to each number, consisting of "Revue Critique," "Revue des Livres," "Revue des Journaux," "Extraits et Analyses," and "Miscellanea."

The Bulletin of the Société d'Anthropologie for 1877 comes to us freighted with the accustomed amount of valuable matter. In Part First the most attractive papers are "A Discussion on Religiosity," "Topographie cérébrale comparée de l'Homme et du Cynocéphale," "De la Généalogie de l'Homme, d'après Haeckel," and "Gravure et Sculpture des Os avec Silex." The article upon genealogy is by Dr. Broca, and concludes with the assertion: "Vous jugerez peut-être, d'après cela, que M. Haeckel n'a pas dit le dernier mot de la généalogie de l'homme." The paper upon the engraving of bone with silex tools is one that will most attract archæologists. Part Two contains papers upon "The Duration of a Generation," on "The Origin of Fire," and on "The Brain of a Gorilla." Part Three is filled with matters of general interest. Among the most valuable papers are "Statistics of Twin Births," "Syphilitic Deformation of the Skull," "Belief in the Immortality of the Soul," "Cranial Perforations in Peru," "Report upon the Eskimo," "Peruvian Mummies," and "Prehistoric Amber."

In *Zoology*, we have, among the novelties offered us the past month, Haeckel's *Das Protistenreich*, a popular, illustrated résumé of what is known of the different forms of *Protozoa* and low plants, as *Desmids* and low fungi, associated together by Haeckel in his kingdom of *Protista*. It contains a vigorous claim for the organic nature of *Bathybius*.

A rotifer (*Notommata werneckii*) has been found by Balbiani to be at one period free, at another parasitic in the tubes of *Vaucheria*, a fresh-water alga producing gall-like enlargements. In the free state this rotifer is elongated, vermiform, divided externally into distinct segments; in the parasitic state it is, when mature, dilated, sac-like, very contractile, and without trace of segmentation, while the ovary is enormously developed. Like other *Rotifera*, this species lays two sorts of eggs, summer and winter ova. The latter are produced in the spring, but are not laid until later, the process of oviposition being delayed much longer than in that of the summer eggs. The young notommatas form in the galls, make their exit by openings which are made spontaneously at the summit of the adventive branches of the *Vaucheria*. Other species of *Notommata* are known to reside parasitically in *Volvox*.

In the first part of his studies on the spiders of Malasia, especially Celebes, comprised in a work of 300 pages, Dr. Thorell describes a large number of species. The work is being published at Genoa.

The *Structure and Habits of Spiders*, by J. H. Emerton, Salem (S. E. Cassino), is an attractive little book, comprising almost wholly the observa-



tions of the author, with numerous illustrations by the pencil of this eminent artist. The book is new and fresh in its facts and drawings, and is a valuable contribution to biology.

Farther contributions to the subject of dimorphism and parthenogenesis in the Hymenoptera appear in the *Entomologist's Monthly Magazine*.

M. Lichtenstein has obtained galls of *Spathogaster baccarum* from eggs laid by *Neuroterus lenticularis*. Mr. Cameron now confirms similar observations by Adler, and has found that the female saw-fly, *Pæcilosoma pulveratum*, the male of which is unknown, laid eggs from which the embryo developed, but the larva did not hatch, owing to the withering of the leaf.

The minute *Demodex folliculorum*, a low mite-like animal found in the skin of the face of man, has been found by Mr. Walter Faxon to occur in the ox, injuring materially cowhides sent to market. His account appears in the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology. In the parts about the neck and shoulders especially the skins presented numerous slight swellings which, under pressure, emitted a quantity of soft whitish matter. After being tanned and split the leather appeared disfigured with pits from one to six millimeters in width, which in many cases penetrated nearly through the thickness of the leather. In many of the samples eight or ten pits occurred within the area of one square inch. There are three varieties of this *Demodex* which infest man, the cat, and dog, and either these or allied varieties or species occur in the skin of the fox, bat, ox, horse, and sheep.

An elaborate essay on the structure of the brain in insects, by J. H. L. Flögel, illustrated by photographs of microscopic sections, appears in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift*. He finds that the central body of the brain, present in the adult insects of all orders, is wanting in caterpillars, but not in the larvæ of the Hymenoptera. He thinks this has something to do with the structure of the faceted eyes (absent in caterpillars).

The fishes of Illinois have been catalogued by Professor Jordan in the Bulletin of the Illinois State Laboratory, and their food examined and reported on by Mr. S. A. Forbes. The remarkably developed gill-rakers of the shovel-fish of Western rivers are said by Mr. Forbes to be very numerous and fine, arranged in a double row on each gill arch, and are twice as long as the filaments of the gill. By their interlacing they form a strainer scarcely less effective than the fringes of the baleen plates of the whale, and probably allow the passage of the fine silt of the river-bed, but arrest every thing as large as a Cyclops. The fish is said by fishermen to plough up the mud in feeding with its spatula-like snout, and then to swim slowly backward through the muddy water. Its mouth is very large even for a fish. It feeds on countless numbers of *Entomostraca*.

Among recent contributions in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London to exotic ornithology are Mr. Layard's remarks on the exact localities of some birds from the islands of the South Pacific, and his notes on two African cuckoos of the genus *Coccyzus*. The Marquis of Tweeddale reports on the collection of birds made in the Philippines by the *Challenger* expedition, and by Mr. Everett. The ornithology of the same expedition is discussed by Mr. P. L. Selater and Dr. Otto Finsch; the latter also con-

tributes papers on the birds of the Friendly, Eastern Carolines, and of Ninafou islands, as well as the Marquesas. Mr. D. G. Elliot reviews the sub-family of the ibises, and Messrs. Selater and Salvin describe six new species of South American birds, while Henry Seebohm remarks on the rarer eggs and birds obtained in the arctic regions of the Yen-e-say, in East Siberia. The anatomy of the Passerine birds is described and illustrated by A. H. Garrod, who also contributes other anatomical notes.

The past and present distribution of the larger mammals of South Africa is farther discussed by J. E. Buckley, who adds some notes to the original paper in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for 1876.

The female generative organs of the *Hyæna crocuta* are described by Professor Watson in the same Proceedings, while E. R. Alston describes a new shrew from Central America.

A writer in the *Natural History Journal* states that he found in an old magpie's nest a piece of some small animal's bone entirely covered on the outside with marks of a squirrel's teeth. The shaft had been completely gnawed away on one side, but when this was not the case, it was in a hexagonal form (six bites seeming to accomplish the circuit of the bone). In some places the animal's teeth had left very deep grooves, the notches in its teeth always making minute furrows in the bone. He asks if this is a usual habit of the squirrel.

August Wrzesniowski contributes to Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift* a paper on the history of the Polish urus, aurochs, or tur. It has survived longest in Poland, where it lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and perhaps became extinct still later in the zoological garden of Zamojski.

In a paper on the individuality of the animal body, Haeckel says that the actual organism (bion) is an unjointed bilateral person, without segments, with a few antimeres. In the *Arthropoda* (crustacea and insects) the mature physiological individual is jointed, two-sided or bilateral, with a few antimeres (limbs or appendages) and numerous segments. In these last there is an ideal psychic band of a community of interests replacing the bodily social or polyp-stock or worm-stock of the lower animals.

*Botany*.—Botanical contributions have been comparatively few during the past month. *Linnaea* contains a lengthy monograph of the *Pandanaceæ*, by Count Solms-Laubach, and the same writer has a paper on the "Structure of the Flower and Fruit of the Pandanaceæ" in the *Botanische Zeitung*. A third paper by the same writer, in the Proceedings of the Cherbourg Society of Natural Sciences, contains a description of a very small and curious red sea-weed, parasitic on *Laurencia obtusa* at Naples, and named by its discoverer *Janczewskia verruceformis*.

The *Annales des Sciences* contains an article by Guillaud on the comparative anatomy and development of the tissues of the stem in the monocotyledons. The article is illustrated by excellent plates.

In the *Archives of Physical and Natural Sciences* of Geneva is a paper, by M. Alphonse de Candolle, entitled "Feuillaison, Défeuillaison, Efeuillaison." By the first-named term the writer denotes vernal proper; by the second, the natu-



ral fall of the leaf; by the third, its removal by unnatural causes. He concludes from numerous observations that on comparing different species one can not discover any direct or regular connection between the period of putting forth the leaves and that of the fall of the leaves. In different individuals of the same species it sometimes happens that those, as the linden, which leaf out early, shed their leaves late, while in other species, as chestnut, ash, etc., the reverse is the case.

*Engineering and Mechanics.*—At a late meeting of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, General Herman Haupt gave some interesting statements regarding pipe lines for the transportation of oil. The first pipes were laid about fifteen years ago, and at present there are about 2000 miles of them in operation between the wells and the railroads. Of special interest is the project of the Sea-board Pipe Line, which proposes to lay a six-inch pipe, giving a capacity of 6000 barrels per day. The line will be tested to 1800 pounds pressure per square inch. The preliminary surveys for this line are said to have already been made. The first station will be located at Parker City; the second station will be thirty-five miles distant, and will carry the oil twenty-six miles further on; the third pump, seventy miles further; and the last one, located on the west side of the Tuscarora Mountains, will send it to Baltimore, a distance of 102 miles. The distances between stations differ with the varying profile of the ground to be crossed. The pressure at each station will be 400 pounds, corresponding to a head of 1200 feet of oil. The cost of transportation is set down at one cent per barrel at each pump, without regard to distance. The estimate per barrel from the oil region to the sea-board would therefore be five cents. Construction of this line, it is said, will be begun at once. Its total cost is estimated at \$1,750,000.

The attention of mining engineers is being seriously drawn to the enormous percentage of waste incident upon the present crude system of mining anthracite coal. Mr. E. B. Cox, an experienced engineer, mentions a case (which is believed not to be an exceptional one), where, having been called upon to estimate the amount of coal marketed from a large property, it was found to be only 28 per cent. of the estimated amount of coal in the vein. This estimate shows that no less than 72 per cent. of the coal deposit is left behind in the mine, and indicates that there is an enormous margin for improvement in the methods of coal mining in vogue.

It may surprise the general reader to learn that the coal production of China has already reached 3,000,000 tons annually, and is rapidly increasing. Of this production about 1,000,000 tons represent the output of the anthracite beds of the province of Shan-si. Speaking of this, the most extensive deposit of the empire, Baron Richthofen affirms that its area vastly exceeds that of the anthracite region of this country, and that no other coal-field in the world can be compared with it in the union of the most favorable conditions as regards position, quantity, and quality. He pronounces the opinion that in the near future these deposits will rise immensely in importance.

The secretary of the Bristol (England) Iron Trade Association, in his recent annual report, estimates the pig-iron productions of the world, in 1876, to have been 13,847,213 tons, of which

Great Britain produced 6,555,997 tons; United States, 2,093,236 tons; France, 1,439,536 tons; Germany, 1,862,000 tons; Belgium, 440,958 tons; Russia, 397,500 tons; Sweden, 339,486 tons; Austria, 480,000 tons; and other countries 238,500 tons.

There are at present fifteen works in Great Britain, producing steel by the Siemens and Siemens-Martin processes, employing 90 open-hearth processes and about 500 crucibles. The capacity of the former is equal to 250,000 tons per annum, and that of the crucibles to 20,000. The production of open-hearth steel in Great Britain during 1877 reached 137,000 tons.

The government of Peru offers extraordinary inducements to foreign capitalists to undertake the working of the Huantafaya mines, which, though half a century ago they yielded great quantities of copper and silver, were abandoned because of certain natural obstacles, but which, it is believed, can readily be overcome by proper engineering skill.

The same government has likewise just undertaken the examination of the several routes to the province of Carabaya, one of the richest though most inaccessible parts of Peru. It is affirmed that it contains immense alluvial deposits rich in gold, which were profitably worked by the Spaniards until 1767, when they were abandoned because of the hostility of the natives.

The mining of phosphate rock in South Carolina is assuming enormous proportions, and is already one of the leading industries of that State. The production has arisen from small beginnings in about nine years to the large figures of 199,086 tons in 1877-78; of which 115,965 tons were shipped to foreign ports, 64,486 coastwise, and 16,635 tons were consumed by domestic manufacturers.

A Belgian scientific jury has lately awarded to M. Melsens the Guinard prize of 10,000 francs for the best contribution to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. The award was based upon the important discovery of M. Melsens of an effective remedy for mercury and lead poisoning, to the effects of which workmen employed in many occupations requiring the manipulation of these metals are dangerously exposed, and especially to the insidious cumulative effects resulting in chronic evils which have heretofore been obstinately incurable. The remedy proposed by M. Melsens, and which he has demonstrated to be efficacious not only in the cure of chronic cases resulting from years of exposure to and accumulation of the poisons in the system, but also in the prevention of disease from these sources, is the iodide of potassium. The action of the iodide is to transform into soluble form and to eliminate from the system the accumulation of insoluble metallic compounds, upon the presence of which the affections of the organs involved by the disease depend. The French Academy likewise has crowned this important discovery with the Monthyon prize.

There is every prospect of an animated controversy as to priority between Mr. Edison and Mr. Hughes upon the question of the invention of the microphone, and between the former gentleman and Professors Houston and Thompson, of Philadelphia, about the discovery of the method of relaying the telephone by which the telephone line is indefinitely extended.

BURLINGAME  
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# Editor's Historical Record.

## POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of July.—Political State Conventions have been held as follows: Illinois Republican, at Springfield, June 26, nominating General J. C. Smith for Governor; Ohio Democratic, at Columbus, June 26, nominating D. R. Paige for Secretary of State; Arkansas Democratic, at Little Rock, July 4, renominating Governor W. R. Miller; Alabama Republican, at Montgomery, July 4, no nominations; Michigan Democratic, at Detroit, July 10, nominating O. M. Barnes for Governor; Missouri Democratic, at St. Louis, July 10, renominating Elijah Norton for Judge of the Supreme Court.

The President, July 11, removed General Chester A. Arthur, Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, and appointed General E. A. Merritt, the present Surveyor of the Port, in his stead. He also removed Hon. A. B. Cornell, Naval Officer, and appointed in his place Hon. S. W. Burt, Deputy Naval Officer.

Queen Mercedes of Spain died in Madrid June 26, after a brief illness, of gastric fever. She was eighteen years of age, and had been married to King Alfonso only six months.

The Treaty of Berlin was signed by the plenipotentiary delegates to the Congress July 13. In Europe Russia is allowed that portion of Bessarabia which she lost in 1856, extending from the Pruth to the Kilia Valley. In Asia Russia is to hold Kars, Ardahan, and Batum—the latter to be an "essentially commercial" port. The Dobrudscha goes to Roumania, and the frontier of the new territory is extended from the neighborhood of Silistria, without including that town, to a point south of Mangalia, on the Black Sea. The independence of Roumania and Montenegro is recognized, it being stipulated that the former shall establish religious equality. Bulgaria is granted an autonomic administration under a Christian government, but she is to bear a share of the public debt of the empire. The Ottoman army is to evacuate Bulgaria. There is formed south of the Balkans the province of Eastern Roumelia, under the direct political authority of the Sultan, having administrative autonomy and a Christian Governor-General. Servia becomes independent, with some addition to her territory. Austria is to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Porte is to come to an understanding with Greece for the rectification of her frontiers. Russia disclaims priority of claim in the matter of the war indemnity to be paid by Turkey, and is pledged to not exact territory in place of money. The fortifications on the Danube below the Iron Gates are to be razed, and ships of war excluded from its waters.

A defensive treaty between England and Turkey had been concluded June 4. It is stipulated that if Batum, Kars, and Ardahan are retained by Russia, and if an attempt is made at any future time to annex a portion of the Sultan's territory in Asia not ceded by the definite treaty of peace, Great Britain engages to join the Sultan in defending his territory by force of arms. The Sultan, in return, promises to introduce the necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later. In order to enable Great Britain to make the necessary provision for executing her engagement, the Sul-

tan consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by Great Britain, which agrees to pay to the Porte the present excess of the island's revenue over its expenditure. Finally, Great Britain engages to evacuate the island and terminate the convention if Russia restores Batum, Kars, and Ardahan to Turkey. In an interview with Prince Gortchakoff, Lord Beaconsfield fully and frankly defended the Anglo-Turkish convention. Prince Gortchakoff replied that Russia saw nothing objectionable in the convention, as she entertained no projects for aggrandizement on the coast of Asiatic Turkey.

The Earls of Beaconsfield and Salisbury received an ovation on their arrival in England; and on the 18th Lord Beaconsfield addressed the House of Lords on the subject of the treaty. In the course of his speech he stated that, exclusive of Bosnia and Bulgaria, European Turkey retained 60,000 square miles of territory, and a population of 6,000,000.

The Queen of England has conferred the Order of the Garter on Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury.

Twenty-two supplementary elections were held in France, July 7. Seventeen Republicans were returned.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

In the international collegiate boat-race between the Columbia and the Oxford (Hertford College) crews, at Henley, July 4 and 5, the Columbia crew won the Visitors' Challenge Cup.

An eight-oared race between the Cornell and Harvard crews took place on Owasco Lake on the 16th inst. Cornell won by four lengths, in 17 minutes 13½ seconds.

During the week ending July 20, one hundred and forty-five persons died in St. Louis, Missouri, from the effects of the severe heat.

A dispatch to the London *Times* from Calcutta reports that 4700 houses have been destroyed by a conflagration in Mandalay, the capital of Burmah.

## DISASTERS.

July 4.—At a German Lutheran picnic at Ross Grove, Pennsylvania, a large tree fell on a party who had fled to it for shelter in a thunder-storm, killing fifteen persons and injuring others.

June 28.—A portion of a tunnel near Schwelm, in Germany, fell in and buried twenty-seven persons.

July 7.—An explosion in a petroleum factory at Lyons, France, killed thirty persons.

## OBITUARY.

July 4.—At Middletown, New York, the Rev. John Dowling, D.D., a celebrated Baptist clergyman and author, aged seventy-one years.

July 8.—At Riverdale, New York, George S. Appleton, of the publishing firm of D. Appleton and Co., aged fifty-seven years.

July 16.—In New York city, Miss Mary Wells (Mrs. Richard Stapells), the actress, aged forty-nine years.

July 23.—At Fall River, Massachusetts, Minnie Warren, the well-known dwarf, wife of Commodore Nutt.

June 24.—At Manchester, England, Charles James Mathews, the distinguished comedian, in his seventy-fifth year.



## Editor's Drawer.

WHO shall say there is no fun in mathematics? There has been placed under the searching gaze of the Drawer the first number of a superbly printed quarto, entitled *The American Journal of Mathematics, Pure and Applied*, edited by several of the most eminent mathematicians of Europe and America, and published under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore. It is, of course, a work of the highest scientific character, and will possess special interest for men of very high figure, but for the ordinary layman it is inexpressibly funny. We copy the first page, it is so good:

### NOTE ON A CLASS OF TRANSFORMATIONS WHICH SURFACES MAY UNDERGO IN SPACE OF MORE THAN THREE DIMENSIONS.

BY SIMON NEWCOMB.

If the material bodies which surround us were placed in a space of more than three dimensions, their kinematic susceptibilities would be increased in a manner which, at first sight, would seem very extraordinary. Each body would, in fact, be susceptible of  $n$  independent forward motions, and  $\frac{n(n-1)}{2}$  separate rotations,  $n$  being the number of dimensions of the space. My present purpose is not, however, to discuss the general theory of the subject, but to point out a special case of it as seen in a remarkable transformation to which closed surfaces may be subjected in space of four dimensions. The proposition in question may be expressed as follows:

*If a fourth dimension were added to space, a closed material surface (or shell) could be turned inside out by simple flexure; without either stretching or tearing.*

For simplicity we may suppose the surface to be spherical. Let

$$x, y, z, u,$$

be the general rectangular co-ordinates in the supposed space of four dimensions. An infinite plane space of three dimensions may then be represented by the equation

$$ax + by + cz + du = A,$$

$a, b$ , etc., being any constants whatever. For simplicity we may suppose  $a, b$ , and  $c$  all equal to zero, and the axes of  $x, y$ , and  $z$  therefore to lie in the space of three dimensions under consideration. A Euclidian or natural space may then be represented by the single equation  $u = A$ ,  $A$  being an arbitrary constant. The four-dimensional space may be divided into an infinity of Euclidian spaces by giving all possible values to  $A$ . And so on.

If that isn't a neat little fairy tale, we are no judge. Of course the Euclidian marries  $A$ , and they go off to live at Quogue; the other fellow had "kinematic susceptibility," and was sent to the asylum; but the mystery is, *what became of the old man?*

On the wall of a certain railroad station in Indiana is posted this notice: "Loafing in this room is strictly forbidden and must be observed."

It is well at a funeral to be concise and correct in narrating the incidents of the life and character of the deceased, his family, relations, etc. The following shows an unusual caution:

Mr. Phipps died, being the third husband of Mrs. P. At the funeral, their regular minister being out of town, the Methodist minister was requested to officiate. Having recently been assigned to the town, and being almost a stranger, he had to be hastily posted as to the deceased, his family, etc. At the funeral all went well, and a stranger might have thought him an old and intimate friend of the late Mr. Phipps. But he

was a little foggy on the widow, for in his prayer he lost his reckoning, and brought the widow in about in this wise: "And now we commend to Thy care this widow, Thy handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again," then hesitating an instant, he added, "*and perhaps again.*"

Whether he had incorrectly ciphered up the number of husbands who had gone before, or was making allowance for one to come, we are not advised.

DEAN STANLEY loses few opportunities for puncturing shams. Recently, at the dinner of the Royal Literary Institution, he said: "Literature had a most beneficial effect in delivering us from provincialisms and slang, and from the vice of style embodied in such a phrase as the following, which one might hear within the sacred precincts of the General Assembly of the Church of England: 'I entirely homologate this overture, from which I will never resile.'"

EVEN in mural literature we sometimes find things said in the effest way. Thus in Litchfield, Connecticut, is an old tombstone with the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of the inestimable worth of unrivalled excellence and virtue, Mrs. Rachel, wife of Jerome B. Woodruff and daughter of Norman Barber, *whose ethereal parts became a seraph May 24, 1835, in the 22 year of her age.*"

THE following comes from Kansas:

Two persons, neither of whom bears any striking resemblance to any great jurist except for corpulency, were comfortably seated, talking over matters and things, when one said, "I once sat on the judge's bench in Texas."

"That so?" asked his friend. "*Where was the judge?*"

THE Milwaukee boy respecteth his parents and maketh neat compliments. A family were discussing at table the qualities which go to make up a good wife, when a little lad of seven, who had listened quietly to the talk, leaned over the table, kissed his mother, and said, "Mamma, when I get big enough I'm going to marry a lady just like you."

LITTLE maidens of six exist in Georgetown, D. C., and one of them expressed herself in this fashion: After leaning for some time far out over the window-ledge, she drew herself in and exclaimed, placing her hand on her stomach, "Oh, that hurt me right in the place where God forgot to put any bones!"

On another occasion she was gazing out into the cloudy evening, and said, "Mamma, there isn't a single star in bloom."

Being a little naughty one day her mother said, "Minna, do you see that switch up there?"

"Oh yes," she replied, quite nonchalantly, "I see it smiling down upon me."

LAST year a Red Ribbon Club was organized in —, Michigan. A gentleman who made a short address on the occasion, after dwelling on the dangers which beset the paths of drunkards and those addicted to the use of alcohol, invited all



persons present to join the club, saying, "You know it is written that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine who *don't repent.*"

FROM a Georgia brother we have this:

On the first visit of the Rev. Dr. — to one of his appointments in — County, he gave out

occasion to confess to him a peccadillo which caused her much reproach of conscience. 'Alas,' groaned the doctor, 'and that is the third time, too!' The lady assured him that she had never before been guilty of that particular omission or commission. 'My daughter,' persisted her spiritual guide, 'it is the third time you have come to me with this same sin; do not add to your



"OH! HO!"

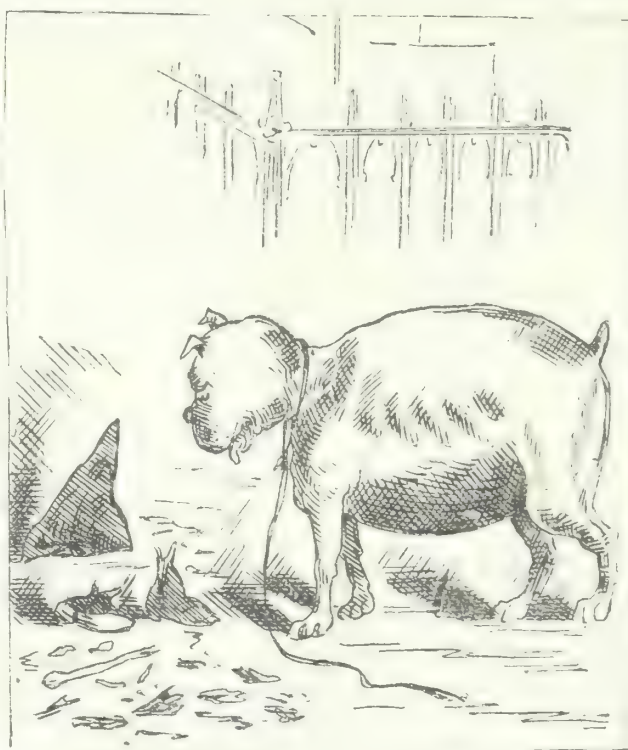


"AH! HA!"

two lines of a hymn, and waited for some one to lead the singing. Nobody responded. "Brethren," said the preacher, "the Lord has not blessed me with the power of song, and I will thank some one to raise the tune," at the same time looking earnestly at old Brother Jones, who seemed to be the bell-wether of the flock.

The bell-wether said, "You needn't look at *me*, for the Lord has left me in the same fix!"

SOMETIMES it is a good thing to have the conceit eliminated from ourselves. Those of us, therefore, who are not Roman Catholics nor extreme ritualists will appreciate the following good story told to Edmund Yates by a Catholic friend about the Protestant confessional. The name of the very big Anglican dignitary to whom it refers is withheld. "A fair devotee chanced on one



"HE! HE!"

fault by concealing the former occasions.' The lady still demurred, and a flood of memory seemed to rush on the father. 'I beg you a thousand pardons,' he said; '*it was your sister!*'"

THIS story is told by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, one of the most delightful raconteurs of the day. We know how it is over the water, and the experience of the Drawer, who has listened to some of the best story-tellers in this country, is that the clergy, on the whole, have a finer and quieter appreciation of humor than their brethren of the

bar, and relate an anecdote with greater effect. Bishop Clark's story, above alluded to, is of a city clergyman who was once invited to preach in a small country church, and the choir thought they would get up a very elaborate performance for his benefit. They were more ambitious than



successful, and when they had finished, before giving out his text, the preacher looked up to the gallery and said, "My friends, if the angels in heaven should hear you sing, they would come down and wring your necks."

Rather rude; but then what awful work they do make of it when they attempt to show off!

THE two following are from an Ohio correspondent:

A worthy clergyman and a good doctor were standing talking with me in the balcony of a house opposite to what was at that time the leading saloon in our town. The occasion was the celebration of the firemen's parade. Many strangers were in town, and much bad whiskey was being imbibed. Among those who followed the stream flowing uninterruptedly into this saloon was the judge of our court. This, though probably not an unusual occurrence, was something new to me, and was the cause of some not very complimentary remarks. The doctor replied:

"Yes, Mr. —, I was brought up to always regard a judge and a clergyman as something better than the ordinary man—something exceptionally good, worthy at all times of my respect and consideration; and to see a judge rushing into a saloon with that motley crowd, apparently as thirsty as any of them, shocks me terribly."

"Well," said the reverend gentleman, "I was never in my youth taught to so regard *doctors*, and it has been my ill fortune never yet to have been fooled."

WE have in our city a colored barber, who is a very enthusiastic Baptist, and frequently engages in theological discussions. I approached him one day while entangled in one of these discussions with an old German from the country. The barber had evidently been advocating rather strongly the doctrine or practice of immersion.

"Well," said the German, "I joost don't remember but three places in the Bible where immersion is mentioned at all—only three places. The first was where the Egyptians were pursuing the Israelites through the Red Sea, and the Lord caused the waters to flow back on them, and they were all immersed. The second place was where the Lord commanded Noah to take all his family into the ark, after which He caused it to rain for forty days and nights, and all those outside the ark were immersed. The third place was where the Saviour caused the devils to go into the herd of swine, and they rushed down a steep hill into the sea, and they were all immersed."

The only reply the barber made to this was, "Yas! yas! yas!"

#### COWS—A COMPOSITION.

THIS is how the pupil put it:

"The cow is a good animal. She has two horns and two eyes, and gives milk which is good to drink. She has four legs, and eats grass and hay. Some of them are red, and they have long tails."

This is how the head teacher says it ought to be put:

"The female of the bovine genus is a beneficent mammal; this ruminant quadruped is possessed of corneous protuberances projecting from the occiput; her vision is binocular, and she yields an edible and nutritious lacteal exudation; she

is quadrupedal and herbivorous, assimilating her food in both the succulent and exsiccated state; some of them chromatically correspond to the seventh color of the spectrum, and they are endowed with caudal appendages of exaggerated longitudinality."

In one of Lowell's "Biglow Papers" Birdofreedom Sawin, Esq., is led to express his patriotic sentiments in language alike sententious and witty:

Suthin combinin' morril truth  
With phrases sech az strikes.

One of the best novels of the season is *Mine is Thine*, by L. W. M. Lockhart, recently published by Harper and Brothers, in which are several sketches of character done in very amusing style. The describer is Tom Wyedale, a Bohemian of the first tribe. Thus saith he:

There's the "expansive" Briton—that underdone-looking man. See how he talks at, through, up against, down upon, every body and every thing. He has a joke for every one. He chaffs them all round, waiters included. He is button-holing the whole table with his eye. Listen to the monster. How he laughs! You can hear nothing else. What a fearful thing is vulgar geniality! That fellow would chaff the Pope if he could get at him.

Another description, that of the British female with a mission, is chock-full of fun. We have all seen her; we raise the same article in this country:

And there is the archæological female Briton—she may be in some other "ology," perhaps, but she certainly goes in for "mind" and science of some sort. They're all the same. You can't mistake them. Limp, and with that mysterious top-knot of scraggy hair gathered together from the uttermost parts of the head, she looks as if a savage had tomahawked her, and, finding the scalp unsatisfactory, had hurriedly replaced it. Oh, how I suffered from one of the tribe at Eleusis last year! The sun was raging, but she seated herself on a fallen capital, and held me, like the Ancient Mariner, while she lectured for half an hour on the spirit of Greek art. She had come from Athens without an escort, braving the brigands, with no protection save her awful virginity; and I fear there is no doubt it got her safe back.

Tom Wyedale's next character is an American:

"Wa'al, I never met an *ancient* Briton, but if any of them were to give a look down Texas way, they'd keep quiet about their descendants when they went back, I guess. They've got a kind of man down there, Surr, that mostly runs seventy-three to seventy-seven inches. That's good enough, ain't it? You've heard of William G. Howkins?"

"I think not."

"Ah! that was a kind of man that stood ninety-two inches. And a fraction. And when he killed the grizzly that ran to nine hundred pounds in its skin and claws— You've heard of *that* bear?"

"No, I can't say I have."

"Wa'al, he took and carried that thar grizzly, and went browsin' all around the town with that thar carcass on his back. To show him. That's the kind of man William G. Howkins was. And that's the kind of man they raise down Texas way. I guess an ancient Briton would feel rather mean and skinny down thar. I guess he'd feel downright d— ashamed of his descendants. When he saw them again."

"Howkins must have been a Goliath."

"Wa'al, he *was* above the middle height. But he ain't the size now. Not since the war."

"How do you mean?"

"Wa'al, there was a cannon-ball that was a trifle quick for him at Gettysburg. He got his legs chipped. And shortened up, at that time, seven or eight inches. But I guess they'd show the balance of him in Cornwall. For money. W. G. H. wasn't descended from nobody. You bet."

At the recent annual dinner of the Highland Society of London, Dr. Erasmus Wilson took occasion, with fervid ingenuity, to remark that,



"whether you were in Africa, or India, or the United States, a Scotchman would be found to help you if you needed assistance." Another bold Highlander asserted that "the Scotchman was found to be the universal link by which the world was held together." But better than this was the enthusiastic patriot who declared that some of the most famous characters of antiquity were Scotchmen. "There was the Emperor Macrianus, the Emperor Macrinus, the philosopher

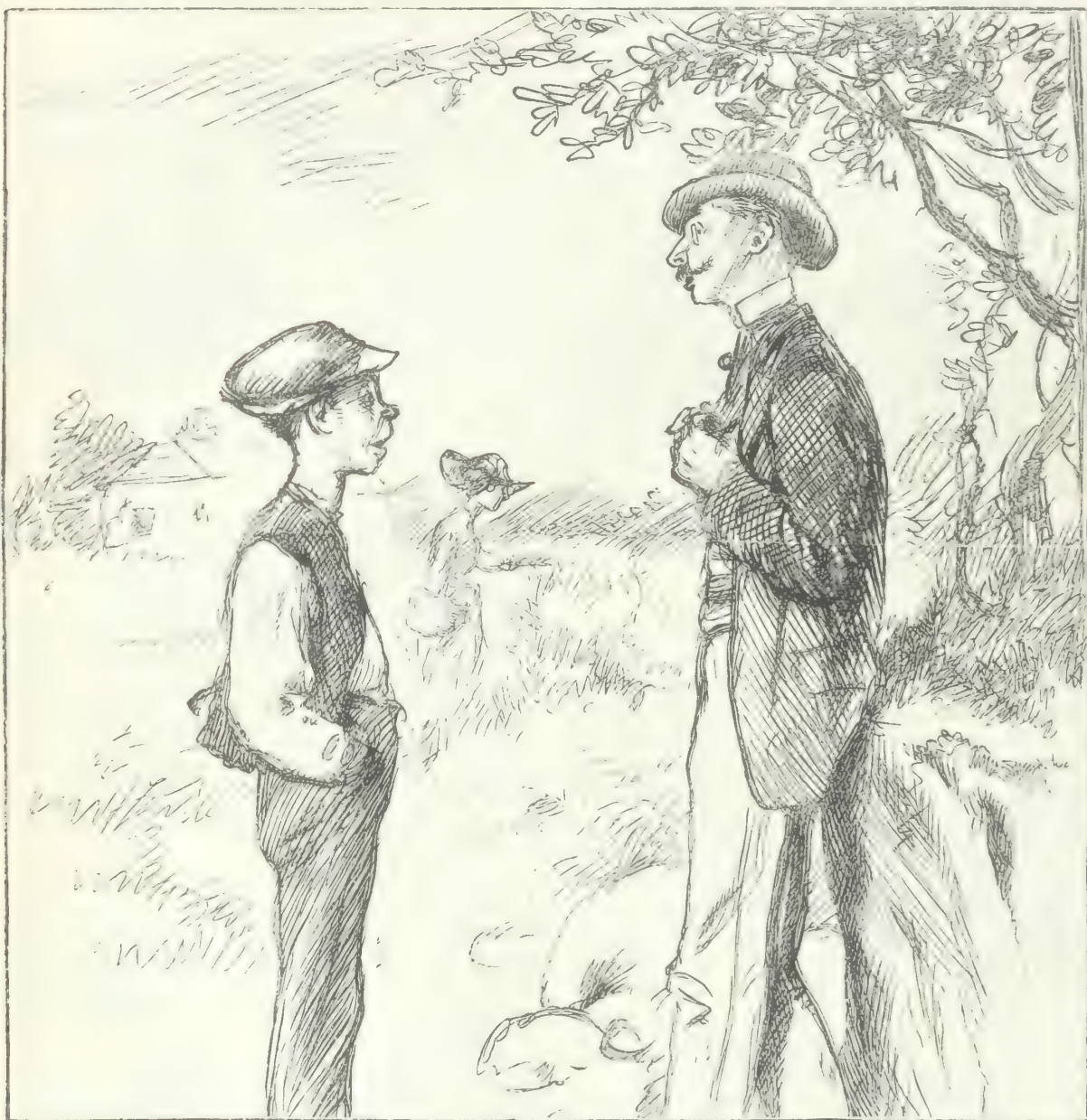
questions and answers in reference to its arrangement and adaptation to public worship, Mr. Brooks said, "Mr. Moody, do you keep the run of your converts?"

"Some of them—those that are specially worthy of remembrance. Why?"

"Do you remember a bright young man of the name of [say] Simpson?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I think you had better look after him



A SOFT ANSWER.

CITY. "Your sister has nice soft eyes."

COUNTRY. "She is more generous than you. She thinks you soft all over."

Macrobius, and Machrochir, otherwise Artaxerxes; and then there was Alexander the Great, who was one of the MacEdons!"

DURING Mr. Moody's last services in Boston he was one day seen walking by the new and magnificent Trinity Church. He paused a moment, and put his hand upon the door-knob as if to enter. The rector, Rev. Phillips Brooks, chancing to see this, and knowing Mr. Moody, went up to him and politely offered to show him the interior. They entered. After walking slowly up the aisle, and noting the various beauties of the edifice, they came to the magnificent chancel, the largest and finest in the United States. After various

a little; he's getting into bad ways—drinks too much, and is noticeable for his enormous self-consciousness."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Mr. Moody: "that don't trouble me; *that's Boston!*"

WE owe to a distinguished collegiate professor this account of a "distraction in a Sunday-school."

A young lady, trying to impress her class of boys with the importance of some Biblical precept, insisted upon their closer attention, when one of the more restless among them said, "Well, Miss —, I do try; but the fact is, I have two bets pending on this election, and I can't help myself."



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXII.—OCTOBER, 1878.—VOL. LVII.

## A NEW ENGLAND DAIRY AND STOCK FARM.



A PERFECT COW.

LEAVING behind us the New Haven Railway, with its shining tracks stretching east and west, we switched off to the north on the Naugatuck, which threads the valley of that name, and penetrates a country whose aspect between the stations conveys with much pathos and no little reminiscence an idea of the valorous endurance of the early settlers. There is some similarity between man and the land he has worked upon everywhere; his individuality clings to and breathes out of the earth; and particularly true is this of the New England hills, upon which the gray gneiss protruding from the shallow soil testifies to the patient labor and frugal life of the pioneer, and the foliage in and out of the sunshine seems to perpetually fill with the sombreness that environed him. The pastures are scant and the tillage is unprofitable in this little valley of the Naugatuck; but at the stations there are prosperous manufacturing settlements.

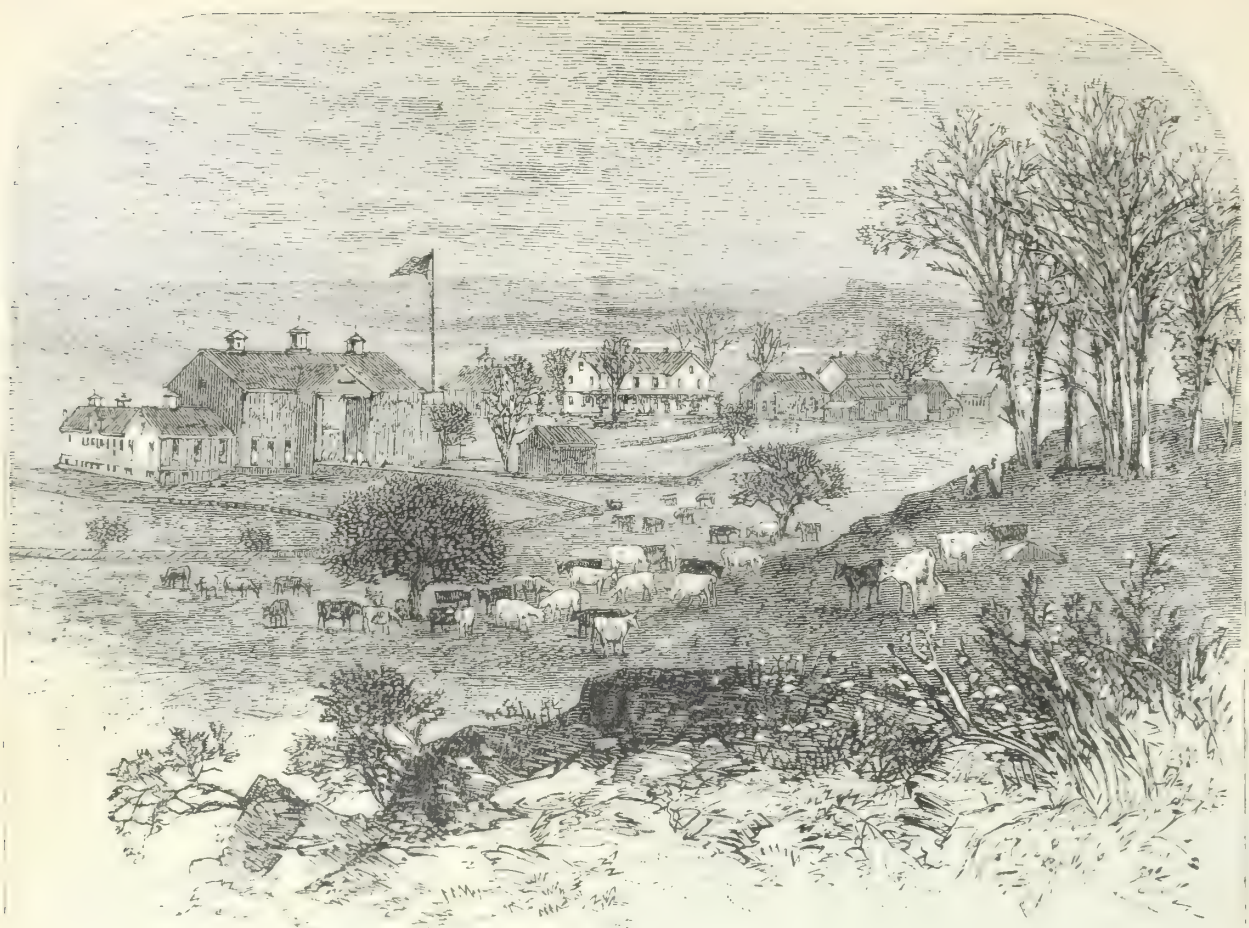
The stream is dammed and utilized by many mills. One active little town makes thousands of clocks a year, another realizes its wealth from the fabrication of buttons, and the thrifty industry of Connecticut gives abundant traffic to the railway.

We sped northward as the dusk was fading into night, and as the sky, losing the splendors of sunset, made the sterile hills look more sterile and bleak than ever. "It's a queer region for a model farm; there's no climate, and no pasturage to speak of," said the artist, who sat next to me and gazed out disconsolately through the veil of his cigarette smoke. We were obliged to confess that the man who could settle down to agriculture amid such sur-

roundings should be recorded as a hero of uncommon fortitude; and the scantiness of the soil impressed us the more as not many months before we had visited a dairy ranch in the Sierra Nevada, where the grass was unusually luxuriant, and 400 cattle ranged over 6000 green acres.

We alighted at East Litchfield—a *dépôt* locked in by characteristic hills—and thence a stage-coach carried us four miles to Litchfield village, near which is situated Echo Farm, the objective point of our journey. The air was cold on the uplands, but it bore with it the modest fragrance of the arbutus that was nestling in the damp coverts of the woods. The crests of the hills were lurid against the bleak sky. There were few signs of a good stock-raising or farming country, and we were inclined to convince ourselves that we had made some mistake. As we reached one of the summits, however, the lights of the village became vis-





VIEW OF ECHO FARM BUILDINGS FROM THE PASTURE.

ible, and the driver pointed to a cluster of buildings near the roadway, which he said was the place we sought. It was true that here amid the rocks of Southwestern New England has sprung up one of those farms called models, which, whether they are peculiarly advantageous to their proprietors or not, demonstrate the potentialities of the profession by the application of intelligently apprehended formulas, and the substitution of scientific methods for the accidents of empiricism. Why should farming not be scientific? Because the manufacturer labors in a scientific way, his profits are greater and surer than those of the agriculturist who has neither machinery nor system; but it is the unreasonable custom of many to sneer at all innovations, and to look at all methodic variations upon old usages as the fanciful and unprofitable schemes of visionaries with more money than common-sense. It is the people who sneer that are usually most deficient in the latter quality, however; and had they a little more of it they might perceive that careful book-keeping and the adoption of improved methods and implements are as necessary in farming as in any other business.

In a side hollow of that hill from which Litchfield first became visible to us several very distinct echoes can be obtained, and this responsiveness of the "purple glens" gave a name to this farm. It is Echo Farm—a pretty and poetically suggestive name, indeed, which conjures up visions of loveli-

ness, and sets one to dreaming of intertwining vines knitting their pliant tendrils and sweet-scented leaves through the hospitable porch and open lattice; the checkered orchard of fruity abundance; the garrulous brook that never tires of its own monody; the reverberant hills that appease life's turmoil with their easy undulations; lofty barns mossy with age; and clattering mills down in the seclusion of grassy hollows. But, alas! dear reader, model farming is not idyllic or Arcadian; it is inflexibly utilitarian; it keeps all its buildings in a perfect state of repair; it subordinates the picturesque, if it ever recognizes it; it pulls down the old mill because that venerable is in the way of the rectangular new dairy; it diverts the brook from its ferny course into the most common-place of earthen pipes; it tears away the vines that obscure the light, and it looks upon every thing with a pair of the most practical eyes set in a head that weighs, measures, audits, and analyzes with chemical exactness. The proprietor of Echo Farm conducts it as a manufactory. A record is kept of the milk and butter produced by each cow for each day, each month, each year; all the feed is weighed, and the quantity entered upon books, both that purchased and that produced; and a separate account is kept of the yield of each field. Nothing is wasted, nothing done by guessing, and nothing passes unrecorded. The implements are of the latest or most approved model. Three sets of "horse" hay-



forks are in use, by which hay is unloaded at the rate of a ton in four forkfuls and in four minutes, including in some instances the carriage of the hay 150 feet. The other machines also embody some novel labor-saving principles. No manure or fertilizers are found necessary, except the 1500 loads made upon the farm and a sort of muck, of which there are several beds.

The history of the farm is interesting. A gentleman of education, intelligence, and

When the fields were being cleared, such large quantities of stones were gathered that some perplexity arose as to where they should be put. Many hundreds of loads were used in the foundations of the buildings, in the fences, and in filling ravines, but more remained, and these were deposited upon several sterile hillocks of no value, where masses of swamp grass were laid over them, and covered with a light dressing of soil. Grass seed was sown upon the soil,



THE DAIRY.

wealth came to Litchfield some nine years ago in search of a summer home. He had the most superficial knowledge of farming, and entertained no intention of entering that business. But having purchased sixty-six acres and cleared them, he purchased additional tracts, which became the nucleus of Echo Farm, whose area is now about 400 acres. His interest was enlisted in the raising of choice stock, and beginning with a herd of five, he has gradually increased the number to 100, all the herd being pure Jerseys, with authentic and valuable pedigrees. The rocky fields were cleared, laid out, and inclosed by massive stone walls. Old and inadequate buildings on the consolidated land were demolished, and new ones of improved pattern erected. In 1873 a barn 66 feet by 25 was built; an addition, 100 feet by 40, was made the following year; and in 1875 another addition was made, of 191 by 35 feet. These three buildings form the three sides of the barn-yard. They are built of pine upon massive granite foundations about two feet wide, which are laid in cement. All the wood-work is painted a soft drab color, even the proprietor's residence, and the telegraph poles that line the roadway. A desire for simplicity and durability in preference to ornamentation or showiness is visible every where; there is no litter, and there are no gaps in the fences or walls, which are from eighteen inches to twenty-four in thickness, every crevice being filled like a mosaic with a stone that exactly fits it. Care, thrift, and ingenuity have acted like three charms.

and it took well, soon transforming the barren heaps to verdant knolls, whose blades are remarkably hardy. It was not so much for the sake of the land gained that the stones were thus disposed of, but it was rather to prevent the formation of nurseries for weeds, shrubs, and brambles, which the heaps would have quickly become.

Two and a half acres are planted with beets, which are the only roots fed to the cattle, the crop averaging 1000 bushels an acre, and more than 2000 tons of hay are housed a year.

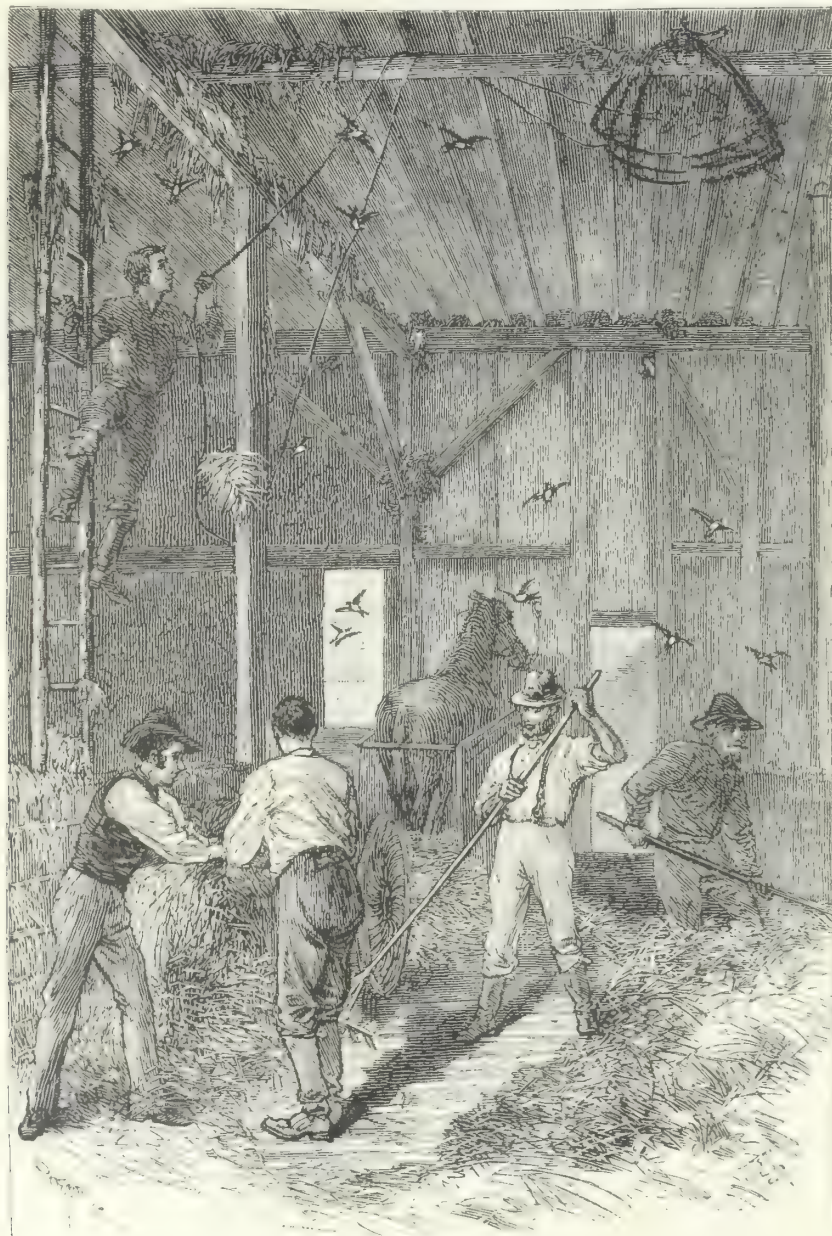
Before we enter the cow stable let us climb the slope in its rear and observe some of the superficial characteristics of the surrounding country. The first thing that impresses us is the soothing influence of these gray and green hills, over which the wind sweeps in a gentle harmony. Away in the southwest and the south the horizon is formed by the curves of the farthest range; nearer, the houses and steeples of the village project their unimpeachable white from the avenues of elms that embower them, and at one side of the village an extensive lake, bordered by foliage, glances back the fitful sunshine that escapes the clouds on this moist April day. The luxuriance and mellowness of more southern regions are absent here, but the low sighing of the breeze, the placid uniformity of the undulations, and the incomparable fragrance of the arbutus, which diffused itself with mild generosity from its dim retreat in the groves of pine that occasionally lent variety to the land-



scape, gave us to understand the good sense that selected the location of Echo Farm as a resting-place for a wearied business man.

Just at our feet were three springs, which feed a stone reservoir, covered, and connected by iron pipes with the dairy and the barns—for an abundance of constantly flowing water is considered indispensable at such a model farm as Echo—and while these fountains would make a very pretty little glen and a brook if they were left to them-

storage of hay, and a double threshing floor crosses its centre, so that several wagons bringing in hay may enter and discharge their loads at a time. The storage capacity is for more than 150 tons, and each animal (the herd being stalled on the floor below) has its food for one year immediately above its manger. As a safeguard against accidents, there are no trap-doors, the hay being sent down by passages through which a man can not possibly stumble.



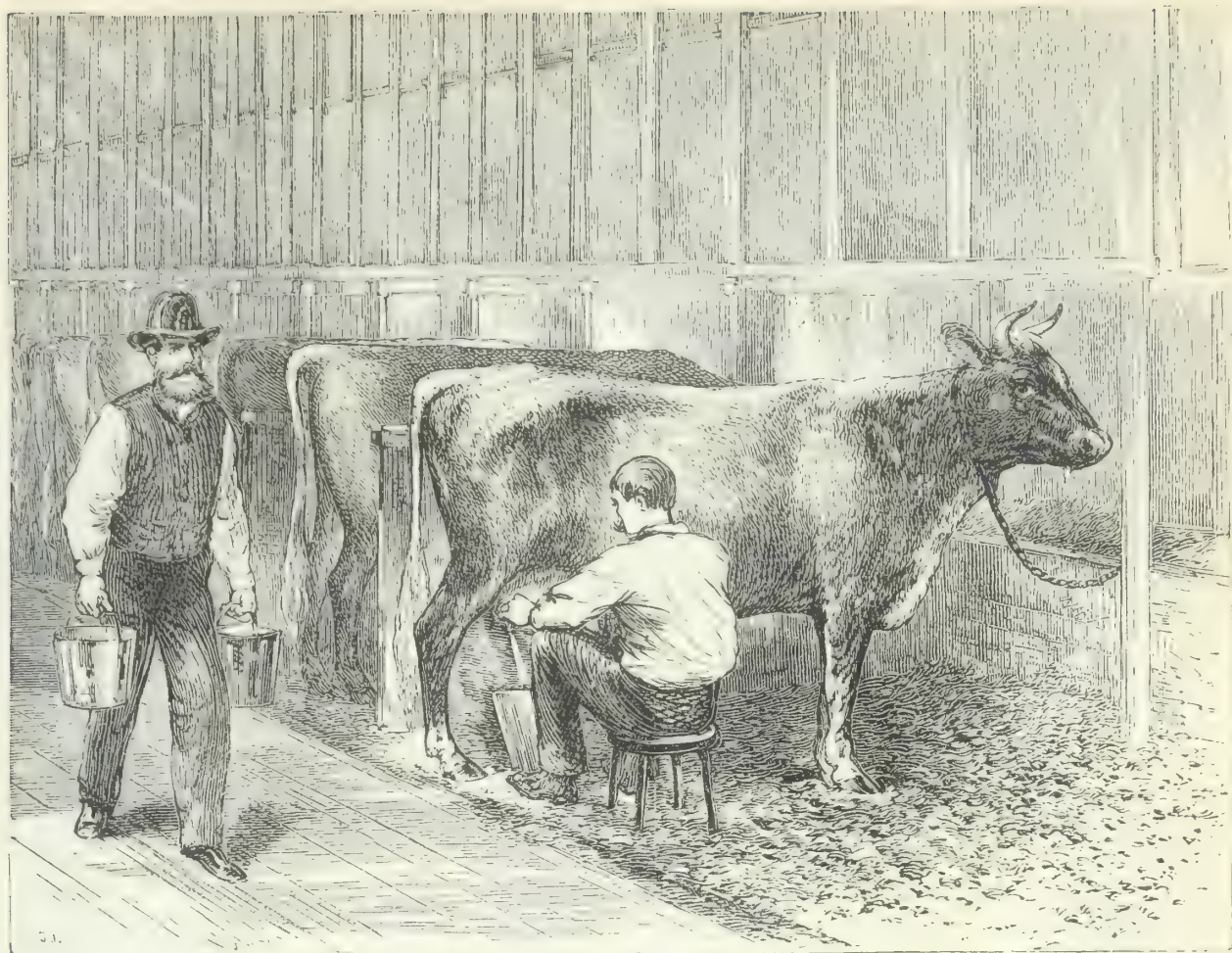
CUTTING HAY.

selves, their crystal affluence is hoarded, and carefully distributed through many brass faucets in various parts of the buildings.

The central barn, which includes the cow stable, is built upon a slope, and the main story is approached from the rear by a roadway with granite walls three feet thick laid in cement. The roadway gains a height of twelve feet, and the space between the walls (thirty feet) is filled with stones solidly packed and topped with gravel. It would be difficult to find a more durable, handsomer, or easier approach for any structure. The main floor is used for the

Following the quarter circle of the stone roadway we come to the entrance of the cow stable, and crossing its portals, we are astonished at the extreme cleanliness of the interior, though we have seen enough to make us anticipate much attention to sanitary affairs in a model farm. The air is pure and fresh, the light invades the cornermost rafters, and the horrifying squalor of the ordinary habitation allowed to the bovine is superseded by an ethical economy so admirable that humanitarianism reproaches us and pricks our consciences with the contrast between this shelter for brutes and





MILKING-TIME.

much inferior accommodations for man in the tenements of large cities. The stable is 100 feet long and 40 feet wide; it has stalls for forty-eight cows; the stalls are five feet wide; the mangers are two feet wide; the slanting platforms upon which the animals stand are five and a half feet long, and each cow is allowed 900 cubic feet of air space, or more than double the usual quantity. The two rows of stalls are separated by a longitudinal passage ten feet wide; there is a transverse passage eight feet wide in the centre, and another longitudinal one in the rear of each row of stalls, by which the floor is divided into four sections. The sloping platforms of the stalls end in slightly inclined gutters, from which the manure passes through convenient traps into the cellar for storage. The room is lighted by eighteen large double windows, opening at the top and bottom, and for the early morning milkings fixed lamps with brilliant reflectors are employed. On the north side there is a small apartment with a few chairs or stools, a marble wash-stand, a large mirror, and an amplitude of towel. Whoever looks into the mirror is reminded by an inscription over it, as conspicuous as his own image, that "Handsome is that handsome does." This little room is called "the parlor," and the reader—especially the "practical farmer"—may be disposed to cry out against a parlor in a stable as an absurd piece of Utopian extravagance. It is in

reality a dressing-room, and before milking-time each man is required to wash his face and hands and to brush his hair, tidiness of person being insisted upon. We forgot to tell that the floor of the barn is dry and sanded, and that there are no odors to offend the daintiest nostrils. The beds of the animals are changed every day, being formed of dried leaves spread upon the sanded platforms.

Over the entrance to the parlor an unerring clock sedately whispers the seconds, and ten minutes before it marks 5 A.M. and 5 P.M.—the milking-time—any visitors who may be in the barn are excluded; the milkmen (maids are an anachronism) enter the dressing-room, and precisely as the fingers record the hour they re-appear, with hands and faces clean and hair smooth, and sit down to their task. As each cow is milked, its yield is separately weighed and the quantity recorded on a slate, which is passed with the milk to the dairy-maid, who stores the warm, fragrant fluid in shallow pans during winter, and in deep pans surrounded by running water during the summer.

An hour before the milking the animals are fed. In summer they are supplied with nothing besides their grazing, except a sprinkling of dry bran in their mangers; but in winter one peck of beets (the only root supplied) is allowed to each, besides six quarts of wheat bran and oats and corn ground together and moistened with cold





THE PETS.

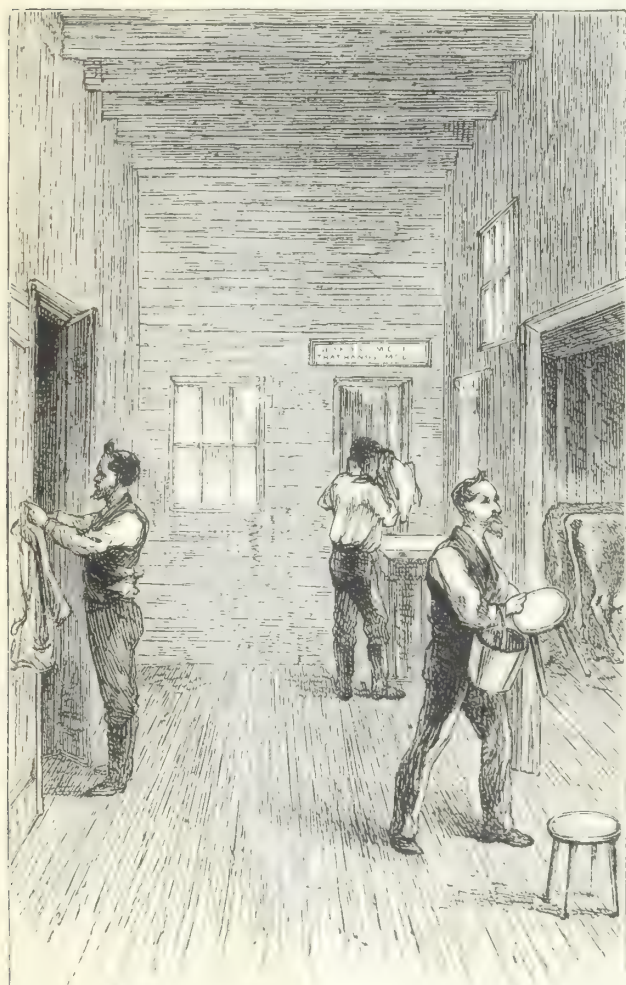
water. They are also supplied with all the dry hay they can eat. Every thing is of the best obtainable quality; and while Mr. F. R. Starr, the proprietor, believes in giving them all that is necessary, he is opposed to overfeeding. A great difference is noticeable between the deportment of the laborers at Echo Farm and those who are usually employed with cattle. The former are quiet and never blasphemous in the treatment of their animals, and the animals reciprocate

by evincing confidence, docility, and even affection. In summer the windows are thrown wide open, and in winter the temperature of the stable is kept as nearly as possible at 40°, thermometers being placed where they can be plainly seen. All noises are avoided, and the little wagon that carries the feed from stall to stall has rubber wheels.

Some of our readers, whose knowledge of the agricultural arcana is limited, are inquiring, no doubt, what motive underlies these many excellences of government—this tenderness of care, this cautious observance of sanitary law, and this luxuriance of accommodation. Were cows ever so well ministered to before? Is Mr. Starr a millionaire whose benefactions take effect in ameliorating the condition of the short-horn aristocracy of bovines?

He is simply a business man, and, as a business man, his object is to make money. The stable is light and amply ventilated, the food is of the best quality, and the treatment of the animals is gentle, because he believes that these conditions add to the intrinsic value of the herd, and to the quality of the milk produced. He is so far correct that he has no difficulty in selling his butter at one dollar a pound, which is so much above the market price of other butter that it leaves him a profit large enough to defray the extra cost of his improved system.

The advantage of producing a superior article for the sake of the premium which it commands above the price of ordinary grades has been plainly stated as follows by an experienced Canadian stock-breeder: "Not every one—not many, indeed—can have a choice and large herd of registered Jerseys; but a thorough-bred Jersey bull, or a bull-calf of the best butter strains, is to be had at a price within the reach of all. And if to this a farmer can add a choice heifer-calf,



THE STABLE PARLOR.



or yearling, costing from \$120 to \$200, he will be astonished at the rapidity with which he can accumulate a little herd worth thousands of dollars. Should he choose to sell the calves of his heifer as fast as they come, he would find her a far better investment than money put out at fifteen

nadian markets is twenty and twenty-two cents a pound, mine is thirty-five and forty cents, and when it is twenty-eight and thirty cents, mine is fifty cents, for the produce of my dairy is always firm, sweet, and very yellow—qualities that could not be attained without Jersey blood."



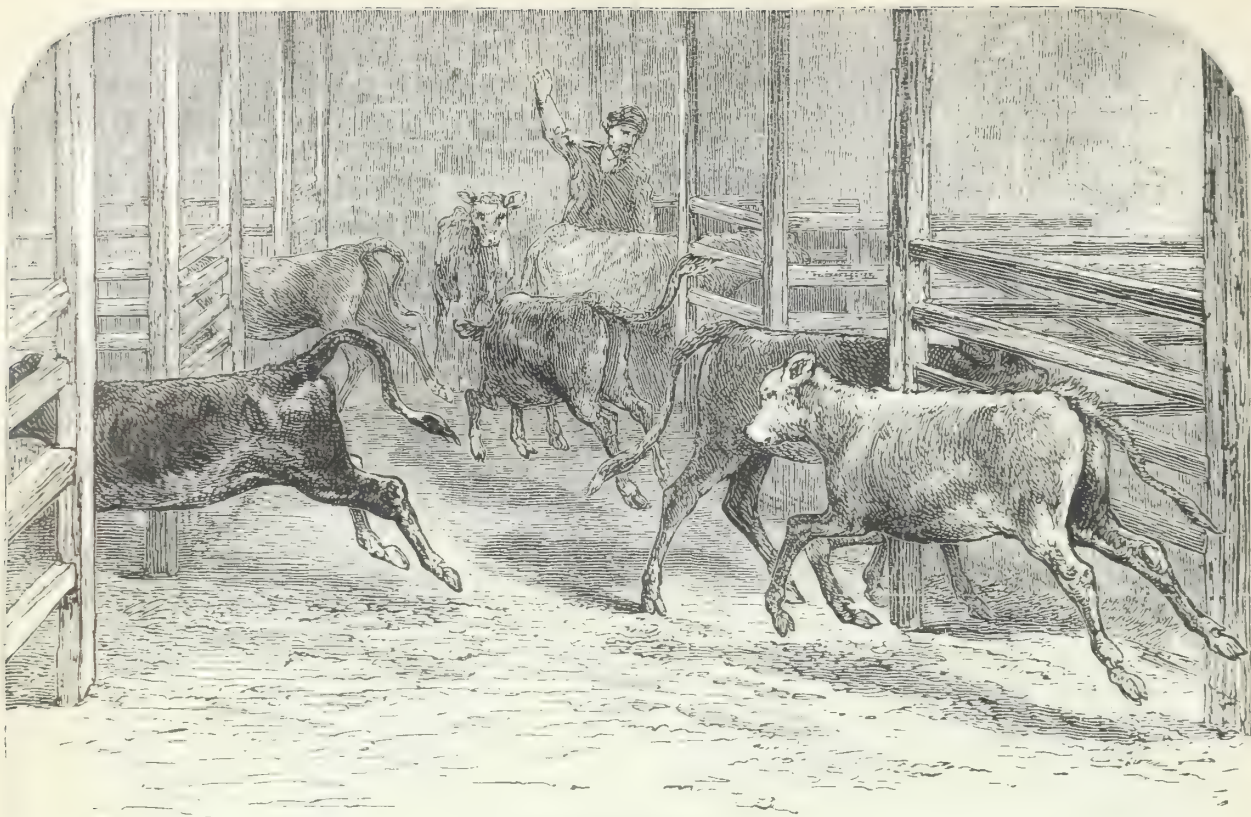
JERSEYS.

per cent. A registered heifer-calf, if it is from a good cow, will always bring from \$50 to \$100 when it is a few weeks old. Then as to butter. Take the price of butter as it is now made by the average farmer, and after deducting all the expenses of production, see how much of this is profit. Only a few cents..... Now if the presence of a little Jersey blood in a man's stable will enable him to command only five cents per pound over the market price, that is clear gain; and five cents per pound above market price is a low calculation, which can be increased according to the skill and experience brought to bear upon the subject. I will give my own experience. I obtained some choice Jerseys and a few grades a year ago. Last winter I printed my butter and sent it all the way from Canada to New York, in a neat, attractive form. I received seventy-two cents per pound for it, and it sold at ninety cents. The expense of sending, including duty and expressage on returned packages, was ten cents per pound. Any surplus that I had was bought up at home. At all times when butter in our Ca-

This brief chapter of actual experience is worthy of the consideration of every farmer.

Personally we like the bovine less than any other of the domestic animals. Its irresponsiveness to caresses, its unsympathetic stolidity, its wide-eyed apathy, and its placid indifference to nearly every thing except its food and any convenient post against which it can rub itself, exclude it from the affection that we gladly bestow upon a horse or the smaller denizens of the barn-yard. But the Jerseys possess these defects in a less degree than any other breed, and they excite our admiration by their external beauties, which are marked and peculiar. In that salubrious island of the English Channel from which they originally came there is a tradition that ascribes their progenitors to some mysterious cross with a deer, and their large, round, lustrous eyes lend credence to the conjecture. Their coats are exquisitely smooth and soft, almost velvety in texture, and their color, varying a little, is always delicate, that of the fawn being the commonest at Echo. As we strolled along the stalls, each of which is





THE CALF STABLE.

ticketed with the name of its occupant and the number of the herd-book register of the American Jersey Cattle Club, the handsome creatures paused in their munching, and quietly permitted us to stroke their heads, as they gazed at us with wide-open, expressive eyes. Here was Vivien, No. 6866; Cedar, No. 1886; Beechnut, No. 3785; Chestnut, No. 1888; and Bessie Allen, No. 3719. These names may have no significance beyond their picturesqueness to the ordinary reader, but to the raiser of choice stock they are celebrated.

On a floor below is the bull stable, in which Litchfield, No. 674, and his son Prince Edward, No. 1442, are stalled—two superb brutes of heroic proportions, and in admirable condition. Litchfield, which took the first special prize at the Centennial Exhibition, is a solid fawn, beautifully dappled, and darker above than below, where he is rather light. His horns are a clear waxy yellow—a sure indication of a good butter stock in all Jerseys—and his body is long. He is patriarch to an incredible number of the herd, and a nobler sire never roared defiance in a pasture. Prince Edward is still better-looking, we fancy, although he portentously thundered remonstrance at us as we neared his stall; but the grand results of stable hygienics are forcibly illustrated in the saturnine majesty and sleek vigor of both animals.

A summary of the most valued qualities in Jersey cattle is given in the following scale of "points" prepared for the guidance of judges at agricultural fairs by the American Club, and adopted by that organization on April 21, 1875:

Points.	Counts.
1. Head small, lean, and rather long .....	2
2. Face dished, broad between the eyes, and narrow between the horns .....	1
3. Muzzle dark, and encircled by a light color ....	1
4. Eyes full and placid .....	1
5. Horns small, crumpled, and amber-color .....	3
6. Ears small and thin.....	1
7. Neck straight, thin, rather long, with clean throat, and not heavy at the shoulders.....	4
8. Shoulders sloping and lean; withers thin; breast neither deficient nor beefy .....	3
9. Back level to the setting on of tail, and broad across the loin .....	4
10. Barrel hooped, broad, and deep at the flank....	8
11. Hips wide apart, and fine in the bone; rump long and broad .....	4
12. Thighs long, thin, and wide apart, with legs standing square, and not to cross in walking.	4
13. Legs short, small below the knees, with small hoofs.....	3
14. Tail fine, reaching the hocks, with good switch.	2
15. Hide thin and mellow, with fine soft hair .....	4
16. Color of hide where the hair is white, on udder and inside of ears, yellow.....	5
17. Fore-udder full in form, and running well forward .....	8
18. Hind-udder full in form, and well up behind...	8
19. Udder free from long hair, and not fleshy .....	5
20. Teats rather large, wide apart, and squarely placed.....	6
21. Milk veins prominent.....	5
22. Escutcheon high and broad, and full on thighs.	8
23. Disposition quiet and good-natured.....	3
24. General appearance, rather bony than fleshy...	6
Perfection .....	100

In judging heifers, omit Nos. 17, 18, and 21.

The same scale of points shall be used in judging bulls, omitting Nos. 17, 18, 19, and 21, and making moderate allowance for masculinity.

NOTE.—It is recommended that judges at fairs do not award prizes to animals falling below the following *minimum* standard, viz.: cows, 70 counts; heifers, 55 counts; bulls, 50 counts.

Let us now resume our survey of the buildings. At the eastern end of the cow stable there is a maternity ward and a hos-

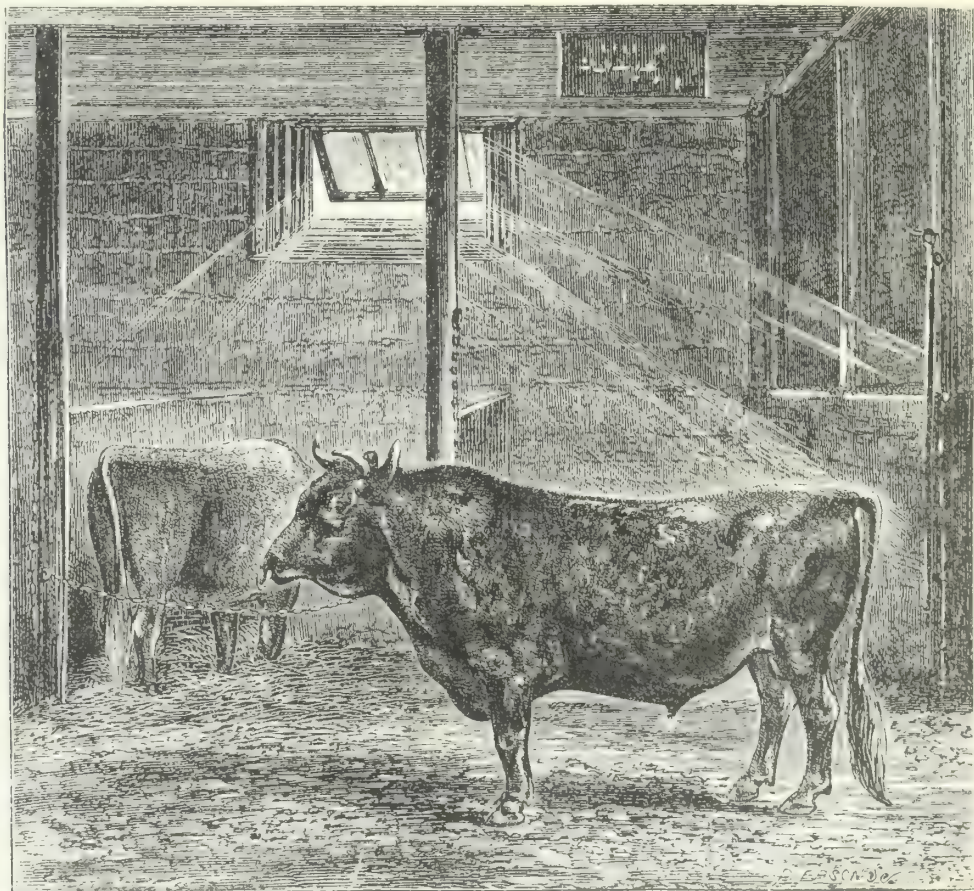


pital, clean, light, and airy, like all the other departments, in which a cow of ordinary stock is calmly doing the duty of wet-nurse to a young Jersey, the mothers being separated from their children when the latter are a few days old. Connecting with this is the second floor of one of the lateral barns, which is used for the storage of duplicate implements, and the hay, straw, bedding, etc., of the animals beneath. The manure cellar is continued under the hospital, but the rest of the basement is otherwise occupied. An inclined plane used for the transfer of animals from story to story admits us to the ground-floor of the lateral barn, upon which we find the bull stable previously referred to, and the nursery, where there are twenty miniature stalls, complete in all their appointments. Adjoining these is a store-room for beets, with a capacity for several thousand bushels, the work-horse stables, a wagon-room, and a harness-room. There is a watchman at night, who inspects every animal and all parts of the buildings hourly. The addition made in 1873 is used for the storage of implements.

The nursery is separated from a paddock by a drive, and the paddock was full at the time of our visit with yearlings, whose confidence and familiarity bespoke, in language

were so aggressively friendly that we had to wave them off several times, one repulse serving only for a few moments, at the end of which they returned, and went to the audacious extent of putting their moist noses into our pockets. Their sagacity also was surprisingly developed, and when they were let into the nursery in the evening, each, except the very tender and inexperienced ones, found and entered his own particular stall.

The dairy is to the westward of the other buildings; it is small, not very well adapted to its purpose, and will soon be substituted by a more commodious structure; but in it soap and water, the scrubbing-brush, and the mop have wrought a whiteness of which a lily might not be ashamed; a whiteness of wall and ceiling microscopically speckless; a whiteness of floor and wainscot such as the elm or ash never confessed before. The dairy-maid apotheosizes herself by miracles of cleanliness. Here there is a dairy-maid, not the degenerate modernization that has superseded the reminiscent milkmaids of the ballads, but a nineteenth-century *Perdita*, a royal dairy-maid, with a smiling face as round, as smooth, and as rosy as the rosiest pippin, a neat black dress that gloves her comeliness with chaste simplicity, and a

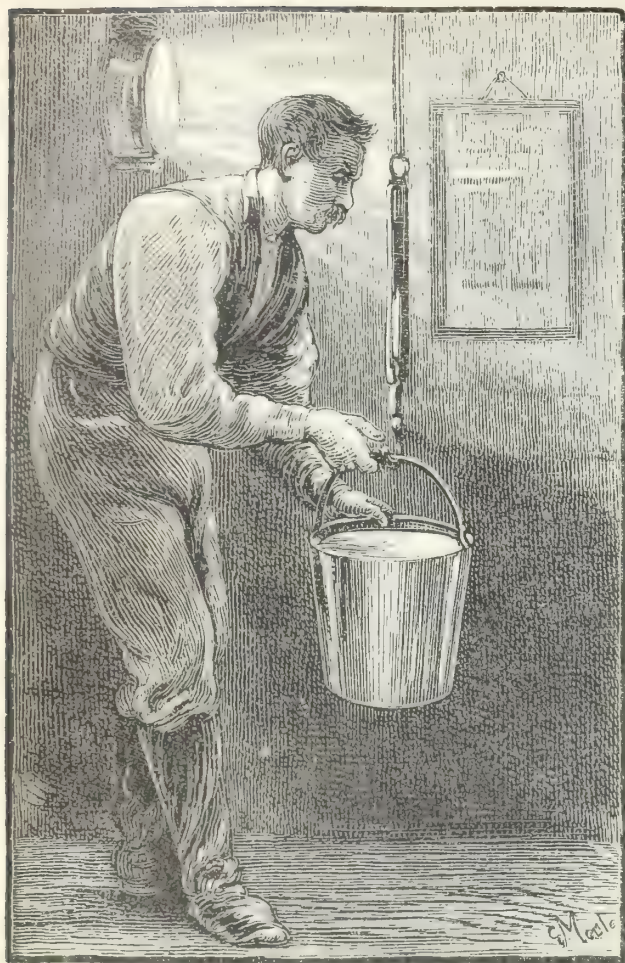


LITCHFIELD AND PRINCE EDWARD.

not the less clear because it was inarticulate, the gentle circumstances of their breeding. Instead of timorously retreating at our approach, they stretched their furry necks toward us, sniffed at us inquisitively, and

snowy front of apron as immaculate as the choicest lawn cried by Antolycus that flows from breast to furbelow. All the work is over as we raise the latchet; it always is over in the dairy before eight o'clock in the morn-





WEIGHING MILK.

ing, and the author of the idyllic neatness, to whom the veriest mote must be a torment, rises to welcome us. An old clock is rhythmically counting the minutes, and the sun floods the room and checkers the floor with shadows of the plants in the window.

When the milking is done, the men deliver the milk to the dairy-maid with the record of the quantity on the slate. It is poured from the "strainer" milk pails into a "triple strainer," which is an Echo Farm invention, its spout being a four-inch cylinder with wire-gauze over it inside the pail. A tin hoop fits loosely to the outside of the spout, and by this means two thick-

nesses of muslin are fastened, like a drum-head, over the end.

The milk stands thirty-six hours before it is skimmed, and after that of the evening has been received, our Perdita, like an excellent clerk, fills out her return for the day. She has printed blanks which give the names of the cows as they stand in the stable. Two columns are ruled for morning's and evening's milk, and the weight of milk given by each cow is recorded as we have said. The disposition made of the whole quantity is then noted, and the dairy is charged with its proportion, when deductions have been made for the house, the families of the men, and the young calves. Such a report is filed daily, and so complete is the system that it takes only a few hours at the end of the year to tabulate a full statement of the 365 days.

The cream is strained or filtered, by which a thorough homogeneousness is secured, and without which it is impossible to obtain all the butter except by a second churning. The strainer in this instance is a cylindrical can divided into two compartments by double bottoms, the upper one having two tube-like sieves with conical mouths, into which two "plungers," worked by a pump-handle, fit. The cream is poured into the upper compartment, and the "plungers" force it through the sieves into the lower compartment, in which it arrives ready for churning. The churning is done twice a week,



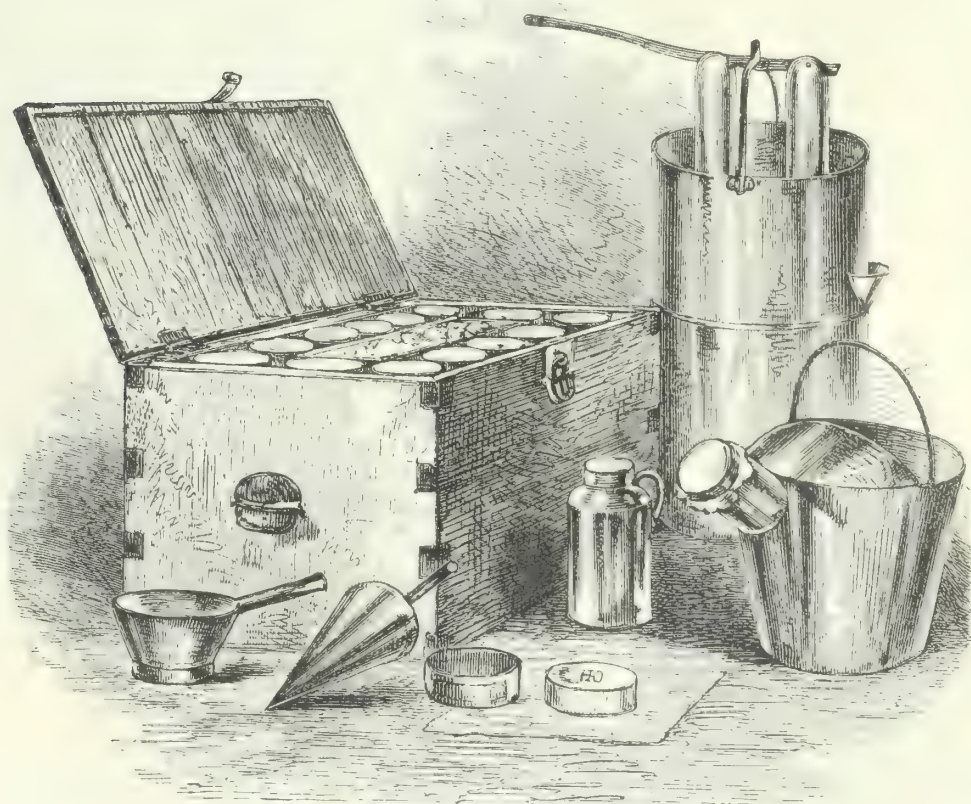
WORKING THE BUTTER.



in a Blanchard factory churn, and, the temperature being 62°, the butter appears in about forty minutes. The next process is known as "working," which is altogether done by a machine, in quantities of thirty pounds at a time. The machine consists of a turn-table in the form of an exceedingly flat truncated cone and a conical grooved presser. Between the revolving cone and the presser the butter passes, and is crushed and crushed again until all the buttermilk is forced out of it, and discharged into a pail at the outside edge of the turn-table. The crank that causes the revolutions is attended by an assistant, while Perdita herself supervises, dredging in the salt, and taking care that the working is not overdone. The butter is then put up in half-pound prints for shipment, which are of the usual circular form, about one and a half inches high, with a monogram in the centre. Each pat is wrapped in a new muslin napkin, and placed in a dainty pasteboard box, which is inscribed with the exact date of the making, and the following directions: "Please do not keep the butter in this box or napkin, and do not place it near other butter, vegetables, or any article of food. It should be put in a cool, well-aired place, but should not touch any ice."

The shipments are made by express on Tuesdays and Fridays, several dozen of the half-pound boxes being placed in large wooden cases to prevent them from being crushed, and the packages are delivered at the residences of customers on the evenings of those days. Milk also is delivered every morning to customers in Brooklyn and New York. Each can contains two quarts, and is locked; one key is in the possession of the dairy-woman, and another one is in the possession of the consumer, so that a pure article, untouched by middle-men, is assured. About 200 pounds of butter are sold every week.

It is the possibility of bringing producer and consumer together that they create which gives such farms as Echo something more than a commercial or scientific import. The two articles which delicate children and invalids in the cities need most are pure butter and milk, and these are the very things which are ordinarily least obtainable without sophistication. But by the method which Mr. Starr has instituted mischievous and dishonest adulterations can be avoided, and the delicate produce of the dairy may be served in city houses within a few hours of its departure from the farm.



DAIRY TOOLS.





## ADONAI.

....“Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound to Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day.”—MILTON.

SHALL we meet no more, my love, at the binding of the sheaves,  
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low,  
When the orchard paths are dim with the drift of fallen leaves,  
As the reapers sing together in the mellow misty eves?—  
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!

Love met us in the orchard ere the corn had gathered plume—  
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!  
Sweet as summer days that die when the months are in their bloom,  
When the peaks are ripe with sunset, like the tassels of the broom  
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.







Sweet as summer days that die, leaving sweeter each to each—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!  
 All the heart was full of feeling; Love had ripened into speech,  
 Like the sap that turns to nectar in the velvet of the peach,  
 In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die at the ripening of the corn—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!—  
 Sweet as lovers' fickle oaths sworn to faithless maids forsworn,  
 When the musty orchard breathes like a mellow drinking horn  
 Over happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

Love left us at the dying of the mellow autumn eves—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!  
 When the skies are ripe and fading, like the colors of the leaves,  
 And the reapers kiss and part at the binding of the sheaves  
 In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low,



Then the reapers gather home from the gray and misty meres—

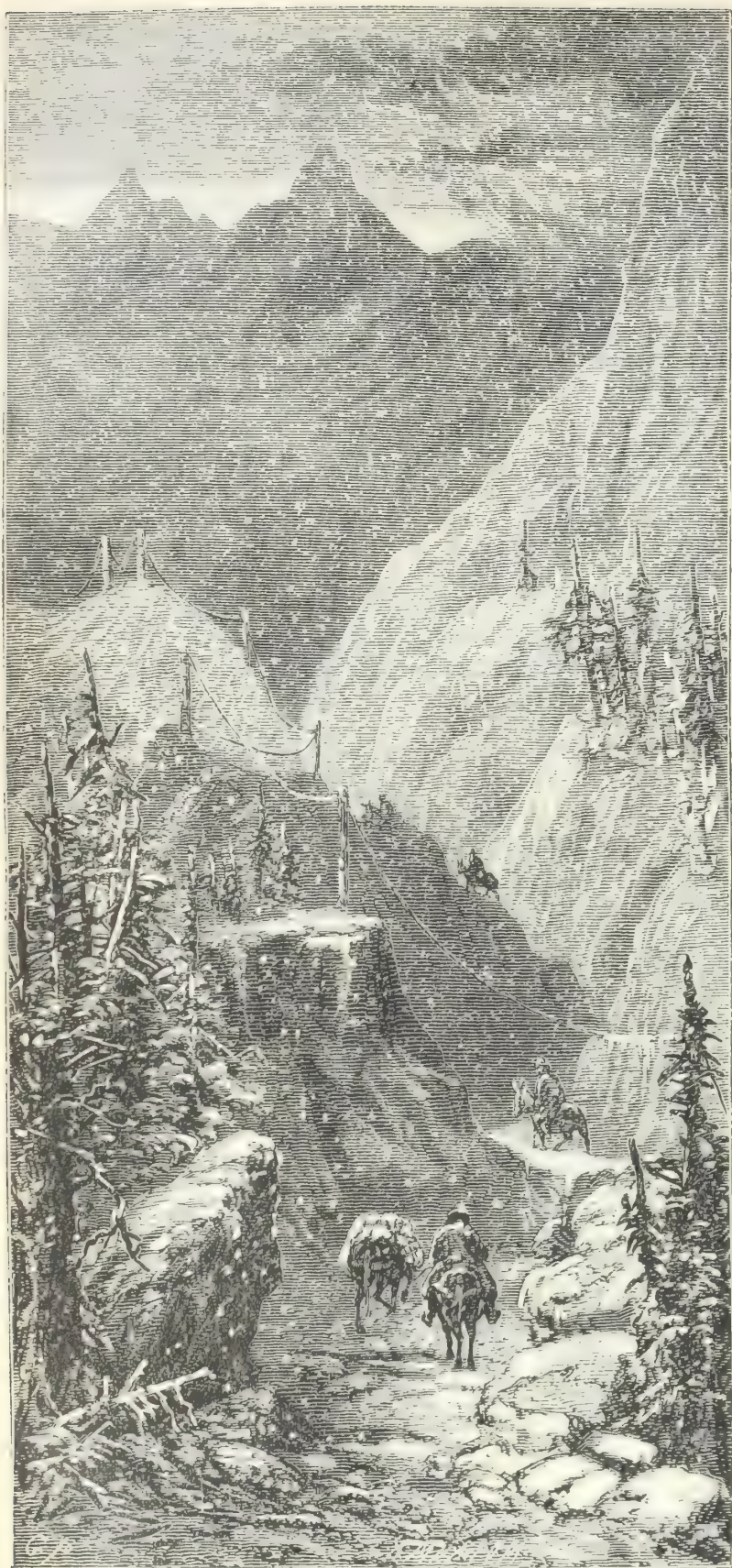
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!—  
 Then the reapers gather home, and they bear upon their spears  
 Love whose face is like the moon's fallen pale among the spheres  
 With the daylight's blight upon it as the sun sinks low.

Faint as far-off bugles blowing soft and low the reapers sung—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow!  
 Sweet as summer in the blood when the heart is ripe and young,  
 Love is sweetest in the dying, like the sheaves he lies among  
 In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.







ST. GOTHARD PASS.

## THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

**F**EW Americans visiting the World's Fair at Paris this year will fail to examine a magnificent map or panorama they will see there of the Great St. Gothard Tunnel. It is in the Swiss Department, and is not only interesting as locating the route of the greatest piece of engineering in the world, but as showing bits of the most picturesque scenery of the Alps.

To go under the Gothard Pass, as I had

gone over it, had long been a desire of my heart, but there had always been difficulties in the way.

"It is a dirty, dangerous job," said a friend of mine recently, when I told him I was going up into the mountains in winter—and more, that I was going right under them and into the great tunnel. "You'll not do it," he continued, laughing and shrugging his shoulders—"I know you won't. And I'll tell you why. In the first place, the awful gases in there would suffocate you, the rivers of water would drown you, and the explosions of dynamite would blow you up. Again, you would back out before going in a mile; and lastly, you couldn't get permission to go in at all."

I knew there was dynamite there, and bad gases and rivers of water, but I reasoned that what several thousands of Italian workmen could live amid for months I certainly could endure for a few hours.

As to permission, I had that in my pocket—a little red ticket, printed in French, and saying, "Pass Mr. B—— and two friends into the tunnel at Goeschenen." I had, besides, a letter of introduction from the chief engineer to the principal officer in charge, as well as some good recommendations from Engineer Lauber, the affable and competent secretary at head-quarters. It was midwinter, and the snow on the Alps lay all the way from ten inches to twenty feet deep. Our route took us by rail from Zürich to Lucerne, and a three hours' steamboat ride through the wonderful scenery of the Lake of the Forest Cantons

brought us to Fluelen, the real gateway to the St. Gothard Pass, and a district rich with memories of William Tell. Sledges carried us four hours up the pass, and before the sun could peep over the broad shoulders of the Bristenstock we were in the offices of the company at Goeschenen.

My letters and my pass were presented, and, after dinner, I was to be allowed an inspection of the great tunnel.

Before entering into any description of it, however, and the methods by which it is



being built, it might not, perhaps, be amiss, just here, to recall in a few words something of the history of this vast undertaking.

There are men living to-day in Switzerland and Italy whose life-dream has been a tunnel under the Alps. Many schemes have been investigated, and many schemes have failed.

These mighty barriers of mountains have for ages divided peoples that but for them might have been of one language, one interest, alike in laws and customs. For five hundred years there was but a stony path across the Helvetic Alps, where the St. Gothard post-road was afterward built; and it is but a century since the first vehicle on wheels was dragged over the pass, at an expense of several hundred dollars. Till that time, the traffic between two nations was borne on the backs of mules and men, who struggled, at the risk of death, along narrow stony ways, winding around glaciers, high mountain peaks, and yawning gulfs: 16,000 persons and 9000 horses climbed over these dizzy heights annually.

There were scarcely fewer dangers to be encountered by the bold trader even forty or fifty years ago—sudden storms, almost eternal snows, avalanches, falling rocks, dangerous and unbridged torrents, and even robbers. Nature and man conspired to make the path of the St. Gothard one of awful risk and dangers. It winds among granite pyramids and peaks nine to ten thousand feet in height, and the road itself reaches an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet. Even now the snows on the pass are so deep and the dangers are so great that commerce and travel over the St. Gothard cease for half the year entirely, the mails being carried over by messengers. Such are a part only of the disadvantages arising to some sixty or seventy millions of people from this mighty mountain wall between Switzerland and Italy.

The building of the Mont Cenis Tunnel through the Savoy Alps to France; and the Brenner Road to Austria, have made it absolutely necessary for Germany and Switzerland to choose between losing the commerce and travel of the South, and building a mountain railroad, and a series of tunnels that shall eclipse any thing of the kind in the world. The world knows how they have chosen.

The enterprise was too enormous for private undertaking or for private capital. In 1871, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland voted large subventions for the building of a road, to be commenced at once, running from the Lake of Lucerne, in Switzerland, to Lake Maggiore, in Italy, a distance of 108 miles. Twenty-one per cent., or nearly 120,000 feet, of all this distance, was to be tunnelled through mountains of granite.

The total length of the main tunnel, which enters the Alps at Goeschenen, in Switzerland, and emerges at Airolo, in Italy, is 48,936 feet. A number of the smaller tunnels, bringing the road up to the proper level in the Alps, exceed 7000 feet. On the Lake of Lucerne, too, there will be important tunnels and galleries cut alongside of or under the celebrated Axenstrasse, high above the waters of the lake.

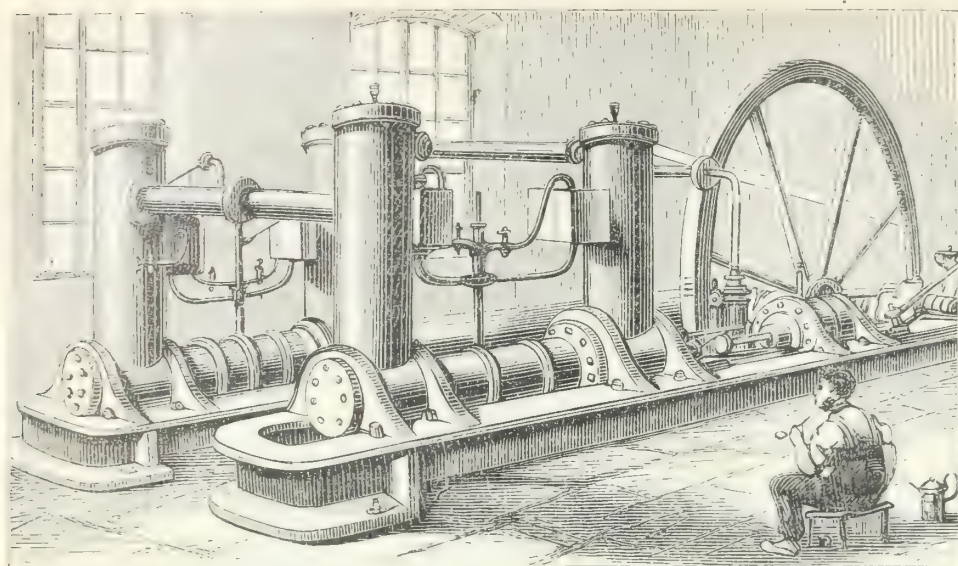
At the time the international treaty for this great undertaking was signed it was believed that the work could be done for the sum of 187,000,000 francs. A company was organized, with 34,000,000 francs of stock, in £20 shares, and 68,000,000 francs of mortgage bonds. Italy presented the undertaking with 45,000,000 francs. Germany and Switzerland each gave 20,000,000 francs. The work, however, was not more than fairly under way when it was discovered, to the astonishment of every body, that an awful mistake had been made in estimating the costs, and that, instead of 187,000,000 francs, 289,000,000 would be required to complete the work as at first proposed—a blunder in estimates of 102,000,000 francs.

This blundering calculation threatened all sorts of bad results. The stock of the company ran down to a minimum, and hundreds of families were nearly ruined by the collapse. The bonds shared in the crash, and even the most ardent friends of the enterprise feared that the money which had been so lavishly given was buried under the mountains forever. It became a serious question whether the works would not have to be completely abandoned. There certainly was no choice, except to lose all that had been done, or to add many millions more to the subventions. The times were hard, financial crises were imminent every where, and war was raging on the Continent. Every body was discouraged. Some of the little cantons of Switzerland, which would receive the most benefit from the completion of the tunnel, refused to lift a hand or to spend another dollar.

In the face of all opposition, however, the money has, at this writing, been almost raised. The three countries, parties to the treaty, have added largely to their subsidies, and the leading Swiss railways and cities have each voted sums proportioned to the advantages they hope to reap. The work goes on—in fact, has never stopped.

The contract for this enormous work is most interesting. It was granted to Mr. Louis Favre, of Geneva. By its terms Mr. Favre promises to deliver the works of the tunnel, completed, by the 1st of October, 1880. For each day the work may be done before that time the company agrees to pay him \$1000. On the other hand, however, the contractor is bound to pay handsomely for all delays. For every single day in arrear





AIR-COMPRESSOR.

of contract he forfeits \$1000. If delay continue six months, the forfeit is \$2000 per day; and should he be one year in arrear with his work, he surrenders the contract, and forfeits \$1,600,000, which he, and his friends for him, have deposited with the company as security.

On January 1, 1877, the *headings*, or a sort of advanced gallery eight feet square pushed forward at the top of the tunnel, were half-way in. Whether the gigantic work can really be completed within the time specified is a grave question for Mr. Favre. Opinions differ, and even engineers can do little more than guess.

After dinner Mr. Zollinger, the second engineer at the works in Goeschenen, kindly called and invited our party to examine the great air-compressors and machine-shops outside the entrance of the tunnel. The machines with which the granite is being bored are working away, several miles off, under the heights of Monte Prosa. The power moving these machines is quietly lying out here on the hill-side, locked up in four great iron boilers, or reservoirs. It is compressed air. These boilers are connected with the machines working inside the tunnel, and bear the same relation to them that the steam-boiler does to the engine. Steam could not be conducted through pipes for miles, as it would cool and condense; neither could shafting nor belts be made to act at such immense distances. With air, however, the thing becomes easy and perfectly simple. The improved air-compressors which supply this force stand in rows in a long low building near the tunnel. They are simply vast air-pumps, compressing the air to a density of from seven to twelve atmospheres.

As I am not writing for engineers alone, I will not attempt to describe these immense machines in all their details, but will content myself with saying that their application, or rather the application of compressed

air to this purpose, is not new, as air-engines and boring-machines, though of a far inferior construction, were used in driving the Hoosac Tunnel in America, the Mont Cenis in Savoy, and at other different works of this character. They may be operated either by steam or by water power.

Those at Goeschenen are actuated by ten Girard

turbines, which are driven by a heavy stream of water, conducted from a point more than 2000 feet along the mountain and 200 feet higher up, where the river Reuss fortunately dashes by. The water is first filtered in an immense basin of masonry, in order that the compressors may not be injured by sand, etc., and is then carried down to the compressing-house by iron tubes thirty-three inches in diameter.

This force of water, dashing through the turbines, enables the compressors now in operation to deliver into the reservoirs outside 3,620,000 cubic feet of air per day, equalling some 25,000 cubic feet, compressed to six atmospheres, per hour.

This compressed air passes from the reservoirs to the machines in the tunnel through an iron tube six inches in diameter, and serves not only to drive the drills, but to ventilate the tunnel. Of course, as the air escapes from the drill engines inside, its tendency is to force the gases and smoke backward, and at last out of the tunnel. These gases and smoke are produced in part from natural causes, but largely from dynamite explosions, as well as from the burning of thousands of lamps, and the respiration of the workmen.

An idea may be had of the condition of the atmosphere inside the tunnel if it be remembered that not less than 210,000 cubic feet of this gas and dense smoke have to be forced out of the tunnel daily. The compressed air escaping from the boring-engines at the head of the tunnel, however, is supposed to be more than sufficient for this task of expulsion, as its bulk averages at both ends about 7,000,000 cubic feet per day.

Still, the escaping air, powerful as it is, must combat the column of air already filling the tunnel for several miles back. The result is that the ventilation of the tunnel is, and always will be during the blastings, very incomplete.

Before entering the tunnel it is worth



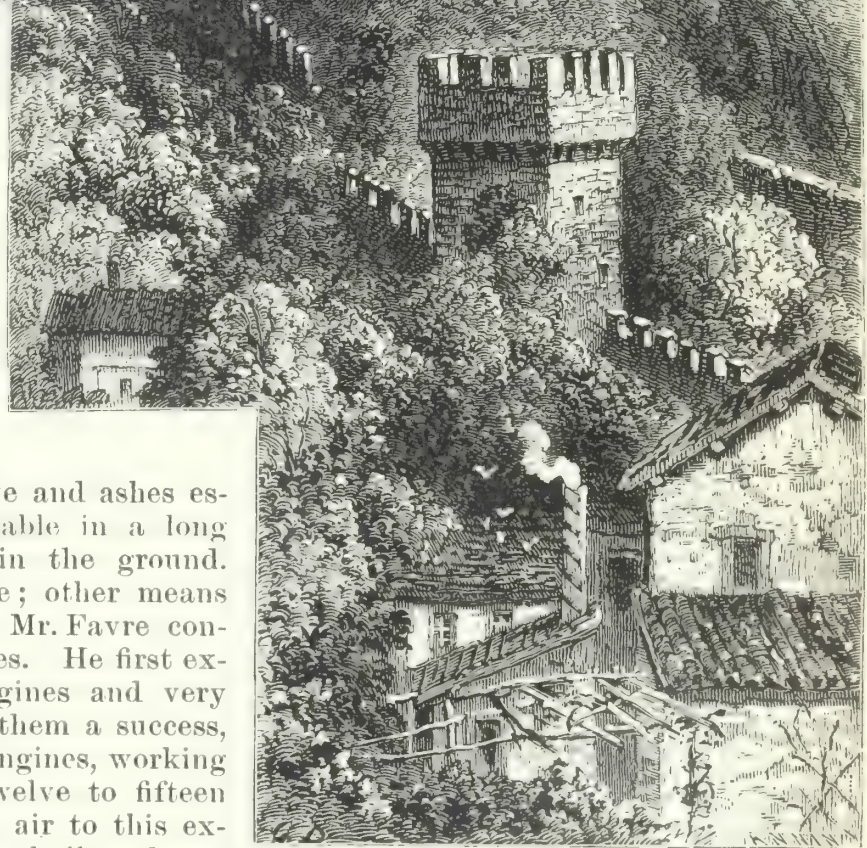


while to consider the strange-looking locomotives which serve for pulling in trains laden with rock, mortar, iron, etc., and for pulling out trains laden with the débris of the tunnel: 400 car-loads of débris are taken out of the two ends of the tunnel daily. Of course such a circulation of steam locomotives, with steam and smoke and ashes escaping, would be unendurable in a long and half-ventilated hole in the ground. Something had to be done; other means had to be sought for, and Mr. Favre concluded to try air locomotives. He first experimented with small engines and very low pressures, and finding them a success, he has introduced large engines, working with a pressure of from twelve to fifteen atmospheres. To compress air to this extent special compressors were built and new reservoirs added.

The appearance of these air locomotives is that of an immense tube or cylinder lying on low wheels. They are made of steel, and the engine part does not differ materially from that of any ordinary locomotive. It is only that air and not steam is used as a motor.

Should these travelling air reservoirs become exhausted at any time on the trip into the tunnel, additional air may be turned on through cocks and rubber pipes from a special air tube which is laid for this purpose.

The development of this principle of an air locomotive will doubtless yet settle the



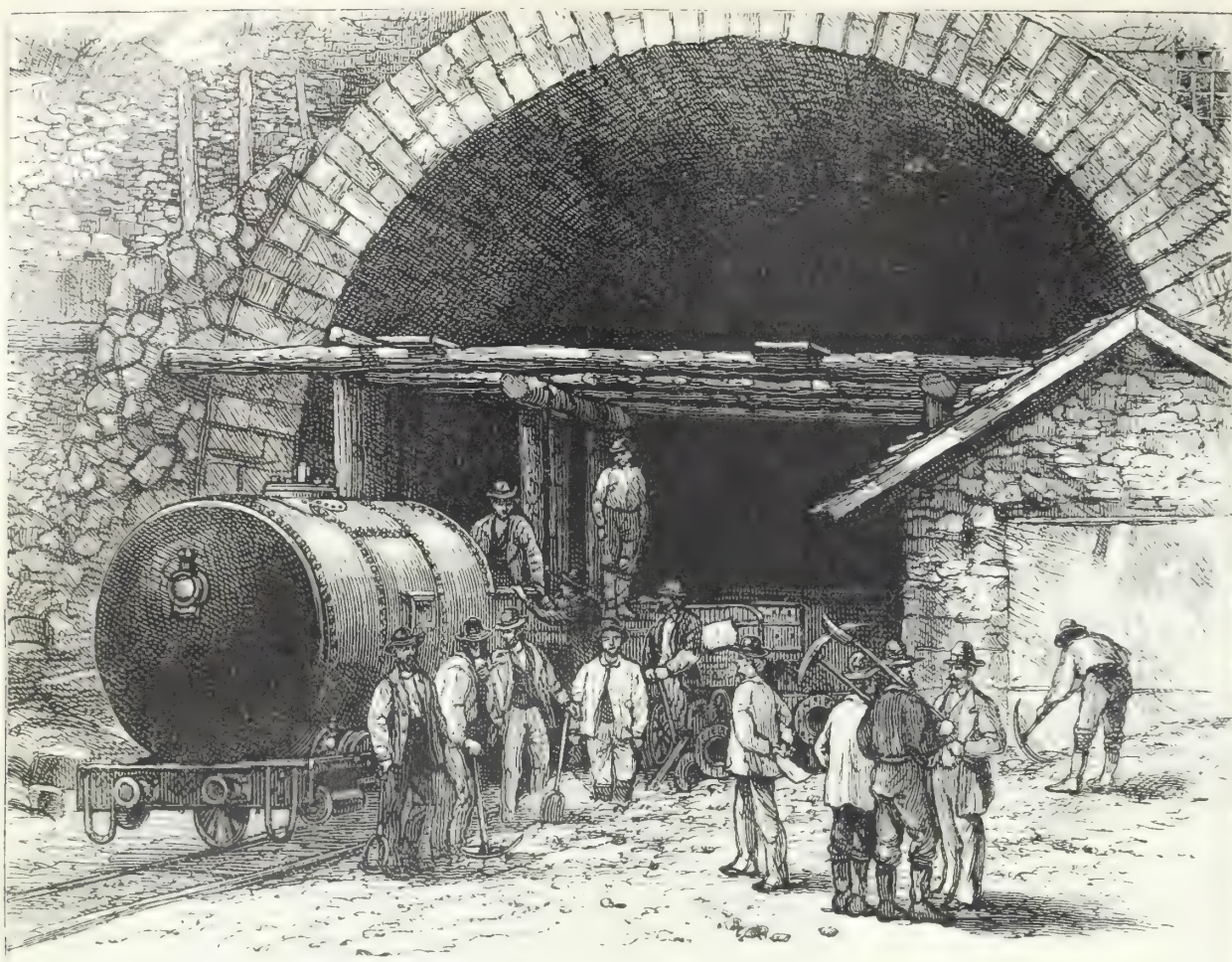
BELLINZONA, ON ST. GOTHARD ROUTE.

vexed question of the ventilation of long tunnels.

When our intelligent cicerone, Mr. Zollinger, had shown us the air-compressors, the turbines, the repair shops, and trip-hammers worked by compressed air outside the tunnel, he transferred us to the attentions of his deputy, Mr. Isaac, who promised to show us inside the tunnel, or what he laughingly termed "a glimpse at the bowels of hell."

We had worn pretty good clothes from Zürich, and had adorned ourselves with





AIR LOCOMOTIVE.

collars and cuffs of immaculate whiteness that very morning.

"*Es macht nichts,*" said our lively conductor; "a white cuff can't hurt a coal mine."

We were invited to strip off, in part, and in a few minutes we were arrayed in sole-leather boots reaching to the thighs, little pea-jackets lined inside with petroleum and outside with mud, and old slouch hats heavy and soiled enough to have been bullet-proof. We were then each given an antique-looking petroleum lamp, with rod attached, to carry in the hand.

"Now jump right up here beside me on the locomotive," said our friend. "and you need not light your lamps until you are in, as the current of air from the moving train would extinguish them."

Four of us with the engineer stood on the little cow-catcher platform at the front end of the engine, and were soon hurled off into the darkness. The screaming of the engine whistle right at our ears was frightful, and the darkness was so utter and the smoke so thick we fancied we could feel them with our hands. The gases began to be almost unbearable, and the miscellaneous noises throughout the tunnel something terrific.

I presume our train was not running fast, and yet it made so much noise, and the surroundings were so unusual, it seemed as if I had never in my life bounded along at such a rate. I had had many a strange ride, too,

before, but never had I felt so completely helpless, or more likely to be snuffed out by the unseen should any thing happen to the rails, or to the novel machine on which we were riding. As we rushed by dripping walls, and saw here and there ghoul-like figures with dim lamps hiding behind rocks or in deep niches, I involuntarily recalled what our conductor had said of a glimpse of the bowels of hell.

It was impossible to speak and be heard. I might as well have addressed myself to the granite walls of the tunnel as to have attempted a word to either of my companions. Suddenly our locomotive gave one extra, unearthly yell, and stopped. We alighted, got our lamps burning, and with a little motion on our own feet soon felt ourselves again. The engine sped back, screaming and rattling like the voices of Milton's damned.

We now started forward in the tunnel on foot, and, as we recovered our breath, had abundant time to look about, though there seemed something fatally wrong with the perspective of the picture of which we formed a part.

The air was so thick lights could not be seen twenty yards ahead of us, and we all walked close together for fear of being lost or tumbling into some subterranean hole.

Far ahead of us we heard the dynamite explosions, sounding like heavy mortars in the midst of battle. In some places where



we were walking the water was nearly a foot deep, and again it came through crevasses above our heads like April showers. Our conductor tells us that on the Airolo side of the tunnel the waters have sometimes come in at the rate of 4000 gallons per minute, and in such torrents as to even upset the workmen and carry away the tools. Again, an occasional spring would burst out in a stream as thick as a man's arm, while the track for the drills was frequently laid in rushing water two feet deep. This water comes from springs in the mountains about us, and from eternal snow-fields lying in the sunshine thousands of feet above our heads.

It is very impressive to reflect that, as we stand here in the dim light of the tunnel, far above us are lofty mountains and fields of snow, tumbling avalanches and roaring torrents. Almost above us are the peaks of the St. Gothard, reaching above the clouds; and there, too, is the rapid, roaring river Reuss, with its leaping waterfalls, and the Devil's Bridge, where French and Austrian soldiers met in deadly conflict. Up there, too, are the bright sunshine and the cold snow of the winter, and the diligences and sledges filled with freezing passengers, while we are melting under 80° Fahrenheit of heat, and the Italian workmen are almost naked. There, too, above our heads, in the glistening glaciers, are the first ripplings of the baby Rhine. Behind us are the cold hills of Switzerland. In front of us, and just outside those granite rocks, is sunny Italy. How strangely we feel!

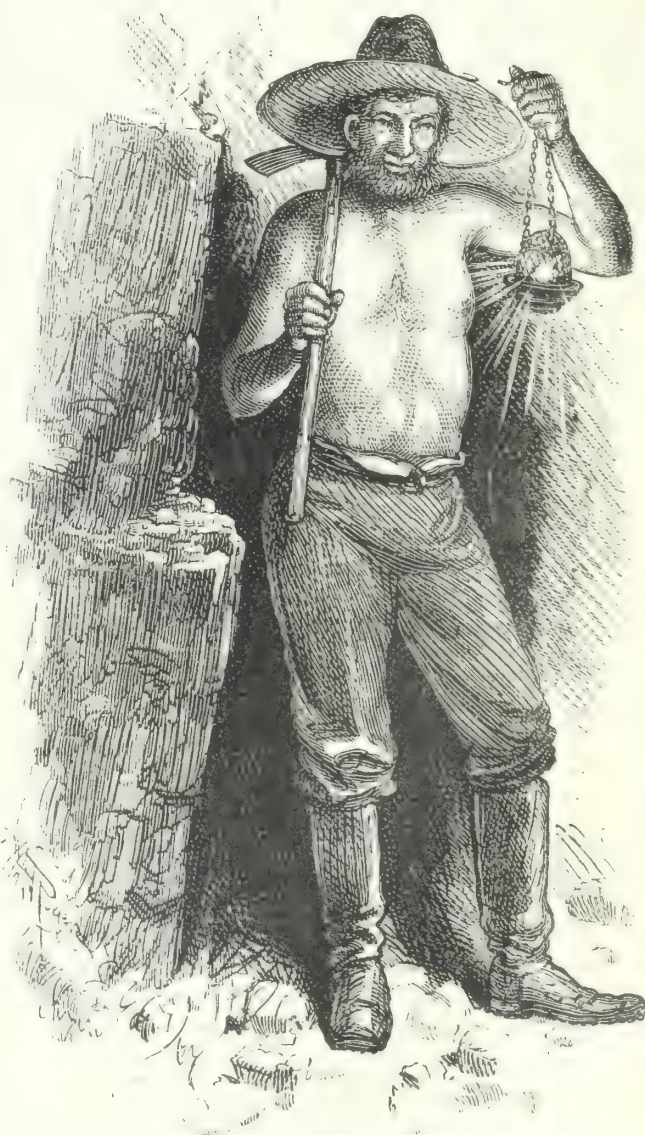
Our conductor stops us to name the strata of rock through which we are walking. The first 7000 feet at the Goeschenen end had been through dark gray granite or granitic gneiss; then followed 1000 feet of schistous gneiss, lying in vertical ledges; then 500 feet of crystalline limestone, with here and there a streak of black serpentine, followed by 3000 feet of micaceous schists, and some 20,000 feet of gneiss rich in mica. This is followed again by 5000 feet of schistous gneiss, with threads and lumps of quartz, and nearly 10,000 feet of mica schist, ending on the Italian side with some 2000 feet more of mica schist mixed with gneiss and rich veins of quartz. Such were the calculations made by the geologists from the mountains above the tunnel, and the boring so far has proved these observations to have been pretty nearly correct. But little gold, silver, or other precious ore has been met with, and even stone-coal has failed to put in an appearance, much as it would be

welcomed by the Swiss, who have scarcely a pound of coal in their whole Alpine country.

The tunnel has about the same dimensions, except in length, as the Mont Cenis Tunnel; that is, it is, in round numbers, twenty-four feet in width at sleepers, twenty-six feet wide at springing of arch, and nineteen feet high between sleepers and centre of arch. It starts into the mountain at a point 3639 feet above the sea, and comes out at Airolo, on the Italian side, 3757 feet above the sea-level.

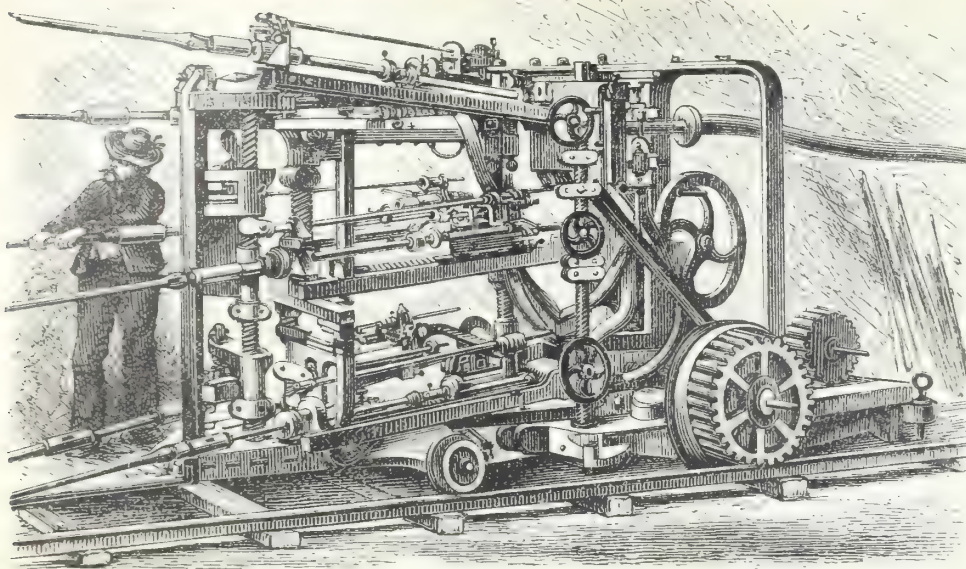
On the north axis the tunnel ascends one foot in every 172 feet, or about 142 feet in traversing the distance of 24,462 feet. It then follows a summit or level line for the next 591 feet, when it descends to Airolo, 24,279 feet farther, at a gradient of one in 1000. The highest point in the tunnel, hence, is 142 feet above the entrance at the north end, and twenty-four feet only above the outlet at the south. These gradients are for the purpose of permitting the water to pass off through a channel of masonry cut between the two tracks of rails toward either end.

Almost the entire tunnel is being arched and lined with solid masonry, eighteen to thirty inches in thickness, and that, too, in



ITALIAN MINER.





BORING-MACHINE.

places where the granite and serpentine blocks seem to the ordinary observer the perfection of solidity.

As we advance farther we come upon hundreds of men working in groups, drilling and blasting rock, loading cars, and building up the masonry. The tunnel here seems better ventilated, and the lights moving about every where look strange enough. The workmen are all Italians. No other workmen, says our conductor, will accept so much toil and danger for so little pay. The Swiss and Germans will not, and the French will not, so the illy fed Italian has it all to himself. Like John Chinaman, he can live on little and work cheaply. It has never occurred to the rest of the working classes in Switzerland, however, that they should adopt the California method, and drive off or murder the Italian Chinaman on account of his cheap labor.

These Italians work eight hours, and they receive from three to six francs a day, boarding themselves. Of course it is a small percentage of them who receive the maximum wages; and yet, strange as it may seem, they save more than one-half the money paid them, and send it to their needy families in the dominions of King Humbert. Their food is extremely limited in quantity, and is wretched in quality, consisting largely of polenta, or a sort of Indian meal porridge. Meat they never taste at all. They are contented to receive their forty or fifty cents a day for hard work, if they can only escape wounds and death from the bad gases and the thousand accidents to which they are liable every moment of their lives in the tunnel. Alas! they do not escape, for every week records its disaster, either from explosions and flying rocks, falling timbers and masonry, or railway accidents, breaking machinery, etc. They have their "striking" troubles, too, with fatal endings. Our conductor grew excited when he related the story of one of

these striking episodes.

"I was standing right here," he said, "in a niche in the wall, superintending some work, when I heard, all of a sudden, a tremendous shouting of many voices. I looked ahead of me into the darkness of the tunnel, and saw perhaps a thousand lights rapidly approaching, and I heard the words, 'The

mine! the mine! Run for your lives! Gas! gas! Run!' In a minute thousands of half-naked workmen were rushing by me like a herd of mad buffalo. Some held handkerchiefs to their mouths, some their hands only, or bits of garments. They were running over each other, and their hallooing was perfectly terrific. I shouted at them to learn what was wrong. No man stopped. I could only distinguish the words, 'The mine! the mine! Run for your lives!' I jumped from the niche where I was standing, and ran—ran for my life—for I now feared some awful explosion had taken place, or that an under-ground stream had been struck, and that the tunnel was filling with water. I thought, too, I felt the deadly gases being rapidly pushed after me. How I ran! My side still aches from that awful race to reach the mouth of the tunnel. I saw daylight, but, death or no death, I could go no farther. I sat down at the side of the tunnel, a badly used up man. After resting and getting forward, I saw the whole herd of workmen that had rushed by me standing about the company's buildings, gesticulating and loudly talking. There had been no explosion, no water breaks, no danger, no nothing. It was simply a strike—I think not so much for better wages as for better air—and they had adopted this method to scare every body out of the tunnel. So far it was a great success. The mob still held the road, and effectually interfered with all further progress of the work. Then the Tessin soldiers came, and, justly or not, fired on them, and numbers of the poor fellows were killed or wounded. It was the only strike at the tunnel. I hope sincerely it will be the last."

These Italians look strange enough, moving about with their dim lights, broad hats, black faces, high boots, and with bodies naked to the waist.

Cold and wintry as it is among the gla-



ciers and avalanches above our heads, it is warm enough in here. The ordinary temperature of the tunnel is about 65° Fahrenheit, and after an explosion the mercury jumps up to 86°. The most tremendous perspiration overcomes one, even when standing still, and the men at the drills could not be wetter were they just taken from the bath.

The explosive material used is dynamite almost exclusively, and its force is of a character to make gunpowder seem a mild agent in its presence. It is used in preference to nitro-glycerine, because it is somewhat cheaper and very much safer. As to its strength, I saw places where the concussion following the explosions after drilling had broken granite blocks three feet in thickness in twain, and had driven the solid key-stone of the masonry in the arch up into the mountain. At one point, outside the tunnel, where dynamite cartridges had been stored, an accidental explosion blew a number of workmen so completely into atoms that nothing of them, save their heavy boots containing their mangled feet, was ever found. A discharged workman one night threw a single cartridge of this dreadful compound into one of the offices of the company, resulting in as complete a tearing to pieces as could have followed had the rooms been match-boxes. The officers fortunately were all absent from their accustomed places.

There are about fifty air-drills at work in each end of the tunnel, and these are operated against the rock at some seven different points of attack; that is, at the forward end of the main heading, and at points right and left farther back, as well as on banks of rock that have been left behind while pushing the head gallery forward. Some of the machines, too, have been turned around at these sidings, and are worked backward against the still standing rock.

The main heading is worked on what is known as the Belgian system, viz., boring a hole in advance, about eight feet square, where the top of the tunnel is to be. Often, too, when only the upper half of the tunnel has been drilled out, the arch is put in and finished, the base or sides being built after the lower half of the tunnel has been excavated. This is done by bracing the arch or roof up with heavy timbers until the rock



A STREET IN AIROLO.

at the bottom of the tunnel is removed, when the side walls on which the arch is to rest are laid up, and the timber supports knocked out. This complete arch is usually put in in sections of about eighteen feet, and after having been allowed a few days to settle, other sections are joined on.

There are few of the uninitiated who have not wondered to themselves how the arch to a railway tunnel is put in.

If the tunnel be through hard rock, the arching is simple enough. A square hole is driven in three or four feet wider and



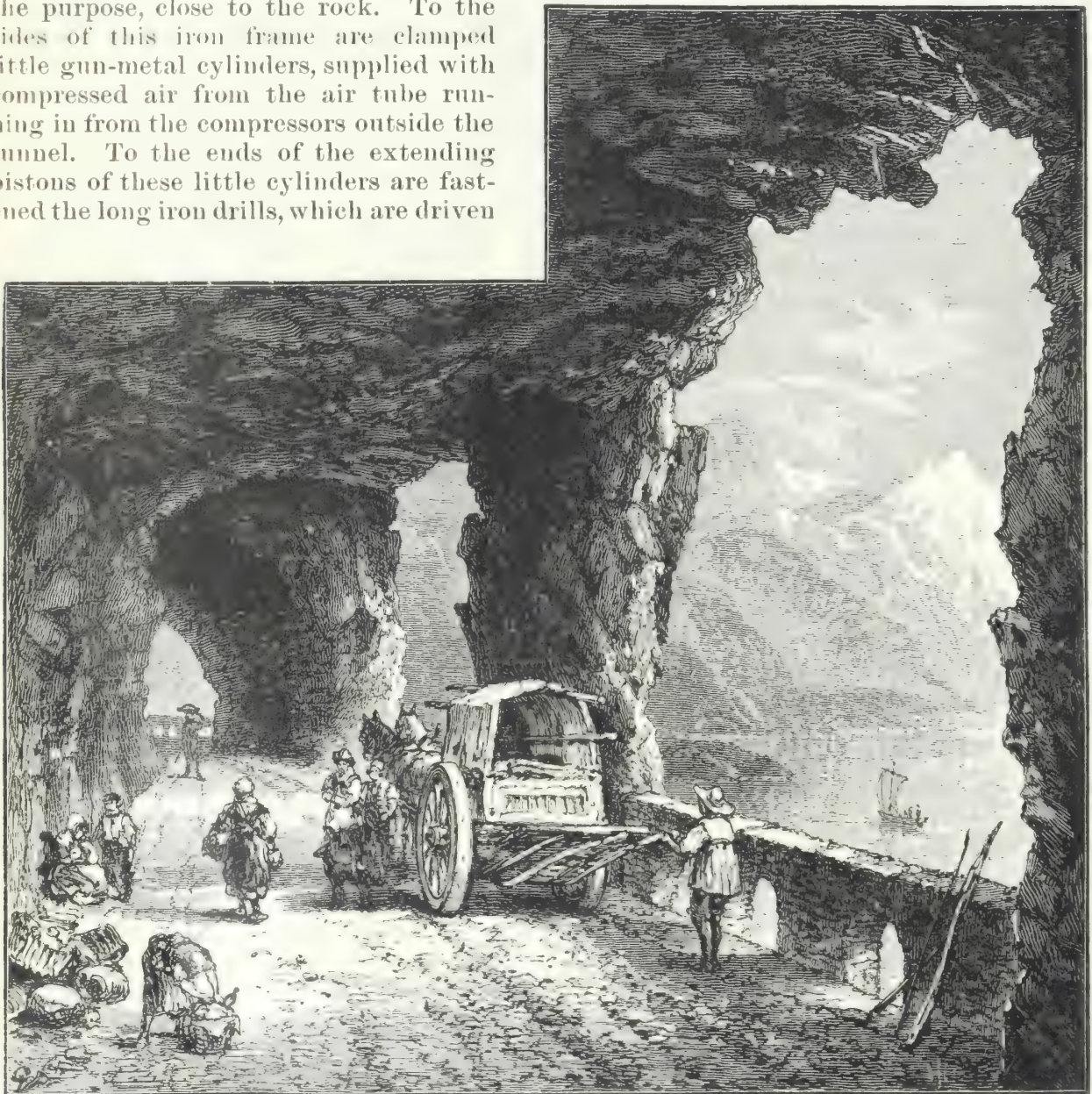
higher than the tunnel will be when completed. Great wooden or iron bows or ribs, the shape of the proposed arch, are then set in at short distances. Over these half-circular ribs are laid timbers, reaching from rib to rib, and running parallel with the tunnel. This forms, then, a wooden arch open at the top. On this arch the masonry is laid, additional timbers being placed on the ribs toward the key-stone, or top, as the stone-work is built up. The open space between the masonry and the earth is filled in as best it may be with stones and wood to prevent the earth's sinking too suddenly on the arch. The work is especially simple and easy when the arch is put in in short sections. When the last wedge or key-stone is placed, the supporting ribs and timber are pulled away, and the stone arch stands complete.

But to return to the tunnel. If we push forward from where we are, we will soon have a good view of an air boring-machine at work. It may be described as a large oblong iron frame-work, some seven feet wide, six feet high, and ten feet long. It stands on a bit of railway, built in for the purpose, close to the rock. To the sides of this iron frame are clamped little gun-metal cylinders, supplied with compressed air from the air tube running in from the compressors outside the tunnel. To the ends of the extending pistons of these little cylinders are fastened the long iron drills, which are driven

into the rock at the rate of 150 strokes each per minute. There is no boring, in a proper sense; it is simply drilling. A simple contrivance on the piston causes it to turn over and over as the drilling progresses. These machines punch holes into the rock about four feet deep, and are then moved back to a safe distance, while the holes so pierced are filled with long cartridges of dynamite to be fired by fuses. During the drilling the noise of the machines is almost deafening. Nobody pretends to hear a word. Every order is given by gesture. When the explosion occurs it is not only a tremendous noise, but a tremendous heat and smell as well, which even the stout miners could not long submit to and live.

The compressed air is now allowed to escape from the cylinders, the cocks to the main air tube are left open, and the foul odors are gradually pushed to the rear. The débris is removed as quickly as possible, the track for the machine is laid closer up to the breast of the granite, and again commences the rattling of the drills.

Under favorable circumstances this ad-



THE AXENSTRASSE.



vanced gallery or heading has been driven forward as much as eighteen or nineteen feet per day at each end of the tunnel. The average, however, is not above ten and a half feet per day, or twenty-one feet advanced for the two ends.

The tunnel which I have been describing is, of course, the main one of the series through these mountains. There are, however, as has already been observed, others nearly joining it, some of which are 6000 feet and more in length; and the sum total of what might properly enough be called the tunnel of the St. Gothard measures but little less than twenty-three English miles. Seven of the tunnels in this series will be built in a spiral or auger form, for the purpose of bringing the line up great elevations. Passenger trains may thus enter the foot of a mountain, and, by winding about in a sort of a railway staircase for a time, emerge a couple of hundred feet higher up. There will be four of these railroad stairways on the Italian side of the tunnel, between Giornico and Fiesso. This method of taking trains up mountains by means of spiral tunnels inside is the invention of Mr. Hellwag, the engineer-in-chief.

There are probably 3500 persons, including officers, engineers, draughtsmen, etc., engaged upon the tunnel. The common work-

men, as already noticed, are all Italians. Many of the officers and engineers are Swiss; a few are Germans. Mr. Hellwag, the chief of affairs, is a native of Schleswig-Holstein, and is a distinguished railway engineer. Mr. Favre, the contractor, is a Swiss.

I have purposely omitted all mention of the Italian side of the tunnel for the reason that the principle on which it is being worked is exactly the same as is pursued at the Swiss side, and the general control is in the hands of the same engineers.

When the St. Gothard road is completed, it will, in some respects, offer the most tempting railroad ride in the world. The scenery through which it passes, especially at the Axenstrasse, on Lake Lucerne, is as grand as any in Switzerland. It will pass within a rifle-shot, too, of Rutli, Bürglen, Altorf, and other spots made famous by the deeds of Tell. Pretty little Airolo and castled Bellinzona will be halting places, and trains will pass over mountain spurs half as high as the Righi. A couple of short hours' ride will take the traveller from the edges of the glaciers in Switzerland down into the sunny plains of Lombardy; and should proper connections be arranged, the Swiss merchant may go to bed in a Pullman car at Zürich, and wake up with the early morning at Venice on the Adriatic.

## A JAPANESE SCHOOL.

THE experience of a teacher in Japan is full of novelty, which in time partially wears off; yet there is a constant development of character and national characteristics which relieves the duty of monotony. Indeed, to one who loves boys, and is inspired with a good degree of zeal in seeking to mould them into intelligent, upright men, there are no hours hanging heavily on his hands, no tormenting desire to turn to more congenial employments.

The proverbial politeness and gentleness of Japanese, in addition to their reverence for teachers, make them very pleasant pupils. They are very ambitious to become wise, and therefore studious to a degree often detrimental to health. Before the entrance of foreign customs among them a play-ground was never considered a necessary requisite of a school. Doubtless this accounts largely for the great mortality among Japanese students. But if the Japanese official who recently told a friend, on a voyage from America, that Japanese students were too lazy to play, would pay a visit to our play-ground during recess, he would conclude either he had made a mistake in judging the masses by one rule, or that "Yankee" teachers had inspired and developed a new spirit among them during his absence of several years in foreign lands.

We have found, since introducing the trapeze, swings, bars, ladders, etc., that students are not absent on account of headaches and other indispositions near so frequently as before, besides making better progress while in school. An occasional joke, for which they have a keen appreciation and a hearty laugh, seems to quicken their ideas as well as rest them.

At one of our first yearly examinations our best pupils seemed to have lost their wits entirely, for which we could not fully account until we learned that in preparing for it they had not allowed themselves either sleep or relaxation of any kind for two days and nights previously. Hygienic and wholesome counsel may be continually given, but you can not make them appreciate the necessity or the benefits of system till they are brought under control, and experience the results of it in a boarding-school.

The retrenchment policy instituted by the government during the late insurrection fell heavily upon the schools supported by it. Several large schools were closed, and in others certain departments. Thus pupils flocked to the private and mission schools. Many of them come already imbued with prejudice against the Bible; and of these a portion persist in unbelief.





MISSION SCHOOL.

The respectful attention given by pupils in recitation, and their adherence to the rules of order that govern them, make teaching in Japan, notwithstanding its discouragements, more desirable than at home. It is doubtless a prevailing fault among them—at least a large portion of them—to be superficial in the acquirement of knowledge, and to obtain it in great haste. This, perhaps, can be accounted for in a measure. The inability of many who were once wealthy samurai (nobility), and now reduced to penury by the revolution which overthrew the Tokugawa dynasty and the old feudal system, to keep their children in school a sufficient length of time to get a respectable English education, gives rise to a desire to make their scanty supply cover as much space as possible. It is only by long and patient dealing with them that they are led to see the wisdom of thoroughness. Some borrow money from distant relatives and friends, and then seek to make it go as far as possible in fitting them for paying positions, promising to make satisfactory returns at

no distant day, hoping that some lucrative employment in government service will reward them for the struggle. Some people at home who know but little of Japan will, I fear, doubt the veracity of one who tells them that students can be boarded for \$2 50 per month here, and yet the people are too poor to afford even that for any length of time. The rates of interest here are fabulously high; and woe to the man who must needs borrow money for any purpose: almost certain financial ruin lies before him. Nine per cent. monthly is considered very moderate interest, and sometimes it reaches to twenty-five.

Another prominent discouragement is the trivialness of many of their excuses for absence. The most frequent one used is "important business," which includes any thing from the purchasing of a pencil to the visiting of a grandmother. Should the death of a relative occur, even though at a distance of several hundred miles, two or three days' absence from school follows. The reception of news that a friend is ill is suffi-



cient to call them away for a few days, if within visiting distance. Should father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, residing at a distance, come within twenty miles, and the tidings reach the pupil, all books, associates, and school surroundings become a dissolving view; a hasty departure and an absence of a week is the result. This is not confined to pupils alone, but assistant teachers often do the same.

In the last few years quite a revolution has taken place in the methods of instruction. One teacher can instruct many more pupils with half the labor, and to the greater advancement of the pupils, since the foreign methods of classification have been adopted. A change, also, in school furniture has been made in most of the schools, especially in those under government patronage. It is somewhat doubtful whether these changes are always improvements, all things considered, especially in the country, where small children principally attend.

The old custom of sitting on soft mats, with low neat desks before them, has some advantages; especially in winter, with no stoves to heat the room, the little bare or thinly clad feet are much more comfortable curled up under their bodies than in swinging from benches in a cold or poorly heated room.

Several methods are followed in disposing of delinquent boys. Sometimes a mischievous urchin is required to stand and hold a



A PUNISHMENT.

piece of slender burning punk, about a foot long, till it is consumed; should he seek to avoid any part of his punishment by breaking off the lower end, and be detected in it, another punishment is added. A cup full of water held in the hand is another mode of punishing, and should the truant spill any, a longer stay is in store for him. Sometimes a culprit is compelled to stand holding in his hands a long stick with a quantity of paper suspended at the farther end, his face bearing marks, not of his mischievousness, but as the result of it applied by the teacher. But should he not mend his ways, the rod is applied as a last resort.

Some of the first attempts of students at committing their ideas



THE SCHOOL-ROOM.



to paper through the medium of English are somewhat amusing in one sense.

The following composition was duly read on the day for such exercises:

"TOKIO.

"Tokio is very large city in the world; it contain about one million of people and one thousand streets. The men in Tokio is so many, but science men very seldomly appear comparatively, therefore civilized men is very little—men in Tokio is very uneconomist. Its most principal streets are Ginza, Nihonbashi, Kojimachi, Asak'sa, Dakurocho, and others, fire in Tokio is very common, ther houses is destroyed by it two times a year. I think will not destroyed if ther houses is bluid [built] from stone, but ther mind do not to reach it, therefore is uneconomist as I said above. I like to write story of the city but would have no time to write. I will write to you very much afterward."

We have adopted the plan of having pupils write sentences only, till they can do so in a comprehensive manner. In this they usually succeed somewhat better, and yet some of their efforts in this direction not only lack in clearness, but have a touch of the ludicrous as well, as the following examples will show: "Remorsing his foolish and having ashamed it he was forgave."

"A gentleman divided his proverty into his four sons at the point of death." "There was a pleasant wife whose name was Masa; she was justice and obedience; she did not so humorous as another women, and assisted of cultivation of her husband in day, and in night she endeavored to amuse her old mother's tedium." "She could done what she hath."

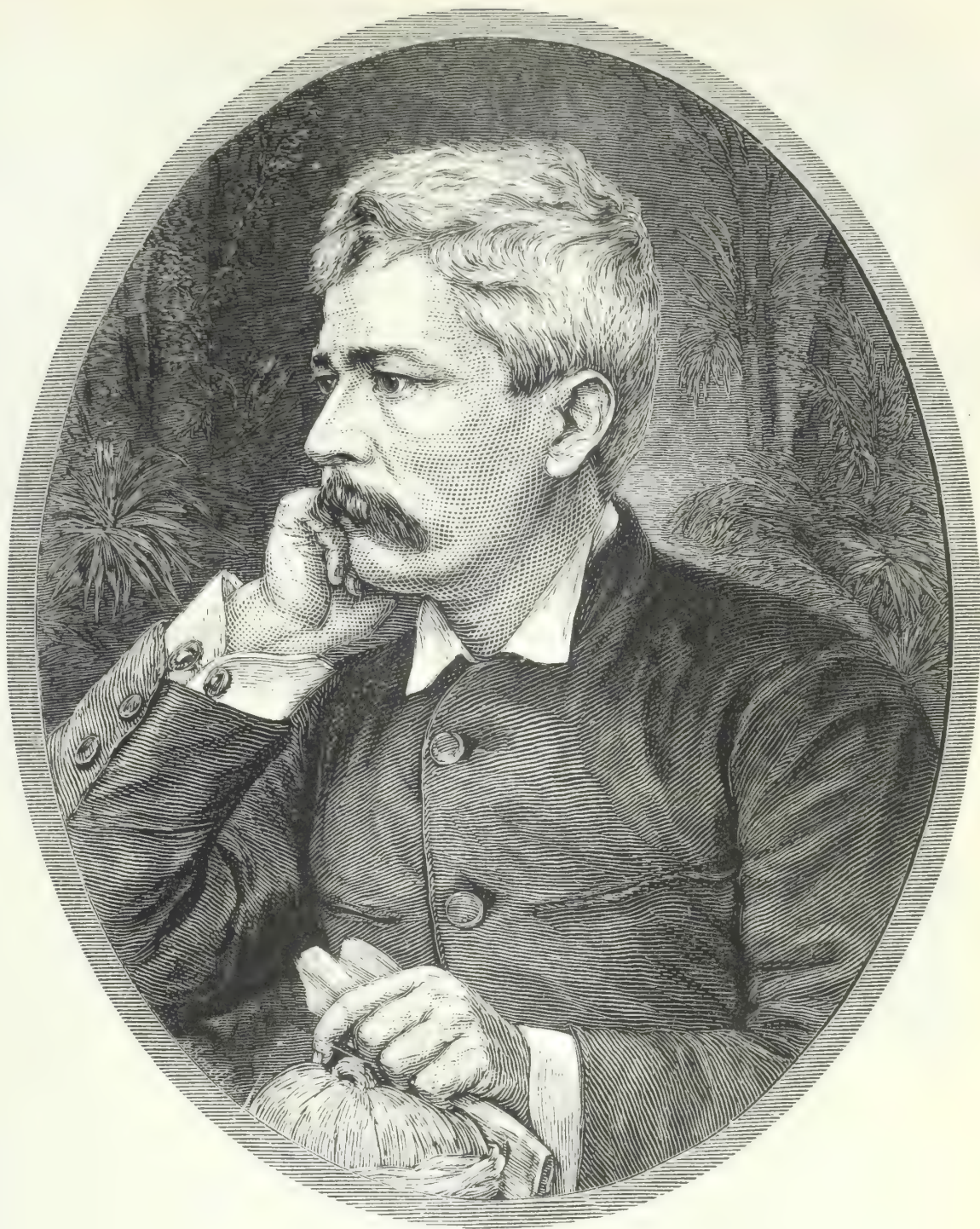
Doubtless our crude efforts to speak and write their vernacular afford them as much if not more cause for merriment. A missionary, not the earliest in the field, not long since attended the services of a colleague, and at the closing was asked to dismiss the congregation. He complied, but unwittingly went through the formula for baptism instead of the benediction, not discovering his mistake till too late to correct it.

It is no small compensation for one's toil to see, at the end of a few years' labor, one's pupils already filling positions of lucrative trust in large mercantile houses, printing-offices, banks, government offices, as teachers, and even as pastors.



THE GYMNASIUM.





HENRY M. STANLEY.

### THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

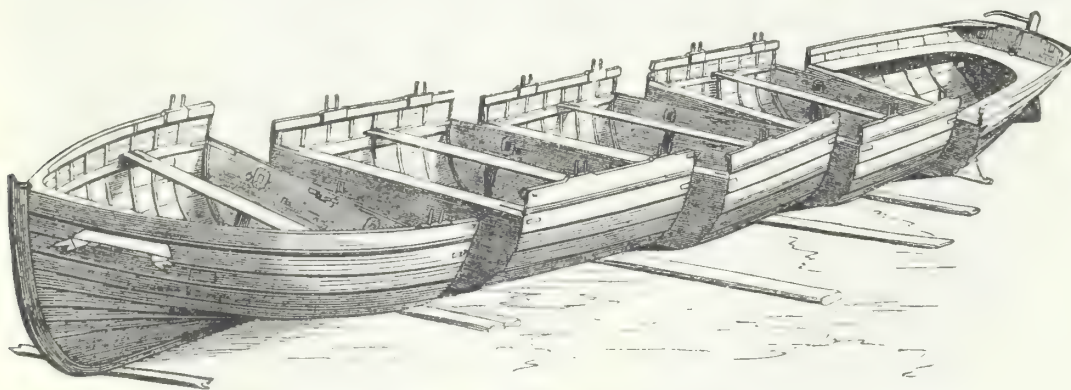
ON the 14th of November, 1874, Henry M. Stanley started from Zanzibar, having under his command 347 African and Arab soldiers, women, and children, and three Englishmen. The Englishmen were named Edward Pocock, Frederick Barker, and Francis Pocock. On the 6th of August, 1877, Stanley arrived on the west coast of Africa, having traversed that vast, mysterious continent. He had with him ninety-three soldiers, and in all 115 souls, including women and children. The Englishmen were dead. The army was starving. It had fought thirty-two battles; it had overcome difficulties such as rarely fall to the lot of men. The work which Stanley set out from Zanzibar to do was perhaps the noblest and most intrepid that had ever fallen to one man since

Columbus with a modest fleet of unseaworthy boats sailed forth to discover a world. The manner in which Stanley did his work will live in history with the memory of the achievements of Columbus. The one, however, had only the sea to fight, and he fought it with the incentives of faith and enthusiasm; the other had to fight sea and land, to contend with disease and famine, mutiny and the man-eating savage—with pestilence, war, and death. Columbus began the discovery of America; Stanley finished the discovery of Africa. When he reached Embomma it was no longer the lone, dark, silent land which for centuries had defied the enterprise and valor of travellers, but a clear, intelligible fragment of the globe. It is, perhaps, too soon for us to decide upon the



relative importance of the two works—the discovery of America by the Italian, the discovery of Africa by the American; but we can well understand the pride with which Stanley, when he came to the Atlantic Ocean, turned to his English and American employers and made this report: “My instructions were to complete the discoveries of J. H. Speke and Colonel Grant of the sources of the Nile, to circumnavigate lakes Victoria and Tanganika, and by the exploration of the latter lake to complete the discoveries of Speke and Burton, and lastly to complete the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone. With a feeling of intense gratitude to Divine Providence, who has so miraculously saved me and my people from the terrors of slavery and the pangs of cruel death at the hands of cannibals, after five months’ daily toil through fifty-seven cataracts, falls, and rapids, who inspired us with sufficient manliness to oppose the hosts of savages, and out of thirty-two battles brought us safe across unknown Africa to the Atlantic Ocean, I inform you that the work of the Anglo-Amer-

arms of precision and strength, embodying the strongest forces of civilization. He was served by science in the shape of instruments which would have excited the wonder of Columbus, and which enabled him to read the tides, the currents, the altitudes, the latitudes and longitudes, the meaning of time and space, the variations and processes of nature, the secrets that for infinite ages had been gathering in the rocks. He was so strengthened that he could carry over the mountains the boat that would carry him over inland seas, and defy the fury of tropical storms. He had the elephant rifle and quinine: but for one he would have fallen under the knife of the cannibal, but for the other he would have gone to sleep, with the many intrepid spirits who had gone before him, in the embrace of typhus. When his journey was ended, there was no weary pilgrimage to a doubting and cold court. His triumph was flashed over the seas; it came at once to our homes, to millions of homes in all lands. And now, thanks to science, we can follow him step by step, and see with



THE "LADY ALICE" IN SECTIONS.

ican expedition which you commissioned me to perform has been performed to the very letter."

The deeds thus told with modest piety are now before us in two large volumes from the press of Harper and Brothers, glowing with illustrations, and printed in clear royal type. If Columbus could have told his story in this fashion, and could have given it to the world with these accessories of art and science, how much more comfort it would have been to him! of how much more value to the world! But Columbus lived in an age when kings went to Canossa; when civilization was just awakening from its long hibernation in the sloth and darkness of the cloister; when there was no literature but what came from monks; before the world knew of the press, the steam-engine, and the telegraph. Stanley went forth as the ambassador of a civilization of the variety and majesty of which Columbus never had dreamed. He represented two newspapers, the *New York Herald* and the *London Telegraph*—leaders of a press which now encompasses and rules the world. He carried with him

his eyes all the adventures that befell him, and all the wonders that opened to his view, and read the story in his fine, clear, nervous Saxon English, simple in its strength, with the stamp of truth in its simplicity. If we are grateful that such a work as the discovery of Africa should have been done in our time, how much more grateful should we be that the story of it should be open to us in the sumptuous array with which printer and artist have surrounded these volumes!

Without pretending to do more than follow Stanley in the faintest fashion, let us go with him through these two volumes, and hear something of his adventures and see something of their marvels. On leaving Zanzibar, his first aim was to march to Victoria N'yanza. The exploration of this lake was his first task. There were many theories to be settled, as to its latitude and longitude, its configuration, its value as an inland sea. Was it the source of the Nile, or the source of the Congo? Was it a single lake, like our own Lake Michigan, or a part of a water system? Other travellers had seen it, but their observations had been



imperfect and cursory. They did not go prepared to study it. Stanley had made every preparation, and such is the loyal interest he took in his expedition that before leaving England he acquired the knowledge necessary to make a scientific report of his discoveries. Stanley knew the country through which he was marching. It was the old route to the land of Livingstone, when in 1871 he made his ever-memorable journey to rescue that great Englishman—to rescue him from the fate to which he had been abandoned by the men who have since been censuring Stanley for his own methods in dealing with the Africans. In 103 days Stanley reached the first stage of his journey; and he himself notes as a matter for congratulation that he had accomplished a march of 720 miles through a wild and sometimes a hostile country in three months—a march that would have taken an Arab caravan nine months.

The march to Victoria N'yanza, as we may call the first stage of Stanley's journey, was in itself full of interest and adventure, although, as he afterward said, it was child's play compared with what he was to do and endure on the Congo and in the country of the cannibals. Stanley's narrative gives us a vivid idea of travel in Africa under its best conditions; that is to say, through a country fairly known, which has been visited by white men, and is now traversed by frequent caravans. Sometimes they crossed "broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce and cloth vanished fast," and sometimes they came to hilly countries, where the people were civil and hospitable. Sometimes they were in troublesome districts, where there were warring tribes, where the people were treacherous or hostile, and then Stanley could only sleep with his hand on his rifle. There were furious tempests, "and some days Nature and man alike warred against us, while on others both seemed combined to bless us." Other troubles came to the intrepid commander and his small army, more especially that potent and untiring enemy of all African travel—Typhus. This was the enemy who menaced Stanley at Zanzibar, and never left his footsteps until he embarked at Loanda; who followed him night and day, doing his awful will upon the expedition. And so from these misfortunes—from famine and fatigue, from fever and massacre, from mutiny and death—the little army dwindled away; and it is a wonder that it did not return, or at least content itself with visiting Livingstone's country and exploring Victoria N'yanza, and return with the report which has been brought for so many centuries—that Africa continued hostile to those who came to woo her, and would not be won. Nor does it surprise us that, amid all these discouragements, the heart of Stanley should have faltered. "The ex-

pedition seemed doomed. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect." But at the same time the spirit of the leader was felt in the command. "The white men," he says, "although elected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely, heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures, stout-hearted, brave, and, better than all, true Christians." These are the men by whom empires are made, but for them there was no empire but the memory of duty well done; no trophy, no reward, unless what is to come as the reward for well-doing in the final day of account. Two of them were to sleep near the banks of Victoria N'yanza, victims of disease; the other was to be whirled into eternity over the rapids of the Congo, when his journey was almost at an end.

Sometimes Stanley was in the wilderness without guides. This, however, seemed a happiness compared to his position when he did have guides who betrayed him, as happened early in his expedition in Ukimbu, near the elephant country. In Ukimbu the guides ran away, and Stanley found himself on the edge of a wilderness with but ten days' provisions. He had trusted his guides, and purchased a small quantity of food. He endeavored to pierce the wilderness, but his track was lost in a maze of elephant and rhinoceros trails. He could only depend upon his compass. The second day found a jungle of acacia and euphorbia, through which the men had to crawl and scramble along the ground, "under natural tunnels of embracing shrubbery, cutting the convoluli and creepers, thrusting aside stout thorny bushes, and by various detours taking advantage of every slight opening the jungle afforded." There was no water. Overcome with hunger and thirst, the command began to straggle and faint. Some managed to reach camp, where medicine and restoratives brought them strength. Five never returned. One of them was found dead in the woods, and of the other four it is believed "they hopelessly wandered on until they also fell down and died." On the fifth day they came to a village, but the village comprised only four negroes, their wives and little ones, and had no food for such a large command. Stanley learned that there was another village twenty-nine miles away, named Suna, and he sent a picked band of twenty, the strongest and most enduring, to visit Suna and bring food. He scoured the woods for game, but there was no game. A lion's den was found. In this den were two young lions, which were killed and skinned. But of what avail were two lion cubs to an expedition of starved men? Surely here was death at last—death, defeat, annihilation;



and this proud expedition which had set out so gloriously from Zanzibar, resolved to force the mystery of a continent and fight its way to the Atlantic, why, all that could happen to it was to perish in an African jungle of lions and elephants, to perish as so many had done before, leaving only the name of Stanley to be added to the sad, dismal roll of martyrs to African discovery. "Returning to camp," says Stanley, "from the fruitless hunt"—nothing in all that wilderness but the two lion cubs—"I was so struck with the pinched faces of my poor people that I could have almost wept, if I might have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds. I resolved to do something toward relieving the pressing needs of fierce hunger." Stanley had medical stores, which in such an expedition are a sacred trust. He opened a sheet-iron trunk and made it serve as a pot. Into this pot he doled out five pounds of Scotch oatmeal—perhaps the most precious of all his possessions—and three tins of "revalenta arabica," and made a gruel. "It was a rare sight," he says, "to see those poor famine-stricken people hasten to that Torquay dress trunk and assist me to cook the huge pot of gruel; to watch them fan the fire to a fiercer heat, and, with their gourds full of water, stand by to cool the foaming liquid when it threatened to overflow." The porridge kept the expedition alive for forty-eight hours, when Stanley heard the musketry of his returning embassy coming in from Suna with food. "The grain was most greedily seized by the hungry people, and so animating was the report of the purveyors that the soldiers one and all clamored to be led away that afternoon." And so our leader marched on.

Two more of his army were to die in that fatal jungle, and soon he was to lose Edward Pocock, one of his lieutenants. Pocock found his death in the jungle, but the disease only developed in Suna, where dwell a people remarkable for vigor and beauty, but a suspicious people, with whom it was no pleasure to live. Pocock was ill with typhoid fever, others were troubled with swamp diseases, and so, with his sick ones swung in hammocks, Stanley moved on to more promising lands, where the people were civil, and where food and cattle could be found. In a day or two they found such a land at Chiwyu, four hundred miles from Zanzibar. Here are the trickling streams and infant waters which flow on until they swell into the burden of the mighty Nile. Here, on the 17th of January, 1875, at ten in the evening, Pocock died. "We buried him," says Stanley, "that night, under a tree on which his brother Frank had cut a deep cross, and read the beautiful service of the Church of England over him as we laid the poor worn-out body in its last resting-place."

Stanley mourned Pocock's loss as that of a sterling man, noble, brave, and faithful, whose cheery bugle-notes rang out with every dawn, and whose sweet, simple songs, "of which he had an inexhaustible *répertoire*," brightened many a camp-fire.

Of Stanley's wars much has been written. Various Englishmen, from Lord Derby down, have expressed an opinion upon these conflicts, and the discussion bids fair to become a permanent chapter in African literature. The American observer will notice that at the time Stanley was adding fame to the names of the British Princess Beatrice and the future British Queen Alexandra by giving these names to two important discoveries in Africa, Lord Derby was issuing orders to the British consuls to prevent his carrying the British flag. This reminds us of Columbus returning home in chains a prisoner to the king to whose empire he had added continental dominion. It was rumored that Stanley was to be arrested when he came to the coast, if he ever did come; and the New York *Herald*, as his employer and champion, went so far as to advance his American citizenship as a reason why he should not be arrested without at least a protest from the American government. But as it happened that Stanley did return to British soil an honored guest on a British man-of-war and not a prisoner, and as the first to welcome him was the Prince of Wales, we may be justified in assuming that Lord Derby's action was an impulse based upon incorrect information, and never a serious purpose of the government. Of course if Stanley could have crossed the African continent without harming any one, his taking of life would have been massacre. The history of African exploration, like that of exploration in our own Indian territories, is unhappily the history of continued war. In our country white men were slain to gratify a savage's craving for blood. In many parts of Africa men are slain for food. Stanley a good part of his time was moving among people who would have killed him and his whole command, as our Indians kill the buffalo, namely, to eat them. "I don't choose," said Livingstone, "to be made meat for black men." This was one of the reasons why that gentle soul refused to go into the Congo country; and it was in the Congo country that Stanley fought most of his battles. We think the law of self-defense can be put on no higher ground than the dislike to be killed and eaten by your enemy. In other regions Stanley fought to save himself from being killed and his army robbed. His expedition was a tempting one to the black men. He carried his army chest with him in the shape of beads and cloths and wire and cowries and articles of merchandise, which were as much the currency of his command as the greenbacks with

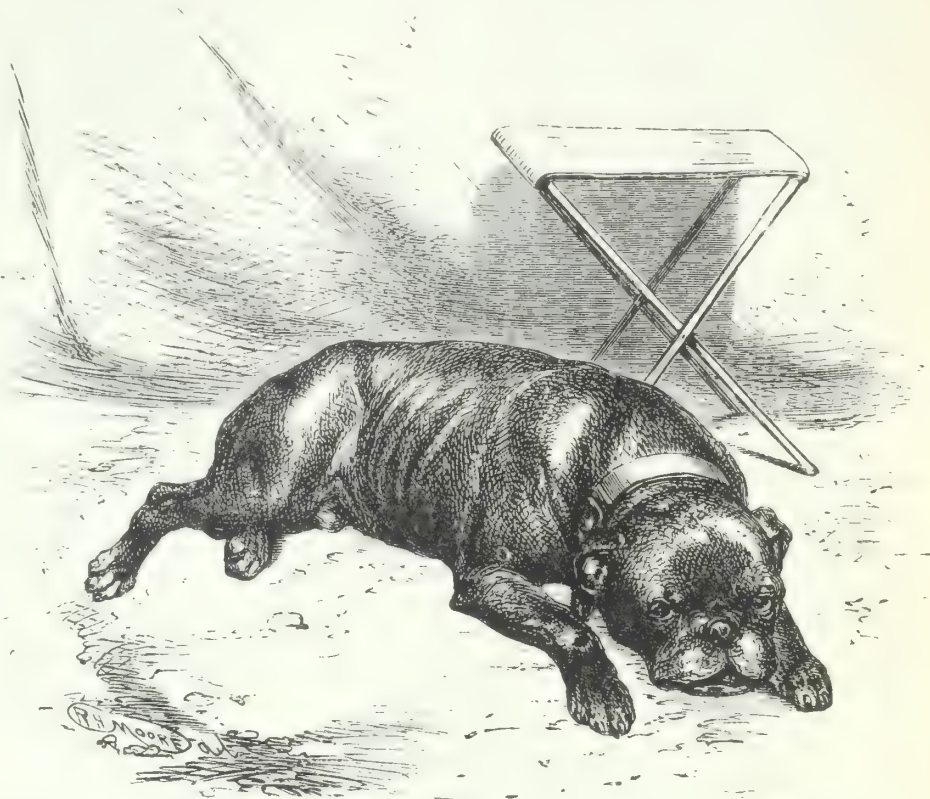


which we paid our armies during the war. We take it no prudent commander would allow his army chest to be carried away without defending it, especially if he depended upon it, as Stanley did, for all his supplies. It was his army chest, and contained his provisions. He could only live by buying from the people, and he could only buy with his supplies. In some cases the people were in fear of the slave-traders. Stanley may have been attacked under the impression that he was coming to carry off men and women and children into slavery. If this led to the loss of life, then we must all lament it, but the blame is not upon Stanley, but upon the odious system which European civilization planted in Africa, which still flourishes, but which no one has done so much to destroy as our explorer. In all these savage countries the traveller is subject to one of those sudden, lawless gusts of

passion which fell upon Captain Cook in the Pacific and deprived science and humanity of that intrepid and glorious life. The difference between Stanley and Captain Cook is that Stanley killed his assailants. If Captain Cook had been so fortunate, we question if Lord Chatham would have been so eager to deprive him of his flag as Lord Derby was to withdraw from Stanley the flag which was the emblem of the English fraction of his expedition.

Stanley's first battle was in the country where poor Edward Pocock died, near the village of Vinyata, more than four hundred miles from Zanzibar. It was shortly after his fasting experiences in the wilderness, after he found a special providence in Scotch oatmeal and an iron trunk. Signs of hostility began to attend the expedition. The people were cold, shy, suspicious; would give him no food. Five days after Pocock's death one of his command, one who had served him in Livingstone's days, was murdered. The poor fellow, suffering from asthma, was slowly following the main body of the expedition, when enemies fell upon him and hacked him to pieces. Stanley could not make any one responsible for this crime, and kept on. When he arrived at Vinyata

he had trouble about provisions: the people were surly, suspicious. He made purchases by paying double prices, and gave presents. He wished to avoid trouble and reach Iramba. It was necessary to dry his bales and goods, which had been injured on the journey. The sight of so much treasure inspired the cupidity of the savage heart. So one morning, the third morning after his



"BULL."

coming, what Stanley heard was the war-cry, "which phonetically might be spelled 'Hehu-a hehu,' the latter syllables drawn out in a prolonged cry, thrilling and loud." What he saw was 100 natives in war costume, decorated with the feathers of the bustard, the eagle, and the kite, their brows encircled with zebra and giraffe manes, armed with bows and spears. Then Stanley remembered Livingstone's example when Livingstone was menaced by the cannibal Wabemba; and we note throughout these travels that Stanley always seeks to remember what the gentle, pious Livingstone did in times of trial, and to do likewise. He gave orders that no one should leave the camp, that nothing should be done to provoke a hostile demonstration. If he had answered this menace by a general discharge of his guns, the savages might have taken alarm and run away. It was here, perhaps, that Stanley learned that the way to repel an attack is to strike it with swift and prompt energy. Stanley waited, remembering how Livingstone waited. The savages increased in force, impunity giving them courage and strength. A *parlementaire* came from the enemy, saying they were in arms to see about some milk and butter that had been



stolen from their villages by Stanley's men. Stanley paid them in sheeting "about six times the value of the stolen articles"—any thing to keep the peace. But peace was not to be preserved on such terms. The savages attacked Stanley. A youth named Suliman, "out collecting fire-wood," was killed, "a dozen spears having been plunged into his back." This incident inflamed the men in Stanley's command. Calmly he prepared for the worst. He detailed sixty men to throw up works—bushes and a high fence of thorn—and twenty men to build rude platforms like towers. He used the sections of his boat, the same boat that was to explore Victoria N'yanza and leap the virgin rapids of the Congo, for an inner citadel should the worst come. Thus the battle raged, and when the retreat was sounded, fifteen of the enemy were killed, and many wounded borne off by friends. Even Bull, Stanley's British bull-dog, did his part in the fight. The next morning the battle continued. One detachment of Stanley's small command ventured too far from its support. It was the contingent of Farjalla Christie, who became "too excited, and because the enemy ran, imagined that they had only to show themselves to cause every native to fly." The enemy turned on poor Farjalla Christie and his rash contingent, and slaughtered them all but one fleet messenger, who escaped to tell the tale. A second detachment was about to fall into a similar disaster, when Stanley succored it. This was the end of actual combat. Stanley's men pursued the enemy. "Soon a score or more of villages were enwrapped in dense volumes of smoke. Even at a distance of eight miles we beheld burning villages, and shortly after the blazing settlements to the north and east announced our triumph on all sides." In the evening the victors came home laden with spoil—with cattle and grain. But the price of the victory was dear enough to a small army, for the muster-roll showed that Stanley's loss was twenty-one killed. The next day the enemy showed a resistance, although they had lost thirty-five men. But there was no fighting power left. Stanley burned the village, and his army returned "through the now silent and blackened valley without molestation." Before daybreak next morning he marched to the northwest, "leaving the people of Ituru to ponder on the harsh fate they had drawn on themselves by their greedy treachery and wanton murderous attack on peaceful strangers."

This, in brief, is the story of what might be called the battle of Vinyata. If we were to criticise it in any way, we should say that the time to have attacked was at the outset, that the few lives lost then would have rendered unnecessary the three days' war, the burning of villages, and the loss of so

many lives. We have no doubt Stanley thought so himself, and when next he had to strike, he did it with promptness and vigor. Stanley did not fight the Ituru people until he was compelled to fight for his life and the safety of his command. But the battle and the unusual perils of the march left him in a sad condition. He had only 194 men left. "In less than three months," he says, "I had already lost, by dysentery, famine, heart-disease, desertion, and war, over 120 men, natives of Africa, and one European. Such a reduction," he continues, "even in a strong regiment, would be deemed almost a catastrophe. What name will you give it when you can not recruit your numbers, when every man that dies is a loss that can not be repaired, when your work, which is to last for years, is but commencing, when each morning you say to yourself, this day may be your last?"

The battle of Vinyata may be said to end the first part of Stanley's pilgrimage. The second was when he came to Victoria N'yanza. The battle took place in the latter part of January, 1875; and on February 27, at noon, he pitched his camp on the shores of the lake, near the village of Kagehyi, grateful to him, among other things, because it was 3800 feet above the sea-level. What remained of the journey was not lacking in incident, but we have not space to dwell upon it. Stanley hurried on with his sore and stricken command. He passed through a land where the dreaded "Mirambo and his robbers" were at war, but did not meet them. This Mirambo seems to be a kind of African Attila, making war upon all mankind, "proof against the countless medicines and magic arts that have been made and practiced against him." Stanley escaped Mirambo, however, which is perhaps to be regretted in the interests of African peace, for if Mirambo had assailed Stanley, that savage warrior most probably would have found his Waterloo. Part of the journey was through acacia jungles, over shallow soil, the bare rocks bearing testimony to the fury of the tropical rains. He noted many strange geological phenomena—rocks of granite, gneiss, and porphyry, "peeled, as it were, rind after rind like an onion, or leaf after leaf like an artichoke." In the primal days this must have been a vast inland sea. As Stanley drew nearer Victoria N'yanza he found a better soil, a populous country, rolling, grassy plains, and rich in cattle—a country that some day must become the seat of a civilization as ripe and splendid as that now growing into an empire on the shores of Lake Michigan and Lake Ontario—a civilization tempered by Christianity, and strengthened by industry, science, and peace.

So Stanley sat him down in his camp to rest after his march, to give his men rest, and prepare for his exploration. His camp



was south latitude  $2^{\circ} 31'$ , east longitude  $33^{\circ} 13'$ , which our readers may note on their maps as one of the important points in the geography of Africa. The question before him was this: "Is the Victoria N'yanza one lake, or does it consist of a group of lakes,

He left Pocock and Barker in his camp, and embarked on the waters of the Victoria N'yanza, "proceeding eastward to the unknown and fabulous distance," with a picked crew of eleven men and a guide. The geographical and scientific value of this explora-



RECEPTION AT HUMIRREH ISLAND, VICTORIA N'YANZA.

such as Livingstone has reported it?" To settle this problem he had brought with him a vessel, which had been carried in sections from Zanzibar on the shoulders of his men.

tion may be readily summed up, but there were events of a personal character which are not without interest. He coasted the southern shore of the lake, around many a



noble bay. He penetrated every bay, inlet, and creek that indent its shores. All this he did, not as an idle traveller watching currents and scenery, but with instruments of science, so that his observations have a mathematical quality. While on this exploration Stanley found painful traces of the slave-trade. The Arab slave-dealers have been the curse of this fair, rich land, and it does not surprise us to learn that our explorer found himself among timid and suspicious races, loath to talk to strangers, and not apt to love people carrying guns. Stanley not only found the slave-trade flourishing, but its agents were preparing to increase the trade. "Nothing," he says, with a burst of generous indignation, "would have pleased me better than to have been commissioned by some government to hang all such wretches wherever found." While sailing around Chaga Island, Stanley had what might be called another battle, or at least a collision. The reader will note in this engagement that our commander had learned the lesson of the battle of Vinyata—had learned that in dealing with savages it was necessary to strike the first blow. At Vinyata, Stanley remained passive until his men were murdered. Then came a prolonged conflict, and the result was many deaths in his command and a terrible retribution upon the natives. Much might have been spared, the loss in his own ranks and the desolation of the enemy, if Stanley had fought the battle of Vinyata upon the same principles as the battle of Chaga—principles which he observed in the many battles that were to come. And we find in this an explanation of the policy which so many of Stanley's critics have called a cruel and barbarous policy. It seems to us to have been the inspiration of true military genius, the application of that principle of war which requires that in striking a mob it is humane to strike hard, to strike at once. It was the idea of Cromwell, who shot the trooper who proposed to turn his line into a prayer-meeting. That one shot saved a mutiny, and perhaps hundreds of lives, the existence of an army, and the honor of a flag. It was the idea of Napoleon, who, when he defended the Convention against the insurrection of the Paris faubourgs, fired with loaded guns the first time. Napoleon ended the insurrection and saved his government.

Sailing near Chaga, the natives, by a show of friendship, enticed Stanley to come toward the shore, when a party in ambush attacked his boat with a shower of rocks. One of these assailants was killed with a shot from a revolver, and the attack ceased, and there was no more battle in Chaga. A few miles on, and Stanley came to an island, Uvuma, where he encountered a fleet of canoes, thirteen in number, carrying over

a hundred warriors, armed with spears, shields, and slings. An attempt was made to entrap Stanley by an offer to trade sweet-potatoes. This attempt was so far successful that Stanley found himself blocked by a fleet of canoes, who began to plunder his boat, and take away the beads and cloth which were his currency. One of the savages waved in derision some of the beads he had stolen. It was a critical moment. If that example were to be tolerated, beads, cloth, provisions, chronometers, aneroids, and arms would have soon vanished, and the *Lady Alice* would have been as helpless as a drifting log in the surf. Stanley shot the robber dead. His friends proposed to avenge his death with spears, but Stanley with his repeating rifle killed three more of his assailants, and with his elephant rifle smashed some of their canoes. And so ended the battle of Uvuma. If it had been fought upon the principles of the battle of Vinyata, Stanley and his whole crew would most likely have been destroyed, and his name would have gone upon the sad roll of travellers whose fate belongs to the mysteries of adventure and heroism.

Plainly, then, two principles were now to govern Stanley's journeys in Africa. The first was that he proposed to go where he willed in Africa; to go as a peaceful explorer if possible, but at all events to go. The second was that no one should assail him without a punishment so severe that it became a memory and a warning to all the land. If this second principle is applied to Bumbireh, as it may be called, the battle for which Stanley has been severely censured in England and the United States, it will, we think, be seen that no other course could have been taken without risking the expedition and all the future of African exploration.

The battle of Bumbireh, the most important, and to the enemy the most disastrous, of Stanley's conflicts, took place while he was exploring Victoria N'yanza. It will be remembered that during this time the forces upon which he could depend were his little boat the *Lady Alice* and the picked crew of eleven men. Whatever additional aid came was through the friendship of other tribes. Stanley had for a part of the time an escort from the Waganda people; but the weather became tempestuous, tropical storms lowered over the heavens, and the judicious native allies hurried home. So Stanley with his little *Lady Alice* was left without food on a dangerous and stormy sea. In this condition he came to the large island of Bumbireh, in south latitude 2° and east longitude 32°. Bumbireh must have considerable population, for Stanley speaks of the village of Kajurri, of large groves of plantains, of green slopes, dotted with herds of fine cattle. The hungry, tempest-tossed



mariner came cheerfully enough, hoping for at least a fat goat, some bananas, and milk. His welcome was the war-cry. This cry soon changed into softer measures, and by dint of much coaxing and promises of food and friendship Stanley was induced to go near the shore. No sooner had his boat reached the beach than the natives rushed into the water and dragged it up on the land. Here for three hours was a scene of violence and terror. The natives surrounded the boat, menaced the crew, shook their lances. Stanley sat in the stern-sheets, holding his revolvers, sorely tempted to raise them, kill, and be killed. "I never," he says, "saw mad rage or cruel fury painted so truly before on human features." For three hours he sat in his boat, trying all that persuasion and presents could do. Finally an offer was made to the chief, Shekka, of four cloths and ten necklaces of large beads, as a ransom. This offer was accepted. Having secured the cloth and beads, Shekka ordered his people to seize the oars, which was done, when the chief and his people went slowly off to their noonday meal. While they were at the meal a native woman, who had taken compassion on the crew, came and told Stanley that he and his people were to be slain, and advised him to eat honey with the chief, and be friends. This offer was made, but the chief said he would eat honey on the morrow. In the mean time Stanley discovered a purpose to seize his guns, as already he had seized his oars. Stanley told his men to be ready, and, when he gave the word, to push the boat with a will into the water. This was done, and the boat, yielding to the fierce strength of men who were pushing for their lives, swung into deep water. The savages, "uttering a furious howl of disappointment and baffled rage, came rushing to their canoes at the water's edge." If they could have manned their canoes, infuriated as they were with battle and the lust for plunder, it would have been unfortunate for the expedition. Stanley fired. His men pulled up the seats of their boat, and paddled away as best they could, paddling to reach the sea and escape from the cove, in which their enemies would have had an advantage. Stanley made what fight he could with his elephant rifle and his guns. One shot passed through a sub-chief and killed two men who were near him in the line of his aim. Two canoes were manned in pursuit. Stanley sank the canoes, and after this the enemy retreated, shouting out, in a ringing voice, "Go, and die in the N'yanza!" In this battle Stanley lost nothing, while the savages had fourteen dead and wounded.

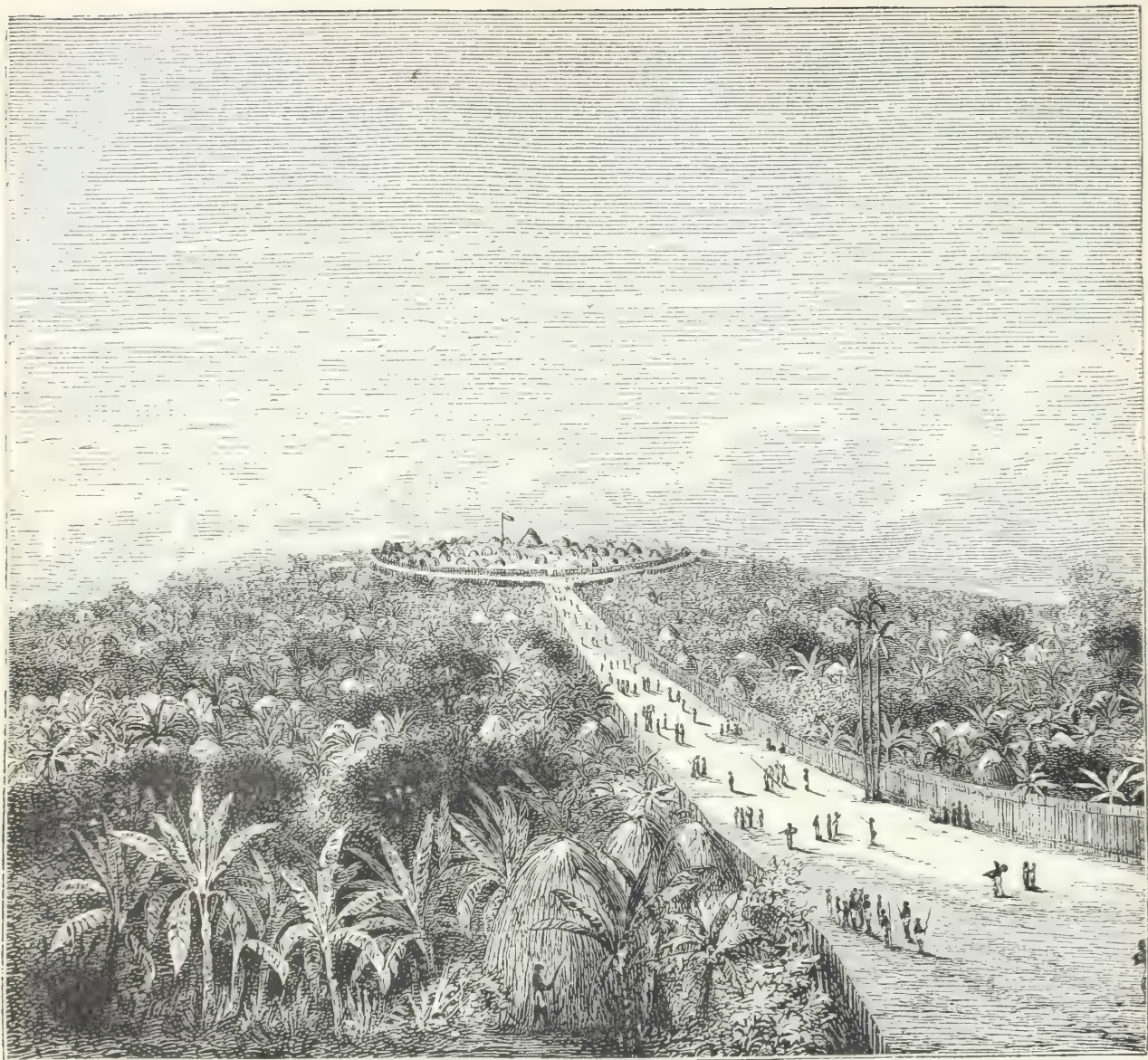
This first engagement at Bumbireh was an act of self-defense. There was no mistaking the motives of the enemy. Before attacking, Stanley exhausted every art of

conciliation. It was plain, however, that if he ever meant to return to Victoria N'yanza, or to continue his work there, he must not allow an engagement with so fierce and false a foe to remain a drawn battle. He resolved to exact from the natives an atonement for their treachery, and sent them word that if they delivered their king and two chief subordinates to him he would make peace. In the mean time he put the king of Iroba in chains as a hostage. This did not bring the desired regret or submission, and Stanley set out on his second attack with a fleet of eighteen canoes, containing 230 spearmen and fifty muskets. He had made alliances with other tribes, and thus found himself with a strong command, especially strong considering the arms some of his men carried. The islanders expected his coming. He steered the first boat himself, and directed the other canoes to follow him. Not wishing to land and expose his men to disaster, he managed, by making a feint to land, to induce the savages to come out of their ambush. He formed his canoes in a line of battle, the American and English flags waving as ensigns, and came within a hundred yards of the shore. The flotilla fired, and the fire was returned with stones. The savages' only hope was to have the enemy land and fight. Now and then making a feint to land, and retreating, Stanley managed to keep engaging the savages without loss to himself, and with severe loss to them. Forty-two were counted dead as a result of that day's engagement. Next morning when Stanley returned, his canoe flotilla increased, he observed that the war was over. The firing of one bullet put to flight hundreds who the day before had stood a volley. They came down to the shore and begged Stanley's men to leave, and this gave the conqueror an opportunity "to preach to them that they had brought the punishment on their own heads for attempting the murder of peaceful strangers." Some of the chiefs, those who were with him as allies, begged earnestly that Stanley would permit them to land and destroy the people altogether. But, writes Stanley, "I refused, saying that I had not come to do that, but to punish them for their treachery and attempted murder of myself and the boat's crew when we had put faith in their professed friendship."

This is the story of the two battles of Bumbireh, which many writers in America and England have called piracy and wanton massacre.

Let us pass to more pleasant experiences—for these journeys were not always warlike. While on the journey Stanley visited the capital and country of Mtesa, one of the emperors of Middle Africa. Mtesa rules a large country, and his empire extends to the outposts of the Khedive's dominions. On April 1, 1876, Stanley landed amid the accla-





RUBAGA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE EMPEROR MTESA.

mations of 10,000 people, and his people were given sixteen goats, ten oxen, with bananas, plantains, sweet-potatoes, and butter. Mtesa received Stanley in state, and in his intercourse with the African monarch there were no evidences of the barbarity that shocked Speke and Grant nearly twenty years before. There is no longer daily butchery of women and children. Mtesa wears Arab costumes, and has embraced the faith of Islam. He asked Stanley questions about the great world from which he came, and made the occasion of the visit a scene of rejoicing. On one day was a grand naval review—eighty-four canoes manned by 2500 men. There were boat races, manœuvres in the water, in the presence of the king and his 300 wives. Then the king led his fleet in person to show his skill in shooting. There were target practice and reviews. Stanley found Mtesa anxious to improve his country, to build roads, and introduce whatever European ideas would benefit the nation. His palace was a huge and lofty structure, well built of grass and cane.

The conversion of Mtesa to Islam was the work of an Arab adventurer who fascinated the monarch, and remaining a year at his

court, made the king a Mohammedan. To be a good Moslem is undoubtedly a prodigious advance from the heathenism in which Mtesa was discovered by Speke and Grant a few years before, and Stanley found him rejoicing in his devotion to Mohammed and the Koran. But Stanley says: "By one conversation I flatter myself that I have tumbled the newly raised religious fabric to the ground, and if it were only followed by the arrival of a Christian missionary, the conversion of Mtesa and his court to Christianity would be complete." The suggestion thus made bore fruit, and a mission was at once established and endowed by the English churches. Mtesa received the missionaries with kindness, and they are doing their work in his dominions.

The exploration of Victoria N'yanza was marked with other adventures. The party attempted to land at another island, but were repulsed by the natives, who threw stones from slings. As the rain had spoiled his cartridges, Stanley could not resent this offense. There were tempests, hail falling as large as filberts, the sky robed in inky blackness, thunder-waves tossing the frail boat hither and thither; and as the devoted

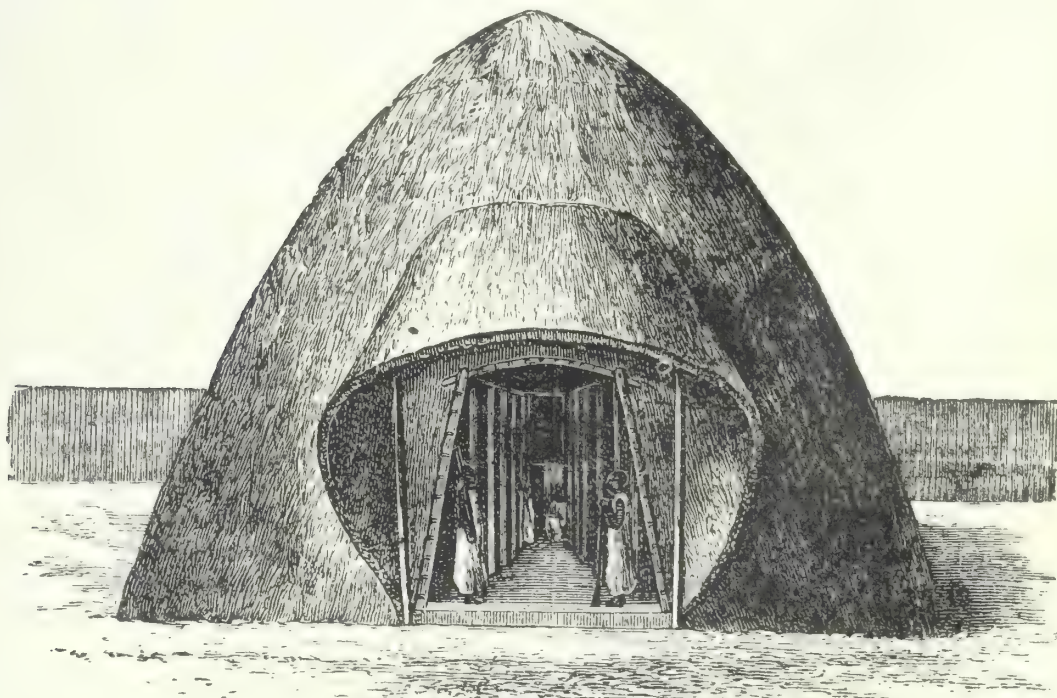


crew held their own during the night, and allowed the boat to drift as it would, all efforts to keep it on any course being vain, they imagined they heard the curse of the Bumbireh people, "Go, and die in the N'yanza." While visiting Mtesa, Stanley met Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, an officer in the service of the Khedive, who was endeavoring to make a treaty of commerce with the African monarch. The colonel impressed Stanley as an extremely well-informed, energetic traveller. They parted, the colonel on his return to Egypt. On the road he was killed, with thirty-six of his followers, by a tribe of Africans. He was carrying at the time a part of Stanley's narrative, which was subsequently recovered and sent to London, stained with the colonel's blood. There was a temptation to shoot the hippopotami—animals that would make rare sport in a boat made for killing them, but not in the *Lady Alice*, whose frail sides would fare hardly before their iron-hard ivory tusks. He heard also of the Susa district, where there are hills which spout smoke—a region like our Yellowstone. But it was fifteen days distant, and could not be visited. It was a gray, cheerless, raw morning when home came in view, the camp at Kagehyi, and Stanley sailed merrily on, his people firing guns, waving flags, and shouting. As the keel grounded, "over fifty men bounded to the water," he writes, "dragged me from the boat, and danced me round camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of forms, and Saxon hurrahing."

So ended the exploration of Victoria N'yanza, and, after war and tempest, Stanley was back again, the second part of his task done—enough to have justified his return

home. This exploration is one of the most important contributions ever made to African geography. The journey, not including the second expedition to Bumbireh, which came later, was done in fifty-eight days, and over a thousand miles of shore were surveyed. On reaching Kagehyi, Stanley learned that another of his white men, Frederick Barker, had died. Frederick's death took place on April 23, 1875, from a congestive chill. The day before his death he had been out on the lake shooting hippopotami, and on his return was stricken with a chill, from which he never rallied. Stanley speaks of him as a man of gentleness, honesty, and politeness, "mettlesome and manly," who did his part in the long march from Zanzibar like a hero. Barker's death reduced the white force to two men, Francis Pocock and Stanley.

One of the results of this expedition was a serious illness to Stanley, which happily passed away. Having surveyed Victoria N'yanza, Stanley marched forth to do the same office for Albert N'yanza, and with him this time he had 2000 of Mtesa's soldiers, under the command of a worthless general named Sambuzi. Stanley's own idea was that to make the march to Albert N'yanza, and protect himself while he was exploring, he should have a large army—50,000 or 60,000 men. The work would require two months; the journey would be through a difficult country. Mtesa thought otherwise, and gave Stanley 2000 men, under the command of Sambuzi. The march from Victoria to Albert was interesting. There was pleasant land, and game—"twenty-seven hartebeests falling victims." He passed "the king of mountains, Gambaragara," which reaches from 13,000 to 15,000 feet above the



AUDIENCE HALL OF MTESA'S PALACE.



ocean. This mountain is inhabited by a people of European complexion. Stanley had heard of this white tribe while with Livingstone; now he saw half a dozen of them. He found them a handsome race—the women beautiful, their hair kinky, and inclined to brownish color, with regular features and thin lips; the noses were thick at the point. Of the history of this phenomenal tribe all that Stanley could learn

and the story of Adam and Eve's expulsion from Paradise blended into one. In this legend, Eve, who lived on an island, and knew of the existence of a precious fountain, was warned not to tell any one. But there came an evil spirit, to whom she told the secret, and the fountain resented the profanation by bursting forth and covering the earth with a sea. When Adam returned, wife and home and fountain had all gone,



THE SPIRIT LAND, LAKE TANGANIKA.

was that for centuries it had lived on the land around the base of the mountain, taking shelter in the cold and snow of its summit whenever the invader came. Only two years before, Mtesa had endeavored to conquer the people with a large army; but they retreated into their snowy fastness, and Mtesa fell back, as Napoleon did before the snow and ice of Russia. Stanley's expedition came within three miles of Albert N'yanza, but the natives were hostile, and Sambuzi with his 2000 men became nervous, and wanted to go home; so they turned around and marched home again. If Sambuzi had allowed Stanley to build a fenced camp and explore the lake, the work would have been done, and the exploration of the Albert would have been added among his trophies to that of the Victoria.

In August, 1876, Stanley was back in his old town of Ujiji, sacred to him by memories of Livingstone, and preparing to grapple with the problem of Tanganika. There were errors to be corrected—errors on the part of Cameron and Livingstone as to the extent and value of the lake. There are two legends, discovered on the lake, which may be of value in a historical and religious point of view. In one we have the story of the deluge, or rather the deluge

and only the sea remained. The other legend was that of the deluge also. The name Tanganika alone has significance—the Plain Lake—showing the existence of a tradition that once there was a plain, and that the plain had been covered by a sea. Stanley believes that Lake Tanganika is now in one of those geological processes which science attributes to remote ages, that the waters are gaining rapidly on the land, that some islands had been formed and others submerged. There were vast growths of papyrus, so that it was difficult to tell land from water. Not long since the natives of the country gathered from the surface of the lake in the vicinity of Ujiji lumps of "some strange dark substance," which proved to be asphaltum. The natives called it, in their odd fashion, "discharge of lightning." Stanley could discover no bed of asphaltum, no supply that would justify these floating deposits. His theory is that it must have escaped through some vent in the bed of the Tanganika. All the evidence confirms his theory of the geological convulsion, and at a time so recent that those who know the geological periods might be able to assign a limit to this extraordinary phenomenon of nature.

Beyond this there was nothing discovered





THE "HIGH PLACES" OF THE SPIRIT MTOMBWA—VIEW OF MTOMBWA URUNGU, LAKE TANGANIKA.

in the circumnavigation of Tanganika except the fact that it was an interesting if not altogether a useful body of water. The main result of the voyage was to carry out, and in the main confirm, the valuable work of Cameron—a traveller of whom Stanley always speaks in commendation—and dispel the theory which Livingstone cherished, that it was one of the sources of the Nile.

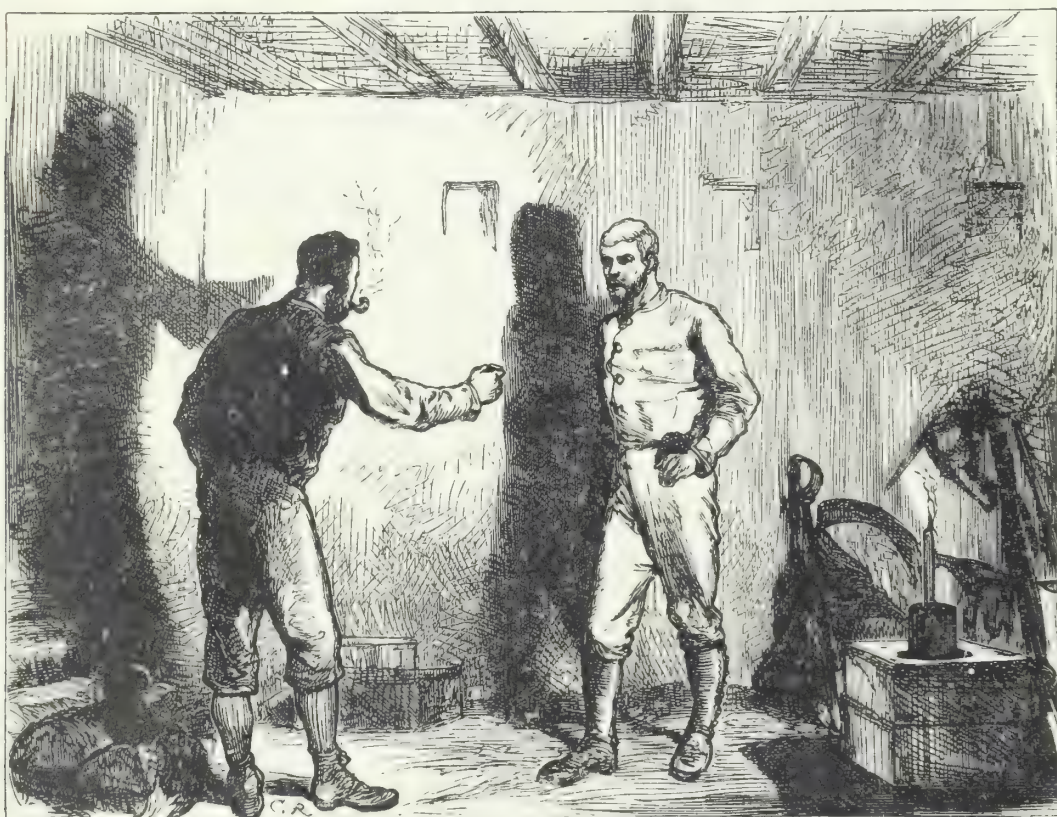
It was while on this expedition that Stanley discovered the Alexandra N'yanza and the Alexandra Nile. This lake and the river are only a part of the extraordinary water system of Equatorial Africa, which finds its outlet in these two mighty rivers, the Congo and the Nile. It was after this discovery that Stanley set himself down to decide upon his next duty. "Shall I," he



said, "search for the head of the Alexandra Nile, or shall I continue along the right bank of the Lualaba? Shall I," he continues, in a rapturous strain, "take this coy and maiden Nile fountain by surprise where she first issues from her oozy bed in the angle of some dewy valley, and trace her thence through all her sportive career, amid flower-decked lakelets or the breadths of ever-vernal papyrus, or where she rushes with fresh-born vigor and youthful ardor by fragrant meads and forest-clad slopes to the three blue N'yanzas, to meet her kindred gathered from all parts of the compass as tribute-bearers to King Nilus, the Lord of Floods? Or shall I worship at the shrine of the ma-

seven Sniders, had declined the task?" Then the question was remitted to the sombre realm of chance. "Toss up," said Pocock; "heads for the north, tails for the south." Three times the answer came back that tails had won, and they should go to the Alexandra Nile. "Yet," said Stanley, "neither of us liked the idea of being ordered south by the fall of a dollar." The truth was that Stanley's mind was made up in spite of himself. All his courage, all his instincts, pointed to the unknown north as the true field of glory.

On the 5th of November, 1876, Stanley set out on his glorious journey—a journey the renown of which will linger through the



"HEADS FOR THE NORTH AND THE LUALABA, TAILS FOR THE SOUTH AND KATANGA."

jestic Lualaba, view with awe and reverence his broad glassy bosom, watch him unfold his strength and launch himself against rocks with angry roar until the woods and valleys resound with the name of this terrible monarch, witness him receiving his homage from other potentates of less renown, and follow his waves through the dark unknown land to where he finally discharges his flood into the ocean?" Never was a more momentous problem discussed by an explorer. It haunted him day and night. He discussed it with Frank Pocock at many an evening camp-fire. There were cannibals to be considered, for an exploration of the Lualaba meant an invasion of the cannibal country. "Would it be possible," Stanley and Pocock asked themselves, "with twenty-three Sniders and thirty-one muskets, to defend ourselves against the cannibals, when another explorer, with forty-

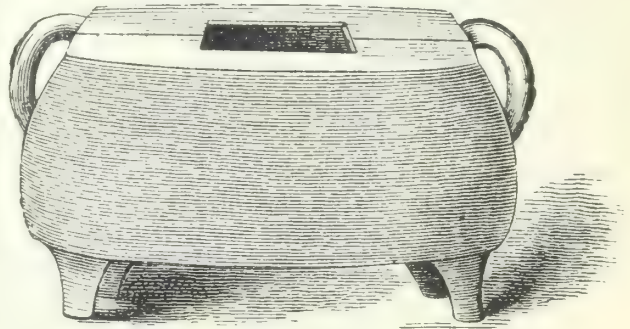
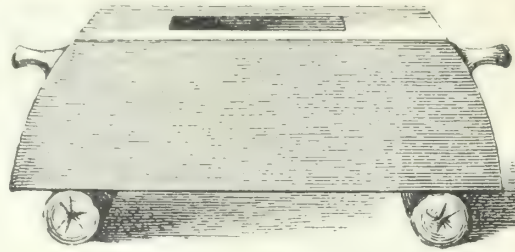
ages, and dwell in many a song and story. He had been already two years in Africa, and his forces had been sadly diminished. Pestilence and battle had done their work. All his white associates were dead but Pocock, and Pocock was soon to die. He recruited his expedition to one hundred and forty rifles and seventy spears, and took supplies for six months. "It must be a very strong tribe indeed," he thought, "that can drive us back now." "I propose," he continues, "to stick to the Lualaba, come fair or come foul fortune or misfortune." While preparing for this journey he made inquiries about his old master and friend Livingstone, whose memory he ever holds in affectionate remembrance, and whose name he proposed to give to one of the great rivers of the world. He learned that Livingstone's last days were those of a blind and infirm old man, moving aimlessly about. The weight



of years pressed on him, the shortest marches wearied him; he was ill and tired and worn, and nothing remained but his indomitable Christian courage, which taught him so to die that the story of his death is one of the noblest and saddest in history. The old man was bent on solving the problem of the Lualaba. "What, return home," he would say, "to be honored by the Queen and welcomed? Must not, can not, will not—no, no, no, no!" He meant to do his duty or die, and he did both. The work he could not finish was taken up by his disciple, and over that work his own name was to be thrown with loyal and reverent hands, and there to rest forever.

Stanley gave nine months to the exploration of the Lualaba, or rather to the Livingstone, as he called it, and as it must be called for all time. Before he went out on this mission we knew there were two rivers—the Congo and the Lualaba. We knew that the Congo ran into the Atlantic Ocean, but its source was lost in cataracts. The Portuguese were content to scatter a few settlements about its mouth, and trade for gums and ivory along its banks. But it was an unknown river beyond the cataracts. We knew there was a river in the middle of Africa called the Lualaba; we knew it had a swift current, that it was a river of large volume. But beyond that we knew nothing. Some had one theory, others had another. Livingstone was convinced that it ran into the Nile, was really the source of the Nile; and who would question even the theory of so great a master? What Stanley did was to show that the Congo and Lualaba were one and the same; that the Congo, instead of losing itself among the rapids, was to force itself into the very heart of the continent; that the Lualaba, instead of going north and submitting to the usurping waters of the Nile, was to turn to the west and force its way to the sea; that these two rivers were to disappear from the map, and be known as one river—the Livingstone; that this river was to be 2900 miles in length; that for nearly ten degrees of longitude it was to be continuously navigable; that its volume was 1,800,000 cubic feet a second; that the entire area it drains is 800,000 square miles—in other words, that here was an immense waterway 3000 miles into the centre of Africa, navigable with the exception of two breaks, which engineering science can easily surmount—a waterway into a tropical empire, rich in woods and metals and gracious soil, in fruits and grains, the sure home of a civilized empire in the years to come. As Petermann, the eminent German geographer, puts it, Stanley's work was to unite the fragments of African exploration—the achievements of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Du Chailla, Baker, Cameron, of all the heroic men who had gone before him—

into one consecutive whole, just as Bismarck united the fragments of the German people, lying about under various princes and dukes, into one grand and harmonious empire.



WAR-DRUMS OF THE TRIBES OF THE UPPER LIVINGSTONE.

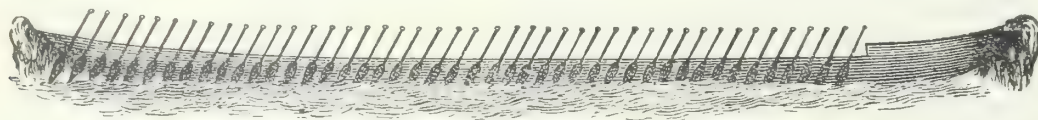
Even as Bismarck had created imperial Germany, so Stanley created geographical Africa.

There was a battle at the outset at Ruiki River, which had no special result except to show the ugly temper of the savages. Then came the first cataract—the falls of Ukassa. This seems to be a rapid current, like the first cataract of the Nile, and the boats and canoes were allowed to float over. A month was passed in these explorations, when, on December 6, Stanley came to the country of Usongora Meno, inhabited by a powerful tribe. Stanley's party was weakened by the fact that his people were suffering from small-pox. Dysentery came and ulcers, and in three days eighteen of the Arab escort died from various diseases, mainly small-pox. Stanley was 125 miles from his starting-place, with small-pox affecting seventy-two of his party, when he had another battle, the enemy coming in force, and firing poisoned arrows. Stanley made a camp, and defended his army as well as he could. "Through the night the poisoned arrows flew, and were heard tapping trees and huts most unpleasantly.....Two days and two nights we bore cruel attacks by land and water. The entire country was aroused against us. Bowmen climbed tall trees, and any person showing himself in the broad street of the little town became a target at once. We were unable to bury our dead or to attend to the delirious wounded." From this difficult position Stanley released himself by a successful night foray, cutting away the canoes of the attacking party.



This danger passed, there came one more serious in the secession of the Arab escort who joined Stanley at Nyangwé. The Arabs had enough of pestilence and war, and their enthusiasm was not sufficient to carry them into the cannibal region. So in Christmas week, on December 28, 1876, within eight weeks after setting out on his journey, Stanley was called upon to bid farewell to his escort. It was a trying time—perhaps the most critical in the history of the whole expedition. He had known battle and pestilence; now he was threatened with mutiny; and mutiny meant not alone the abandonment of his expedition, but the destruction of his command and his own destruction. Such a party could only exist in Africa under the firm discipline of a leader, and its leader could only be removed by death. At the same time all the dangers of the past, all the terrors of the unknown land, all the legends of dwarfs and cannibals, were having their effect upon the superstitious mind of the poor Africans, and the fact that Stan-

ley, "we were hunted like game; the savages seemed to think that we had no recourse left but to surrender, and be eaten at their leisure." It took him twenty-four days to fight his way through this country, over a distance of about forty-two geographical miles. It was impossible to keep to the river on account of the falls, and so the small command worked through the forests as best it could, "constructing camps by night along the line marked out during the day, cutting roads from above to below each fall, dragging our heavy canoes through the woods, while the most active of the young men, the boat's crew, repulsed the savages and foraged for food." Finally, after losing five men in the march, and cutting thirteen miles of roads through the forest, Stanley passed the last cataract, and came again to the broad and flowing river, in northern latitude  $0^{\circ} 14' 52''$ . Here another battle was to await him—this time a naval battle, the enemy coming down in fifty-four canoes. These canoes showed a higher de-



MONSTER CANOE.

ley could keep them with him, and hold them together, and carry them into the weird and lonesome wilderness, shows the possession of the highest gifts of a commander. On the 28th of December the Arabs moved away. "To the sound of the thrilling farewell song of the Wanyamwezi," said Stanley, "we took our seats, and formed a line in mid-river, my boat in front. The influence of the song, whose notes were borne in wild and weird tones across the river, proved too much for my people; they wept as though they were nearly heart-broken. 'Children of Zanzibar,' I shouted to them, 'lift up your heads; cry out, "Bismillah!" and dash your paddles into the water. Let the Wanyamwezi return to Nyangwé, and tell the tale to your friends what brave men those were who took the white man down the great river to the sea.'" So the Arabs went their way, the mutiny cloud lifted and was blown away, and the influence of the leader, who possessed that desperate courage which makes one a majority, was paramount. But we can well understand Stanley saying, "It was, nevertheless, one of the saddest days I remember to have spent in Africa."

The Arabs gone, Stanley found that his command was reduced to 146 men and women. Within a week—namely, on January 4, 1877—the expedition reached the first of a new series of cataracts. This was the country of the cannibals, in south latitude  $0^{\circ} 32' 36''$ . And here, says Stan-

ley, "we were hunted like game; the savages seemed to think that we had no recourse left but to surrender, and be eaten at their leisure." It took him twenty-four days to fight his way through this country, over a distance of about forty-two geographical miles. It was impossible to keep to the river on account of the falls, and so the small command worked through the forests as best it could, "constructing camps by night along the line marked out during the day, cutting roads from above to below each fall, dragging our heavy canoes through the woods, while the most active of the young men, the boat's crew, repulsed the savages and foraged for food." Finally, after losing five men in the march, and cutting thirteen miles of roads through the forest, Stanley passed the last cataract, and came again to the broad and flowing river, in northern latitude  $0^{\circ} 14' 52''$ . Here another battle was to await him—this time a naval battle, the enemy coming down in fifty-four canoes. These canoes showed a higher de-

gree of civilization than that of the other tribes. One of them was a monster vessel—for Central Africa at least—with eighty oarsmen, and paddles eight feet long, spear-headed. The top of each paddle shaft was adorned with an ivory ball. In this naval attack Stanley calculated there must have been two thousand men, and his theory is that it was not one tribe, but a federation of tribes, who heard of his coming, and had prepared this enormous force. The savages were flushed with the assurance of an easy victory, and rushed upon him, the big monster launching a spear. In a second his party were almost surrounded, "and clouds of spears hurtled and hissed for a short time—say, for ten minutes." But spears tipped with ivory, and pointed with iron blades, were of little avail against Stanley's elephant rifles and his own unerring aim, and the enemy departed in alarm and with great loss. Stanley landed and pursued them, and sacked their villages. He discovered a quantity of ivory. "There was an ivory temple, a structure of solid tusks surrounding an idol," ivory logs, war-horns, mallets, and wedges, all of ivory; ivory pestles for the grinding of cassava, and before the house of the chief a veranda made of ivory posts. Stanley allowed his men to gather ivory to the value of eighteen thousand dollars in European markets, which he gave them as prize-money. In this battle he happily lost only one man, making sixteen altogether of

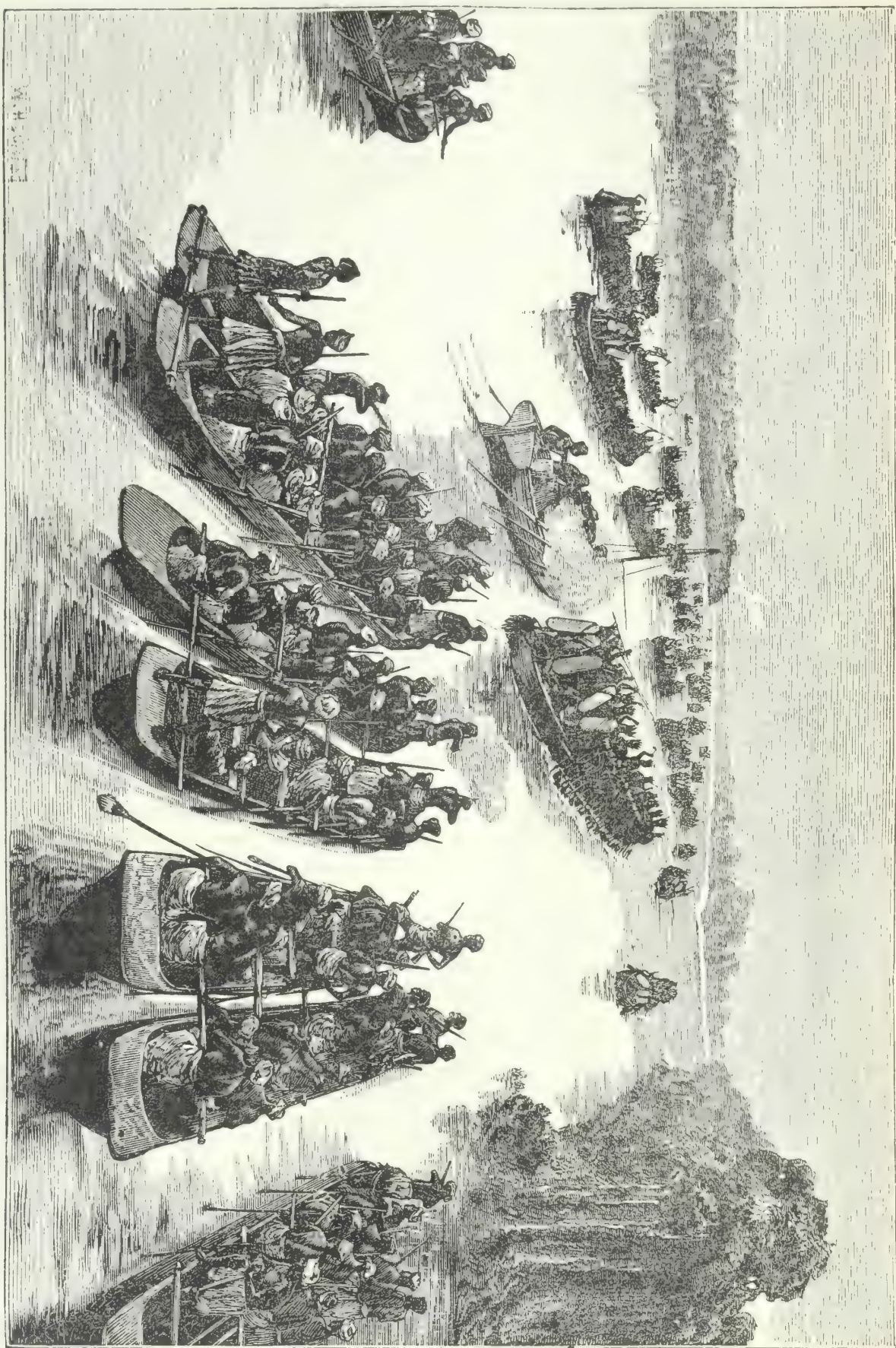


his Zanzibar force since leaving Nyangwé. But in a force so small, and so far from home, sixteen men was a severe loss indeed.

Then came brighter days. The expedition was in need of food. It had already

er way of designation—Stanley came to a chief who was so civil that he almost crushed his hand, “making him hop, out of pure love.” This chief allowed him to remain three days and buy supplies. He here learn-

THE FIGHT BELOW THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUWIMI AND THE LIVINGSTONE RIVERS.



seen twenty-six battles, and for all that Stanley could know, every step was war. But one morning, in north latitude  $1^{\circ} 40'$ , and east longitude  $23^{\circ}$ —we name the latitude and longitude because there is no oth-

ed that the river was called, even in native dialect, the river of Congo. On the 14th of February Stanley was assailed by another tribe, who came to meet him in sixty-three light canoes, the natives gorgeous in brass



decorations, with head-dresses of the skins of white goats. This battle lasted from noon until near sunset, during which Stanley's men landed, took a village, and burned it. On another occasion there was a battle, near Ikengo, when the party, while stopping in the woods to cook breakfast, were attacked. There would have been other battles but for patience, tact, and stern justice. What Stanley had to dread was that quarrels would arise out of pilfering. So when he left Nyangwé he issued orders that whoever "molested a native, or appropriated any thing without just return, would be delivered up to native law, the punishment of which would be certain death or eternal servitude." Even this order did not deter Stanley's men from their propensities, and it was not a valid order until he delivered over to the natives five of his men who were culprits. It must not be supposed that war marked all the steps of the march. Wise and firm diplomacy had its effects. Many tribes were met where kindness changed a suspicious and menacing attitude to sincere friendship and open, candid conduct. "Many tribes," says Stanley, "have on my departure implored me to return soon, and have accompanied me long distances, as though loath to part with me. Others, in their desire to see their friend again, have brought their medicines and idols before me, and conjured me by their sacred character to tell their white brothers how glad they would be to see them, and trade with them, and make eternal friendship with them; and one king, whose friendship must be secured before any explorer can enter the Livingstone Basin, outdid me in generosity with such delicacy and tact that I looked upon him and still regard him as a phenomenon of benignity."

The war troubles at an end, others remained even more fatal than those of war. It was necessary, in the eighteen hundred miles from Nyangwé to the ocean, to pass fifty-seven water-falls and rapids. After the river reached fourteen hundred miles on its journey to the sea, it narrowed and ran through close-meeting uprising banks of naked cliffs, or steep slopes of mountains fringed with tall woods. Here the river was as rough and stormy as a sea, sometimes a steep glassy fall, sometimes boiling around isles of stone and boulders, sometimes whirlpools and caldrons, the air filled with a roar like that of Niagara. This part of the journey, although not more than one hundred and eighty miles, required five months to make. Stanley, looking back, regards the attempt as insanity. But he had resolved to cling to the river, and not to leave it until it bore him, whether over smooth beaches or stony boulders, to the sea. If he had gone around the cataract region in a land march, he would have lessened his journey, avoided fearful hardships,

and saved lives. But this knowledge he bought for himself and for mankind by experience. Hard as was the task, it was better done in this way; otherwise there would have been a further mystery. As it is, we now know every mile of the river from the source to the mouth. But the perils of these falls were the severest of the trip, and it was here that he lost Kalulu, the faithful black boy whom he found in Livingstone days and educated in England, and, more than all, his last remaining white associate, Frank Pocock.

Pocock, whose brother died in the N'yanza regions, seems to have been a fine character. What won him in Stanley's eyes was his gentleness and patient temper, his industry, cheerfulness, and that "tender love" for his leader which Stanley seems to have inspired in his followers. There was added to this a modest piety and cheerful trust in Providence. He believed in his work, and in the anxious days before the expedition started, when its fate was submitted to the toss of a silver coin, Pocock always seconded the boldest resolutions of his chief. He was a brave man, "too brave, alas!" says Stanley, "and had a strange contempt for the terrors of a river, having been a Medway fisherman from his boyhood." In the earlier days of the march Pocock's feet became disabled from walking without shoes; the rocks and thorns chafed them, and ulcers formed, and he was compelled to go in a hammock. On the 3d of June, 1877, in the eighth month of the expedition, Stanley endeavored to pass the Massassa Falls. He discovered while on his way that, instead of being falls, they were whirlpools, the water shooting off as from the cone of a hill to all sides. The watery hill subsided only to return again, the waters whirling around and around, faster and faster, wider and wider, until the whole river seemed to be one whirling, seething sea. Stanley saved his boat by a miracle, and, leaving orders to Pocock that he must superintend the movement of the goods and material, and come on by hammock-bearers, kept on to the camp, where he was to have interviews with the kings of Zingha. "I was seated on the rocks about three in the afternoon," says Stanley, "field-glass in hand, looking up this terrible river, exceedingly anxious, for this was the first time I had permitted any person but myself to lead the way down its wild water." Something dark and long was seen in the waves—a capsized canoe, with several men clinging to it. Stanley sent a party of relief, and out of the eleven men in the boat eight were saved. The other three, and among them Pocock, were carried into the whirlpool and drowned. Pocock, although lame, insisted upon going in the canoe. He did not wish to be carried, he said, and in spite of his





FRANK POCOCK.

master's orders, and from a contempt of river perils which he had learned on the gentle Medway, embarked on the canoe. "You could not have counted ten," said the cockswain, Uledi, in reporting to Stanley, "before we were all sorry. The cruel water caught us and whirled us around, and shot us here, and shot us there, and the noise was fearful." Pocock, although an expert swimmer, was lame from his diseased feet, and made insensible by some blow against a boulder, was caught in the whirlpool. Twenty miles below, his body was seen floating down the river, his white skin "a wonder and a terror to the tribes, and then his remains were seen no more." Pocock died within two hundred miles of the sea.

It was the 3d of June when this great disaster befell Stanley, this removal of the one man whom he trusted. Of the other incidents of his journey we have not time to speak. After passing all the cataracts but five, Stanley resolved to abandon the river and march to the coast by land. The penalties of his clinging to the river were, as he summed them up, the death of Pocock, along with fifteen of his people; the loss of the eighteen thousand dollars' worth of ivory, twelve canoes; "a mutiny of my command, the almost total ruin of my expedi-

tion," "and a wearing anxiety which has made me an old man in my thirty-fifth year."

But the long march was soon to end. Stanley, having battled with tempest, disease, and armed enemies, now came to a halt, and sent a messenger for relief. Already he was within easy marches of the sea, within four days of Embomma. His small army had been reduced to 115 souls. His message was "to any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma." "We are now," he wrote, "in a state of imminent starvation." "The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying." "For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuit by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you, on my own behalf, that you will send a small supply." "You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person who discovered Livingstone in 1871." This was on August 6, 1877, and in two days supplies arrived. The letter fell into the hands of A. Motta Viegua and J. W. Harrison, whose names are worthy of remembrance, and Stanley wrote, in an ecstacy of delight, over "the rice, the fish, and the rum," the "wheat bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, beer (ye gods, just think of it!), three bottles of pale ale, besides tea and sugar!"



"The people cry out joyfully, while their mouths are full of rice and fish, 'Verily our master has found the sea and his brothers, but we did not believe him until he showed to us the rice and the rum.'" "It will be the study of my lifetime," continued Stanley, "to remember my feelings of gratefulness when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor faithful and brave people cried out, 'Master, we are saved—food is coming!' The old and the young, the men, women, and children, lifted their weary and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporized song in honor of the white people of the great salt sea who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue despite all my attempts at composure." This closed the journey, which, beginning at Nyangwé, November 5, 1876, lasted nine months and one day.

So there was the sea at last, the welcome sea; and to these tired and sorely smitten heroes it was a true haven of rest. Of Stanley's reception on the Continent and in England this is not the time to speak. His work was done, and in important respects no finer bit of work has been done even in this daring age. This work opens new fields of missionary labor, new channels of

trade. Already English Christians have sent ambassadors to carry the word of God to Mtesa. Already the keen and unpausing Church of Rome has sent French priests to follow in Stanley's path, and plant the banner of the cross on the shores of the N'yanzas and the Livingstone. Already merchants and traders are planning caravan routes and trading posts, and soon we shall have steady currents of trade from Ujiji to Zanzibar, and from Nyangwé to Embomma. The possibilities of Africa are made known to us, and the fancy is bewildered as we think what may be done with a country so rich in land, timber, and metals, served by two such rivers as the Nile and the Livingstone, habited by a gentle, docile people, more amenable to civilization than any other savage race we have known. Already the nations are scheming for new fields of sovereignty. Belgium, under its king, proposes settlements on the N'yanzas. Portugal is pushing its dominions from the Atlantic Ocean along the Livingstone. England, which denied Stanley her flag, now aims to throw that flag over his discoveries. Taking it in all its aspects, therefore, we think there has been no finer bit of work in this century, and the memory of it the world will not soon let die.

## BUTTER STORES IN PARIS.

WHILE waiting for our breakfast one morning in a *crémèrie* in Paris much frequented by foreigners, my friend Madame B—— said, "I can point you out every American breakfasting here."

I looked around at the people seated at the different tables, and wondered if she were speaking seriously. In these days when fashion reduces costume and coiffure to such uniformity, and when the blood of every civilized race is mixed to a great extent with that of every other, distinguishing nationality at sight appeared to me impossible. I asked my friend her secret.

"Oh, it is no secret," she replied, smiling. "I don't pretend to tell except when they are taking breakfast. *They all put salt on their butter.*"

"Your acuteness applies only to breakfast, then," I said. "At dinner it would not serve you, I suppose." I said this in a kind of savage way, having the common weakness that makes all people abroad defend their countrymen.

"No," she said; "we never put butter on the dinner table"—a fact I had at the moment forgotten.

It is true that the only salted butter you ever find in Paris is the American butter (*beurre américain*), but there this is used only for cooking, and is never sold in butter stores, but in groceries. It is our common tub

butter. The French butter, the finest possible product of its kind, is sold in the butter stores scattered all over the city, which furnish nothing but dairy products and eggs. These stores are generally models of order and neatness. Young girls or women in snowy caps and aprons, courteous and obliging, serve the customers, while a responsible-looking matron sits at the desk, supervising the business and keeping the books. In Paris women seem to have monopolized the occupation of book-keeping.

One of the butter stores of Paris I remember especially, and will briefly describe it. It was near the grand market (La Halle). The large window on the right of the entrance always contained a large loosely arranged bouquet of fresh flowers, apparently gathered from some rural garden. There was nothing else in the window except a glass-covered stand containing Bondon cheeses and the *double crème suisse*. Inside, there was a long horseshoe counter or table, where eggs and cheese were sold, and on either side marble tables, each containing about four huge masses of butter, shaped like an inverted butter firkin. Over each mass was hung a delicate silver wire about two feet long, both ends terminating in a piece of cork. With this wire the saleswoman would cut, almost always exactly, any amount ordered, from a *demi-quart* (half



a quarter) to a pound. It being a costly product, and always purchased daily, small quantities are the rule. To separate the quantity ordered, lay it on a square of delicate white paper on the little scales, weigh it, pinch the corners of the paper together, and place it on the cool lettuces in your basket, is the work of a very few seconds with these expert sales-women. Lettuces you would be sure to have in your basket, for no one goes to market in Paris without buying them, they are so crisp and fresh; and naturally you would purchase butter after every thing else, that it might reach home in the freshest possible state.

In a Paris butter store there is no need of tasting or smelling the butter; buy the highest or even the next to the highest price, and the quality is sure to be perfect, having that exquisite color, texture, and sweet-clover aroma possible only to the very best. Salt lessens or destroys this aroma in a very short time, and is not necessary as a preservative, for the butter is made every day. Ten years ago the Paris price of the finest butter was about forty cents a pound; during the siege it was sold at forty francs, and was scarce enough at that.

One thing sure to surprise the American in Paris is the almost endless variety of the cheese. Here, our only idea of that article is generally the huge "factory cheese" of the groceries. It has no special name, cheese to the average citizen meaning this only. He has to taste it before daring to buy it, for the name conveys little notion of its flavor or quality, and it may be mild or strong, rich or poor, though the price is the same. In Paris no one dreams of tasting cheese when buying it. It is *Brie*, *Bondon*, *Neufchatel*, *Gruyère*, *Rochefort*, etc., the name indicating exactly what it is. Cheese-making in France seems to be one of the exact sciences. A description of some of the ordinary cheeses of France can not be without interest to our people, because several of them are beginning to be introduced here.

The cheapest and most extensively used is the *fromage de Brie*, so named from the place where it is made. It is about two feet in diameter, and scarcely an inch thick. It is high-flavored, and soft enough to be spread readily upon bread. Its odor has a faint resemblance to Limburger—very faint indeed, for it is excellent, and Americans do not have to learn to like it.

The *Bondon* is snowy white, rather dry and crumbling, and a little like our "Dutch" or "cottage" cheese, but very much superior. It is very mild, and much relished by children and those having delicate appetites. In shape it is a little cylinder about two inches in diameter and three inches high. The *double crème suisse* (double Swiss cream) has the same form as the *Bondon*, but is so soft that it has to be kept togeth-

er and in shape by a band of thick white paper. It is very creamy and rich in taste, but very delicate both in odor and flavor.

The *Neufchatel* is also a little cylinder, and is one of the most renowned of the French cheeses; for it is not made in Neufchatel in Switzerland, but in Neufchatel-en-Bray, chief town in the arrondissement of the Lower Seine. Something by the same name is made in this country. It is sold in some of the fancy groceries of New York and Philadelphia. Occasionally the real article is found. It is known by its odor, which, like the *Brie*, contains just a hint of Limburger. Americans soon become exceedingly fond of it. The imitation is entirely lacking in the fine odor and rich flavor of the real *Neufchatel*.

The *Gruyère* is a Swiss cheese, and comes from Neufchatel in Switzerland. The French do not seem to be very fond of it. We are well acquainted with this cheese in this country; it is the *Schweitzer Käse*, or Swiss cheese, of our city groceries. A great deal of it is made in this country, but it may be distinguished from the real article by a sickishly sweet taste; also by the cells, which in the real are larger and contain more liquid.

The *Rochefort* is the only French cheese, so far as I know, that resembles ours in form, being evidently pressed in a hoop. It is not considered ripe for the table until clouded throughout with green mould. Some prefer it very slightly, others very densely, mouldy; but mouldy in some degree it must be. I have often accompanied a French lady in Paris in a long search for *Rochefort* of just the desired degree of mouldiness.

Eggs in Paris are always sorted according to size and freshness. The largest and costliest are in great demand for eating from the shell. They are called, indeed, in the stores, *œufs à la coque*. The next in price are the medium-sized; then there are the little ones, generally used in omelets. Hard-boiled eggs being in great demand for salads in France and Italy, are in both countries sold in great quantities; but in Italy you will find the yolks soft, the Italians using them for salads in that state.

## MEETING.

FROM THE SPANISH.

MANY years have floated by  
Since we parted, she and I.  
Now together here we stand,  
Eye to eye and hand to hand.

I can hear her trembling sighs,  
See the sweetness in her eyes.  
Silently I hold and press  
Her soft hand with tenderness.

Silence, who shall fathom thee?  
Who reveal the mystery  
Hidden between loving eyes,  
Burning hands, and answering sighs?

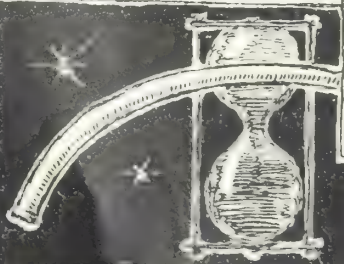
BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
LIB.





## THE BELLMAN

ALONG & Darke & Silent Night  
 With My Lantern & My Light,  
 And My tinkling of My Bell,  
 Thus I walke & Thus I Telle. \*



Death & Dreadfullnesse Call On,  
 To My Gen'ral Session;  
 To whose Dismall Barre Wee There  
 All Accountts must Come to Cleere.  
 Scores of Sins We have made Here Many  
 Wipe out few GOD knowes if Any.

Rise Ye Debtors, Then & Falle  
 To make Payment while I Calle  
 Pender Thys when I am Gone  
 By My Clocke its almost One





TEUTONIC REGIONS IN NEW YORK—HOT SUMMER NIGHT.

## NEW YORK IN SUMMER.

IN high summer, as every one knows, aristocratic New York, to a woman, goes out of town. When the dogstar rages, its blight falls upon all the wealthy portion of the city, and the "ribbon of respectability"—the narrow tract from Thirty-fourth Street to Fifty-ninth, between Fourth and Sixth avenues—becomes a sort of brown-stone Baalbec, a brick and cobble-stone Sahara. The noonday sun pours down on a waste of veiled and shuttered house fronts, "blind with excess of light," which give no sign of human life or interest. The ordinary traffic rattles or lumbers through the broader streets as usual, but stirs no answering echo. Save for this, stillness reigns. Even the milkman betrays the humor of the time in a mild misanthropy, as he drops from house to house the sky-blue pittance which

supplies the Milesian breakfast, and tempers the energy of his matutinal war-whoop to the scale of his custom. In the sultry twilight evenings the quiet deepens. No figure meets the eye but the sentimental policeman breathing into Bridget's too-receptive ear his last whispered edition of the "Idyls of the Area." No sound strikes the ear save perhaps a gentle preliminary *roulade* from the feline troubadour, as he daintily picks his way across the road, whisking a meditative tail, and humming over the fuller gamut of his guttural serenade for the evening. The scene suggests the desolation of plague-stricken Milan or the unearthly calm of the summer midnight streets in high latitudes. Even the sporadic boarding-houses which break the desolation of the side streets rather intensify the solitude by contrast. The groups of guests who bar-nacle the front balcony and door-steps are



pathetic rather than cheering in the factitious gayety which veils their unspoken protest against their incongruous position. At the club windows during the day the few members not on watering-place duty sit in sulks and seersucker, cooling themselves with all artistic appliances, telling over for the hundredth time their threadbare club stories, and watching with a plaintive perseverance which hopes against hope for the pretty girls who never go by. In the swell Broadway shops the clerks, with an expression of settled sorrow on their features, lean languidly against the counters, or hand down with a lofty indifference the small wares required by their rural customers. Clearly New York is out of town. The social edifice pines, not because, in popular phrase, "the bottom has dropped out," but because the top has come off. Somehow there seems an amazing amount of life left, notwithstanding. With the temporary removal of the social upper crust, the body of the pie begins to bloom, and the democratic blackbird to chirp and warble with unwonted gayety. Step two paces aside from the "ribbon" aforesaid, and we see that, after all, there is a stay-at-home club of some nine hundred and fifty thousand members still on hand, undismayed by the absence of its class-leaders, and bent on enjoying itself. There is no apparent lessening in the tide of business activity down town, nor the swarming life of the east and west districts. At night especially, in the welcome leisure of the tepid twilight, the Teutonic regions of Rivington Street, the Oriental vistas of Avenue B, and the Bowery, teem with a multifarious vitality which admits no thought of diminution. The great tenement-houses pour their tired thousands into the streets, and inundate sidewalk and roadway with a resistless bubble of babyhood. The sweltering pavements are ablaze with the dazzle of countless gas-lights and the smoky glare of the street vendors' stands. The stifling air is heavier still with the smoke of pipes and cigars, while up and down the long avenues sets the steady current of restless humanity, chaffering, chatting, flirting, and gazing, and peddlers, expressmen, market-men, and auxiliary hoodlums fill the air with every shrill semitone of chromatic discord. The asphalt-scented walks of the Central Park are literally paved with a mosaic inlaying of gay promenaders, and beleaguered with the serried battalions of the light-infantry household brigade. Tired boatmen tug at the heavy gondolas on the lake, and wake the echoes of the arched bridges with stoical iteration. Myriads of sentimental couples, in what Schiller calls "the eternal greenness of young affection," beset every bench in the Ramble, and make the by-paths impassable to a timid man with effusive and obtrusive entwinement. If the great drives no longer blaze with the splendor of the

four-in-hand, they are only the more lively with the modest wheels of the hired turnout, and the Fifth Avenue station is thronged with impatient groups awaiting their share of that poetry of motion which may be enjoyed in a Park phaeton at twenty-five cents a head.

But if the picture of New York in summer is lively, how much more so the surroundings! As has been maliciously said of the "Hub" that it is an admirable city *to hail from*, so a chief joy of Manhattan in the dog-days is getting out of it. Nor let my words meet malign interpretation. No city I know of offers such facility for pleasantly abstracting one's self for a few hours, and within the limits of prompt return, from the oppression of city environment. An ingrained tendency leads the New Yorker, in summer, seaward. He wants to "see off." The natural impulse of our kiln-dried humanity is to expand its lungs in the fresh salt air, and cool its eyes with the breezy blue of the ocean horizon. So the New Yorker takes duck-like to the water. Sooth to say, he finds plentiful opportunity. Lying, as the city does, at the converging point of a great river, a great sound, and our lovely bay, it is the most maritime of seaports, and Venice itself is hardly more completely a city of the waters. So the man of comparative leisure spends most of his summer in New York, as I said above, in getting out of it, and each of its various outlets into the temporary freedom of nature has, by the class of people it attracts, or the end to which it leads, some picturesque and distinctive features.

Summer comes gently down to us from the hills. When the first oppressive days begin, our thoughts turn riverward. We know that the coppices are lush and tender on the Haverstraw hills, lawns brilliant in velvet sheen on the slopes of Tarrytown, and the shadows cool and long beneath the mighty sides of the Dunderberg. So one fine hot morning in June we find ourselves at the Twenty-third Street Ferry with a crowd of other excursionists bound up the Hudson. We are just in time. The steamer, all a-flutter as to her promenade deck with lawn dresses, fans, and more pretty faces, sails slowly up from her down-town dock, and the monstrous machine is laid alongside the pier-head as gently as a mother would lay her infant in its cradle. A rattle of the gang-plank, a rush of the crowd, a few heavy splashes of the great wheels, and we are on our way.

What jolly places these great day boats are, to be sure!—a sort of fair-weather ark, with great shaded after promenade deck, crowded with chairs and stools; roomy saloons, with settees, sofas, more camp-stools, and a piano; and a snug corner by the pilot-house for those whose taste for scenery will





ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

stand sun and air, for windy it is even on this sultry morning. We are making our own breeze, you know, like some energetic people I have seen who manage to keep up a stir amidst the most placid surroundings. What a speed! How the great swells foam and flash off from the wheels as we lean over the afterguards, lulled by the tremulous thunder of their beat, and almost blinded by the sweet soft spray which drifts in our faces! How the bank unrolls beneath our eyes as we shoot by, and the little pleasure-boats at anchor seem to race sternward, as if suddenly instinct with life! With the tide in our favor, we are making nearly twenty miles an hour.

We give a glance as we pass into the ladies' cabin, occupied by one or two elderly females in black bombazine, and deep in cheap novels, a somnolent baby in shawls on the sofa, and a young couple from the rural districts on a bridal tour. Come forward a moment. See what a snug place the engineer has of it, with his comfortable sofas, carpets, and bouquet of flowers. How exquisitely neat the engine front, with all

its shining array of valves and rods and pistons, as bright as rubbing can make them! Stepping out on the lower forward deck, we found ourselves running through the Tappan Sea, the fresh breeze rippling the short dancing waves of the great bay, Tarrytown, Sunnyside, Forrest's castle, and all the rest of the pretty buildings of that ilk smiling in the sun on the east bank, and the distant Highlands beginning to loom faint and blue over the river reaches ahead.

On the upper deck we find matters cheerful, but staid withal; enjoyable, but proper rather than picturesque. We are still drawing off the upper strata of the social barrel, and have not yet tapped the elements of Bohemia proper. There are delicate young girls in irreproachable gloves intent on the last magazine, studious-looking elderly men glancing over proof-sheets, briefs, or newspapers, and motherly matrons gossiping about the local items of their village sojourn. Best of all, there are the pretty, arch, fascinating, and irresistible children frolicking about the saloons, coquetting



with such soft-hearted old bachelors as give heed to their sly little glances, tormenting parents and nurses for *bonbons* of ice-water, and bringing the maternal heart into the maternal throat ten times in as many minutes with their spasmodic efforts to climb over the railings. I notice, too, a good many bridal couples, copies more or less varied of the pair down stairs, distinguishable by a certain awkward absorption and affectionate watchfulness, which struggles against too evident betrayal, set off by certain little primnesses of toilet and manner which mark the newly married on their first journey; for we are on the highway to Niagara, and during early summer the great river throbs and thrills throughout its whole length with one grand fifty-thousand-palpitation-power engine of nascent connubiality.

So the time slips pleasantly by, and almost before we know it we are running past Iona Island and plunging into the gorges of the Highlands. As the boat stops at the first landing it is pleasant to watch the neat turn-outs drawn up on the wharf, and the gayly clad groups waiting to greet their friends from the city in all the pleasant excitement of their early *villeggiatura*. Presently the roof of the Riding-school peeps over the hill, and the boat runs up to the West Point pier, crowded with carriages, hotel 'busses, carts, and loungers, superintended by the languid sentries, with their painful mixture of the tide-waiter, the hotel porter, and the warrior.

Perhaps we had better get off here, for we should run some risk of missing the down boat at Newburgh, and the most characteristic scenery is passed. So, declining the attentions of the 'bus conductors, we plod up the dusty slope to the esplanade. We have not much time to spend, and it is useless to think of getting more than a glimpse of the humors of the Point. Still we can watch for a moment the variegated picture of officers, civilians, plebes, and cadets; the groups of visitors roaming about the Parade, or streaming toward the hotel; the upper-class men drilling the plebes on the parade-ground, bullying and lecturing them in funny deep bass voices of new and awkwardly worn manhood, harrowing their souls with a captious authority, the more acrid that it carries with it the suppressed bile of recent subjection. We can catch a hasty moment in the cool recesses of Lovers' Walk, haunted still with its reminiscences of sentimental warriors and giddy maidens with souls *not* "above buttons." Then an equally hasty dinner at the hotel, and then off for the boat. We shall have time for a few moments' cooling off under the great moist cliffs by the pier, watching the belated parties who come hurrying down the slope, mopping their scarlet faces, and breaking into every variety of painful trot and amble

as the sharp clang of the bell is heard behind the Point, and the *Drew* comes gliding round the curve.

As we pass Iona Island we find it swarming with holiday-makers, resonant with the crash of brass music, the pop of air-guns, the creak of swings, and the laughter and screams of frolicsome young folks. Just below we meet another installment in a great two-decked barge, drawn by a wheezy tug; for the island is the picnic ground for the whole river-side, with "groves" advertised in all the bar-rooms, and which the inroads of these cheerful vandals have made as unlike nature's temples as possible. As we run out into Tappan Sea the breeze freshens, whisking away newspapers, veils, and straw hats, and getting up a chopping sea which really makes the bay deserve its name. In the golden light the villages on the east bank stand out in startling distinctness. We can see the Tarrytown road, and pick out, or fancy we can, the very spot where poor André met his fatal check. Nor does it require any great imagination to picture to ourselves Irving sitting dreamily on his emerald lawn at Sunnyside, or Willis travelling down the Idlewild road on that wonderful steed which, in life or in print, he never could get along without. But the swift boat leaves us little time for associations, and whisks us on to ever new suggestion. Soon we run through a fleet of trading schooners bowling away across the stream, every thing braced taut, sharp in the wind's eye, as different as possible from the languid, purposeless machines we passed this morning drifting up with the tide. We meet long slender tug-boats—often well-known old river favorites, degraded to this menial office—wearily panting up stream with endless "tows" of canal-boats and rafts. How irresistibly they suggest people we have known, brilliant and admired in youth, forced to drag out their later days handicapped with their own mistakes, the lengthening chain of their own faults, or the misconceptions and ill-will of others!

Presently a shrill whistle under our counter startles our attention, and with a white flash and sparkle a steam-yacht about as big as a wherry darts past us, a graceful little thing, with miniature masts and smoke funnel and cabin all complete, the owner with a gay party of friends waving smiling salutes to us as they wind round the bend. Soon the river narrows again. As we wind past Yonkers a shore train shoots out from its tunnel at the foot of the slope with a sharp scream of defiance, and for a few minutes we race "nip and tuck," with seemingly even chances for either. But the train has it; and, like a great many-jointed rattler as it is, its sinuous length shoots into another tunnel far ahead and disappears.

And now we run under the shadow of the



Palisades. The bustle of river traffic increases, and before long we catch glimpses of the distant spires of the town. As we steam by Fort Washington we see the Pleasant Valley boat putting across for one of the first "sociables" of the season at Fort Lee. We might run across there some afternoon, but perhaps it is hardly worth while. There is fun enough, such as it is, in the noisy taverns of the place. But the company is very "mixed," the merriment—so they say—of the rudest kind, and not infrequently the Achilles and Hector of the company come to ultra-Homeric arbitrament with fists and beer bottles. As a fertile field for "rows,"

the island of '78, his stump tail vibrating and his ears quivering with a puzzled interest in the change which has come over his childhood's surroundings. For Coney Island, like most things with vitality in them, is *parvenu*. It can't strictly be said to have any history. If it has, I don't know it, nor do I care. Like the Democratic Convention where no man needed a longer record than twenty-four hours, Coney Island needs no past; it can stand squarely on to-day. Some one once called it a great exclamation point. But the joke was as false in etymology as poor in taste. There is nothing *ex* about it; it is intensely present, and



VIEW FROM THE PAVILION, CONEY ISLAND.

the Pleasant Valley, spite of all its pleasantness, is reputed a good place to keep away from.

And now, as the whizzing steam-pipe tells us that we are at Twenty-third Street again, we will make a rush for the shore, catch a bobtail car, and hurry for home and supper, while we plan over the next excursion.

As to what that shall be there can be but one word—Coney Island.

Old inhabitants are supposed to feel a lively interest in the prosperity of their native spot, and atlas vignettes represent "Lo, the poor Indian," standing on a cliff, gazing over a vast complex of civilization—bridges, railways, steamers, cities, and what not—awe-struck at the achievements of the encroaching white man. I can't help pleasing myself with the fancy of a venerable buck rabbit, one of the "original settlers," sitting reflectively on a sand-hill, staring at

actual—a palpable and very arenarious fact. It is, socially and politically, already one of the most important *burrows* in the State, and likely to be more so. An ingenious philosopher has pointed out that admirable order of Providence which makes great rivers to run by great cities. The same beneficent prevision has set New York in the neighborhood of Coney Island, to grow with its growth, revel in its delights, and rest in its—no, *not* rest in its shade! not that!

The worst of the matter is, it is getting fashionable. Perverse encroachment of the great ones of the earth, who can't rest content with their own delicate fare, but yearn for a sup of their neighbor's black broth so soon as they see him smack his lips over it! A year or two ago Coney Island was *sui generis*, racy with a flavor of its own—the people's watering-place, in the fullest sense. But it was *too* good.

The "upper classes" patronize it; and



since Manhattan Beach and respectability have come in, it needs no Cassandra vision to foretell the transformation of the picturesque resort of old times. And before all the picturesqueness is gone we will hurry for our share.

"Rockaway Beach, Sir! This way, Sir."  
"Coney Island, right away, Sir." "Day boat for Newburgh coming up now, Sir."  
What a cross-fire of solicitation the "touts"

vociferously gleeful at getting safely on board, and with a mighty capacity for agglomerating camp-stools whereon to deposit their small luggage. Next a triad of Jewish sewing-women, the elder broad and "cushiony," with that overflowing adiposity which marks the Hebrew female of middle age, radiant in showy scarf, rings, and chains, and beaming all over with an unctuous good nature, which we somehow mysteriously feel

must have an intimate relation with her avoirdupois. The younger two are chatty, and rather pretty; not altogether irreproachable as to hands, cuffs, collars, and chignon, but with fine aquiline features, which have not yet had time to grow coarse, and luminous melancholy dark eyes, which would almost lift dirt and vulgarity into the realms of the poetical. They carry very gingerly a large bundle in a blue checked handkerchief, out of which awful and mysterious developments may be expected about lunch-time. Next come panting aboard an honest



A LITTLE FUN IN SPITE OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

from the different steamers keep up as we walk down the blistering pier, bewildered by their officious talk and clamorous "chaff," and no little puzzled by the three or four steamers fuming away at the pier end! With a little pains we find the right one, walk aboard, and settle ourselves on the forward deck as usual, for on these sweltering days the only air to be had comes in front. Comfortable as we are here, it is pleasant, on the Lucretian principle, to watch the uncomfortable and heated people who come straggling down the pier. The first party who take their places beside us are a young couple from the working classes: the girl—a shop-girl, probably—neat and trim, though decidedly inexpensive, in her freshly starched gown and Attlebury jewelry; the man, a heavy-built young artisan, rather *guindé* in his Sunday coat and gorgeous green satin neck-tie. Then comes a family of hard-featured women of the Milesian pattern—servants out for a holiday—

German family—two or three stolid-looking men, with red faces and straw-colored whiskers, and a matronly Hausfrau, *plus* two or three broad-beamed, well-fed little Fritzes and Gretels, the funniest reproduction in small of their full-blown elders. Then, heralded by the incense of bad cigars, with much switching of canes and loud talk and profanity, straggles in a group of perhaps the most unrefreshing class in our urban population this side the Tombs—the genuine, unadulterated hoodlum, from eighteen to twenty years old seemingly, pale and sickly of feature, half grown and half educated, sharp but silly, weak but depraved, cowardly and cruel. Altogether, with their obtrusive swagger and vulgarity, they form about as offensive a party as could be imagined, only to be paralleled by the finer specimens of the same order—the scamps and bullies, the "horsey" men and blacklegs, who are bragging, betting, treating, and bantering about the lager-beer



stand on the main-deck. And then, as the last clang of the bell summons the laggards, a mixed crowd comes pouring over the gang-plank, where modifications of the types aforesaid are blended with a mass of plain but respectable people, without very noticeable features. As the plank is hauled in, two or three youths, laughing and cheering each other on, leap the widening gulf of foaming water between the boat and pier, and at last we are off. The same scenes are repeated at the wharves on the way down town; and when at last we push off from the Battery, the little steamer is groaning and careening with a multitude twice as great as she has any business to carry.

Make way, though, for the musicians—the tall dark lad who plays the harp, the little saturnine fellow with the fiddle, and the jolly bald-headed Frenchman who carries around the hat, his shining Provençal face aglow with good humor, chaffing and joking as he threads his way about the crowded deck, cheerful and humorous when he gets a nickel, and almost as much so when he gets none. I don't greatly affect popular music, but there is a fitness in things, after all. Amid these fresh, breezy surroundings, all affected elegancies of upper-tendom laid aside—all agog for the beach and a day's fun—I have fancied a pathos in "Sweet Spirit," a rollicking friskiness in the "Mulligan Guards," and a delicate satire and humor in "Pull down the Blinds," of which those much-played melodies are not usually thought capable. And while we listen, and the crowd jokes and laughs, and the fiddlers fiddle, and the roughs down stairs drink and tell stories, the little boat speeds on her way. As we pass the great National steamer, the *Spain*, slowly moving up the bay, her smoke-stacks frosted with the salt spray of a rough passage, and her decks actually black with passengers, the captain from the bridge lifts his gold-laced cap, and our whistle returns a sharp salute, while both boats break out in a roar of cheers, and blossom with fluttering handkerchiefs. Running past Bedloe's Island we catch ourselves wondering how tall the great "Liberty" statue will look when it is set up, and wishing that M. Bartholdi and our French cousins had

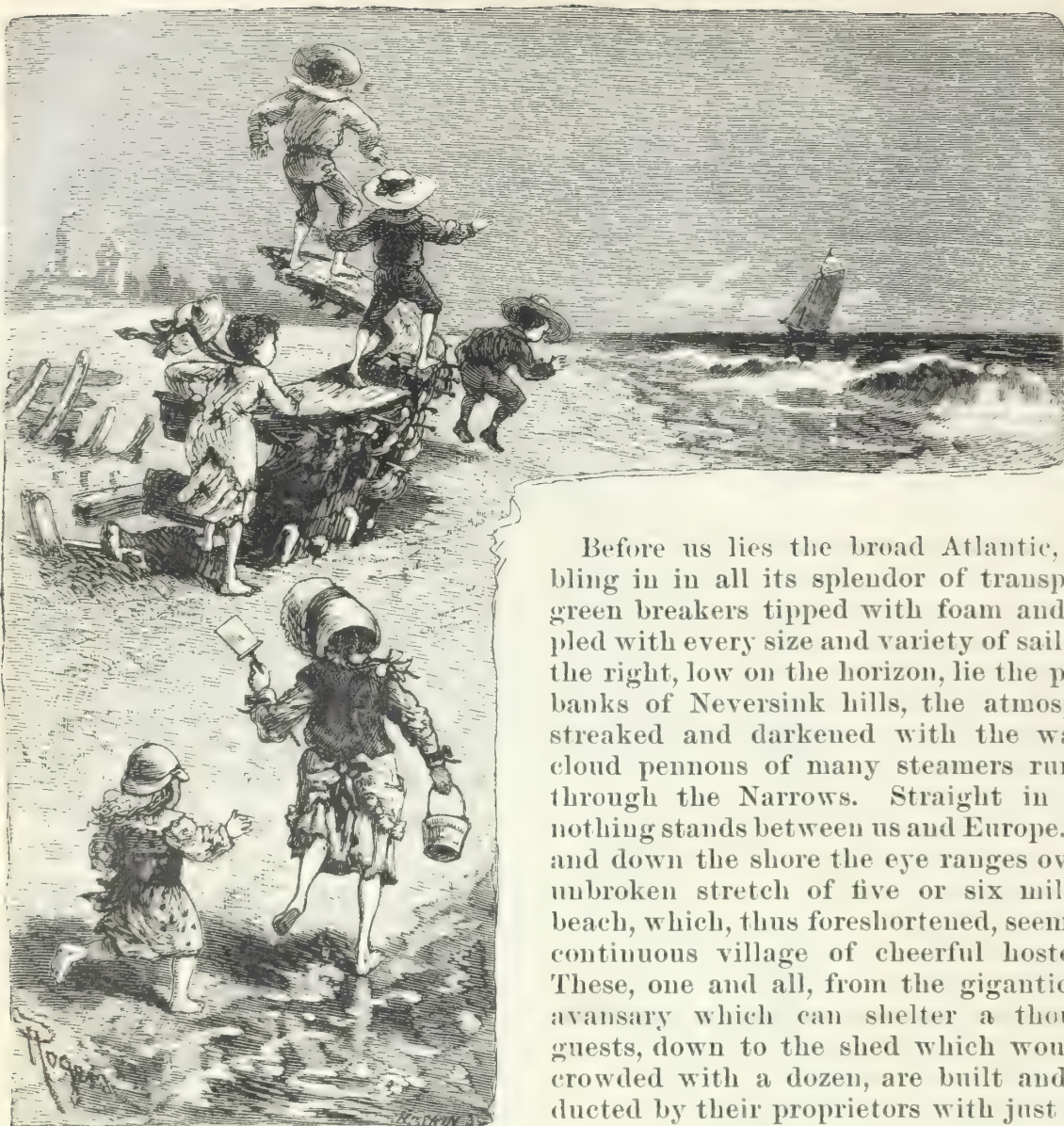


A LECTURE BY MR. PUNCH, CONEY ISLAND.

"gone the whole figure" while they were about it, and given us statue and pedestal at once. Then, before we know it, we are past Fort Lafayette; Bay Ridge with its pretty cottages slips by at our left, and Fort Wadsworth frowns threatening on our right. Now we run out into the lower bay, and are heading in for the little harbor in the sand-hills at our left. Ten minutes' run brings us alongside the pier, and then comes a hasty rush for the cars—open gondolas, like street railway excursion cars a little stretched out. It is clear fun, this bright day, to whisk through the soft warm air in this *al fresco* fashion, but what should we do in a cold rain-storm? Tumble in, no matter how or where. A showily dressed ebony couple are jammed in on the left, and an "Irish lady" with a big bundle and baby compresses our right flank.

Square yourself back in your seat, help the old lady with her bundle, make eyes at the apple-faced baby, exchange cigarette lights with the "cullud gemmun" beside you, and be happy, like the philosopher you ought to be. It is bliss enough to breathe this lovely summer air, just beginning to be tinged with the salt, as the stout little engine whisks us off over the sandy plain, swings around the sharp corners, nearly banging into two or three back-yard fences,





"FOLLOW MY LEAD."

and suddenly plumps us down on the long platform at "Cable's."

Geologically speaking, Coney Island might be defined as a superstratum of deal boards on a Neptunian basis of pure silex. The beach seems at no distant period to have undergone an upheaval, in which some boundless store of pine plank in a state of fusion has flowed out and curdled and scarred and blistered all over the primitive sand. Where did all the timber come from? When the restaurants and verandas and sheds and bathing-houses and out-buildings and fences were all finished, the constructors must have had a few million cords of lumber left over, which they have plastered down in walks and platforms and floors and bridges and posts and rails at every square foot or so of space. As we traverse the long railway platform, thread our way among the innumerable cross-walks which traverse the desert in every direction, and save the unwary stranger from hopelessly foundering in the soft white sand, we come out on the piazza in front of Cable's, and the whole oddity, breadth, and, I had almost said, magnificence, of the scene bursts upon us.

Before us lies the broad Atlantic, tumbling in in all its splendor of transparent green breakers tipped with foam and dappled with every size and variety of sail. To the right, low on the horizon, lie the purple banks of Neversink hills, the atmosphere streaked and darkened with the waving cloud pennons of many steamers running through the Narrows. Straight in front nothing stands between us and Europe. Up and down the shore the eye ranges over an unbroken stretch of five or six miles of beach, which, thus foreshortened, seems one continuous village of cheerful hostelryes. These, one and all, from the gigantic caravansary which can shelter a thousand guests, down to the shed which would be crowded with a dozen, are built and conducted by their proprietors with just three definite, humanitarian objects—to *ablute* the exterior of their fellow-man, to nourish his interior, and to cheer his nervous system with amusements light and varied. Behind us lies Cable's—a long two-storied building, with immense airy dining-rooms and verandas, and a few lodging-rooms above. Westward is an immense clapboarded barn, the "Atlantic Garden," with countless tables for hungry and thirsty humanity, and off in one corner an aquarium. Further west an immense building in glass and iron is going up, picked up bodily at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and set down here, hotel above and railway station below—the terminus of one of the many dummy roads which will soon make the island rather more accessible from the lower part of the city than Central Park. In front of this main group of buildings is a great pine platform for promenaders, with a music kiosk in the centre. Off at one side a camera-obscura in a neat little building invites the visitor to its pleasant ten cents' worth of illusion. Still nearer the beach we cross the terminus of the Corso—a broad, level, asphalt road reaching to Brooklyn, and furnishing a magnificent drive from the city. And in and around and among these things lies the most bewildering complex of other buildings, all



harmoniously tending to the same result of refreshment or fun. There are great restaurants with covered roofs fitted up as dancing floors; there are vast square inclosures, looking externally like rural jails or front-

ing machine. On the tavern porch back of us an acrobat has just cleared a space of loungers, on which he is tying himself in double bow-knots, at the imminent risk of toppling over on the group of wide-eyed lit-



A SUDDEN SHOWER.

ier stockades, but internally alive with the hasty feet of numberless bathers wet or dry; there are sheds strewn with brush-wood, and stands and counters innumerable, from which lager gurgles in one unceasing flow, and the smoking clam goes bravely to his doom behind a serried rampart of vinegar cruets and catsup bottles. At countless "ranges" red-faced voluble armorers continually charge the innocuous air-gun, with which guileless youths and smiling maidens aim at little round targets, or Aunt Sallies with pipes stuck around their heads, or graceful *vivandières*, that reward the successful marksman with an approving rub-a-dub from their snare-drums. As we wander down the beach a plaintive individual courteously invites us to step into his weighing chair, and another as blandly urges us to test the strength of our lungs on his blow-

tle boys who close in around him in awe-struck delight. At the next tavern a cluster of darkies are hard at it with bones and banjo, showing their ivories and flinging themselves into every variety of ecstatic grotesqueness in the melodic frenzy of "Camp-town Races."

Stop and look up the beach. Did you ever see so much high light and motion in a picture before? The light, shining white pine buildings, glittering windows, sea-foam, dazzling sand, and flying spray; the motion, the restless dash of the breakers, the drift of silvery fleecy clouds, the fluttering of countless flags, and lines charged with drying clothes, and the restless crowd, which comes pouring in from the various stations and surging along the beach like an angry procession of auts on a war expedition.

Eastward the beach is comparatively qui-





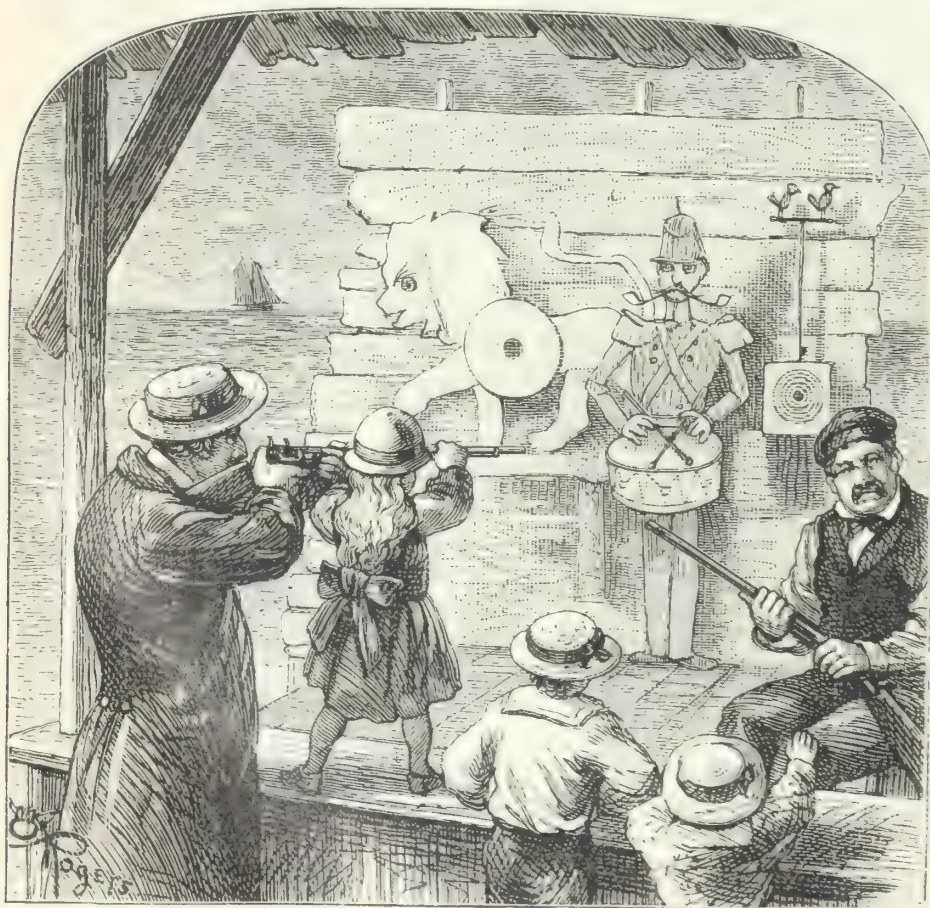
"HAM-FAT" MEN.

et up to where, in the distance, we see the roofs of the Manhattan Beach Hotel. We shall hardly have time to go up there this afternoon, though it would be pleasant enough. It is another of the great Exposition buildings transplanted; immense breezy parlors and dining-rooms, more vast ranges of bathing houses, more crowds—all the elements of the island life repeated, only more showy and pretentious. It is the "correct thing" to go to Manhattan Beach, and in future the gradual elevation of the isl-

and to first-rate watering-place rank will date from there if at all. But precisely because it is more aristocratic, it is less distinctive, and for the nonce we shall do better to stick to the democratic jollity of the west end and centre.

Jolly enough it is. As the afternoon draws on, the crowds thicken in front of the great hotels to watch the bathers, standing in groups or sitting on rows of chairs, gazing and chatting, till an extra wave hisses up to their feet, and sends them scattering and

laughing up the sand. Let us try a dip. We leave our valuables at the little office shanty, shoulder our bundle of bathing clothes, and, with numbered keys, hunt along the row of bathing houses for our destined cell. The clothes are simplicity itself: a pepper-and-salt blouse of uncertain size and cut, and a pair of short trousers, gathered with a string at the waist, giving them that enviable feature of the United States currency—a capacity of indefinite expansion and contraction. Nevermind the ugly straw hat; your cream and strawberry complexion won't suffer by



SEA-SIDE SHOOTING GALLERY.



ten minutes' toasting. Come, and with a plunge through the outer skirmish line of spectators, in we go.

Delightful, isn't it? Short of the coral islands of the Pacific, or Leghorn, where they stay in all the forenoon, I don't believe there is such tepid, pleasant bathing any where up and down the world as just here on our coast. The Gulf Stream, they say—well, whatever causes it, the result is pleasant. There is, too, a notable and not unkindly tepidness, a social fluency, in the manner of the bathers. The last time I was here I gave a lady near me some hints about floating, and found myself, on coming out, invited to share the simple luncheon of herself and husband; while a cheerful young Irishman, who had made my acquaintance in the water, insisted on my taking a pull from his flask, and informed me confidentially that he had a good stock of the "rue article" at No. — John Street.

And now out again and dress quickly, for we have a walk down the beach before us



TAKING THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.



PEANUTS AND SNAPS.

to catch the evening boat up from Norton's. The crowd has grown thicker, carriages are driving down the Corso and depositing their passengers—rather loud in toilet and manner, but well-behaved enough and eminently good-natured—at the various hotel verandas. With every whistle of the dummy trains a new crowd pours in from the landward side. From the dancing platforms comes the sound of fiddle and clarionet, and the measured tramp of feet. The melodious darkies are at it again, harder than ever. From all the restaurants goes up a mighty steam of chowder and roast clams, and every available table commanding the sea view is filled with jovial groups athirst for malt. How those pretty girls do drink lager, to be sure! But it won't hurt them. There is more mischief in the punch and Champagne which the Murray Hill belle consumes between waltzes than in all the beer which rounds the trim outlines and reddens the plump cheek of merry little Kate and Jennie on their weekly "outing." They will be none the worse for their discreet pint or so, but distinctly the prettier for it. The old Greek fable finds a new interpretation at the beach. Aphrodite's shell blooms to a *schooner*, and her beauty-feeding foam is the froth of Gambrinus, not Neptune. There will be great doings here this evening. The kiosk will have its band, the gas will be lighted all along the line, the dancers will be thicker, the beer will flow more freely, and the whole swarming crowd will "go in" for a carnival of merriment which will be amusing enough while it lasts. But then the getting home! When I think





PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

of crowded stations and groaning boats and trains, the tired, cross mammas and grumbling papas, and crying children, the occasional vulgarity and ill manners of those who have let pleasure outrun discretion, the noise and waiting and weariness, and general bother and disgust which form the dismal *revers de la médaille* to all mortal junketing, my soul shrinks. Decidedly let us get off in time.

As we get down to Mike Norton's, at the western end of the island, we find the water black with more bathers, and the restaurant, chowder stands, etc., etc., swarming with a crowd almost as great as that we have left. A year or so ago it was very amusing to sit here of a pleasant summer morning and see the simple family parties who came down by the early boat unpack

their lunch baskets here on the rude piazza by the water's edge, send the children in for a dip, and set to work to "make a day of it." The modest covered platform and lunch stand have grown to a stylish pavilion, with bar and restaurant in proportion, and the visiting crowd day by day becomes noisier, denser, thirstier, and more obtrusive. We will not linger to watch them just now, for the weather is threatening. Hot, dense, sharp-cut masses of cumulus cloud have been banking up in the west all the afternoon. Now they have thickened and spread to one great blackish-purple pall, with a ragged gilded edge, from behind which the sun sends long, radiant, gilded streamers, touching with a last farewell glow the crimson sails on the eastern horizon. Suddenly, as the curtain rolls higher up the sky, and



THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE.

the landscape darkens fast, a blinding flash darts down into the bay over by Fort Wadsworth, and the quick, rattling peal which follows it warns us to hasten. A rapid trot across the plank walk brings us to the little steamer *Arrowsmith*, on the bay side of the point, and we are just snugly ensconced on board as the shower breaks. Snug, indeed! The cabin is packed and stifling. The rain beats on the windows, and the boat rocks with the sea, which has suddenly risen under the summer gusts. Drenched people come streaming and steaming into the cabin, scolding and laughing, the women with skirts thrown over their heads, the men with collars up and hats draped with



white handkerchiefs. Children squall, mothers scold, papas grumble, while the careless young folks in the corner flirt, laugh, sing, and munch over the indigestible remains of the morning's lunch basket. From dampened garments rises a vapor of soaked humanity, mingled with a flavor of lager, whiskey, oranges, peppermint, and tobacco. It is a scene for Teniers's pencil or Dickens's pen—the wrong side of felicity, the Nemesis of too much "good time." But lo! as we run past Fort Lafayette a red gleam of sunset strikes sharply into the cabin, and lights the ill-tempered faces with sudden content. When we come out on the damp deck at Twenty-third Street the clouds have broken and rolled off, save a few dark blue bands barring the amber twilight on the Hoboken hills, the city lights are glittering about us, the air is sweet and cool, and the whole city smiling, gay, and fresh from its welcome bath.

On our next holiday—a Sunday afternoon—we try Rockaway. The human element we find much the same as at Coney Island, only more decidedly "popular." The amusement is less varied. There is less bathing, no driving, no aquarium, no camera, and the fun of the place seems to lie more exclusively in the mere enjoyment of the long run down, with its hour and a half or so of nearly open sea, the lounge and fresh air on the beach, the dancing, eating, and drinking on the beach side, and the more sober and formal dining at the three or four great hotels on the inlet side of the promontory. But then the people! To see one after another of the mammoth excursion steamers come down the inlet, draining off from the various stations their respective shares of the immense multitude, while the railway takes off its quota by land; to remember that twenty or thirty thousand people swarm here of a fine Sunday afternoon, and go back sound in wind and limb, without fights, or disorder, or accident, or even noticeable ill manners or intoxication, but, on the contrary, very jolly and demonstrably the better for their outing—all this, with the parallel picture offered by the island with its other scores of thousands, is certainly a suggestive theme for the philanthropist, Sabbatarian or otherwise.

We try a run on one of the cheap excur-



THE EVER-PRESENT ORGAN-GRINDER.

sions up the Sound, but are rather disgusted with the result. Shut up for five or six hours together on the steamer, the crowd get noisy, quarrelsome, riotous; the less decent element, male and female, comes obtrusively to the front; and appalled at the prospect of a night of wassail and rowdyism and general misery on the Sound, we get off at New Haven, hurry for the down train, and are only too glad to get safely home and to bed at midnight.

One day in early September, when the shorter days, the tempered warmth of the mellow sun, and the piles of purple and golden fruit in the street shops and markets begin to tell of autumn coming, we read of pleasant doings over at the Schützen Park, and go over to see what a Canstätter Volksfest—a Suabian popular festival—is like. A Christopher Street ferry-boat lands us on the Jersey side, and the inclined plane lifts us gently to the level of Hoboken Heights. Then away we go northward, jingling and rattling along the horse-railway which coasts the heights, catching glimpses at times of the noble panorama of city and bay at our right, and a good deal amused at finding ourselves transferred in fifteen minutes from America and Yankee surroundings to something much like an outlying suburb of Berlin or Bremen. Gradually the settlement gets thinner and less stylish of aspect, the groceries and saloons cheaper and poorer, the road more dusty, the children per-





A GERMAN BEER GARDEN, HOBOKEN.

ceptibly more dirty and ragged, and just as we have come to the "jumping-off place" at the northwest corner of the heights, and are beginning to wonder how there *can* be any Hoboken beyond, we take a sharp turn to the left and down the hill, and there we are!

The first look of the place inside the gates suggests only an ordinary suburban beer garden—a pine-clad hillock, a few sheds with rude placards in Suabian German of inviting eatables and drinkables, and the chronic beer counter. But a few steps through the trees down the steep western slope brings us out into the clear, and we begin to see how pretty it all is. Right at our feet is a pretty little music temple, with a tolerable band playing lively airs, to the delight of the promenaders scattered along the broad, neatly kept gravel-walk which runs nearly the length of the park, edged with flower beds and rustic seats, running off northward into rural plantations, and terminating at the southern end at the clubhouse of the Schützen Verein, or Rifle Association—a solid, handsome building in dark stone, of castellated architecture, and densely draped in ivy. Opposite the music temple, across the promenade, lies a group of buildings—a large restaurant, with bowling-alley in the basement, and a great covered floor for dancing, crowded with the most motley assemblage of hilarious Teutons. There is, however, plenty of space for the dancers, now in the midst of a real

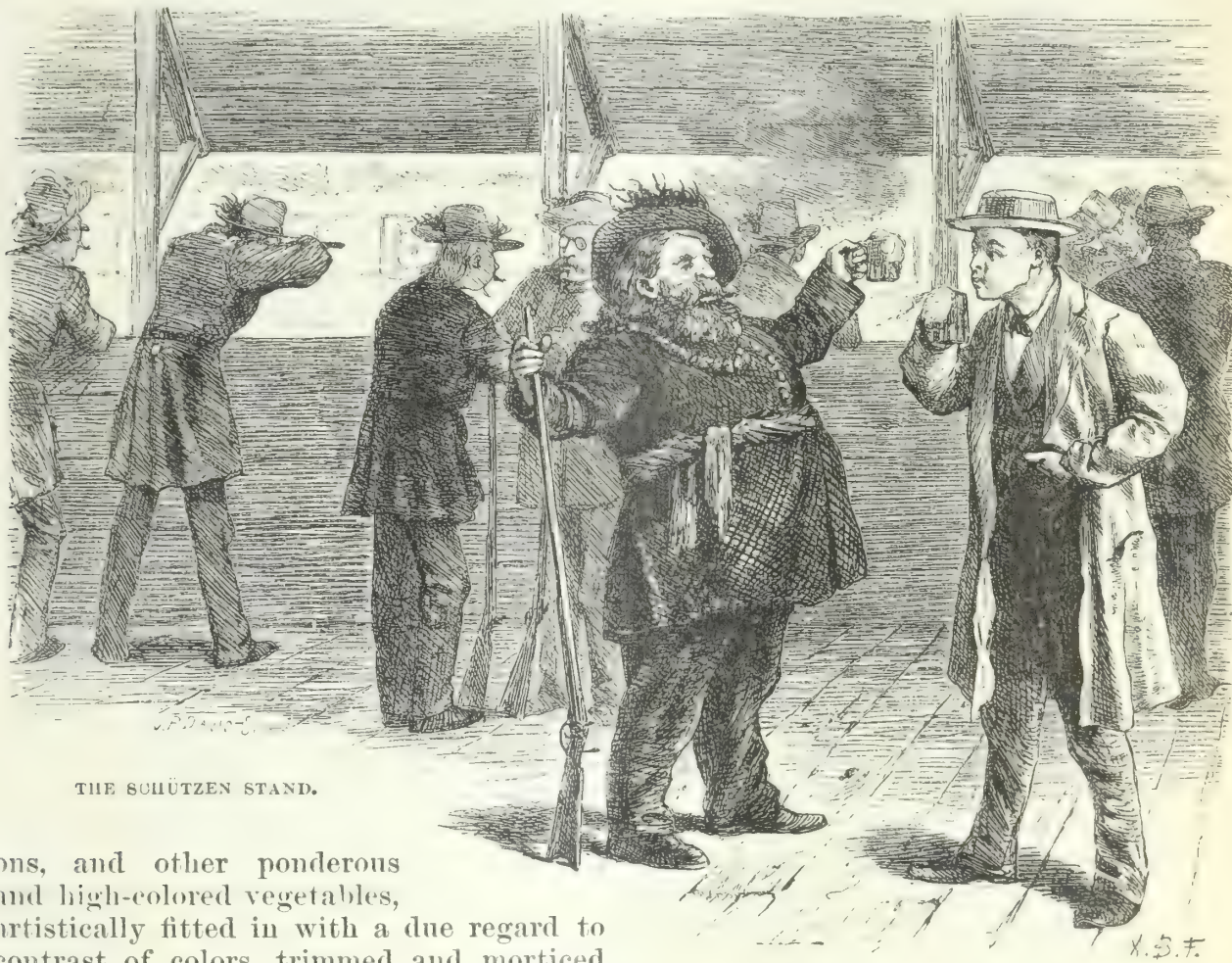
German waltz, in which the languid glide of upper-tendom gives place to a robust hopping, whirling, and bouncing more athletic than graceful. They are plain people all—very plain, but honest and kindly, and with a look of frank, simple enjoyment in what they are about which contrasts with the languid affectation of many more polite assemblages, and is, in itself, the reverse of vulgar. Some of the younger girls, and almost all the little ones, are cheaply but effectively dressed in Suabian peasant costume—velvet or stuff bodice, chemisette, braided hair, queer black hoods, short colored skirts, and white stockings. Here and there, too, among the crowd are men dressed in corresponding style—knee-breeches and wrinkled boots, long-skirted blue coats with bright buttons, and cocked hats; for there has been a grand allegorical procession this morning, with Allemannia and Suabia, and Gambrinus and other fabulous wild-fowl, and receptions of deputations by the local committee, and speeches and songs and other social doings, for which we are too late. But the permanent part of the fun is in full blast over on the *Wiese*, or meadow, as we can tell by the roar of merriment, the organ-grinding, and shouting and singing, and rumble of ten-pin balls, and rifle-shots, and general chorus of fun which floats up over the pretty groves and broken, picturesque banks which lie between us and the clubhouse. So thither we betake ourselves.



Passing the club-house we strike into the evergreen plantation, scramble down the steep path, and come out on the "meadow"—a great sloping rectangular common, just now the scene of as much rough popular fun as could well be compressed into the space. In the centre stands the great Fruit Column, a really ingenious and artistic piece of work, a semi-mythological, semi-poetic tribute to the German Pomona. The base is banked up with pumpkins and squashes and cabbages and mel-

the balls are partly hollow, with holes for finger and thumb, and are *slid* rather than rolled down a narrow slip of plank, with a peculiar "skew" motion rather difficult to hit. Then the counting is done in a fearful and wonderful system of elaborateness, according to the exact pins down or left standing, and the tallyman sits throned by the blackboard deep in official computations as important and minute as a contested election.

Just beyond is a gigantic sort of bagatelle



THE SCHÜTZEN STAND.

ons, and other ponderous and high-colored vegetables, artistically fitted in with a due regard to contrast of colors, trimmed and morticed with layers of evergreen and great cool leaves, while at the four corners stand great bouquets of natural flowers and grapes. The slender shaft is carried up with a variegated brilliant masonry of cucumbers and tomatoes and apples and pears and peaches, and similar ornamental fruit, crowned by an imitation bronze statue of allegorical import.

Up and down the sides of the parallelogram are lines of booths, fluttering with flags, where the oddest and most manifold inscriptions in "Schwab" invite the passer-by to enter and refresh himself with the freshest of beer, the purest of wine, the tenderest of *Würstel* (small sausages), and the crispest of sour-kraut and potato cakes (a special South German dainty). Outside of the booths lie the various amusement places, where the jolly Tentons are enjoying themselves in the heartiest fashion. At the German bowling-alley a group of men are uproariously merry over their game, in which

board or reduced bowling-alley, where half-sized skittles are set up and fired at with a ball as big as a large orange, shot from a trigger spring. Further on a great "carrousel" is crowded with eager and delighted children whisking around on their painted hobby-horses, and punching at the rings hung up within their reach, all to the music of a stirring and especially noisy barrel-organ.

Presently, with drum and fife preceding, comes a procession of young people in costume, following a couple of men carrying on their shoulders a long stake, to which clings a lad dressed in furs, and fairly imitating a hare. They move to the little open-air stage in the centre of the common, and soon the crowd are in the full tide of fun over the old Suabian popular farce of the "Hunting of the Hare," followed by a pantomime, in which two or three blue-coated peasants and as many clowns in dirty white





HOBOKEN LAGER.

tights and reddled faces shave, beat, and tousle each other after the most admired fashion of popular horse-play.

Lower down the meadow a double line of people have gathered round the spot where the children are having their special games. A motherly old lady lays a lot of eggs in two rows up and down the line, and then two gaunt, wild-eyed little girls scamper and squall as they hurry to pick them up and get them into a basket at the end, the most eggs, of course, determining the prize. Then a group of young ones gather at the lower end, while their elders hold at the other a tempting array of dolls, fancy braces, ribbons, and the like, and at the word the young racers rush down the course, each grasping the most coveted object as he or she comes in.

We will just take a look at the booths down at the lower end of the meadow, where fat and bearded and albino women, people with wonderful hair, dwarfs and savages, and the like ethnographical curiosities display their attractions at moderate prices, and then we will climb the hill again, and, getting a snug place on the great platform at the back of the restaurant, order a German supper and take our pleasure quiet-

ly. As we digest our savory sausage and potato salad, and smoke the pipe of meditation, looking off through the splendid trees and over the twilight plain to the distant Jersey hills, while the murmurs of distant merry-making come up softened and blended by the distance to our ears, we grow very placid, indulgent, and philosophic. We think over the various forms of popular amusement we have seen this summer, and they are good. We have seen some little vulgarity, a very little rudeness or dissipation, but much real, healthy enjoyment. Fresh air and motion and scenery, and frank, friendly sociability and gayety, are good and natural things. It is good that our toiling millions should find such easy, frequent, and natural relief from the care and narrowness of their daily labor. There may be, to your super-refined taste, oh, my *blasé* friend, something a little childish or uncouth in their way of taking their pleasure, but it suits *them*; and, "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

### THREE THUNDERBOLTS.

"NEBBER seed a hoss-race, madam? My king ob Moses! whar you done raised?"

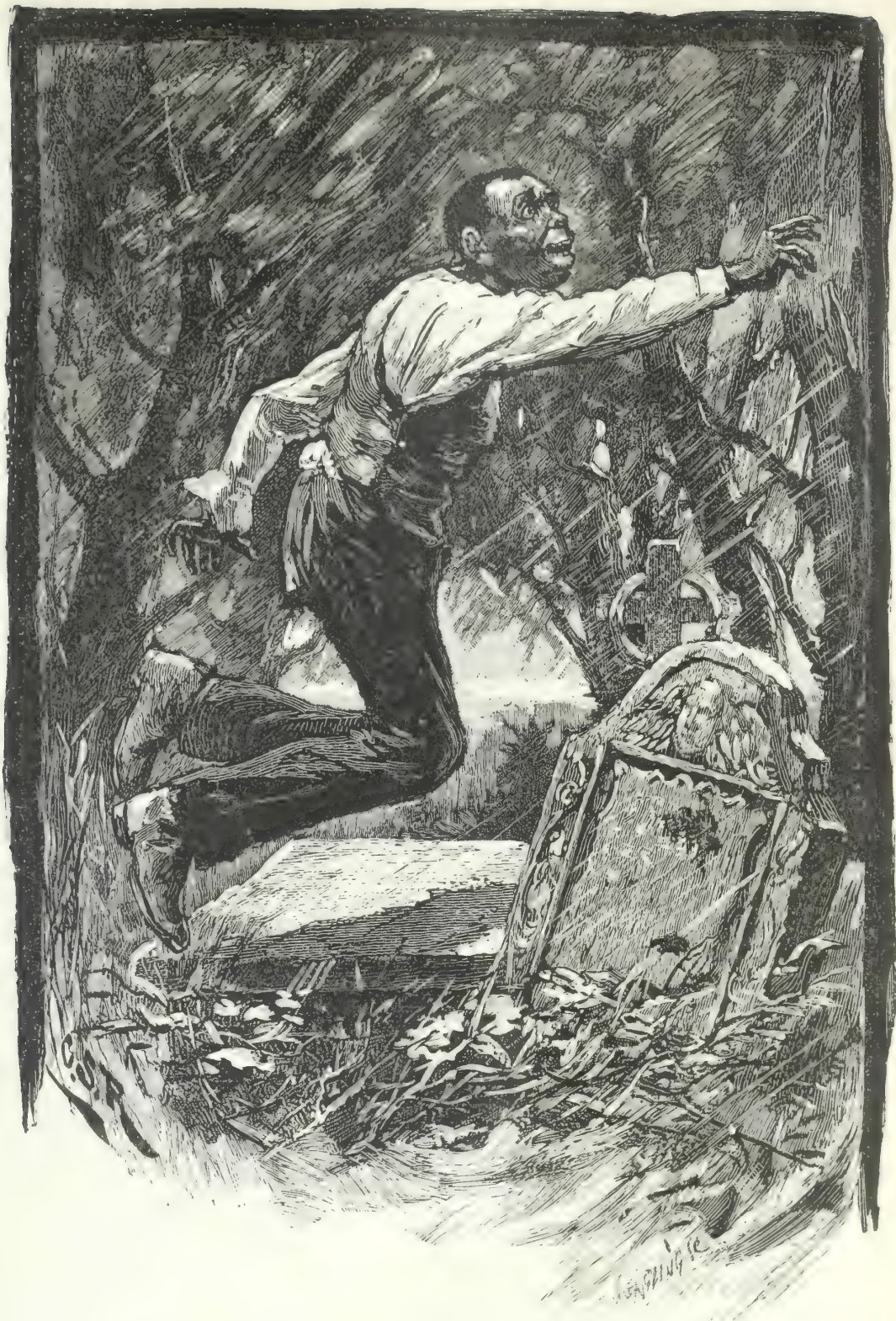
"Not very far from the Kentucky blue grass region, Uncle Marcellino; but, you see, I did not improve my opportunities; and you have always been such a pious, respectable man since you've been our coachman, that I should never have supposed that you knew any more about the turf than I."

"Well, de fac' ob it is, madam, you can't allus judge by 'pearances. Here's dis yere Thun'erbolt, quiet a hoss as ebber paced along 'fo' any lady's coupé, an' yet I shouldn't be s'prised ef Thun'erbolt had speed in him too when he was young."

"Why is it that you always call any horse you have charge of Thunderbolt? When you were Judge Kimball's coachman you gave that name to his horse, and he told me that when he found you you were driving a dray of your own, and the miserable beast that drew it rejoiced in the same astounding title."

"Dat am a fac', madam. I allus calls any bit of hossflesh I has any ting to do wid Thun'erbolt. I names'em for three Thun'erbolts dat happened to come togedder one day—Thun'erbolt, de little town nigh to Savannah where I done got religion; Thun'erbolt, Massa Proudfit's hoss dat won de races; an' a right smart crack of thun'er dat shook de camp-meetin', and made us all tink it war Gabr'el's horn blowin' for sho. I's under a depression now dat p'r'aps Gabr'el did gib it jus' a leetle toot, calm an' easy like. He 'lowed nuffin short of a tech ob dat ar horn would call dis nigger's soul out ob Egyp's





"I RUN LIKE MAD, JUMPIN' OBER DE MONUMENCE."—[SEE PAGE 708.]

darkness, an' reduce me to take up my Christian cross, an' run Thun'erbolt at de races."

"Why, Marcellino, what *do* you mean? Not, I hope, that it's a Christian duty to race horses?"

"It war my Christian duty on dat 'easion, madam, dough I ain't nebber felt no call to it sence. I's read my title clar as a deep-water Baptiss for nigh on to ten year, but ef I should hear de angel ob de Lord callin' to me agen, as he did dat night, you'd see dis chile prancin' down de home stretch once mo'."

"Tell me about it, Uncle Marcellino."

"Was you ebber in Savannah, madam?"

"Yes, last winter."

"An' did you go out to Bonaventure?"

"Yes, we rode out to the cemetery. The live-oaks, with their festoons of funereal Spanish moss, form one of the most magnificent and impressive avenues I have ever seen."

"Nebber could bar dem libe-oaks; allus looks to me like a parcel ob beggars wid dar clo' tore in tatters. Nebber can get ober de feelin' dat deys a poh, low-down, disrespectful kine ob tree, for all dey grows so high. De branches is all naked an' cole, spite ob de rags a-streamin' from 'em. An' when



de moss don't look like rags, it 'minds me ob gray har, an' I feel zif I orter make de tree a present ob a parcel ob har-pins or a hank-chiff to do it up wid. You didn't go no funder dan Bonaventure, I reckon?"

"No; is there any thing to see?"

And then Marcellino told me of the little village of Thunderbolt overlooking the Savannah River, and itself overlooked and overshadowed by a grove of Druid-like live-oaks, lifting their gaunt bare arms to heaven, their dishevelled gray locks and unkempt beards of moss waving mournfully in the slightest breeze. The town ordinarily wore a forlorn, forsaken air, and the sombre little houses seemed to have gathered under this grove by the river-side as mournfully as the captive daughters of Zion who hung their harps on the willows that fringed the rivers of Babylon. This was Marcellino's simile. He stated, too, that there were two occasions when the village put aside its robes of sackcloth and woke the harp to strains of gayer measure. The first was at the time of the spring races (for the horsey men of Savannah had established a trotting park at Thunderbolt), and the second was whenever the colored Baptists appointed a camp-meeting in their vicinity. One year not very long after the late war both of these festivities chanced to fall upon the same time, and the Druids of Thunderbolt shook their withered limbs and tore their hair in disapprobation of the revelry going on beneath them.

Marcellino was one of the negroes who had seen fit to remain with his master after the passage of the Civil Rights Bill, with no perceptible change of condition except that his master now gave him money with which to purchase his clothes, instead of taking the trouble to buy them for him. The war had made a far greater change in the circumstances of Marcellino's former master, Walter Proudfit. Though too young to take part in it personally, his father had fallen in one of its earlier battles, and on Walter had devolved the care of his mother and the estate, which last had dwindled rapidly, until the year of which Marcellino spoke found him the possessor only of the family mansion on Bull Street and of a fine race-horse.

Things might have been worse than this, for a great deal of money might be made by a shrewd, unscrupulous man in racing the splendid animal, which he had named Thunderbolt, from the little town with its trotting course near by; and if Mrs. Proudfit had chosen she could have replenished their empty coffers from the pockets of the Northerners who every winter looked enviously at the tea-roses blooming in her garden, wishing that they would only take boarders at that lovely place. But Mrs. Proudfit did not choose—to her any suffering was preferable to the ignominy of tak-

ing boarders—and the cherry satin of the parlor furniture grew every year more tattered and shabby, for she could not afford the linen to cover it.

Walter had no taste for betting, but it was the only way of earning a livelihood for his mother, and from participating regularly in races he grew to have a rakish air as well as reputation. But there was one little girl who could not bear to see Walter go to the bad, and that was Mock Caruth. Judge Caruth had named his daughter for the mock-bird of his native State, and her voice had justified the name. But in spite of her marvellous dower of song, Mock-bird Caruth seemed rather a clumsy, self-asserting name, and she grew to be called Mock, since she herself liked it best.

Walter Proudfit loved her unfeignedly; but when he told her so, Mock had replied that she would believe him in earnest just as soon as he sold Thunderbolt and gave up horse-racing.

"But, Mock," pleaded the young man, not without some show of reason, "how am I to make a living? You haven't any money either; and even if you had, I wouldn't let you support me."

"Your father was a doctor," suggested Mock, "and you could step right into his practice."

"Yes, if I had a medical education, which I haven't."

"Why don't you study?"

"I will."

And so Walter divided his attention between his betting-book and the calf-covered volumes in his father's study; but it was uphill work. If he could only go to Paris, and take a medical course! One evening, when this desire was stronger than ever within him, a stranger called—a gentleman who wished to purchase a racer. They visited the stable together, and discussed Thunderbolt. The stranger offered a price which made Walter's heart leap for joy. It was enough to take Mock and his mother and himself to Europe and back, and he remembered that some one had offered to rent their house ready furnished for a year at a sufficient sum to support them modestly in Paris. He could cram at the medical school, and Mock could have her wish. But the stranger's offer was only conditional: he would pay that price for Thunderbolt provided he won the races for which he had been entered at the town of the same name. Walter mentally reviewed the list of Thunderbolt's competitors. He had been confident before of success; now a vague feeling came over him that he should fail. The stakes were too great. None of this hesitation betrayed itself in his bearing, however. He appointed an interview for the day after the races, and bowed his visitor politely to the door. "Nothing of this to mother or



to Miss Mock until all is over," he said to Marcellino, as he explained why it was so much more important than usual that Thunderbolt should win. The rest of the story I can not help giving in Marcellino's own words, unrefined as they were:

"I didn't see no 'casion for Massa Proudfit to worrit, I was dat deadly sho in my own mine dat Thun'erbolt would pick up de stakes, an' I tole him so. Dar wa'n't but one udder hoss entered dat had any chance ob beatin', an' dat was Buckskin. He b'longed to a Mr. Lashstinger, from up in de Sandhill-er country. Buckskin he de ugliest-lookin' brute ebber you see, dirty yaller color—dat's what gib him de name—wid a little red eye an' a bobtail, an' a heap ob meanness 'bout kickin' an' bitin'. But dat hoss could run. Ef ole Pharo'd 'a had Buckskin hitched to his chariot, he'd 'a h'isted it ober de Red Sea 'fo' de waves ud 'a had time to take de black-in' off his boots. Thun'erbolt was a sight de puttiest hoss, black an' shiny. He had style, sho enough; but Buckskin had speed, an' a heap better pedigree dan Thun'erbolt, though you wouldn't 'a tought it to 'a looked at him. Howsomebber, it war a runnin' race, an' dat 'pends 'bout as much on de rider as de hoss. I weighed powerful little dem days, an' I was strong in de arms, an' knew how to lif' Thun'erbolt ober de track. So, dough Buckskin would 'a beat him sho at a regulation trot for a steady four-mile heat wid Mr. Lashstinger in de sulky, on a quick spurt ob a run like dis, whar dar wasn't time nor space fur Thun'erbolt's sper-rit to give out, or fur Buckskin's jint's to get rayly limbered up, de chances war dat we'd pick up de stakes. Massa Proudfit sent me out wid him de day 'fo' de races, to look up all de preliminaries. Mr. Lashstinger he was dar too, a-walkin' Buckskin ober de track. He called me one side, an' began to talk 'bout de race. An', madam, he wanted me to sell it out to him! Says I: 'Mr. Lashstinger, Buckskin's a peart enuff hoss to win it anyhow, 'thout no sculduggery in de business; an' as fur makin' Thun'erbolt lose it, I's buy dat sort ob meanness. Ef I rides a hoss,' says I, 'I rides to win, or to do my bess fur it.' Mr. Lashstinger he didn't seem de lees bit outed. He jus' laughed free an' easy, an' says he, 'Wid such high an' mighty hon-or idees as dat, I wonder how you reconciles it to your conscience to run a hoss at all,' says he. 'I ain't a member ob de church,' says I, 'but I specs to be some day, an' when I is, I specs to gib up dis yere business.' 'Dar's a camp-meetin' here now,' says Mr. Lashstinger; 'hadn't you better get religion now? No time like de present,' says he. Wid dat a notion 'peared to take him, an' he cotched me by de arm an' walked me off a piece. 'Ef you will get religion to-night,' says he, 'an' swar off from hoss-racin', I'll give you fifty dollars,' says he. 'It sha'n't

be no inconvenience to Mr. Proudfit, nudder, fur I'll see dat he's perwided wid anudder jockey.' He winked mose wicked as he said dat, an' I knew dat Massa Proudfit ud lose de race, dat de sportin' gemman wouldn't buy his hoss, an' dat he couldn't get married an' go to Europe, ef I took up wid his offer. But den I was tinkin' ob gettin' married myseff, an' ef Massa Proudfit went to Enrope, I shouldn't hab no Massa Proudfit nor no fifty dollars nudder. I studied 'bout it an' I studied 'bout it; an' while I was a-studyin', de debbil spoke right out behine me. I nebber shall believe it was my own voice, it sounded so strange an' onnateral. 'Done,' says Mr. Lashstinger, an' he claps me on de back an' takes out his pocket-book. 'Half pay in advance?' says he. 'No,' says I; 'wait till I's arned it. I's gwine to take Thun'erbolt back to Savannah fust, an' tell Massa Proudfit I's comin' back to de camp-meetin' fur de balance ob de ebenin'.'

"'What! gwine to de camp-meetin', Marce?' says Massa Proudfit, kinder s'prised like. 'What's come ober us all? I reckon 'spectability must be catchin' ef you's gwine to turn 'spectable too. But don' cut in ahead ob me, Marce. I don' cah how soon you go back on de race-track so you rides fur me dis one time.'

"Wid dat I pulled a long face. 'I's been a-studyin' 'bout dis yere matter fur some time,' says I; 'an' 'pears like you an' me, massa, had better be a-greasin' up our heels ef we's any notion ob enterin' fur de race ob salvation.'

"'Why, Marce, you'd make a good preacher,' says Massa Proudfit; 'you'd better set up fur one when I leab fur Europe.'

"Dar was a sight ob people on de Thun'erbolt camp-meetin' groun's dat ebenin'. It war powerful hot, an' I looked up at de clouds settlin' down ober de ribber, an' dem ole beggars ob libe-oaks a-noddin' deir heads to each udder, a-twistin' deir arms roun', an' a-snappin' deir fingers like as dough dey meant mischief; an' I says, 'Pears like we's gwine to hab a storm.' But I done forgot all 'bout it quick's I got inside de tent. Dey was a singin',

'Sheep know dey shepherd's voice,'

an' I sidled in close to de do'.

"Fadder Harper, missionary fur de Paradox Church, war in de pulpit. Dey called him Soun'-de-Jubilee Harper, 'cause he war such a nice easy ole man, allus a-preachin' a com-for'ble, honey-mouthed kine ob religion; but we knowed he wouldn't hab ebery ting his own way dat ebenin', fur Brudder Blow-de-Trumpet Stebbins, a exhauster from Northern Jawja, war to preach de sermon. Eben while Fadder Soun'-de-Jubilee Harper was a-speakin' dar was 'sidable 'citement. One ole lady, 'cross de way from me, kep a-clappin' her han's an' a-shoutin', an' ebery time



she'd shout, somebody behine me ud go one mo'. When de ole lady she say 'Amen!' he say 'Hallelu!' an' den, kin'er neef his breff, he say, 'Dis yere'll wine 'em up; dis yere'll set 'em 'goin'!'

"I knowed de voice: it war Mr. Lashstinger; but I dursn't look roun' fur feah I'd laugh. Putty soon Brudder Blow-de-Trumpet Stebbins 'gan his sermon. De tex' war: 'So run dat ye may obtain.' Tinks I, dat would 'a hit me, sho enuff, ef I'd 'greed to ride Thun'erbolt an' pull him in all de time; but I don't know as he's got me when I don't 'low to run at all.

"Den de preacher spoke 'bout de race-course near by, an' read 'em St. Paul's words, 'I's finished my course.' 'You needn't tink, my Christian freus,' says he, 'jus' 'cause your names is entered fur de races you's a-gwine sho an' certain to hab dat red ribbon laid up fur you; you's got to walk de whole track ober. Walk it!—you's got to *run* it! "So *run* dat ye may obtain"—so read de chapter. For myseff, brudder, I's boun' to run all night, I's boun' to run all day.' ('I'll bet my money,' says Mr. Lashstinger, kin'er soft an' easy, behine me.) 'Brud-deren,' says de preacher, 'dar'll come a day, after dis yere human race is runned, when we'll all be draw'd up 'fo' de Judge's stand. An' Elijah'll be dar, kitin' roun' in his chariot ob fire, wid thorough-breds ob fire 'tached to it; an' Elijah he'll hab a whole basketful ob red ribbons an' spanglin stars to pin 'em into de button-holes ob de winners. An' de Lord 'll say, "Gabr'el, Gabr'el, reach down dat horn out dat closet!" An' Gabr'el reach him down; an' de Lord 'll say, "Blow, Gabr'el! call de dead!" An' Gabr'el 'll blow, "Grave-yard! *grave-yard*!! GRAVE-YARD!!!" An' de grave-yards 'll open, an' de dead 'll come a-ridin' up to de Judge's stand on all dem hosses it tells 'bout in de Revolutions ob St. John; Deff, on his pale hoss, a-leadin' de procession; de sinner-man on de little, one-eyed, knock-kneed mule ob do-nuffin; an' de saints a-prancin' on de piebald an' speckled race-hosses ob righteousness. Sinner-man, now's yo' time to choose yo' mount. Ef yo' want a hoss dat will swing yo' roun' de circle ob eternity, choose him in de blue grass pasture ob repentance. Brudder, while de conflagration an a-singin',

"Trials, hard trials, an' tribulations!—  
Oh, many a long year I went along so!  
Wid a hang-down head an' a achin' heart,  
Till de grabe-stones bustin', dry bones risin'—  
Trials, trials, I's a-gwine to leab dis worl'!"—

while Brudder Williams raises de tune, all dey who wants to be perwided wid one ob de hosses ob Revolution, please walk forward an' kneel roun' de mo'ners' bench.'

"'Now's yo' time, sinner,' says Mr. Lashstinger, an' as I got up to go forward I caught his eye, an' he winked. I felt cur'us

enuff kneelin' dar by de altar, wid old Fadder Sound-de-Jubilee Harper a-kneelin' beside me, an' prayin' de Lord fur me. While he was a-prayin' dar come a sheet ob lightenin' dat lit up all out-do's; an' after it a rumble an' a grumble of thun'er far off, but comin' nearer an' nearer. De singers struck up,

'De Gospel train's a-comin',  
I tink she's close at han';  
I tink I hear her whistle—  
She's a-rumblin' fru de lan'.  
Little children, get on board!  
You'd better get your ticket,  
An' be ready to get on board!"

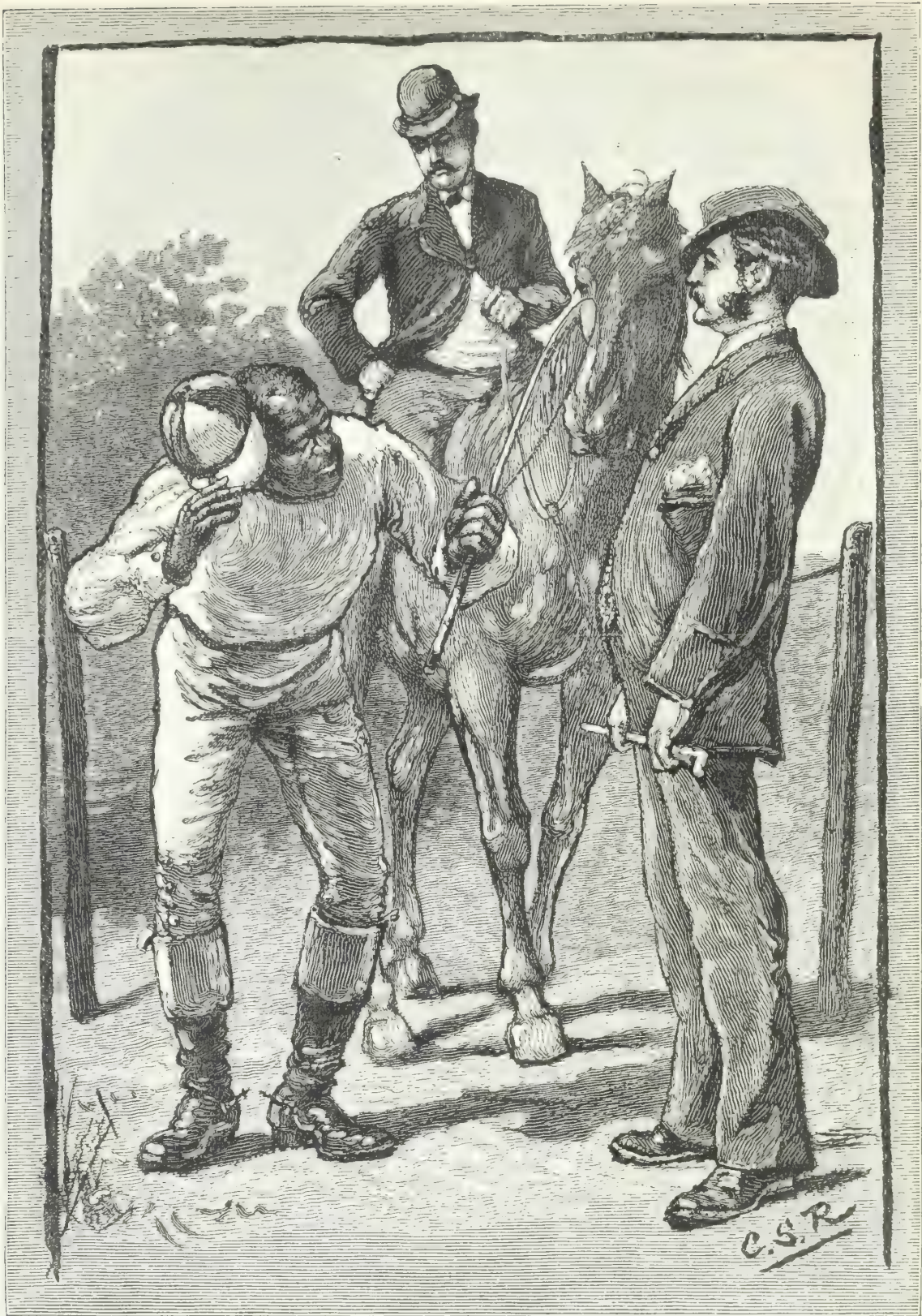
Den dey 'gan to shout, de sisters walkin' up one aisle an' de brudder up de udder, an' all takin' hold deir hands an' pumpin' like as dough dey was pumpin' water, while dey sang one werse, an' den dey each pass on to de nex'. It thun'ered louder an' it lightened more libely; but dey kep' on, an' dis time dey sang,

'Shout an' nebber tire,  
Shout an' nebber tire,  
Shout an' nebber tire,  
We'll hab a gran' camp-meetin'  
When de worl's on fire.'

"Jus' den dar come a awful crack ob thun'er an' a bust ob lightenin' all de same time. I 'lowed de worl' was on fire sho enuff. De camp-meetin' broke up, an' we all run ebber whiche way. I struck out fru de woods fur Savannah. De rain was jus' a-swashin' down, de libe-oaks 'peared to be dancin' an' tearin' deir har, an' de pine-trees rocked an' screeched like as dough dey was alibe. Fust ting I knew I was right in de midst of Bonaventure Cemetery.

"'Grave-stones bustin',' tinks I, an' I run like mad, jumpin' ober de monumence like as dough dey was pebbles. Den all ob a sudden Gabr'el done blow his horn right side ob dis year, an' I nebber has heard nuffin wid it sence. 'Grave-yard! GRAVE-YARD!!' it said; an' I seemed to see de words ob de tex' writ wid a pen ob fire on de cloud, 'So *run* dat ye may obtain!' I knew what dat meant. Ef I took up my cross an' run Thun'erbolt to the bes' ob my ability, I might find one ob de hosses ob de Revolution waitin' fur me on dat day. I went down on my knees in de wet moss; de rain wasn't nuffin; de fifty dollars wasn't nuffin. I'd foun' dar what I hadn't foun' when I went to de mo'ner's bench: I'd foun' religion. I didn't find my way home to Savannah till mornin', an' when I got in, Missus Proudfit said young Massa Walter had got skeered 'bout me, an' had rode out on Thun'erbolt to hunt me. I got out ob my soaked clothes an' into my jockey suit, white, wid facin's ob watermillion red, an' den I hurry out to de track. Massa Proudfit he looked terrible anxious. 'Whar you done been, Marce?' he says. 'Here's Mr. Lashstinger been tellin' me some nonsense 'bout you're





"WID DAT I MADE HIM A BERRY LOW BOW."

not gwine to ride to-day 'cause you's got religion.'

"'I's got religion, sho enuff, Mr. Lashstinger,' says I.

"'Good boy,' says Mr. Lashstinger—'good boy. Well, Mr. Proudfit, I knows anudder berry peart jockey, who'll run dat hoss ob yours, perwided you don' cah to ride it yo'-self.'

"'I begs yo' pahdon, Mr. Lashstinger,' says I, 'but de fust lesson I done learned from my speritual sperience las' night was, "So run dat ye may obtain," an' I's a-gwine to put dat lesson in practice, Sah.' Wid

dat I made him a berry low bow, an' scrambled up into de saddle pretty libely.

"Yes, madam, we obtained—course we did. Massa Proudfit married Miss Mock an' went to Paris; he's got a better practice now dan any udder doctor in Savannah—leastways dat's what Miss Mock writes me. She says he's done bought Thun'erbolt back again; he's sorter steadied down, an' makes a berry good carriage hoss now. She wants me to come back to de fam'ly, an' I don' know but you'll have to excuse me as soon as de season's ober heah in Newport. Nebber did like to spen' a winter in de Norf, nohow."





AN INTERIOR AT THREE MILE HARBOR.

## AROUND THE PECONICS.

THE whole south shore of Long Island is protected from the strength of the ocean by beaches, which extend in an almost continuous line from Coney Island, the western end of which juts into New York Bay, to the semblance of bluffs at Sag. They are all alike—narrow banks of shifting sand scarcely elevated above the level of the tides, on the outer side of which the surf beats with endless diligence, and within which shallow bays separate them from the marshy shores. Westwardly the barrier is broken at short intervals by frequent inlets, and the islands thus formed receive distinct names—such as Coney Island, named after the vast abundance of “conies” found there by the discoverers; Barren Island, whose desert character is only heightened by the disgusting fish-oil factories; Hog Island, where the earliest settlers of Hempstead, in 1660 or thereabouts, made a public pasture for their pigs; and Rockaway, New York’s gay Brighton.

Westwardly the inclosed waters, such as Jamaica and Hempstead bays, are of no importance, being full of sandy bars and marshy islands; but after the thousand and one islands of the latter are passed, comes a splendid lagoon of open water six or seven miles wide and forty miles long, known to all the world as the Great South Bay. Who has not heard of Fire Island and its lighthouse—the first beacon that shines out of America upon the voyager who is shaping his course for New York? of the Surf Hotel and its marvellous chowders? of the Great South Beach and its reminiscences of wrecks, told in the curious old bar at Captree, where the dampness of the sea fog is warded off by the most miscellaneous of mixed drinks? All these wonderful places are on the Great South Bay. It is there, too, that city sportsmen most often go for a day’s or a week’s gunning. Abundantly on the meadows during the spring migrations, and all summer on the outer beaches, various snipes and sandpipers resort, laying their eggs high up in the sand, and picking their food between



tide marks, alertly running down after the water as it sucks out, and scampering back beyond the reach of the intruding wave. Certain large ducks known as "brant" come at frequent intervals or "flights," and afford good spring shooting. But the main sport is to be had in the autumn and winter,

that has a sportsman's instincts shrinks from it? A man who in New York growls fifty-one weeks out of the fifty-two at the slightest inconveniences, will lie immovable in a battery from long before daylight till sunset all the freezing days of the odd week, and whether he kills a dozen sheldrakes



THE BAR, CAPTREE ISLAND.

when the hosts of wild fowl—geese, swans, ducks—and the bay birds—curlew, snipe, plover—come winging their way from their arctic breeding grounds to winter homes on our warmer coast. In November, perhaps, the most water-fowl are to be found on the Great South Bay, after which the more tender ones pass further south; but unless the weather is very boisterous, large numbers remain all winter. "They must all go back again in the spring," you say: "then why is brant-shooting the only satisfactory spring amusement?" Because then the birds fly swiftly, directly, and much at night, full of anxiety to get to their arctic morasses and make their nests, while in the fall their progress is leisurely and careless. The methods of shooting are those in vogue on the coast every where. Duck-shooting is the most desperately hard and tedious work ever known, and often very dangerous. Yet who

or canvas-backs, or only a few yelpers and yellow-legs, or nothing at all, will return to the city, sore but satisfied, to feed on the memory of it through another year. It sounds incomprehensible. But sit in some of those bay-side taverns when the stove is red hot, and the shutters are shaking in the blast, and the distant booming of the surf is in your ears, listen to the weather-beaten old native who is relating some exploit of the morning, and in the eager, grinning faces, all alive to the activities and excitement of the pictured moment, recalling in every phrase some similar experience of their own, you get a glimpse of the enthusiasm a duck-hunter has in his arduous sport.

When these grizzled, amphibious, tarpaulin-skinned bay-men, whose sense of humor is keen, and of whose sarcasm let the pretentious cockney beware—when these



men are not talking of spring flights of snipe and autumn arrivals of sea-fowl, one is sure to hear something of fishing.<sup>f</sup> Prate about the taciturnity of such characters! They are the greatest gossips imaginable;

are visited and the captives taken out. Late in April the flounders go out into the deeper water, and then are caught with hook and line, which is great sport, after which comes blue-fishing in May, and that

is greater fun. Get a ten-pound blue-fish on the far end of your line, pulling one way, while your yacht is carrying you swiftly through the curling waves in the opposite direction, and you will need both adroitness and muscle to secure your prize.

But the Long Island fisherman, as well as his brethren of the craft elsewhere in this greedy world, is not content with fishing by hook and line, or even with small nets: he must have the large results to be derived from seining. The seine, as is well known, consists of a webbing of twine, now made by machinery, but not long ago always woven by hand, provided with floats along the upper edge, and with lead sinkers at the



and what they don't know and won't quickly tell about shooting and fishing, you—for one—are not likely to teach them. But the real "bay-man" is mainly concerned in the fishing as an outsider; his work—and an aristocratic occupation he regards it—is to help "sports" from the city fill their bags, and enjoy themselves so much that they will come and hire him again. He has no desire to cultivate any graces. He is aware that his peculiarities amuse them—the more outlandish the better; and without much design in doing so he comes to cherish as capital his uncouth and hearty ways, and expects visitors to do homage to his rough qualities.

The fishing begins in early spring when the ice goes out and the nets can be set. The first ones are open-meshed, fifty or sixty feet long by four feet wide, made of very fine twine, and the fish they are intended to entangle are flat-fish, or flounders, which are very good eating. Once a day the nets

lower. Its use is to inclose a certain area of water, and by bringing the ends together either to a boat or on the shore, to secure the fish that may happen to be in the inclosure, unable or unwilling to escape; and it varies in length from one sufficient to take a few minnows, to the shad or bunker seine a mile long, which is hauled in by a steam-windlass.

It is interesting to see how much the net enters into the domestic economy of all these south-shore people. When it is too old and ragged to be longer serviceable in the fishing, they hang it on the palings of the hen yard to keep the chickens in, stake it around tender plants in the garden to keep off intruders, reshape large pieces into hammocks, and employ it for a dozen other domestic purposes. Their maritime instincts are shown otherwise. A flower bed will be framed in by the vertebrae of a stranded whale, or his great flipper bone propped up into a seat under an apple-tree, while the gilded figure-





CLAMMING IN THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

head of some time-honored ship forms a sort of grotesque gargoyle at the gable of a modern cottage, or if statue-like, resides as the divinity of a summer-house.

In one respect the fame of the Great South Bay is becoming a thing of the past. Among the Indians it was famous for the abundance of sickissuog, which we call clams; and until recently it was thought the supply was inexhaustible. But a few years ago there came an immigration of disreputable fellows, who lived in their nasty boats night and day, or inhabited some squalid hut on the salt meadow. These swarmed over the whole bay, raking every square yard of the bottom from one end to the other, and selling their clams, big and little, at ruinous rates. This resulted in the driving away of a respectable and legitimate pursuit of the business, and in depopulating the bay, until now even these sorry fellows have had to go elsewhere, or barely manage to exist, and the curious curved-toothed rakes are rotting off their handles among the cast-away rubbish in the back alleys.

The oyster business has been better managed. The soft bottom and sheltered coves of the bay made it a fine place for these bivalves, and until twenty-five years ago the natural catch was sufficient for the demand. Since then, however, the regular planting of oysters in appropriated beds has been pursued, having been begun at Patchogue. This industry is successfully increasing, and even now the annual production of cultivated oysters in the bay is said to amount to \$500,000, many being sent to Europe. One doesn't know how good an oyster really is till he eats it just out of the shell at Bay Shore or Blue Point.

The villages along the shore are clean and bright with new paint and prosperity, but they are not picturesque. The country



is flat, and fine trees are rare. In front of all stretches the broad, olive-green meadows of salt-marsh down to the shore of the still bay, beyond which the low black line of the outer beach bounds the horizon. In the villages, and between them, along the highway (said to be as old as 1703 at least), stand the finest villas, perhaps, to be found in the neighborhood of the metropolis, where New Yorkers live and entertain like princes, to the delight of all their friends and the profit of the natives. Two or three fishing and gunning clubs, also, have their club-houses and fish-preserves down here. Trout ponds occur every mile or so all along the shore of the bay, which has an endless number of cold streams flowing into it from the centre of the island, and trout culture is a third important source of revenue to the citizens of this district, so bright and busy in summer, so desolate in winter.

At Patchogue—from here eastward every other name has somewhere in it an *ogue* or *aug*, the Indian name for fish—the tracks of the Long Island Railway end. Beyond, along the shore of East Bay and Shinnecock Bay, are the scattered half-farming, half-



fishing hamlets of Bellport, Fireplace (a favorite spot for aboriginal clam bakes, tradition asserts), Moriches, and Speonk, where you strike the Sag Harbor branch of the railway. The ordinary way of travel leaves out these villages, however, by going three miles north from Patchogue to the main line at Medford Station. Thence an hour's ride eastward brings you to Riverhead, the most important town of the region, where there are plenty of new houses, and a growing prosperity which deprives it of all picturesque interest.

At this eastern end Long Island is divided into two parts by the deep indentation of the ocean, leaving on the north the long narrow peninsula ending in Orient Point and a chain of islands forming the breakwater for the Sound, and on the south the longer and wider peninsula which terminates at Montauk. Between them lies a series of great bays separated by large islands, or by points of land that, reaching far out from the opposite shores, leave only a strait between. The outermost and grandest of these sheltered seas is Gardiner's Bay, guarded from the open ocean by Gardiner's Island. Inside of Shelter Island and the neighboring capes lies Great Peconic Bay, smooth as a lake, and westward of this, having passed Red Cedar Point and Jamesport, the skipper

Then you pass a station called Mattituck, the community belonging to which is invisible in the woods, and finally come to Southold.

Southold boasts the highest age of any English town on Long Island. If signing a deed by which possession of land is obtained alone constitutes settlement, this is true; if actually "sitting down" in a locality, building the household fires, and planting household fields for permanent occupation, constitute "settlement," then it has a successful rival in Southampton. At any rate, it was in the autumn of 1640 that thirteen men with their families came over from Connecticut, sailed up the Peconic, and landed here, Peter Halliock being chosen by lot as the first one to set foot on the shore. Near by the spot—there was no stone big enough for a second Plymouth Rock—they built temporary shelters, and resided through the winter, but finally moved back half a mile from the bleak shore, and fixed upon the site of the present town. The site not only, but much of the identical village itself, is really the same as at least the children of these first settlers saw, for more than one house in this antique town, stretching for a mile along a broad and shady street, claims its two centuries of age. The most noted is the "Horton house," which is still inhabit-



MAP OF LONG ISLAND.

finds himself in Little Peconic Bay, at the narrow extremity of which stands Riverhead. This brings me back again to my starting-point, whence exploration of the northern peninsula may conveniently begin. These geographical statements are dry, but needful. If this region is not perplexing, why so many light-houses?

Just east of Riverhead is the ancient settlement which bears an Indian name of the same significance—Acquebog or Accabaug. Near by lies Jamesport, which promised fifty years ago to be an important sea-port, but has sunk into a fishing hamlet and pleasant summer refuge from city dust.

ed, and was the homestead of Barnabas Horton, one of the original immigrants. It was built about 1660, and must then have been a splendid mansion. Like all these old houses—and the sight of them becomes very common to the rambler—its roof was exceedingly steep, and sloped in the rear to the very top of the door, but in front left room enough under the eaves for small windows in the second story. All the timbers and most of the planking were hewn or split out, and even the sawed stuff is far more heavy in all cases than we should now think necessary for the same purpose. As was the universal custom then—and it is still prac-





OLD HORTON HOUSE, SOUTHOLD.

ticed widely in this region—not only the roof but the whole exterior was shingled, the shingles being split out of red cedar, and many of them lasting in pretty good condition to this day. Lifting the heavy iron latch of the narrow front-door, which is just in the middle of the house, and consists of two heavy boards, it creaks on its rusty forged hinges, and admits to a little box of a hall, out of which the narrowest and crookedest of staircases leads aloft. How any furniture was ever got up stairs is a mystery. Hardly a fiddle could go up here. The irregular plastered surface of one side of the hall tells that it is limited by the vast chimney, but doors right and left admit to the “living-rooms.” And what large ones! Eight paces long by five paces wide, but with ceilings so low that a tall man must stoop under the great beam that traverses the middle from side to side. No wonder these houses have stood for over two hundred years, and seem good for as much more. Here is a frame-work of live-oak, each timber fully a foot or sixteen inches square, mortised together in the most solid manner, and almost as impenetrable as so much iron. The wood has become a deep slate brown. A bead whittled out of the corners of those beams that show inside the large rooms is the only attempt at ornament. Behind these great rooms were bedrooms, kitchen, etc., and up stairs, or rather up ladder, a great garret echoes to the footsteps on its hollow floors. Many are the children who have played there rainy days, in the dim gloom of the one little window, kept from falling down the almost perpendicular stairway by a rude fence of round sticks from which the bark has hardly been cleaned, listening to the rain beating on the long cedar shingles—played there, where their

grandfathers and grandmothers did, and grew up to see their own sons and grandchildren amuse themselves in that same brown old garret, with its massive rafters and one little window. Go where you will, you bring up against the chimney. It seems the core around which the structure grew, the main and eternal tenant which the old house was meant to harbor; yet not quite enough provision, apparently, was made for it, for an immense portion holds its head high above the gable. Conical in shape, containing at least three separate fire-places and flues, besides an oven or two, this complicated stack of brick and mortar is twenty feet square—is as big as a modern cottage all by itself; and when, of a cold day, great beech logs were glowing in all the fire-places, and the cranes were proud of their crisping burdens, the outlet aloft must have smoked like a huge beacon.

Why did they build such very capacious houses in that early day? I found an answer across the street in the burying-ground, where the dead have tallied the years upon the tombstones for almost two and a half centuries, and still keep at the scoring. Look at the longevity of these people! “Ætat. 93” is common, and about each of them lies a round dozen of children. They were not afraid of sons and daughters in those days, and very likely had the fortitude to name the last-comer Thankful, or Gift-of-God. The oldest interment I could find was dated 1671. Did it take them thirty-one years, then, to start a grave-yard?

Some of these old tombs are curiosities. Blue slate and brown stone were used exclusively for the head-stones, and the latter has flaked and crumbled badly. On nearly every one some rude scroll-work is attempted, surmounted by a grotesque figure, wheth-





A BIT OF GREENPORT.

er of skull and cross-bones or of cherub it was often impossible to guess. It reminded me strongly of the rude carvings I have seen on the cliffs down in the Moqui country, supposed to represent the Sun Deity. Occasionally a crest or coat of arms will appear, and some of the epitaphs are very odd, not to say amusing.

On the tomb of Barnabas Horton (1680), one of the founders of the town, and ancestor of all the Hortons in the United States, the following *post-mortem* soliloquy is cut:

Here lyes my body tombed in its dvst  
Till Christ shall come and raise it with trvst  
My sovl assended to the throne of god  
Where with sweet Jesvs now I make aboad  
Then hasten after me my dearest wife  
To be partaker of this blessed life  
And yov dear children all follow the Lord  
Hear & obey his pvblick sacred word  
And in yovr hovses call vpon his name  
Then god will bless yov with yovr children all  
And to this blessed place he will yov call

Hebrews II and y<sup>e</sup> 4  
He being dead yet speaketh.

So Southold was founded, and the names of most of its inhabitants to-day are the same as those two hundred years ago. Tut-hills, Hortons, Youngs, Hallocks, Ferrys, Conklines, etc., are to be found by the dozen, and some of them yet own property pre-empted by the original thirteen settlers. As for the village to-day, it is a mile of scattered, nicely painted farm-houses along one street, which in June makes as pretty a picture of rural comfort as the tired city man can well imagine.

A splendid road—one that keeps in good

condition naturally—runs the whole length of this "North Branch," and a brief and pleasant ride behind a pair of the fast horses for which Southold is celebrated brings me to what was once the farm of the Webbs. In 1820 it was sold by auction for \$2300 to some persons who lived on the shore opposite Shelter Island, where a ferry used to ply. The new tract was cut up into lots, a town laid out, and the wisdom of the investment is proved by the growth on that spot of Greenport, the terminus of the Long Island Railway, and the most important business point east of Riverhead. Greenport is a nice town, old enough to have a flavor of antiquity about it, and boast of a former "golden age;" new enough to profit by "modern improvements." It is right on the bay; and, barring the absence of mountains, no finer prospect of quiet beauty, mingling water and woodland, village and farm, is any where to be found, unless it be at Sag Harbor, on the opposite side of the bay. Forty years ago the settlement was called Sterling; and in Sterling Basin, an inlet of the bay eastward of the town, used to lie the fleet of whalers whose cargoes made the business of the town, and caused its rapid growth. The first whale-ship was bought and fitted out in 1830. She fared so well that the fleet soon increased to twenty. They went to St. Helena and the Westward Islands, went to the Arctic Ocean, and round the Horn into Pacific cruising grounds. But the trade dwindled, and the pursuit of the monstrous whale, yielding his barrels of oil, gave way to the seining of moss-bunkers,



from which could be squeezed half as many thimblefuls. Long before this, when no village was there at all, great ships used to anchor in Sterling Basin to load up for the West India trade. The farmers would bring produce and cattle, taking as pay part money, and part sugar and coffee, molasses and rum. Returning, the ships would bring tropical goods to New York, sell them, and then sail out to Sterling for a fresh load of Long Island produce. The main owner and merchant in this trade was Captain Orange Webb, who had many illustrious descendants, among them Ledyard, the Oriental traveller. He was celebrated as a man of the world, and in 1763 was visited by the Rev. George Whitefield, still more celebrated as a man of God. The great evangelist wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass in his host's living-room, "One thing is needful," and left it as a suggestive reminder of his visit. This is the story, and the glass was said to have been in existence in 1856.

Competition and the growth of the whaling interest killed this trade and built up Greenport. These latter were the zenith days of its prosperity. Now perhaps 2500 persons live here. The streets are straight, and cross one another at right angles, with a line of splendid shade trees on either side, and the roadway is bordered by a continuous lawn. There are probably no paupers here, while few citizens are exalted above their neighbors in wealth or station. Nobody is famous, and nobody infamous. The place is full of elderly men, but young men are scarce; they have gone to the city to seek a busier life and a quicker fortune. Not so with the young women. Delicious girl faces, ruddy with sunlight, bright with ocean breezes, meet one at every turn. It is no wonder that the yacht clubs invariably include a week's stop at Greenport in

the programme of the midsummer cruise, and have many a tender incident to record if they keep honest logs.

The village thins out so toward the edges that it is difficult to tell just where it ends, but perhaps the boundary may be said to be at the Sterling Cemetery, where splintered old brown-stone tablets testify in dutiful doggerel to the extraordinary virtues of the ancestors. Beyond this eastwardly runs the highway to Orient and Orient Point, the northern of the two capes which terminate Long Island and inclose Gardiner's Bay. It is a delightful drive down there. Farms join on either hand all the way, and the road is shaded almost continuously with patriarchal cherry-trees, so that in May a snow-storm seems always to be travelling just ahead of you, so white are the masses of tree-tops on either side.

The houses are almost all old, and of generous proportions. Their long roofs, slanting more than half-way from gable to ground, have the eaves half hidden by shrubbery, flowers, and fruit trees, or clothed with columbine, so that it is easy to believe that the old cottage grew there along with the rest. These big, low-browed houses, stone-gray with the long weathering and utter absence of paint, shaded by their huge cherry groves, and surrounded by fields ploughed a century ago, are real homesteads, and the occasional innovation of a spruce new cottage or pretentious "villa" seems almost a sacrilege. From a long distance, as you go down this road, you catch sight of the white arms of a windmill following each other in steady round, and upon a hill-top near an elongated village called East Marion you come upon the mill itself—the oldest in the region—whose octagonal cedar-shingled sides have withstood the storms of a hundred years. The top is bell-shaped, and swings about (as it is required to veer the



GREENPORT PIER.



arms to the wind) on rollers operated by rude machinery within. This mill was made to stand. At each of its eight corners is a single upright stick of oak, forty feet from ground to top, into which is mortised at all sorts of angles the braces that stay the structure. There isn't a straight joint to be found throughout the whole; yet, to judge by appearances, very rude tools were used. Tradition says it stands on the foundation of a still older mill, and that it was built by a natural mechanic who had never served an apprenticeship with tools. The huge shaft supporting the massive arms, each thirty-five feet long, and driving the cog-wheels with ten-horse-power force, is a piece of oak that had been soaked for years in salt-water preparatory to its use here, and now it is probably as durable as iron. It grinds fine flour yet, and may for scores of years to come. Windmills, old-fashioned and new-fangled, are nothing uncommon all over this region, where the air is never niggardly of motion, but this is by far the oldest and most picturesque.

Beyond East Marion, with its tantalizing glimpses of blue water, the road crosses a long neck of sand, and enters Brown's Hills, in the midst of whose desolation lies a burying-ground, abandoned seventy-five years ago, containing some of the quaintest of inscriptions; having passed which you come to the charming little fishing and farming village of Orient, so hidden in fruit trees that you can scarcely find the houses. The street and the beach are all one, and a little wharf runs out into the bay, where the New York and New London steamers stop daily.

Once the little town had a good deal of importance as a sea-port. Whitefield preached there several Sundays, but not in the church now standing, which is the third edifice on that site, set apart in 1700. The first building was "a singularly constructed temple, about thirty feet square, two stories high, and on the top of the second story was raised another building ten feet square and nine feet high, and then a finish something like the lower part of a steeple, with an iron spire which supported a sheet-iron figure of a noble game-cock, showing the course of the wind. It continued to do so with unerring precision for a term of ninety years."

Beyond Orient the highway goes straight eastward to the land's end, which the Indians named Pequetuck, and is bordered by farms all the way, though in some places the neck is so narrow that the two waters are within easy gunshot, and at the extreme point is a big summer hotel. This is a favorite spot for amateur as well as practical fishermen. Here may be had black-fishing late in April, succeeded by blue-fishing in latter May and June, together with bass and a dozen other varieties to be caught all summer. The fishing seems to be assorted to suit the taste, and if the visitor has an interest in natural history, he can scarcely find a better point to study at.

But, when all is told, the chief attraction of this whole beautiful region lies in Shelter Island, which fills the entrance of Peconic Bay, looming up like an opposite main-land as you look across the bright intervening mile of water from Greenport. The outline of the island is as charmingly irregular as one



OLD MILL, EAST MARION.





ORIENT.

of Huxley's amœbæ: here a long sand-spit running out and grasping a bit of blue sea in its hooked end, there a steep face of sand dropping sheer to the water, every where wooded slopes that gently rise in successive terraces of verdure.

There are many old farms on the island: and as you ride along its winding roads you every now and then come suddenly upon a house so antique in its style, that you find it hard to believe yourself on the new side of the Atlantic.

Loitering in comfortable indecision, I was fortunate enough to get an invitation from Captain "Jed" Hawkins to take a fishing cruise in his "bunker" steamer. I gladly accepted, and this important glimpse of East End life must by no means be omitted.

The start was to be made at earliest dawn—an ungracious hour—and I was glad to leave the hotel in the evening, and avail myself of a sofa in the captain's snug state-room behind the pilot-house, so as to avoid the annoyance of getting up in the middle of the night. It was Sunday, and the little wharf was utterly deserted as I picked my way among the rubbish and piles of merchandise down to the steamer. Standing on the high deck, a picture of serene beauty spread before me. The air was perfectly still, the moon just fairly risen, and no sound was to be heard save the ticking of that mighty time-piece the tide, as its wavelets swung gently back and forth under the weedy piers or divided against the sharp prows of the smacks. It was light enough to show the spars and ropes of every craft, and all lay as motionless as though fixed in rock rather than floating in liquid, save the tremulous blue pennons on the topmasts. Then I turned in; and when I emerged, after an hour's pounding on my door (as it seemed) by the chuggety-chugging engines, we were far down Gardiner's Bay.

Last night the unruffled water was like bronze; now, under the soft silvery haze of the morning, the dancing surface became frosted silver, opaque and white save where the early sunbeams, striking through the mist, were reflected from the crests of the ripples in glancing ribbons of light. Shelter Island was an indistinguishable mass far astern; Long Beach light had ceased to twinkle, Orient Point was hidden in haze; Plumb Island, where eagles used to make their metropolis, and many fish-hawks now live, nesting on the ground with the gulls, was only a low bank of blue; Gull Islands could not be seen at all; and I only knew that Little Gull with its copper-bolted wall was there from the dot in the horizon made by its lonely light-house, and an occasional gleam imagined to be the surf breaking on the reefs at the Race. All this was northward. Southward the wooded bluffs of Gardiner's Island, with its natural break-water and light-house, like a long arm reaching out between the outer and the inner waters, limited the view. But this was soon left behind, and as the deep indentation of Napeague came into view, the steamer's head was turned southeastward, toward Montauk, which, in the growing light, now stood out plain in every bleak feature of sandy dune and treeless moor. Now a very sharp look-out must be kept for fish, and after the substantial breakfast in the fore-castle, I took my pipe and a place in the shrouds. Even then I could not look across Montauk, but could easily see two great ponds of fresh-water, which nearly serve to make an island of the Point. One of them, Fort Pond, was once a scene of sanguinary Indian warfare between the Montauks and Narragansetts, the latter being beaten only by help from the Shelter Island Indians, who drove the invaders to their canoes. Then the Montauks were the most powerful of all the tribes on Long Island.



and appear to have been unusually upright savages. Now they have dwindled until one or two families only of pure blood remain. Their last chief, Faro, lived to be very old, and died within a few years. The present "King of the Montauks" is nearly dead with consumption; but a youngster—a nephew of his, I believe—who is called

cows are coming up to be milked, and the sun is sinking behind the western horizon, while a tender gray settles upon the sea, is an experience worth remembering. But as for a description of the scene, William Black is the only man who is competent to attempt it.

Off Culloden Point the look-out excitedly announced, "Fish off the port bow!" The captain seized his glass and scanned the water. So did I.

"There's a big bunch," he shouts. "Watch 'em flirt their tails! Good color! See how red the water is?"

"Oh yes, to be sure," I cry. "By Jove, that's a good color!"

My vacant face must have belied my words, but he didn't notice it. He was shouting, "Lower away the boats! Stand by to ship the nets!" furiously ringing signals to the engineer, giving hasty orders to the wheelman, ensconcing himself in a pair of oil-skin trousers so capacious I half expected he would disappear altogether; and so, amid the roar of escaping steam, the creaking of davit tackle, the laughing excitement of the crews, and the rattle of rowlocks, I tumbled head-foremost into a boat, and the steamer was left behind. Now the flirting of tiny tails was plainly visible, but I must confess that I did not learn to distinguish the reddish hue



PRINCE EBENEZER.

Prince Ebenezer by those who flatter him to see him shoot at small coins with his bow and arrow, is in training for the chieftainship—a position neither very influential nor arduous, however picturesque. The prince is a good-natured, tough little Indian, brown and plump as a hazel-nut.

The Point was once clothed with an abundant forest, but it has never been replaced by a new growth. Now, therefore, the whole is a wild waste of grass land and heather, as desolate as the Hebrides, and more uninhabited. Only three families live between the outskirts of East Hampton and the light-house, doing a little farming, tending the cattle sent down there in summer, and taking care of adventurous scribes, artists, and yachtsmen who wander into this out-of-the-way nook. The middle one of the three houses is Stratton's, and to walk up to his door in the gloaming, when the

which indicates a school of these fish until much later in the day. The two large boats side by side were sculled rapidly toward the shore where the fish were seen, the forward part of each boat piled full of the brown seine, which extended in a great festoon from one to the other. There were four men in each boat, all standing up, and in our red shirts and shiny yellow oil-skin overalls, we must have made a pretty picture on that sunny morning. Close by was a pound net, where a porpoise was rolling gayly, notwithstanding his captivity, but by manœuvring we got the "bunch" turned away from it and well inshore where the water was not too deep. At last we were close to them, and now came a scene of excitement.

"Heave it!" yelled the captain, and in each boat a sailor whose place it was worked like a steam-engine, throwing the net overboard, while the crews pulled with all





STRATTON'S.

their muscles in opposite directions around a circle perhaps a hundred yards in diameter, and defined by the line of cork buoys left behind, which should inclose the fish. In three minutes the boats were together again, the net was all paid out, an enormous weight of lead had been thrown overboard, drawing after it a line rove through the rings along the bottom of the seine. The effect, of course, was instantly to pucker the bottom of the net into a purse, and thus, before the poor bunkers had fairly apprehended their danger, they were caught in a bag whose invisible folds held a cubic acre or two of water.

This was sport! I had not bargained for the hard work to come, to the unsportive character of which my blistered palms soon testified.

None of the fish were to be seen. Every fin of them had sunk to the bottom. Whether we had caught ten or ten thousand remained to be proved. Now lifting the net is no easy job. The weight of nearly ten thousand square yards of seine is alone immense, but when it is wet with cold sea-water, and held back by the pushing of thousands of energetic little noses, to pull it into a rocking boat implies hard work. However, little by little it came over the gunwales, the first thing being to bring up the great sinker and ascertain that the closing of the purse at the bottom had been properly executed. Yard by yard the cork line was contracted, and one after another the frightened captives began to appear, some folded into a wrinkle or caught by the gills in a torn mesh (and such were thrown back), until at last the bag was reduced to only a few feet in diameter, and the menhaden were

seen, a sheeny, gray, struggling mass, which bellied out the net under the cork line and under the boats, in vain anxiety to pass the curious barrier which on every side hemmed them in, and in leaping efforts to escape the crowding of their thronging fellows. How they gleamed, like fish of jewels and gold! The sunshine finding its way down through the clear green water seemed not to reflect from their iridescent scales, but to penetrate them all, and illumine their bodies from within with a wonderful changing flame. Gleaming, shifting, lambent waves of color flashed and paled before my entranced eyes—gray as the fishes turned their backs, sweeping brightly back with a thousand brilliant tints as they showed their sides—soft, undefined, and mutable, down there under the green glass of the sea; while, to show them the better, myriads of minute medusæ carried hither and thither glittering little phosphorescent lanterns in gossamer frames and transparent globes.

All possible slack having now been taken in, the steamer approaches, and towing us away to deeper water, for we are drifting toward a lee shore, comes to a stand-still, and the work of loading begins. The cork line is lifted up and made fast to the steamer's bulwarks, to which the boats have already attached themselves at one end, holding together at the other. This crowds all the bunkers together in a mass between the two boats and the steamer's side, where the water boils with the churning of thousands of active fins. A twenty-foot oar is plunged into the mass, but will not suffice to sound its living depths. Then a great dipper of strong netting on an iron hoop is let down by tackle from the yard-arm, dipped into





MENHADEN-FISHING OFF MONTAUK POINT.

the mass under the guidance of a man on deck who holds the handle, the pony-engine puffs and shakes, and away aloft for an instant swings a mass of bunkers, only to be upset and fall like so much sparkling water into the resounding hold.

"How many does that dipper hold?"

"About a thousand."

"Very well, I will count how many times it goes after a load."

But I didn't. I forgot it in looking down the hatchway. The floor of the shallow hold was paved with animated silver, and every new addition falling in a lovely cataract from far overhead seemed to shatter a million rainbows as it struck the yielding mass below, and slid away on every side to glitter in a new iridescence till another myriad of diamonds rained down. If you take it in your hand, the moss-bunker is an ordinary-looking fish, like a small shad, and you do not admire it; but every gleaming fiery tint that ever burned in a sunset, or tinged a crystal, or painted the petals of a flower, was cast in lovely confusion into that rough hold. There lay the raw material of beauty, the gorgeous elements out of which dyes are resolved—abstract bits of lustrous azure and purple, crimson and gold, and those indefinable greenish and pearly tints that make the luminous background of all celestial sun-painting. As the steamer rolled on the billows, and the sun struck the wet and tremulous mass at this and that

angle, or the whole was in the half-shadow of the deck, now a cerulean tint, now a hot brazen glow, would spread over all for an instant, until the wriggling mixture of olive backs and pearly bellies and nacreous sides, with scarlet blood-spots where the cruel twine had wounded, was buried beneath a new stratum.

"How many?" I asked, when all were in.

"Hundred and ten thousand," replied Captain Hawkins. "Pretty fair, but I took three times as many at one haul last week."

"What are they worth?"

"Oh, something over a hundred dollars.—Hard a-starboard! go ahead slow."

And the labor of the engines drowned the spat, spat, spat of the myriad of restless little tails struggling to swim out of their strange prison, while I climbed to the mast-head to talk with the grizzly old look-out, who had been round Cape Horn thirteen times, yet did not think himself much of a traveller.

The cry of, "Color off the port bow!" brought us quickly down the ratlines and again into the boats.

The business of catching these fish and reducing them to oil and manure has only lately been developed into large proportions. From the earliest times the coast farmers have been accustomed to catch them in seines and spread them on their fields—a very unsavory practice; and to some extent oil was pressed from them long ago. But



the fishing was all done in small sailing vessels, and depended on the good fortune of the fish coming to the right spot. A few years ago steamers began to be substituted, and are now almost exclusively employed by those who are able to embark any money in the enterprise. About seventy are engaged, all the way from New Jersey to Nova Scotia, catching an aggregate of 50,000,000 a year. Greenport alone is said to have half a million dollars thus invested. This competition, however, has cut down the large margin of profit formerly enjoyed.

In October the menhaden disappear, whither no one knows, probably to the deep water of mid-ocean.

That day we caught 250,000 fish, and made a round trip of a hundred miles, going away outside of Montauk Point, where it was frightfully rough after a two days' easterly gale. Great mountains of water, green as liquid malachite, rolled in hot haste to magnificent destruction on the beach, where the snowy clouds of spray were floating dense and high, and the roar of the surf came grandly to our ears wherever we went. Yet the difficulties were none too great for these hardy fishermen, who balanced themselves in their cockle-shells, and rose and sank with the huge billows, without losing their hold upon the seines or permitting a single wretched buker to escape.

In order to reach the southern branch of the island the tourist leaves the main line of railway at Manor Station, or else goes direct to Sag Harbor by steamboat from New York, New London, or Greenport.

From Manor the line passes through a desolate wooded country, down past Moriches; past West Hampton, just south of which is Quogue, a considerable settlement, the Indian name of which was Quaquanantuck; past Good Ground, noted for its splendid sporting facilities with gun and rod, and for the Ponquogue Light-house, the only one between Fire Island and Montauk; and so brings you to Canoe Place and the Shinnecock Hills. Along the shore, where the land is good, it is one continuous settlement the whole distance, the highway connecting it closely with Patchogue and the Southside Railway. At Canoe Place the land is only about two miles wide, and here the Indians used to have a portage, carrying their canoes back and forth between Peconic and Shinnecock bays. They called the spot Niamug, which, being interpreted, means "between the fishing-places." The Shinnecocks were once a somewhat important tribe, but it is many years since a pure-blooded one remained. A few families of half-breeds still exist, mainly occupied as sailors, and I frequently see them at the wharves in New York, where the coasting schooners land. The hills named after the tribe will preserve

their name long after the last trace of these Indians has disappeared, and I fear will hint at their practical worthlessness, for Shinnecock Hills is a synonym of what is utterly barren and useless. The train for miles and miles scuds through sandy knolls densely grown with a *chaparral* of scrub oak and pine, alternating with swampy hollows where the moss trails far down from the skeletons of dead trees, and the imagination conjures dreadful inhabitants out of the dark tussocks. So finally you come to Southampton, whose brisk new railway station gives no sign that this is the oldest English settlement in the State.

Somewhere about 1636 several of the Pilgrim Fathers living in Lynn, Massachusetts Colony, being very "hard up," and also, no doubt, seized with the earliest attack of that now chronic American fury to "go West," opened negotiations with William Farrett, agent in this country of William Alexander, Earl of Sterling, for the purchase of a plot of ground on Long Island, then the property of Lord Sterling by grant from Charles I. Farrett received permission from Sterling to sell them eight miles square of land in any part of the island at a value fixed by Governor Winthrop, which, on reference, was decided to be six bushels of corn. This document, yellow with age and creased with folding, giving power of attorney to Farrett to sell, and indorsed with Governor Winthrop's autographic appraisal of the land, attested by his plain signature, is still in existence, with many other old manuscript records of the early town, which have been preserved through the appreciative and zealous care of Mr. William Pelle-treau, the present town-clerk.

Thus came about the first English occupation of the soil of the Empire State.

Having authority, the emigrants bought a sloop, bestowed their few goods, and sailed away to explore the new country, for as yet they had not pitched upon the place of residence. What induced them first to go to Cow Neck, in the western part of the Sound, history sayeth not. That they were promptly ejected by the Dutch owners, whose royal coat of arms they found graven on a tree, and pulled down, is certain; afterward they came eastward to this spot, arriving in time to plant, which antedates Southold's settlement two months or more, and substantiates Southampton's claim to greater longevity.

The Indians whom they found here proved to be friendly, and ceded to the settlers sufficient land, the boundaries of which were afterward confirmed by Farrett, "in consideration of sixteen coats already received, and also threescore bushels of Indian corn to be paid upon lawful demand the last of September, which shall be in the year 1641, and further in consideration that they above-





GRAVE-STONE, SOUTHAMPTON, 1696.

named English shall defend us the said Indians from the unjust violence of whatever Indians shall illegally assail us."

Landing at North Sea, on Great Peconic Bay, they first settled about three miles southward in the woods, but after a time a more permanent abode was decided upon. Says the record:

"This instant (the 23d of March), 1648, it is ordered by the five men appoynted for towne affaires that the whole towne shall be called together on the second day next, at the setting of the sunne, to consider of a towne plot that shall be then and there presented to them, and to determine concerning y<sup>e</sup> said plot or some other that may be presented by any other man's advice, and also to consider of such home accommodations as may be most suitable to y<sup>e</sup> comforte, peace, and welfare of this plantation as touching y<sup>e</sup> proportion to every man in his taking up according to his valuation, and that there be men appoynted forthwith to divide the same, and this to put in execution the order above written."

The result was the laying out of Main Street, half a mile south of the Old Town, where they then lived, and the allotment of three acres for a house lot and a quantity of adjacent farming land to each inhabitant. This single broad street to-day is about all there is of the village, and many of the boundaries of the original town lots have never been disturbed. Surely the world rolls smoothly on its axis in those parts!

As one walks down the quiet grass-grown street more than one relic of those old anxious times of hard work and little "comforte, peace, and welfare" meets his curious gaze and holds his attention. Many of the houses go back to the very beginning of, and some precede, the eighteenth century.

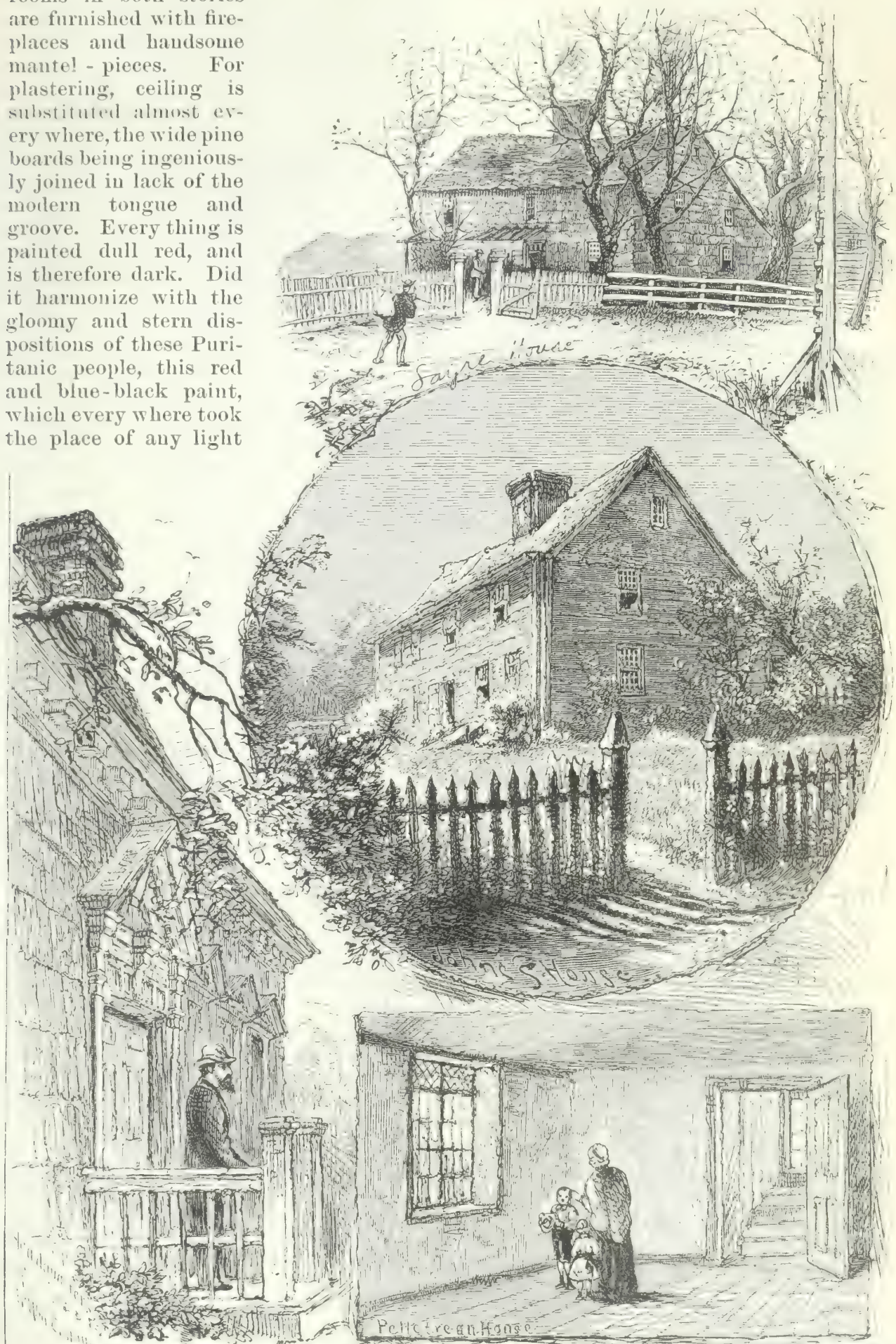
Of these the "Pelletreau house" will, perhaps, be regarded as the most peculiar and interesting in its appearance, though two on the opposite side of the street are far older, namely, the Sayre and Johnes houses. The former of these was built by Thomas Sayre, one of the original emigrants, in 1648, the year the town lot was apportioned him, and undoubtedly is the oldest English home on Long Island or in the State of New York. It is still habitable, and has never passed out of the hands or occupancy of the family, whose ten generations have breathed their first and last beneath its sheltering roof. It stands cornerwise to the road, a rod or so back from the fence, surrounded by rose-bushes and fragrant shrubbery, and shaded by tall trees which are young in comparison. The great chimney, the narrow windows, the massive frame, are all as they were, and the endurance of the old mansion is not half tested. The original roof, no doubt, was thatched, as were those of the church, parsonage, and jail, built about the same time, and a village ordinance required that a permanent ladder reach from the chimney to the ground, presumably as a precaution against fire. At first all houses were built facing exactly southward, and so tenaciously was this custom adhered to that in one case, it is said, a dwelling was placed rear end to the street in order that its front-door should face the equator. Two years later Edward Johnes built his homestead, which still stands firm. It is very similar to the other in general appearance—almost all of these houses look alike—but the enormous chimney projecting above the roof is laid up with corners, entering angles, and cornices calculated to be highly ornamental. This house is in good condition, and still inhabited by a Johnes, who preserves many a piece of antiquated furniture and quaint relic of his forefathers.

On the eastern side of the street, nearly opposite, the attention is attracted to a dwelling evidently of ancient date, but of so different an order of architecture as to attract notice. It is not shingled on the outside like the rest, but clapboarded; it stands front to the road, near the fence; its doorway is high and imposing, its large windows have a fixed portion above the movable sashes filled with quaint little diamonds of glass set in lead, and one whole window in the end, looking out of the hall, is made of such panes, doubtless brought from the old country. There can be no doubt that this was the mansion of the town, the "fine house" of those early days, for it was erected in 1686. A large front hall extends backward to the room which we may suppose was intended for a dining-room, or possibly a kitchen. Out of this hall a broad staircase of oak, the rail and posts



handsomely shaped, leads upward by successive turns to the rooms above, which are full height, and then to the immense garret over all. Up stairs and down, as usual, the centre of the house is filled with the chimney, and all the rooms in both stories are furnished with fireplaces and handsome mantle - pieces. For plastering, ceiling is substituted almost everywhere, the wide pine boards being ingeniously joined in lack of the modern tongue and groove. Every thing is painted dull red, and is therefore dark. Did it harmonize with the gloomy and stern dispositions of these Puritanic people, this red and blue-black paint, which every where took the place of any light

tints, or was it merely a question of cheapness of colors? Little remains except the worn sills and the stairway, polished by the contact of so many feet, to tell of those who once made its walls echo with the voice of



HISTORIC BITS IN SOUTHAMPTON.

BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
LIB.





HOISTING MENHADEN SIGNAL.

supplication, or ring with infectious laughter; but on one of the doors up stairs some careless youngster painted or scratched indelibly this information—a refreshing bit of real human nature out of the unreal past: “This shirt is to be mended in the Collar for it is got two Holes. 1751.”

So little by little these old scenes are re-peopled as we wander among them, and grow familiar with the times when they were new. More easily is this possible in Southampton than any where else, for there the big outside world grows more and more distant as one lingers, and the mind sinks into a quiet which makes retrospection natural, and association with the present almost an effort. The old village belongs to the Long Ago. Actually almost as populous as at present in 1678, it was a hundred times more important than it is now in 1878. In the vast progress the two centuries have seen, the town has had little part, and like the half-buried mile-stones which you catch sight of from the express train, telling how many miles it once was “to Suffolk C. H.,” it is only a curious landmark of the way

the nation went in its childhood. It is not difficult to think one sees the tall hats and bright buckles of the first Howell or Sayre or Farrington, Gosmer, Odell, Halsey, Raynor, Johnes, Barrett, and the rest, come gravely marching down the long street, a Bible in one hand, a match-lock in the other, wending his way to the cold, thatched meeting-house, at the summons of a drum, for which the town furnishes annual supplies of “corddige.”

A pleasant walk of six miles brings us to Bridgehampton—a long line of comfortable farm-houses on either side of the highway, a big tavern, and a few stores. All the way one is in sight of the beach, and notices every now and then a flag-staff surmounting the irregular ridge of sand, scantily grown with wire-grass, which marks the limit of the tide. Those are signal poles, and any moment you are liable to see a big fish basket hoisted to the top of one of them as a sign that the crew of the fishing boat at that point is wanted *instantly* to seine a bunch of bunkers which the watchman has seen “breaking” in the offing. So important is it that large quantities of this fish should be caught, to be spread as manure on the poor land, that the farmers instantly abandon whatever they are doing and go to the fishing. Half-way over, you pass a wind-mill that dates “way back,” as I am told, and differing from the rest in having a huge beam or support reaching from the turret to the ground, where it rests in the hub of a big wheel that travels in a rut around the mill as the top is turned to suit the direction of the wind. I don’t see exactly how this helps the revolution of the heavy turret, but I suppose it must somehow. Many of the mills have a little subsidiary set of arms intended to utilize the force of the wind in swinging the turret.

It was just opposite Bridgehampton that the *Circassian*, a coasting vessel, was wrecked in the winter of 1874-75, by which half the remnants of the Shinnecock Indians lost their lives. The captain is said to have had a presentiment when he went aboard of the vessel that he would never leave her alive, and of course he didn’t. How the mate and three seamen were saved is worth telling.

The mate was a very resolute, cool-headed man, and made up his mind to the inevitable some time before the catastrophe came. With three of his men he got a buoy aloft where they were clinging to the rigging almost frozen, and there waited until the last thump upon the bottom should be given, and the ship fall over upon her beam ends a total wreck. All the time they were conning over their plan of action. At last the ship gave a final lurch, struck with crushing force on the sand, and the tall mast leaned swiftly to the water like a



felled tree. This was their moment, and the four men, clinging to the buoy as best they could, were hurled into the raging surf. One man, though, lost his hold, and with a drowning clutch seized the mate around his neck. The mate had his knife in his belt, and instantly drawing it, shouted, "Let go, or I'll kill you!" The sailor knew he would keep his word, and did let go, to successfully grasp the buoy. Thus, hanging on with their hands, now recover-

ashore. The third swam in on the second wave, and was dragged up on the beach. The last man came a moment later, bruised and insensible, but alive.

"Them Injuns was a-cryin' and hollerin' and callin' on the Lord, and every mother's son of 'em went to Davy Jones's locker. It's all very well, but I 'low nothin' but that old buoy saved my life," says the mate.

All things considered, fewer wrecks of serious consequence than might be expect-



FOG-HORN KEEPER IN A STORM.

ing limberness in the warmer water, and locking their feet together underneath the buoy to ballast it and keep it steady, the cast-aways began their perilous drifting shoreward. All the while the mate kept his perfect self-possession and his eyes open. "Shut!" he would ejaculate, as a wave swept over; "breathe!" when it had passed, and their heads were out for an instant. After a while they seemed near shore. "I'll sound," said the mate, and unlocking his feet he let himself down, and could touch bottom. "Next wave, run!" was his brief direction. And they did, but only two got

ed have taken place upon this coast. The men living along the shore are adepts at riding the surf and every form of seamanship, as might be expected of whalers and fishermen. They can, therefore, render the most efficient help possible, and even the coast-guard find themselves in the background occasionally when a vessel is reported ashore. The hero of all these heroes seems to be Captain George G. White, of Southampton, who began life as a cabin-boy of a whaler, and worked up to the quarter-deck through all the grades. Since his retirement from a sea-faring life he has fre-





quently been called on to take command of life-boats, and many are his exploits in rescuing human life from stranded vessels. Only four years ago he carried a line to the wrecked steamer *Alexander Lezallay*, from France, by which more than thirty persons were delivered. He is a man who is ready to lead where any one dares to follow.

Eastward of Bridgehampton, along the shore, are continuous rich farms, with here and there a village of Puritanic innocence and quiet. Their very names are ancient and outlandish—Poxabog (Pogassabaug of old); Sag; Easthampton, where the wagon track meanders through a broad lawn of a street bordered by trees, behind which stand the houses in the midst of flower beds and orchards; Amagansett, “a fishing place;” and so on. A whole chapter might be written about any one of them. These are all on the south shore, within sound of the grand music of the surf of the great Atlantic, which rolls with uninterrupted weight upon the sands of these long straight shores. Between here and the shore of Peconic Bay the land is poorer, and though once all cleared and apparently cultivated, thousands of acres have been abandoned to waste, and for the second or third time grown up to thick forest, where the grouse drum as loudly, if not as numerous, as in primeval Junes. On the north side is one town, however, the old sea-port of East Hampton and Sag, which has outgrown all the rest, though far younger. This is Sag Harbor, where the railway terminates on this side, and all the steamboats land. Although perhaps a larger town than its sister and rival across the bay, there are no such signs of activity along the water front as one sees at Greenport. Two half-sunken hulks long since abandoned, a few fishing smacks, and some cat-boats are all that are likely to be found. The invitation held out by the substantial old wharf, which has taken part in a marine history so glorious, is now unanswered by any craft



A BIT OF AMAGANSETT.





SAG HARBOR.

adequate to its importance. Like the men once captains of three-masters, circumnavigating the globe, absolute kings of their floating dominions, who now direct the movements of a ferry-boat, or are content to earn daily wages as skippers of bunker sloops, the old wharf, and through its decay the older town, have declined from their quondam glory, and descended to the lesser usefulness of a landing for excursionists and a seat for youthful anglers. For Sag Harbor was once a whaling town that elbowed even New Bedford in reputation, and became as well known at the antipodes as Nantucket or Salem. Splendid ships were built with that sublime skill of handiwork which belonged to a former generation—ships to stand the crushing of ice-floes away north of Alaska, ships that would not warp and yawn beneath the vertical heat of equatorial suns. They sailed away with crews full of courage and skill and hope. They came back, after one or two or three years, scathed and moss-grown and battered, rough outside as a life of tempest and accident could make them, vile inside with decaying whale scrap and accumulated bilge-water; came back with different crews, perhaps, with a new face on the quarter-deck and many an old one in his canvas shroud at the bottom of the Pacific; but they brought with them wealth and fame to the mother town. Every ocean became familiar by its mementos to the citizens; all latitudes yielded revenue to this town, which was

the centre of the world. There was little use of teaching geography in the schools, when the youngsters heard at home little else than tales of foreign lands. They knew all about the Gulf Stream and Kamchatka, of the Azores and the Brazils, the Horn and Polynesia, Baffin's Bay and Spitzbergen, before they could pronounce the names. And no education was complete until at least one voyage around the world had been made, and a diploma of proficiency as a navigator had been secured.

Meanwhile the women staid at home, seeing their husbands and brothers a few weeks once in three years, perhaps not knowing they were widows or fatherless until the world had spun a thousand times on its tireless axis since the loved one sank to a coral grave, or was secreted from bears among the frozen rocks of some arctic shore. So grief and joy mingled in the return of every wave-worn ship coming suddenly into the harbor around Shelter Island, as unheralded as though it dropped from the skies. And what respinning of yarns took place around the firesides afterward! Some sore hearts still remember how two or three ships weighed anchor and sailed away in full hope, were bid a hearty godspeed, were watched from the Cemetery Hill as their topmasts disappeared behind Cedar Island; were waited and waited for month after month, but to this day have sent no single word back.

After a while spermacetis grew fewer, and right-whales farther and farther be-



tween, profits declined, few new ships were built, and finally most of the time-tried whalers were sold to the government to make up the "stone fleet" which was sunk in Charleston Harbor. Then Sag Harbor settled and solidified into the motionless town it is now, and began to live on its eventful past.

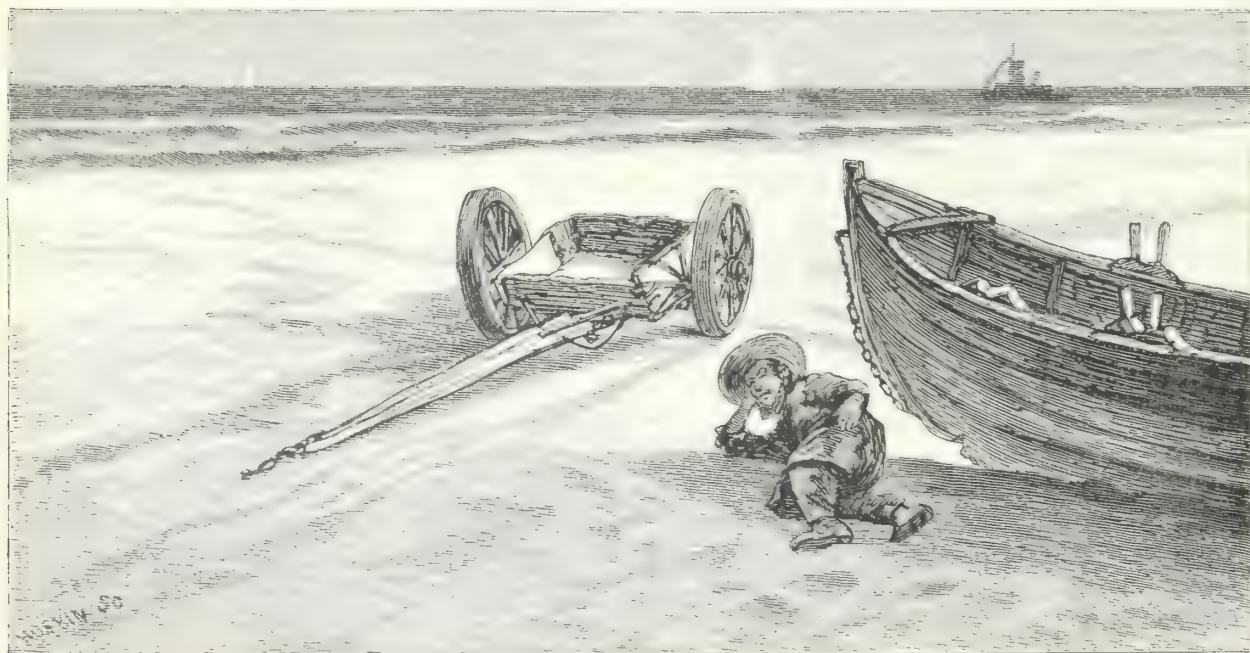
Every house is full of mementos of distant voyages: idols from the South Seas; fetiches from West Africa; quaint carvings on whales' teeth and walruses' tusks, done by idle sailors becalmed on the Spanish Main; intricate sculpture from China; wooden goggles worn by Esquimaux; rough relics from the "middle ground." Every other elderly man is a "captain," full of thrilling yarns—men who had been round the Horn a dozen times before their hair was gray, and who have now settled down to some humdrum employment, or vegetate on the interest of a little fortune.

As for the village itself, it is as lovely as we require of an old sea-port on a sheltered bay. Settled a century and a half ago, when streets laid themselves out in a charmingly rambling way among the scattered houses, there is little order to the place. Here and there stately mansions with pillars in front, as in "the good old style" before Mansard-roofs were imported, stand back from the pavement, with generous space of lawn in front and shaded breadth of garden behind; and between them are antiquated residences by the score, the date of whose erection has been forgotten, but whose picturesque gables and rose-embowered doorways and narrow windows will last through many a decade to delight the eye of the artist. Even the cemetery shows the same age. Glistening new marble and mossy slate stand side by side, and the dog-

gerel of a hundred years ago only differs in the spelling from the poetic epitaphs cut yesterday.

A friend, looking over my shoulder, admonishes me to be careful. "You will certainly offend the East-Enders—every one of them," he says. "You know they are not half as ghostly as you make out. Slow, to be sure, and of rural simplicity beside Broadway and the avenues, and with a naturally exaggerated idea of their importance, which comes from isolation; but they are up to the times, my boy, for all that. [He grows warm in his defense.] Look at the fine new houses that dot these towns, 'with all the modern improvements;' look at the elegant turn-outs that spin along these beautiful roads; look at the newspapers in every hamlet, and the clever agricultural machinery on every farm; look—look—why, look at the spring bonnets you saw in the old shingled church that pleasant Sunday!"

"Very well," I reply; "admit it. But all this you can see any where. The interest and distinguishing beauty of Long Island around the Peconics lie in its antiquity and the traces of the memorable past which have survived. Let us get away, then, from the gas-light of Sag Harbor into the moonlight of Montauk; wend our way over the wild mist-swept moorland where the trees bend all to the eastward, in such incessant western gales have they grown, where the surf sounds close at either hand, and we seem to be running the gauntlet of ravenous seas. Let us go out to the very end, where the land holds high its warning beacon, and the green waves night and day are breaking into ceaseless snows of foam. Here, far from prejudice, let us stop and breathe the perfect purity of the untainted air; for NE PLUS ULTRA."



EAST HAMPTON BEACH.



## MACLEOD OF DARE.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## HAMISH.

AND now—look! The sky is as blue as the heart of a sapphire, and the sea would be as blue too, only for the glad white of the rippling waves. And the wind is as soft as the winnowing of a sea-gull's wing; and green, green are the laughing shores of Ulva! The bride is coming. All around the coast the people are on the alert; Donald in his new finery; Hamish half frantic with excitement; the crew of the *Umpire* down at the quay; and the scarlet flag fluttering from the top of the white pole. And behold!—as the cry goes along that the steamer is in sight, what is this strange thing? She comes clear out from the Sound of Iona; but who has ever seen before that long line running from her stem to her topmast and down again to her stern?

"Oh, Keith!" Janet Macleod cried, with sudden tears starting to her eyes, "do you know what Captain Macallum has done for you? The steamer has got all her flags out."

Macleod flushed red.

"Well, Janet," said he, "I wrote to Captain Macallum, and I asked him to be so good as to pay them some little attention; but who was to know that he would do that?"

"And a very proper thing too," said Major Stuart, who was standing hard by. "A very pretty compliment to strangers; and you know you have not many visitors coming to Castle Dare."

The major spoke in a matter-of-fact way. Why should not the steamer show her bunting in honor of Macleod's guests? But all the same the gallant soldier, as he stood and watched the steamer coming along, became a little bit excited too; and he whistled to himself, and tapped his toe on the ground. It was a fine air he was whistling. It was all about breast-knots!

"Into the boat with you now, lads!" Macleod called out; and first of all to go down to the steps was Donald; and the silver and cairngorms on his pipes were burnished so that they shone like diamonds in the sunlight; and he wore his cap so far on one side that nobody could understand how it did not fall off. Macleod was alone in the stern. Away the white boat went through the blue waves.

"Put your strength into it now," said he, in the Gaelic, "and show them how the Mull lads can row!"

And then again:

"Steady now! Well rowed, all!"

And here are all the people crowding to one side of the steamer to see the strangers off; and the captain is on the bridge; and

Sandy is at the open gangway; and at the top of the iron steps—there is only one Macleod sees—all in white and blue—and he has caught her eyes—at last, at last!

He seized the rope, and sprang up the iron ladder.

"Welcome to you, sweetheart!" said he, in a low voice, and his trembling hand grasped hers.

"How do you, Keith?" said she. "Must we go down these steps?"

He had no time to wonder over the coldness—the petulance almost—of her manner; for he had to get both father and daughter safely conducted into the stern of the boat; and their luggage had to be got in; and he had to say a word or two to the steward; and finally he had to hand down some loaves of bread to the man next him, who placed them in the bottom of the boat.

"The commissariat arrangements are primitive," said Mr. White, in an under-tone to his daughter; but she made no answer to his words or his smile. But indeed, even if Macleod had overheard, he would have taken no shame to himself that he had secured a supply of white bread for his guests. Those who had gone yachting with Macleod—Major Stuart, for example, or Norman Ogilvie—had soon learned not to despise their host's highly practical acquaintance with tinned meats, pickles, condensed milk, and such like things. Who was it had proposed to erect a monument to him for his discovery of the effect of introducing a leaf of lettuce steeped in vinegar between the folds of a sandwich?

Then he jumped down into the boat again; and the great steamer steamed away; and the men struck their oars into the water.

"We will soon take you ashore now," said he, with a glad light on his face; but so excited was he that he could scarcely get the tiller-ropes right; and certainly he knew not what he was saying. And as for her—why was she so silent after the long separation? Had she no word at all for the lover who had so hungered for her coming?

And then Donald, perched high at the bow, broke away into his wild welcome of her; and there was a sound now louder than the calling of the sea-birds and the rushing of the seas. And if the English lady knew that this proud and shrill strain had been composed in honor of her, would it not bring some color of pleasure to the pale face? So thought Donald at least; and he had his eyes fixed on her as he played as he had never played before that day. And if she did not know the cunning modulations and the clever fingering, Macleod knew them, and the men knew them; and after they got ashore they would say to him,



"Donald, that was a good pibroch you played for the English lady."

But what was the English lady's thanks? Donald had not played over sixty seconds when she turned to Macleod and said,

"Keith, I wish you would stop him. I have a headache."

And so Macleod called out at once, in the lad's native tongue. But Donald could not believe this thing—though he had seen the strange lady turn to Sir Keith. And he would have continued had not one of the men turned to him and said,

"Donald, do you not hear? Put down the pipes."

For an instant the lad looked dumfounded; then he slowly took down the pipes from his shoulder, and put them beside him, and then he turned his face to the bow so that no one should see the tears of wounded pride that had sprung to his eyes. And Donald said no word to any one till they got ashore; and he went away by himself to Castle Dare, with his head bent down, and his pipes under his arm; and when he was met at the door by Hamish, who angrily demanded why he was not down at the quay with his pipes, he only said,

"There is no need of me or my pipes any more at Dare; and it is somewhere else that I will now go with my pipes."

But meanwhile Macleod was greatly concerned to find his sweetheart so cold and distant; and it was all in vain that he pointed out to her the beauties of this summer day—that he showed her the various islands he had often talked about, and called her attention to the skarts sitting on the Erisgeir rocks, and asked her—seeing that she sometimes painted a little in water-color—whether she noticed the peculiar clear, intense, and luminous blue of the shadows in the great cliffs which they were approaching. Surely no day could have been more auspicious for her coming to Dare?

"The sea did not make you ill?" he said.

"Oh no," she answered; and that was true enough, though it had produced in her agonizing fears of becoming ill, which had somewhat ruffled her temper. And, besides, she had a headache. And then she had a nervous fear of small boats.

"It is a very small boat to be out in the open sea," she remarked, looking at the long and shapely gig that was cleaving the summer waves.

"Not on a day like this, surely," said he, laughing. "But we will make a good sail-or of you before you leave Dare, and you will think yourself safer in a boat like this than in a big steamer. Do you know that the steamer you came in, big as it is, draws only five feet of water?"

If he had told her that the steamer drew five tons of coal, she could just as well have understood him. Indeed, she was not pay-

ing much attention to him. She had an eye for the biggest of the waves that were running by the side of the white boat.

But she plucked up her spirits somewhat on getting ashore; and she made the prettiest of little courtesies to Lady Macleod; and she shook hands with Major Stuart, and gave him a charming smile; and she shook hands with Janet too, whom she regarded with a quick scrutiny. So this was the cousin that Keith Macleod was continually praising?

"Miss White has a headache, mother," Macleod said, eager to account beforehand for any possible constraint in her manner. "Shall we send for the pony?"

"Oh no," Miss White said, looking up to the bare walls of Dare. "I shall be very glad to have a short walk now. Unless you, papa, would like to ride?"

"Certainly not—certainly not," said Mr. White, who had been making a series of formal remarks to Lady Macleod about his impressions of the scenery of Scotland.

"We will get you a cup of tea," said Janet Macleod, gently, to the new-comer, "and you will lie down for a little time, and I hope the sound of the water-fall will not disturb you. It is a long way you have come; and you will be very tired, I am sure."

"Yes, it is a pretty long way," she said; but she wished this overfriendly woman would not treat her as if she were a spoiled child. And no doubt they thought, because she was English, she could not walk up to the further end of that fir wood.

So they all set out for Castle Dare; and Macleod was now walking—as many a time he had dreamed of his walking—with his beautiful sweetheart; and there were the very ferns that he thought she would admire; and here the very point in the fir wood where he would stop her and ask her to look out on the blue sea, with Inch Kenneth, and Ulva, and Staffa all lying in the sunlight, and the razor-fish of land—Coll and Tiree—at the horizon. But instead of being proud and glad, he was almost afraid. He was so anxious that every thing should please her that he dared scarce bid her look at any thing. He had himself superintended the mending of the steep path; but even now the recent rains had left some puddles. Would she not consider the moist warm odors of this larch wood as too oppressive?

"What is that?" she said, suddenly.

There was a sound far below them of the striking of oars in the water, and another sound of one or two men monotonously chanting a rude sort of chorus.

"They are taking the gig on to the yacht," said he.

"But what are they singing?"

"Oh, that is 'Fhir a bhata,'" said he; "it is the common boat song. It means, 'Good-by to you, boatman, a hundred times, wherever you may be going.'"



"It is very striking, very effective, to hear singing and not see the people," she said. "It is the very prettiest introduction to a scene; I wonder it is not oftener used. Do you think they could write me down the words and music of that song?"

"Oh no, I think not," said he, with a nervous laugh. "But you will find something like it, no doubt, in your book."

So they passed on through the plantation; and at last they came to an open glade; and here was a deep chasm spanned by a curious old bridge of stone almost hidden by ivy; and there was a brawling stream dashing down over the rocks and flinging spray all over the briers and queen-of-the-meadow and foxgloves on either bank.

"That is very pretty," said she; and then he was eager to tell her that this little glen was even more beautiful when the rowan-trees showed their rich clusters of scarlet berries.

"Those bushes there, you mean," said she—"the mountain ash?"

"Yes."

"Ah," she said, "I never see those scarlet berries without wishing I was a dark woman. If my hair were black, I would wear nothing else in it."

By this time they had climbed well up the cliff; and presently they came on the open plateau on which stood Castle Dare, with its gaunt walls, and its rambling court-yards, and its stretch of damp lawn with a few fuchsia bushes and orange-lilies that did not give a very ornamental look to the place.

"We have had heavy rains of late," he said, hastily; he hoped the house and its surroundings did not look too dismal.

And when they went inside and passed through the sombre dining-hall, with its huge fire-place, and its dark weapons, and its few portraits dimly visible in the dusk, he said,

"It is very gloomy in the daytime; but it is more cheerful at night."

And when they reached the small drawing-room he was anxious to draw her attention away from the antiquated furniture and the nondescript decoration by taking her to the window and showing her the great breadth of the summer sea, with the far islands, and the brown-sailed boat of the Gometra men coming back from Staffa. But presently in came Janet, and would take the Fair Stranger away to her room, and was as attentive to her as if the one were a great princess and the other a meek serving-woman. And by-and-by Macleod, having seen his other guest provided for, went into the library and shut himself in, and sat down—in a sort of stupor. He could almost have imagined that the whole business of the morning was a dream; so strange did it seem to him that Gertrude

White should be living and breathing under the same roof with himself.

Nature herself seemed to have conspired with Macleod to welcome and charm this fair guest. He had often spoken to her of the sunsets that shone over the western seas; and he had wondered whether, during her stay in the North, she would see some strange sight that would remain forever a blaze of color in her memory. And now on this very first evening there was a spectacle seen from the high windows of Dare that filled her with astonishment, and caused her to send quickly for her father, who was burrowing among the old armor. The sun had just gone down. The western sky was of the color of a soda-water bottle become glorified; and in this vast breadth of shining clear green lay one long island of cloud—a pure scarlet. Then the sky overhead and the sea far below them were both of a soft roseate purple; and Fladda and Staffa and Lunga, out at the horizon, were almost black against that flood of green light. When he asked her if she had brought her water-colors with her, she smiled. She was not likely to attempt to put any thing like that down on paper.

Then they adjourned to the big hall, which was now lit up with candles; and Major Stuart had remained to dinner: and the gallant soldier, glad to have a merry evening away from his sighing wife, did his best to promote the cheerfulness of the party. Moreover, Miss White had got rid of her headache, and showed a greater brightness of face; so that both the old lady at the head of the table and her niece Janet had to confess to themselves that this English girl who was like to tear Keith Macleod away from them was very pretty, and had an amiable look, and was soft and fine and delicate in her manners and speech. The charming simplicity of her costume, too: had any body ever seen a dress more beautiful with less pretense of attracting notice? Her very hands: they seemed objects fitted to be placed on a cushion of blue velvet under a glass shade, so white and small and perfectly formed were they. That was what the kindly hearted Janet thought. She did not ask herself how these hands would answer if called upon to help—amid the grime and smoke of a shepherd's hut—the shepherd's wife to patch together a pair of homespun trousers for the sailor son coming back from the sea.

"And now," said Keith Macleod to his fair neighbor, when Hamish had put the claret and the whiskey on the table, "since your head is well now, would you like to hear the pipes? It is an old custom of the house. My mother would think it strange to have it omitted," he added, in a lower voice.

"Oh, if it is a custom of the house," she



said, coldly—for she thought it was inconsiderate of him to risk bringing back her headache—"I have no objection whatever."

And so he turned to Hamish and said something in the Gaelic. Hamish replied

'Donald, do not be a foolish lad; and if the English lady will not want the pibroch you made for her, perhaps at another time she will want it.' And now, Sir Keith, it is Maggie MacFarlane; she wass coming up



"A FOOL WOULD HE BE THAT WOULD BURN HIS HARP TO WARM HER."

in English, and loud enough for Miss White to hear:

"It is no pibroch there will be this night, for Donald is away."

"Away?"

"Ay, just that. When he wass come back from the boat, he will say to me, 'Hamish, it is no more of me or my pipes they want at Dare; and I am going away; and they can get some one else to play the pipes.' And I wass saying to him then,

from Loch-na-Keal this afternoon, and who wass it she will meet but our Donald, and he wass saying to her, 'It is to Tobermory now that I am going, Maggie; and I will try to get a ship there; for it is no more of me or my pipes they will want at Dare.'"

This was Hamish's story; and the keen hawk-like eye of him was fixed on the English lady's face all the time he spoke in his struggling and halting fashion.

"Confound the young rascal!" Macleod



said, with his face grown red. "I suppose I shall have to send a messenger to Tobermory and apologize to him for interrupting him to-day." And then he turned to Miss White. "They are like a set of children," he said, "with their pride and petulance."

This is all that needs be said about the manner of Miss White's coming to Dare, besides these two circumstances. First of all, whether it was that Macleod was too flurried, and Janet too busy, and Lady Macleod too indifferent to attend to such trifles, the fact remains that no one, on Miss White's entering the house, had thought of presenting her with a piece of white heather, which, as every one knows, gives good health and good fortune and long life to your friend. Again, Hamish seemed to have acquired a serious prejudice against her from the very outset. That night, when Castle Dare was asleep, and the old dame Christina and her husband were seated by themselves in the servants' room, and Hamish was having his last pipe, and both were talking over the great events of the day, Christina said, in her native tongue—

"And what do you think now of the English lady, Hamish?"

Hamish answered with an old and sinister saying:

*"A fool would he be that would burn his harp to warm her."*

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE GRAVE OF MACLEOD OF MACLEOD.

THE monotonous sound of the water-fall, so far from disturbing the new guest of Castle Dare, only soothed her to rest; and after the various fatigues—if not the emotions—of the day, she slept well. But in the very midst of the night she was startled by some loud commotion that seemed to prevail both within and without the house; and when she was fully awakened it appeared to her that the whole earth was being shaken to pieces in the storm. The wind howled in the chimneys; the rain dashed on the window-panes with a rattle as of musketry; far below she could hear the awful booming of the Atlantic breakers. The gusts that drove against the high house seemed ready to tear it from its foot-hold of rock and whirl it inland; or was it the sea itself that was rising in its thunderous power to sweep away this bauble from the face of the mighty cliffs? And then the wild and desolate morning that followed! Through the bewilderment of the running water on the panes she looked abroad on the tempest-riven sea—a slate-colored waste of hurrying waves with wind-swept streaks of foam on them—and on the lowering and ever-changing clouds. The fuchsia bushes on the lawn tossed and bent before the wind; the few

orange lilies, wet as they were, burned like fire in this world of cold greens and grays. And then, as she stood and gazed, she made out the only sign of life that was visible. There was a corn field below the larch plantation; and though the corn was all laid flat by the wet and the wind, a cow and her calf that had strayed into the field seemed to have no difficulty in finding a rich moist breakfast. Then a small girl appeared, vainly trying with one hand to keep her kerchief on her head, while with the other she threw stones at the marauders. By-and-by even these disappeared, and there was nothing visible outside but that hurrying and desolate sea, and the wet, bedraggled, comfortless shore. She turned away with a shudder.

All that day Keith Macleod was in despair. As for himself, he would have had sufficient joy in the mere consciousness of the presence of this beautiful creature. His eyes followed her with a constant delight, whether she took up a book, or examined the cunning spring of a sixteenth-century dagger, or turned to the dripping panes. He would have been content even to sit and listen to Mr. White sententiously lecturing Lady Macleod about the Renaissance, knowing that from time to time those beautiful, tender eyes would meet his. But what would she think of it? Would she consider this the normal condition of life in the Highlands—this being boxed up in an old-fashioned room, with doors and windows firmly closed against the wind and the wet, with a number of people trying to keep up some sort of social intercourse, and not very well succeeding? She had looked at the portraits in the dining-hall, looming darkly from their black backgrounds, though two or three were in resplendent uniforms; she had examined all his trophies of the chase—skins, horns, and what not—in the outer corridor; she had opened the piano, and almost started back from the discords produced by the feebly jangling old keys.

"You do not cultivate music much," she had said to Janet Macleod, with a smile.

"No," answered Janet, seriously. "We have but little use for music here—except to sing to a child now and again—and you know you do not want the piano for that."

And then the return to the cold window, with the constant rain and the beating of the white surge on the black rocks. The imprisonment became torture—became maddening. What if he were suddenly to murder this old man, and stop forever his insufferable prosing about Berna da Siena and Andrea Mantegna? It seemed so strange to hear him talk of the unearthly calm of Raphael's "St. Michael"—of the beautiful, still landscape of it, and the mysterious joy on the face of the angel—and to listen at the same moment to the wild roar of the



Atlantic around the rocks of Mull. If Macleod had been alone with the talker, he might have gone to sleep. It was like the tolling of a bell. "The artist passes away, but he leaves his soul behind . . . we can judge by his work of the joy he must have experienced in creation, of the splendid dreams that have visited him, of the triumph of completion. . . . Life without an object—a pursuit demanding the sacrifice of our constant care—what is it? The existence of a pig is nobler—a pig is of some use. . . . We are independent of weather in a great city; we do not need to care for the seasons; you take a hansom and drive to the National Gallery, and there all at once you find yourself in the soft Italian climate, with the most beautiful women and great heroes of chivalry all around you, and with those quaint and loving presentations of sacred stories that tell of a time when art was proud to be the meek handmaid of religion. Oh, my dear Lady Macleod, there is a 'Holy Family' of Giotto's—"

So it went on; and Macleod grew sick at heart to think of the impression that this funereal day must have had on the mind of his Fair Stranger. But as they sat at dinner that evening Hamish came in and said a few words to his master. Instantly Macleod's face lighted up, and quite a new animation came into his manner.

"Do you know what Hamish says?" he cried—"that the night is quite fine! And Hamish has heard our talking of seeing the cathedral at Iona by moonlight, and he says the moon will be up by ten. And what do you say to running over now? You know we can not take you in the yacht, for there is no good anchorage at Iona; but we can take you in a very good and safe boat, and it will be an adventure to go out in the night-time."

It was an adventure that neither Mr. White nor his daughter seemed too eager to undertake; but the urgent vehemence of the young man—who had discovered that it was a fine and clear star-lit night—soon overcame their doubts, and there was a general hurry of preparation. The desolation of the day, he eagerly thought, would be forgotten in the romance of this night excursion. And surely she would be charmed by the beauty of the star-lit sky, and the loneliness of the voyage, and their wandering over the ruins in the solemn moonlight?

Thick boots and water-proofs: these were his peremptory instructions. And then he led the way down the slippery path; and he had a tight hold of her arm; and if he talked to her in a low voice so that none should overhear—it is the way of lovers under the silence of the stars. They reached the pier and the wet stone steps; and here, despite the stars, it was so dark that perforce she had to permit him to lift her off

the lowest step and place her in security in what seemed to her a great hole of some kind or other. She knew, however, that she was in a boat, for there was a swaying hither and thither even in this sheltered corner. She saw other figures arrive—black between her and the sky—and she heard her father's voice above. Then he, too, got into the boat; the two men forward hauled up the huge lug-sail; and presently there was a rippling line of sparkling white stars on each side of the boat, burning for a second or two on the surface of the black water.

"I don't know who is responsible for this madness," Mr. White said—and the voice from inside the great water-proof coat sounded as if it meant to be jocular—"but really, Gerty, to be on the open Atlantic, in the middle of the night, in an open boat—"

"My dear Sir," Macleod said, laughing, "you are as safe as if you were in bed. But I am responsible in the mean time, for I have the tiller. Oh, we shall be over in plenty of time to be clear of the banks."

"What did you say?"

"Well," Macleod admitted, "there are some banks, you know, in the Sound of Iona; and on a dark night they are a little awkward when the tide is low; but I am not going to frighten you—"

"I hope we shall have nothing much worse than this," said Mr. White, seriously.

For indeed the sea, after the squally morning, was running pretty high; and occasionally a cloud of spray came rattling over the bows, causing Macleod's guests to pull their water-proofs still more tightly round their necks. But what mattered the creaking of the cordage, and the plunging of the boat, and the rushing of the seas, so long as that beautiful clear sky shone overhead?

"Gertrude," said he, in a low voice, "do you see the phosphorus-stars on the waves? I never saw them burn more brightly."

"They are very beautiful," said she. "When do we get to land, Keith?"

"Oh, pretty soon," said he. "You are not anxious to get to land?"

"It is stormier than I expected."

"Oh, this is nothing," said he. "I thought you would enjoy it."

However, that summer night's sail was like to prove a tougher business than Keith Macleod had bargained for. They had been out scarcely twenty minutes when Miss White heard the men at the bow call out something, which she could not understand, to Macleod. She saw him crane his neck forward, as if looking ahead; and she herself, looking in that direction, could perceive that from the horizon almost to the zenith the stars had become invisible.

"It may be a little bit squally," he said to her, "but we shall soon be under the lee of Iona. Perhaps you had better hold on to something."



The advice was not ill-timed; for almost as he spoke the first gust of the squall struck the boat, and there was a sound as if every thing had been torn asunder and sent overboard. Then, as she righted just in time to meet the crash of the next wave, it seemed as though the world had grown perfectly black around them. The terrified woman seated there could no longer make out Macleod's figure; it was impossible to speak amid this roar; it almost seemed to her that she was alone with those howling winds and heaving waves—at night on the open sea. The wind rose, and the sea too; she heard the men call out and Macleod answer; and all the time the boat was creaking and groaning as she was flung high on the mighty waves, only to go staggering down into the awful troughs behind.

"Oh, Keith!" she cried, and involuntarily she seized his arm, "are we in danger?"

He could not hear what she said, but he understood the mute appeal. Quickly disengaging his arm—for it was the arm that was working the tiller—he called to her:

"We are all right. If you are afraid, get to the bottom of the boat!"

But unhappily she did not hear this; for as he called to her a heavy sea struck the bows, sprung high in the air, and then fell over them in a deluge which nearly choked her. She understood, though, his throwing away her hand. It was the triumph of brute selfishness in the moment of danger. They were drowning, and he would not let her come near him! And so she shrieked aloud for her father.

Hearing those shrieks, Macleod called to one of the two men, who came stumbling along in the dark and got hold of the tiller. There was a slight lull in the storm; and he caught her two hands and held her.

"Gertrude, what is the matter? You are perfectly safe, and so is your father. For Heaven's sake, keep still; if you get up, you will be knocked overboard!"

"Where is papa?" she cried.

"I am here—I am all right, Gerty," was the answer—which came from the bottom of the boat, into which Mr. White had very prudently slipped.

And then as they got under the lee of the island, they found themselves in smoother water, though from time to time squalls came over that threatened to flatten the great lug-sail right on to the waves.

"Come, now, Gertrude," said Macleod, "we shall be ashore in a few minutes; and you are not frightened of a squall?"

He had his arm round her; and he held her tight; but she did not answer. At last she saw a light—a small glimmering orange thing that quivered apparently a hundred miles off.

"See!" he said. "We are close by. And it may clear up to-night, after all."

Then he shouted to one of the men:

"Sandy, we will not try the quay the night; we will go into the Martyr's Bay."

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

It was about a quarter of an hour afterward that—almost benumbed with fear—she discovered that the boat was in smooth water; and then there was a loud clatter of the sail coming down; and she heard the two sailors calling to each other, and one of them seemed to have got overboard. There was absolutely nothing visible—not even a distant light; but it was raining heavily. Then she knew that Macleod had moved away from her; and she thought she heard a splash in the water; and then a voice beside her said:

"Gertrude, will you get up? You must let me carry you ashore."

And she found herself in his arms—carried as lightly as though she had been a young lamb or a fawn from the hills; but she knew from the slow way of his walking that he was going through the sea. Then he set her on the shore.

"Take my hand," said he.

"But where is papa?"

"Just behind us," said he, "on Sandy's shoulders. Sandy will bring him along. Come, darling!"

"But where are we going?"

"There is a little inn near the cathedral. And perhaps it will clear up to-night; and we will have a fine sail back again to Dare."

She shuddered. Not for ten thousand worlds would she pass through once more that seething pit of howling sounds and raging seas.

He held her arm firmly; and she stumbled along through the darkness, not knowing whether she was walking through sea-weed, or pools of water, or wet corn. And at last they came to a door; and the door was opened; and there was a blaze of orange light; and they entered—all dripping and unrecognizable—the warm, snug little place, to the astonishment of a handsome young lady who proved to be their hostess.

"Dear me, Sir Keith," said she at length, "is it you indeed! And you will not be going back to Dare to-night?"

In fact, when Mr. White arrived, it was soon made evident that going back to Dare that night was out of the question; for somehow or other the old gentleman, despite his water-proofs, had managed to get soaked through; and he was determined to go to bed at once, so as to have his clothes dried. And so the hospitalities of the little inn were requisitioned to the utmost; and as there was no whiskey to be had, they had to content themselves with hot tea; and then they all retired to rest for the night, convinced that the moonlight visitation of the ruins had to be postponed.

But next day—such are the rapid changes



in the Highlands—broke blue and fair and shining; and Miss Gertrude White was amazed to find that the awful Sound she had come along on the previous night was now brilliant in the most beautiful colors—for the tide was low, and the yellow sand-banks were shining through the blue waters of the sea. And would she not, seeing that the boat was lying down at the quay now, sail round the island, and see the splendid sight of the Atlantic breaking on the wild coast on the western side? She hesitated; and then, when it was suggested that she might walk across the island, she eagerly accepted that alternative. They set out, on this hot, bright, beautiful day.

But where he, eager to please her and show the beauties of the Highlands, saw lovely white sands, and smiling plains of verdure, and far views of the sunny sea, she only saw loneliness, and desolation, and a constant threatening of death from the fierce Atlantic. Could any thing have been more beautiful—he said to himself—than this magnificent scene that lay all around her? when they reached a far point on the western shore—in face of them the wildly rushing seas, coming thundering on to the rocks, and springing so high into the air that the snow-white foam showed black against the glare of the sky; the nearer islands gleaming with a touch of brown on their sunward side; the Dutchman's Cap, with its long brim and conical centre, and Lunga, also like a cap, but with a shorter brim and a high peak in front, becoming a trifle blue; then Coll and Tiree lying like a pale stripe on the horizon; while far away in the north the mountains of Rum and Skye were faint and spectral in the haze of the sunlight. Then the wild coast around them, with its splendid masses of granite, and its spare grass a brown-green in the warm sun, and its bays of silver sand, and its sea-birds whiter than the white clouds that came sailing over the blue. She recognized only the awfulness and the loneliness of that wild shore, with its suggestions of crashing storms in the night-time and the cries of drowning men dashed helplessly on the cruel rocks. She was very silent all the way back, though he told her stories of the fairies that used to inhabit those sandy and grassy plains.

And could any thing have been more magical than the beauty of that evening, after the storm had altogether died away? The red sunset sank behind the dark olive green of the hills; a pale, clear twilight took its place, and shone over those mystic ruins that were the object of many a thought and many a pilgrimage in the far past and forgotten years; and then the stars began to glimmer as the distant shores and the sea grew dark; and then, still later on, a wonderful radiance rose behind the low hills of

Mull, and across the waters of the Sound came a belt of quivering light as the white moon sailed slowly up into the sky. Would they venture out now, into the silence? There was an odor of new-mown hay in the night air. Far away they could hear the murmuring of the waves around the rocks. They did not speak a word as they walked along to those solemn ruins overlooking the sea, that were now a mass of mysterious shadow, except where the eastern walls and the tower were touched by the silvery light that had just come into the heavens.

And in silence they entered the still church-yard too, and passed the graves. The building seemed to rise above them in a darkened majesty; before them was a portal through which a glimpse of the moon-lit sky was visible. Would they enter, then?

"I am almost afraid," she said, in a low voice to her companion, and the hand on his arm trembled.

But no sooner had she spoken than there was a sudden sound in the night that caused her heart to jump. All over them and around them, as it seemed, there was a wild uproar of wings; and the clear sky above them was darkened by a cloud of objects wheeling this way and that until at length they swept by overhead as if blown by a whirlwind, and crossed the clear moonlight in a dense body. She had quickly clung to him in her fear.

"It is only the jackdaws—there are hundreds of them," he said to her; but even his voice sounded strange in this hollow building.

For they had now entered by the open doorway; and all around them were the tall and crumbling pillars, and the arched windows, and ruined walls, here and there catching the sharp light of the moonlight, here and there showing soft and gray with a reflected light, with spaces of black shadow which led to unknown recesses. And always overhead the clear sky with its pale stars; and always, far away, the melancholy sound of the sea.

"Do you know where you are standing now?" said he, almost sadly. "You are standing on the grave of Macleod of Macleod."

She started aside with a slight exclamation.

"I do not think they bury any one in here now," said he, gently. And then he added: "Do you know that I have chosen the place for my grave? It is away out at one of the Treshanish Islands; it is a bay looking to the west; there is no one living on that island. It is only a fancy of mine—to rest for ever and ever with no sound around you but the sea and the winds—no step coming near you, and no voice but the waves."

"Oh, Keith, you should not say such



things: you frighten me," she said, in a trembling voice.

Another voice broke in upon them, harsh and pragmatical.

"Do you know, Sir Keith," said Mr. White, briskly, "that the moonlight is clear enough to let you make out this plan? But I can't get the building to correspond. This is the chancel, I believe; but where are the cloisters?"

"I will show you," Macleod said; and he led his companion through the silent and solemn place, her father following. In the darkness they passed through an archway, and were about to step out on to a piece of grass, when suddenly Miss White uttered a wild scream of terror, and sank helplessly to the ground. She had slipped from his arm, but in an instant he had caught her again, and had raised her on his bended knee, and was calling to her with kindly words.

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" he said. "What is the matter? Won't you speak to me?"

And just as she was pulling herself together the innocent cause of this commotion was discovered. It was a black lamb that had come up in the most friendly manner, and had rubbed its head against her hand to attract her notice.

"Gertrude, see! it is only a lamb. It comes up to me every time I visit the ruins. Look!"

And indeed she was mightily ashamed of herself, and pretended to be vastly interested in the ruins; and was quite charmed with the view of the Sound in the moonlight, with the low hills beyond now grown quite black; but all the same she was very silent as they walked back to the inn. And she was pale and thoughtful, too, while they were having their frugal supper of bread and milk; and very soon, pleading fatigue, she retired. But all the same, when Mr. White went up stairs, some time after, he had been but a short while in his room when he heard a tapping at the door. He said, "Come in," and his daughter entered. He was surprised by the curious look of her face—a sort of piteous look, as of one ill at ease, and yet ashamed to speak.

"What is it, child?" said he.

She regarded him for a second with that piteous look, and then tears slowly gathered in her eyes.

"Papa," said she, in a sort of half-hysterical way, "I want you to take me away from here. It frightens me. I don't know what it is. He was talking to me about graves—"

And here she burst out crying, and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, nonsense, child," her father said. "Your nervous system must have been shaken last night by that storm. I have seen a strange look about your face all day. It

was certainly a mistake our coming here: you are not fitted for this savage life."

She grew more composed. She sat down for a few minutes; and her father, taking out a small flask which had been filled from a bottle of brandy sent over during the day from Castle Dare, poured out a little of the spirits, added some water, and made her drink the dose as a sleeping draught.

"Ah, well, you know, pappy," said she, as she rose to leave, and she bestowed a very pretty smile on him, "it is all in the way of experience, isn't it? and an artist should experience every thing. But there is just a little too much about graves and ghosts in these parts for me. And I suppose we shall go to-morrow to see some cave or other where two or three hundred men, women, and children were murdered."

"I hope in going back we shall not be as near our own grave as we were last night," her father observed.

"And Keith Macleod laughs at it," she said, "and says it was unfortunate we got a wetting."

And so she went to bed; and the sea air had dealt well with her; and she had no dreams at all of shipwrecks or of black familiars in moon-lit shrines. Why should her sleep be disturbed because that night she had put her foot on the grave of the chief of the Macleods?

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE "UMPIRE."

NEXT morning, with all this wonderful world of sea and islands shining in the early sunlight, Mr. White and his daughter were down by the shore, walking along the white sands, and chatting idly as they went. From time to time they looked across the fair summer seas to the distant cliffs of Bourg; and each time they looked a certain small white speck seemed coming nearer. That was the *Umpire*; and Keith Macleod was on board of her. He had started at an unknown hour of the night to bring the yacht over from her anchorage. He would not have his beautiful Fionaghal, who had come as a stranger to these far lands, go back to Dare in a common open boat with stones for ballast.

"This is the loneliest place I have ever seen," Miss Gertrude White was saying, on this the third morning after her arrival. "It seems scarcely in the world at all. The sea cuts you off from every thing, you know; it would have been nothing if we had come by rail."

They walked on in silence, the blue waves beside them curling a crisp white on the smooth sands.

"Pappy," said she at length, "I suppose



if I lived here for six months no one in England would remember any thing about me? If I were mentioned at all, they would think I was dead. Perhaps some day I might meet some one from England, and I would have to say, 'Don't you know who I am? Did you never hear of one called Gertrude White? I was Gertrude White.'

"No doubt," said her father, cautiously.

"And when Mr. Lemuel's portrait of me appears in the Academy, people would be saying, 'Who is that? 'Miss Gertrude White as Juliet?' Ah, there was an actress of that name. Or was she an amateur? She married somebody in the Highlands. I suppose she is dead now?"

"It is one of the most gratifying instances, Gerty, of the position you have made," her father observed, in his slow and sententious way, "that Mr. Lemuel should be willing, after having refused to exhibit at the Academy for so many years, to make an exception in the case of your portrait."

"Well, I hope my face will not get burned by the sea air and the sun," she said. "You know he wants two or three more sittings. And do you know, pappy, I have sometimes thought of asking you to tell me honestly—not to encourage me with flattery, you know—whether my face has really that high-strung pitch of expression when I am about to drink the poison in the cell. Do I really look like Mr. Lemuel's portrait of me?"

"It is your very self, Gerty," her father said, with decision. "But then Mr. Lemuel is a man of genius. Who but himself could have caught the very soul of your acting and fixed it on canvas?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then there was a flush of genuine enthusiastic pride mantling on her forehead as she said, frankly,

"Well, then, I wish I could see myself!"

Mr. White said nothing. He had watched this daughter of his through the long winter months. Occasionally, when he heard her utter sentiments such as these, and when he saw her keenly sensitive to the flattery bestowed upon her by the people assembled at Mr. Lemuel's little gatherings, he had asked himself whether it was possible she could ever marry Sir Keith Macleod. But he was too wise to risk re-awakening her rebellious fits by any encouragement. In any case, he had some experience of this young lady; and what was the use of combating one of her moods at five o'clock, when at six o'clock she would be arguing in the contrary direction, and at seven convinced that the *via media* was the straight road? Moreover, if the worst came to the worst, there would be some compensation in the fact of Miss White changing her name for that of Lady Macleod.

Just as quickly she changed her mood on

the present occasion. She was looking again far over the darkly blue and ruffled seas toward the white-sailed yacht.

"He must have gone away in the dark to get that boat for us," said she, musingly. "Poor fellow, how very generous and kind he is! Sometimes—shall I make the confession, pappy?—I wish he had picked out some one who could better have returned his warmth of feeling."

She called it a confession; but it was a question. And her father answered more bluntly than she had quite expected.

"I am not much of an authority on such points," said he, with a dry smile. "But I should have said, Gerty, that you have not been quite so effusive toward Sir Keith Macleod as some young ladies would have been on meeting their sweetheart after a long absence."

The pale face flushed, and she answered, hastily:

"But you know, papa, when you are knocked about from one boat to another, and expecting to be ill one minute and drowned the next, you don't have your temper improved, do you? And then perhaps you have been expecting a little too much romance—and you find your Highland chieftain banding down loaves, with all the people in the steamer staring at him. But I really mean to make it up to him, papa, if I could only get settled down for a day or two and get into my own ways. Oh, dear me!—this sun—it is too awfully dreadful! When I appear before Mr. Lemuel again I shall be a mulatto!"

And as they walked along the shining sands, with the waves monotonously breaking, the white-sailed yacht came nearer and more near; and indeed the old *Umpire*, broad-beamed and heavy as she was, looked quite stately and swan-like as she came over the blue water. And they saw the gig lowered; and the four oars keeping rhythmical time; and presently they could make out the browned and glad face of Macleod.

"Why did you take so much trouble?" said she to him—and she took his hand in a very kind way as he stepped on shore. "We could very well have gone back in the boat."

"Oh, but I want to take you round by Loch Tua," said he, looking with great gratitude into those friendly eyes. "And it was no trouble at all. And will you step into the gig now?"

He took her hand and guided her along the rocks until she reached the boat; and he assisted her father too. Then they pushed off; and it was with a good swing the men sent the boat through the lapping waves. And here was Hamish standing by the gangway to receive them; and he was gravely respectful to the stranger lady as he assisted her to get up the small wooden



steps; but there was no light of welcome in the keen gray eyes. He quickly turned away from her to give his orders; for Hamish was on this occasion skipper, and had donned a smart suit of blue with brass buttons. Perhaps he would have been prouder of his buttons, and of himself, and of the yacht he had sailed for so many years, if it had been any other than Gertrude White who had now stepped on board.

But, on the other hand, Miss White was quite charmed with this shapely vessel and all its contents. If the frugal ways and commonplace duties and conversation of Castle Dare had somewhat disappointed her, and had seemed to her not quite in accordance with the heroic traditions of the clans, here, at least, was something which she could recognize as befitting her notion of the name and position of Sir Keith Macleod. Surely it must be with a certain masterful sense of possession that he would stand on those white decks, independent of all the world besides, with those sinewy, sun-browned, handsome fellows ready to go any where with him at his bidding? It is true that Macleod, in showing her over the yacht, seemed to know far too much about tinned meats; and he exhibited with some pride a cunning device for the stowage of soda-water; and he even went the length of explaining to her the capacities of the linen chest; but then she could not fail to see that in his eagerness to interest and amuse her he was as garrulous as a school-boy showing to his companion a new toy. Miss White sat down in the saloon, and Macleod, who had but little experience in attending on ladies, and knew of but one thing that it was proper to recommend, said:

"And will you have a cup of tea now, Gertrude? Johnny will get it to you in a moment."

"No, thank you," said she, with a smile; for she knew not how often he had offered her a cup of tea since her arrival in the Highlands. "But do you know, Keith, your yacht has a terrible bachelor look about it? All the comforts of it are in this saloon and in those two nice little state-rooms. Your lady's cabin looks very empty; it is too elegant and fine, as if you were afraid to leave a book or a match-box in it. Now if you were to turn this into a lady's yacht, you would have to remove that pipe rack, and the guns and rifles and bags."

"Oh," said he, anxiously, "I hope you do not smell any tobacco?"

"Not at all," said she. "It was only a fancy. Of course you are not likely to turn your yacht into a lady's yacht."

He started and looked at her. But she had spoken quite thoughtlessly, and had now turned to her father.

When they went on deck again they found that the *Umpire*, beating up in the face of

a light northerly breeze, had run out for a long tack almost to the Dutchman's Cap; and from a certain distance they could see the grim shores of this desolate island, with its faint tinge of green grass over the brown of its plateau of rock. And then Hamish called out, "Ready, about!" and presently they were slowly leaving behind that lonely Dutchman, and making away for the distant entrance to Loch Tua. The breeze was slight; they made but little way; far on the blue waters they watched the white gulls sitting buoyant; and the sun was hot on their hands. What did they talk about in this summer idleness? Many a time he had dreamed of his thus sailing over the clear seas with the fair Fionaghal from the South, until at times his heart, grown sick with yearning, was ready to despair of the impossible. And yet here she was sitting on a deck stool near him—the wide-apart, long-lashed eyes occasionally regarding him—a neglected book open on her lap—the small gloved hands toying with the cover. Yet there was no word of love spoken. There was only a friendly conversation, and the idle passing of a summer day. It was something to know that her breathing was near him.

Then the breeze died away altogether, and they were left altogether motionless on the glassy blue sea. The great sails hung limp, without a single flap or quiver in them; the red ensign clung to the jigger-mast; Hamish, though he stood by the tiller, did not even put his hand on that bold and notable representation in wood of the sea-serpent.

"Come, now, Hamish," Macleod said, fearing this monotonous idleness would weary his fair guest, "you will tell us now one of the old stories that you used to tell me when I was a boy."

Hamish had indeed told the young Macleod many a mysterious tale of magic and adventure, but he was not disposed to repeat any one of these in broken English in order to please this lady from the South.

"It is no more of the stories I hef now, Sir Keith," said he. "It was a long time since I had the stories."

"Oh, I could construct one myself," said Miss White, lightly. "Don't I know how they all begin? '*There was once a king in Erin, and he had a son; and this son it was who would take the world for his pillow. But before he set out on his travels he took counsel of the falcon, and the hoodie, and the otter. And the falcon said to him, Go to the right; and the hoodie said to him, You will be wise now if you go to the left; but the otter said to him, Now take my advice,' etc., etc.*'"

"You have been a diligent student," Macleod said, laughing heartily. "And indeed you might go on with the story and finish it; for who knows now when we shall get back to Dare?"



It was after a long period of thus lying in dead calm—with the occasional appearance of a diver on the surface of the shining blue sea—that Macleod's sharply observant eye was attracted by an odd thing that appeared far away at the horizon.

"What do you think is that, now?" said he, with a smile.

They looked steadfastly, and saw only a thin line of silver light, almost like the back of a knife, in the distant dark blue.

"The track of a seal swimming under water," Mr. White suggested.

"Or a shoal of fish," his daughter said.

"Watch!"

The sharp line of light slowly spreads; a trembling silver-gray took the place of the dark blue; it looked as if invisible fingers were rushing out and over the glassy surface. Then they felt a cool freshness in the hot air; the red ensign swayed a bit; then the great mainsail flapped idly; and finally the breeze came gently blowing over the sea, and on again they went through the now rippling water. And as the slow time passed, in the glare of the sunlight, Staffa lay on the still water a dense mass of shadow; and they went by Lunga; and they drew near to the point of Gometra, where the black skarts were sitting on the exposed rocks. It was like a dream of sunlight and fair colors and summer quiet.

"I can not believe," said she to him, "that all those fierce murders and revenges took place in such beautiful scenes as these. How could they?"

And then, in the broad and still waters of Loch Tua, with the lonely rocks of Ulva close by them, they were again becalmed; and now it was decided that they should leave the yacht there at certain moorings, and should get into the gig and be pulled through the shallow channel between Ulva and Mull that connects Loch Tua with Loch-na-Keal. Macleod had been greatly favored by the day chosen at hap-hazard for this water promenade; at the end of it he was gladdened to hear Miss White say that she had never seen any thing so lovely on the face of the earth.

And yet it was merely a question of weather. To-morrow they might come back and find the water a ruffled leaden color; the waves washing over the rocks; Ben-More invisible behind driving clouds. But now, as those three sat in the stern of the gig, and were gently pulled along by the sweep of the oars, it seemed to one at least of them that she must have got into fairy-land. The rocky shores of Ulva lay on one side of this broad and winding channel; the flatter shores of Mull on the other; and between lay a perfect mirror of water in which every thing was so accurately reflected that it was quite impossible to define the line at which the water and the land met. In fact, so vivid

was the reflection of the blue and white sky on the surface of the water that it appeared to her as if the boat was suspended in mid-air: a sky below, a sky above. And then the beauty of the landscape that inclosed this wonderful mirror—the soft green foliage above the Ulva rocks; the brilliant yellow-brown of the sea-weed, with here and there a gray heron standing solitary and silent as a ghost over the pools; ahead of them, towering above this flat and shining and beautiful landscape, the awful majesty of the mountains around Loch-na-Keal—the monarch of them, Ben-More, showing a cone of dark and thunderous purple under a long and heavy swath of cloud. Far away, too, on their right, stretched the splendid rampart of the Gribun cliffs, a soft sunlight on the grassy greens of their summits; a pale and brilliant blue in the shadows of the huge and yawning caves. And so still it was, and the air so fine and sweet: it was a day for the idling of happy lovers.

What jarred, then? Not the silent appearance of the head of a seal in that shining plain of blue and white; for the poor old fellow only regarded the boat for a second or two with his large and pathetic eyes, and then quietly disappeared. Perhaps it was this—that Miss White was leaning over the side of the boat, and admiring very much the wonderful hues of groups of sea-weed below, that were all distinctly visible in the marvellously clear water. There were beautiful green plants that spread their flat fingers over the silver-white sands; and huge rolls of purple and sombre brown; and long strings that came up to the surface—the tracteries and decorations of these haunts of the mermaid.

"It is like a pantomime," she said. "You would expect to see a burst of lime-light, and Neptune appearing with a silver trident and crown. Well, it only shows that the scene-painters are nearer nature than most people imagine. I should never have thought there was any thing so beautiful in the sea."

And then again she said, when they had rounded Ulva, and got a glimpse of the open Atlantic again:

"Where is it, Keith, you proposed to sink all the theatres in England, for the benefit of the dolphins and the lobsters?"

He did not like these references to the theatre.

"It was only a piece of nonsense," said he, abruptly.

But then she begged him so prettily to get the men to sing the boat song that he good-humoredly took out a sheet of paper and a pencil and said to her:

"If I write it down for you, I must write it as it is pronounced. For how would you know that 'Fhir a bhata, na horo eile' is pronounced 'Feer a vahta, na horo ailya?'"

"And perhaps, then," said she, with a



charming smile, "writing it down would spoil it altogether? But you will ask them to sing it for me."

He said a word or two in the Gaelic to Sandy, who was rowing stroke; and Sandy answered with a short, quick laugh of assent.

"I have asked them if they would drink your health," Macleod said, "and they have not refused. It would be a great compliment to them if you would fill out the whiskey yourself. Here is my flask."

She took that formidable vessel in her small hands; and the men rested on their oars; and then the metal cup was passed along. Whether it was the dram, or whether it was the old familiar chorus they struck up—

*"Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)*

*Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)*

*Fhir a bhata (na horo eile)*

*Chead soire slann leid ge thobh a theid u"—*

certain it is that the boat swung forward with a new strength, and ere long they beheld in the distance the walls of Castle Dare. And here was Janet at the small quay greatly distressed because of the discomfort to which Miss White must have been subjected.

"But I have just been telling Sir Keith," she said, with a sweet smile, "that I have come through the most beautiful place I have ever seen in the world."

This was not, however, what she was saying to herself when she reached the privacy of her own room. Her thoughts took a different turn.

"And if it does seem impossible"—this was her inward speech to herself—"that those wild murders should have been committed in so beautiful a place, at least there will be a fair chance of one occurring when I tell him that I have signed an engagement that will last till Christmas. But what good could come of being in a hurry?"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A CAVE IN MULL.

OF love not a single word had so far been said between these two. It was a high sense of courtesy that on his part had driven him to exercise this severe self-restraint: he would not invite her to be his guest, and then take advantage of the various opportunities offered to plague her with the vehemence and passionate yearning of his heart. For during all those long winter months he had gradually learned, from the correspondence which he so carefully studied, that she rather disliked protestation; and when he hinted that he thought her letters to him were somewhat cold, she only answered with a playful humor; and when he tried to press

her to some declaration about her leaving the stage or about the time of their marriage, she evaded the point with an extreme cleverness which was so good-natured and friendly that he could scarcely complain. Occasionally there were references in these letters that awakened in his breast a tumult of jealous suspicions and fears; but then again he consoled himself by looking forward to the time when she should be released from all those environments that he hated and dreaded. He would have no more fear when he could take her hand and look into her eyes.

And now that Miss Gertrude White was actually in Castle Dare—now that he could walk with her along the lonely mountain slopes, and show her the wonders of the western seas and the islands—what was it that still occasioned that vague unrest? His nervous anxiety that she should be pleased with all she saw? Or a certain critical coldness in her glance? Or the consciousness that he was only entertaining a passing visitor—a beautiful bird that had alighted on his hand, and that the next moment would be winging its flight away into the silvery South?

"You are becoming a capital sailor," he said to her one day, with a proud light on his face. "You have no fear at all of the sea now."

He and she and the cousin Janet—Mr. White had some letters to answer, and had staid at home—were in the stern of the gig, and they were being rowed along the coast below the giant cliffs of Gribun. Certainly if Miss White had confessed to being a little nervous, she might have been excused. It was a beautiful, fresh, breezy, summer day; but the heavy Atlantic swell that slowly raised and lowered the boat as the men rowed along passed gently and smoothly on, and then went booming and roaring and crashing over the sharp black rocks that were quite close at hand.

"I think I would soon get over my fear of the sea," said she, gently.

Indeed, it was not that that was most likely to impress her on this bright day—it was the awful loneliness and desolation of the scene around her. All along the summit of the great cliffs lay heavy banks of cloud that moved and wreathed themselves together, with mysterious patches of darkness here and there that suggested the entrance into far valleys in the unseen mountains behind. And if the outer surface of these precipitous cliffs was brightened by sunlight, and if there was a sprinkling of grass on the ledges, every few minutes they passed the yawning archway of a huge cavern, around which the sea was roaring with a muffled and thunderous noise. He thought she would be interested in the extraordinary number and variety of the sea-birds about—



the solemn cormorants sitting on the ledges, the rock-pigeons shooting out from the caves, the sea-pyots whirring along the rocks like lightning flashes of color, the lordly osprey, with his great wings outstretched and motionless, sailing slowly in the far blue overhead. And no doubt she looked at all these things with a forced interest; and she herself now could name the distant islands out in the tossing Atlantic; and she had in a great measure got accustomed to the amphibious life at Dare. But as she listened to the booming of the waves around those awful recesses, and as she saw the jagged and angry rocks suddenly appear through the liquid mass of the falling sea, and as she looked abroad on the unknown distances of that troubled ocean, and thought of the life on those remote and lonely islands, the spirit of a summer holiday forsook her altogether, and she was silent.

"And you will have no fear of the beast when you go into Mackinnon's Cave," said Janet Macleod to her, with a friendly smile, "because no one has ever heard of it again. Do you know, it was a strange thing. They saw in the sand the foot-print of an animal that is not known to any one about here; even Keith himself did not know what it was—"

"I think it was a wild-cat," said he.

"And the men they had nothing to do then; and they went all about the caves, but they could see nothing of it. And it has never come back again."

"And I suppose you are not anxious for its coming back?" Miss White said.

"Perhaps you will be very lucky and see it some day, and I know that Keith would like to shoot it, whatever it is."

"That is very likely," Miss White said, without any apparent sarcasm.

By-and-by they paused opposite the entrance to a cave that seemed even larger and blacker than the others; and then Miss White discovered that they were considering at what point they could most easily effect a landing. Already through the singularly clear water she could make out vague green masses that told of the presence of huge blocks of yellow rock far below them; and as they cautiously went further toward the shore—a man at the bow calling out to them—these blocks of rock became clearer and clearer, until it seemed as if those glassy billows that glided under the boat, and then went crashing in white foam a few yards beyond, must inevitably transfix the frail craft on one of these jagged points. But at length they managed to run the bow of the gig into a somewhat sheltered place, and two of the men, jumping knee-deep into the water, hauled the keel still further over the grating shell-fish of the rock; and then Macleod, scrambling out, assisted Miss White to land.

"Do you not come with us?" Miss White called back to the boat.

"Oh, it is many a time I have been in the cave," said Janet Macleod; "and I will have the luncheon ready for you. And you will not stay long in the cave, for it is cold and damp."

He took her hand, for the scrambling over the rough rocks and stones was dangerous work for unfamiliar ankles. They drew nearer to this awful thing, that rose far above them, and seemed waiting to inclose them and shut them in forever. And whereas about the other caves there were plenty of birds flying, with their shrill screams denoting their terror or resentment, there was no sign of life at all about this black and yawning chasm, and there was an absolute silence, but for the rolling of the breakers behind them that only produced vague and wandering echoes. As she advanced over the treacherous shingle she became conscious of a sort of twilight appearing around her. A vast black thing—black as night and still as the grave—was ahead of her; but already the change from the blaze of sunlight outside to this partial darkness seemed strange on the eyes. The air grew colder. As she looked up at the tremendous walls, and at the mysterious blackness beyond, she grasped his hand more tightly, though the walking on the wet sand was now comparatively easy. And as they went further and further into this blackness, there was only a faint strange light that made an outline of the back of his figure, leaving his face in darkness; and when he stooped to examine the sand, she turned and looked back, and behold the vast portal by which they entered had now dwindled down into a small space of bewildering white.

"No," said he, and she was startled by the hollow tones of his voice, "I can not find any traces of the beast now; they have all gone."

Then he produced a candle, and lit it; and as they advanced further into the blackness there was visible this solitary star of red fire, that threw dulled mysterious gleams from time to time on some projecting rock.

"You must give me your hand again, Keith," said she, in a low voice; and when he shifted the candle, and took her hand in his, he found that it was trembling somewhat.

"Will you go any further?" said he.

"No."

They stood and looked around. The darkness seemed without limits; the red light was insufficient to produce any thing like an outline of this immense place, even in faint and wandering gleams.

"If any thing were to move, Keith," said she, "I should die."



"Oh, nonsense," said he, in a cheerful way; but the hollow echoes of the cavern made his voice sound sepulchral. "There is no beast at all in here, you may be sure. And I have often thought of the fright a wild-cat or a beaver may have got when he came in here in the night, and then discovered he had stumbled on a lot of sleeping men—"

"Of men!"

"They say this was a sanctuary of the Culdees; and I often wonder how the old chaps got their food. I am afraid they must have often fallen back on the young cormorants: that is what Major Stuart calls an expeditious way of dining, for you eat two courses, fish and meat, at the same time. And if you go further along, Gertrude, you will come to the great altar-stone they used."

"I would rather not go," said she. "I—I do not like this place. I think we will go back now, Keith."

As they cautiously made their way back to the glare of the entrance, she still held his hand tight; and she did not speak at all. Their footsteps echoed strangely in this hollow space. And then the air grew suddenly warm; and there was a glow of daylight around; and although her eyes were rather bewildered, she breathed more freely, and there was an air of relief on her face.

"I think I will sit down for a moment, Keith," said she; and then he noticed, with a sudden alarm, that her cheeks were rather pale.

"Are you ill?" said he, with a quick anxiety in his eyes. "Were you frightened?"

"Oh, no!" said she, with a forced cheerfulness; and she sat down for a moment on one of the smooth bowlders. "You must not think I am such a coward as that. But the chilling atmosphere—the change—made me a little faint."

"Shall I run down to the boat for some wine for you? I know that Janet has brought some claret."

"Oh, not at all," said she, and he saw with a great delight that her color was returning. "I am quite well now. But I will rest for a minute, if you are in no hurry, before scrambling down those stones again."

He was in no hurry; on the contrary, he sat down beside her and took her hand.

"You know, Gerty," said he, "it will be some time before I can learn all that you like and dislike, and what you can bear, and what pleases you best; it will be some time, no doubt; but then, when I have learned, you will find that no one will look after you so carefully as I will."

"I know you are very kind to me," said she, in a low voice.

"And now," said he, very gently and even timidly, but his firm hand held her languid one with something of a more nervous clasp, "if you would only tell me, Gerty, that on such and such a day you would leave the

stage altogether, and on such and such a day you would let me come to London—and you know the rest—then I would go to my mother, and there would be no need of any more secrecy, and instead of her treating you merely as a guest, she would look on you as her daughter, and you might talk with her frankly."

She did not at all withdraw the small gloved hand, with its fringe of fur at the end of the narrow sleeve. On the contrary, as it lay there in his warm grasp, it was like the small, white, furred foot of a ptarmigan, so little and soft and gentle was it.

"Well, you know, Keith," she said, with a great kindness in the clear eyes, though they were cast down, "I think the secret between you and me should be known to nobody at all but ourselves—any more than we can reasonably help. And it is a very great step to take; and you must not expect me to be in a hurry, for no good ever came of that. I did not think you would have cared so much—I mean, a man has so many distractions and occupations of shooting, and going away in your yacht, and all that—I fancy—I am a little surprised—that you make so much of it. We have a great deal to learn yet, Keith; we don't know each other very well. By-and-by we may be quite sure that there is no danger; that we understand each other; that nothing and nobody is likely to interfere. But wouldn't you prefer to be left in the mean time just a little bit free—not quite pledged, you know, to such a serious thing—"

He had been listening to these faltering phrases in a kind of dazed and pained stupor. It was like the water overwhelming a drowning man. But at last he cried out—and he grasped both her hands in the sudden vehemence of the moment:

"Gerty, you are not drawing back! You do not despair of our being husband and wife! What is it that you mean?"

"Oh, Keith!" said she, quickly withdrawing one of her hands, "you frighten me when you talk like that. You do not know what you are doing—you have hurt my wrist."

"Oh, I hope not," said he. "Have I hurt your hand, Gerty?—and I would cut off one of mine to save you a scratch! But you will tell me now that you have no fears—that you don't want to draw back! I would like to take you back to Dare, and be able to say to every one, 'Do you know that this is my wife—that by-and-by she is coming to Dare—and you will all be kind to her for her own sake and for mine.' And if there is any thing wrong, Gerty, if there is any thing you would like altered, I would have it altered. We have a rude way of life; but every one would be kind to you. And if the life here is too rough for you, I would go any where with you that you choose to live. I was looking at the houses in Essex. I would go



to Essex—or any where you might wish: that need not separate us at all. And why are you so cold and distant, Gerty? Has any thing happened here to displease you? Have we frightened you by too much of the boats and of the sea? Would you rather live in an English county away from the sea? But I would do that for you, Gerty—if I was never to see a sea-bird again.”

And in spite of himself tears rose quickly to his eyes; for she seemed so far away from him, even as he held her hand; and his heart would speak at last—or break.

“It was all the winter months I was saying to myself, ‘Now you will not vex her with too much pleading, for she has much trouble with her work; and that is enough; and a man can bear his own trouble.’ And once or twice, when we have been caught in a bad sea, I said to myself, ‘And what matter now if the end comes?—for perhaps that would only release her.’ But then, again, Gerty, I thought of the time you gave me the red rose; and I said, ‘Surely her heart will not go away from me; and I have plenty to live for yet!’”

Then she looked him frankly in the face, with those beautiful, clear, sad eyes.

“You deserve all the love a woman can give you, Keith; for you have a man’s heart. And I wish I could make you a fair return for all your courage, and gentleness, and kindness—”

“Ah, do not say that,” he said, quickly. “Do not think I am complaining of you, Gerty. It is enough—it is enough—I thank God for His mercy to me; for there never was any man so glad as I was when you gave me the red rose. And now, sweetheart—now you will tell me that I will put away all this trouble, and have no more fears; and there will be no need to think of what you are doing far away; and there will be one day that all the people will know—and there will be laughing and gladness that day—and if we will keep the pipes away from you, all the people about will have the pipes, and there will be a dance and a song that day. Ah, Gerty, you must not think harshly of the people about here. They have their ways. They would like to please you. But my heart is with them; and a marriage day would be no marriage day to me that I did not spend among my own people—my own people.”

He was talking quite wildly. She had seen him in this mood once or twice before; and she was afraid.

“But you know, Keith,” said she, gently, and with averted eyes, “a great deal has to be done before then. And a woman is not so impulsive as a man; and you must not be angry if I beg for a little time—”

“And what is time?” said he, in the same glad and wild way—and now it was his hand holding hers that was trembling. “It

will all go by in a moment—like a dream—when we know that the one splendid day is coming. And I will send a haunch to the Dubh Artach men that morning; and I will send a haunch to Skerryvore; and there will not be a man in Iona, or Coll, or Mull, that will not have his dram that day. And what will you do, Gerty—what will you do? Oh, I will tell you now what you will do on that morning. You will take out some sheets of the beautiful, small, scented paper; and you will write to this theatre and to that theatre: ‘Good-by—perhaps you were useful to me once, and I bear you no ill-will: but—Good-by for ever and ever!’ And I will have all the children that I took to the Crystal Palace last summer given a fine dinner; and the six boy-pipers will play ‘Mrs. Macleod of Raasay’ again, and they will have a fine reel once more. There will be many a one know that you are married that day, Gerty. And when is the day to be, Gerty? Can not you tell me now?”

“There is a drop of rain!” she exclaimed; and she suddenly sprang to her feet. The skies were black overhead. “Oh, dear me!” she said, “how thoughtless of us to leave your poor cousin Janet in that open boat, and a shower coming on! Please give me your hand now, Keith. And you must not take all these things so seriously to heart, you know; or I will say you have not the courage of a feeble woman like myself. And do you think the shower will pass over?”

“I do not know,” said he, in a vague way, as if he had not quite understood the question; but he took her hand, and in silence guided her down to the rocks, where the boat was ready to receive them.

And now they saw the strange transformation that had come over the world. The great troubled sea was all of a dark slate green, with no glad ripples of white, but with long squally drifts of black; and a cold wind was blowing gustily in; and there were hurrying clouds of a leaden hue tearing across the sky. As for the islands—where were they? Ulva was visible, to be sure, and Colonsay—both of them a heavy and gloomy purple; and nearer at hand the rock of Errisker showed in a wan gray light between the lowering sky and the squally sea; but Lunga, and Fladda, and Staffa, and Iona, and even the long promontory of the Ross of Mull, were all hidden away behind the driving mists of rain.

“Oh, you lazy people!” Janet Macleod cried, cheerfully—she was not at all frightened by the sudden storm. “I thought the wild beast had killed you in the cave. And shall we have luncheon now, Keith, or go back at once?”

He cast an eye toward the westward horizon and the threatening sky: Janet noticed at once that he was rather pale.

“We will have luncheon as they pull us



back," said he, in an absent way, as if he was not quite sure of what was happening around him.

He got her into the boat, and then followed. The men, not sorry to get away from these jagged rocks, took to their oars with a will. And then he sat silent and distraught, as the two women, muffled up in their cloaks, chatted cheerfully, and partook of the sandwiches and claret that Janet had got out of the basket. "Flhir a bhata" the men sang to themselves; and they passed under the great cliffs, all black and thunderous now; and the white surf was springing over the rocks. Macleod neither ate nor drank; but sometimes he joined in the conversation in a forced way; and occasionally he laughed more loudly than the occasion warranted.

"Oh yes," he said—"oh yes, you are becoming a good sailor now, Gertrude. You have no longer any fear of the water."

"You will become like little Johnny Wickes, Miss White," the cousin Janet said, "the little boy I showed you the other day. He has got to be like a duck in his love for the water. And indeed I should have thought he would have got a fright when Keith saved him from drowning; but no."

"Did you save him from being drowned?" she said, turning to him. "And you did not tell me the story?"

"It was no story," said he. "He fell into the water; and we picked him up somehow;" and then he turned impatiently to the men, and said some words to them in the Gaelic, and there was no more singing of the "Farewell to the Boatman" after that.

They got home to Castle Dare before the rain came on—though indeed it was but a passing shower, and it was succeeded by a bright afternoon that deepened into a clear and brilliant sunset; but as they went up through the moist-smelling larch wood—and as Janet happened to fall behind for a moment, to speak to a herd-boy who was by the way-side—Macleod said to his companion:

"And have you no other word for me, Gertrude?"

Then she said, with a very gracious smile:

"You must be patient, Keith. Are we not very well off as we are? I know a good many people who are not quite so well off. And I have no doubt we shall have courage to meet whatever good or bad fortune the days may bring us; and if it is good, then we shall shake hands over it, just as the village people do in an opera."

Fine phrases; though this man, with the dark and hopeless look in his eyes, did not seem to gain much gladness from them. And she forgot to tell him about that engagement which was to last till Christmas; perhaps if she had told him just then, he would scarcely have heard her.

## THE WESTERN GINEVRA.

### CHAPTER I.

#### BOUGHT.

AS pretty a girl as there was in Ohio. And how much that says!

Brunette, or of that tendency, yet with blue eyes. And how much that says!

Tall and strong, not too plump, but still not scrawny, nor as a skeleton in clothing. I do not say that she could whip her weight in wild-cats; I do not know. Of that breed of animals few are left in Ohio, thanks to the prowess of the grandmothers of the present generation. But I do say that of the mother of the mother of Hester Bryan, of whom I write, this eulogy was simple truth. The *Puma concolor*, or native catamount of those regions, had yielded a hundred times before her prowess. And this I will add, that Hester Bryan was just a bit taller and prettier than her mother, as she in her day was taller and prettier than hers. For there are worlds of life in which

"Nature gives us more than all she ever takes away."

Now do not go to thinking that Hester Bryan was a great strapping Amazon, and looked like a female prize-fighter. She was tall, and she was strong, and she was graceful as the Venus of the Porta Portese, if by good luck you ever saw her.

And she was as good as pretty; and she was the queen of the whole town, because she was pretty and good, and so bright. She never set herself up as grander than the other girls, and all the other girls set her up as the queen of their love and worship.

And the boys? Oh, that was of course. But then there were no "pretenders," as the French say. All that was settled long ago—as long ago as when she wore a sun-bonnet, and walked barefoot to school. Horace would always be waiting for her at the Five Corners with the largest and ripest raspberries, or with whatever other offering was in season. As long ago as when he made his first canoe there would hang under her window, before breakfast, great bunches of the earliest pond-lilies. As soon as it would do for these young folks to go on sleigh-rides, it was in Horace's cutter that Hester always rode. And when Hester sang in the choir, she always stood at the right hand of the altos, and just across the passage stood Horace, at the left hand of the tenors. Not a young man in the village interfered with Horace's pre-emption there. But not a young man in the village who did not stand by Horace as loyally as the girls stood by Hester. And if he had needed to summon a working party to build a bridge across a slue, that Hester might walk dry-shod with a white slipper on, why,



all the young men of the neighborhood would be there as soon as Horace wound his horn.

A nice girl at the West once wrote me to ask why all the good young men, who were bright and spirited and nice, were in my books, and why, in fact, the bright boys, who knew something and could do something and could besomething—in short, were agreeable—were apt to be lounging round liquor saloons in the village when they should be better employed. I told her, of course, to wait a little; that she was looking through some very small key-hole. How I wish that my unknown correspondent could have seen Horace Ray! He was handsome, he was bright, he was strong, he was steady, he was full of fun; he could read French well, and could talk German, and he knew enough Latin. And yet he did not lounge round a liquor saloon, and the minister was glad, and not sorry, that he sung in the choir.

When this story begins, Horace Ray was twenty-two years old, and Hester Bryan was twenty-one. I know that that is dreadfully old for a story, but how can I help that? Do you suppose I make it up as I go along? If they did not choose to be married when he was eighteen and she seventeen, can I help that? The truth is, that Hester's father was a man who liked to have his own way, and in some things had it. He had not had it in making a large fortune, though he had always tried for that. In that business he had failed—had failed badly. He was always just close to it; but always just as he touched the log on which he was to stand erect, quite out of the water, the log was pushed away by his touch, and floated quite out of reach, he paddling far behind. Hester's mother was in heaven, or things might have been made easier for her. As it was, her father would not hear of her marrying Horace till Horace should have something better than expectations, till he was fixed in a regular business, with a regular income. Perhaps Ohio is now so far established as a conservative and old-fashioned country that most fathers of charming girls in Ohio will agree with him. Yet I never heard of any one's starving in Ohio. They do say that no one was ever hungry there!

Because of this horrible sentence of old Mr. Bryan—because of this—the happiest day of Horace's life was the day when he could come, at last, to Hester, and could tell her that he was appointed assistant engineer on the Scioto Valley Railroad, with a salary of one thousand dollars a year, to be increased by one hundred dollars at the end of the first year. Here was "the regular income in the regular business," and now all would be well. Would she be married in church? or would she rather go to Columbus, to be married quietly? For his part, he was all

ready; he would like to be married that day.

Of course this last part was only his little joke. But Hester, dear child, how well I remember how pretty and how cheerful she seemed all that week, and how little any of us thought of what was to come! Hester was by no means a prude, and she was as happy as he. And the news lighted up all the village. Every body knew it, from the canal locks up to the mills, and every body was glad. Horace Ray had a good place, and he and Hester Bryan could be married right away.

Four days that happy dream lasted. And even now Horace looks back on those four dream days as days of unutterable joy and blessedness. He has a little portfolio which Hester herself made for him, and on the back of which she painted his own monogram. It lies among his choicest treasures, and is never handled but with the most dainty care. It contains every note she wrote him—five in all—as those blessed days went by. Then it contains—ah, the pity!—four little sunny songs which Horace wrote to her on four of those evenings, and which he sent to her on the four mornings, with the bunch of flowers which she found at the front-door as she threw it open. These the poor girl had to give back to him. And all this is tied with a bit of ribbon, which is stained yet by the moisture on the stems of the flowers it tied together—a little bunch of roses which Hester gave to him. For, as you must hear, these four days came to an end.

Old Mr. Bryan came home—"old" he was called, in the fresh and active phrase of a young community, because he was older than John Bryan the miller. In truth, our Mr. Bryan was forty-five. He came home—from no one knew where. He was in low spirits; that all men saw as he left the railroad station—the *dépôt*, as they called it. The boy who drove him to his home—that is, who drove the horse which dragged the wagon in which old Bryant was carried to his home—this boy, I say, did not dare allude to Horace's good news. Pretty Hester came running to meet him at the gate, fresh as a rose and glad as a sunbeam; but she saw that all was wrong. All the same, every thing was pleasant and cheerful: the children were neat and nice in their best clothes, the supper was perfect, and no returning conqueror had ever a more happy welcome.

Before they slept, even to her downcast, not to say cross, father, Hester told her story—her story and Horace's. But old Bryan took it very hardly. It was all nonsense, he said. She must not think of weddings. His was no house to be married from. He was ruined: those infernal Swartwouts and Dousterswivels, or whatever else may have been the names of the swindlers who had



fooled him, had cleaned him out; and the sooner the town knew he was ruined, and the world, why, the better, he supposed. Poor old Bryan was really to be pitied this time. Often as he had fallen, he had never fallen so far. And it certainly seemed as if he had fallen into mud and slime so thick and so deep, in a bog so utterly without bottom, that for him there was no recovery.

"No time to talk of weddings." This was all old Bryan would say.

When Horace came to plead, it was no better. There was a time when old Bryan had liked Horace. If any man knew how to manage him, it was Horace. But now he was simply unmanageable, and too soon the reason appeared.

There was a St. Louis merchant whom Bryan had met at Columbus the winter when he represented the district in the Legislature. From the first they seemed to have been great friends. When our pretty Hester made her winter visit to Columbus, to stay with Mrs. Dunn, this De Alcantara saw her—the Duke de Alcantara, the Columbus girls called him, mostly in joke, but partly in mystery; for it was whispered that he might be a duke in Spain if he chose to be. This was certain, that he was very rich—very. Those who disliked him most—and some people disliked him very much—had to own that he was very rich. Black-haired he was, very dark of complexion, and, Horace said, and all the party of haters, odious in expression. But whether Horace would have said that, had the two not crossed each other's lines, who shall say? The truth is that Baltasar de Alcantara was a great diamond merchant.

And now the mystery appeared. Old Bryan said he could not talk of weddings, but soon enough he began to talk of one. Baltasar de Alcantara wanted to marry our Hester. This she had guessed at; but she had thought she had put a very summary end to it. She had said to him, squarely, the last time she saw him, "Do you not know that I am engaged to be married, Mr. De Alcantara?" She had supposed that would be enough. She had not thought of the Oriental fashion of buying your wife. But Baltasar de Alcantara had. There must have been Eastern blood in him. Horace Ray, after he heard of the new proposal of marriage, said his rival had a nose which looked Eastern, arched but not Roman. However it was about the nose, the diamond merchant offered to buy our Hester. If she would marry him, or if old Bryan would make her marry him, he would lend old Bryan all the money he wanted, up to fifty thousand dollars, on his personal security; he would take at their face all old Bryan's worthless stock in the Green Bay Iron Company, and he would make old Bry-

an vice-president in the Cattaraugus and Tallahassee Railroad, of which he was a managing director. All this statement old Bryan repeated to our Hester.

Of course Hester refused point-blank. And then for six months—nay, ten—came awful times for her. Hard times had she seen in that house before, but nothing like these! Horace was banished first. She had to send back her engagement ring, and the letters and the songs I told you of. She had to promise not to meet him in the village, and she kept her promise; not to speak to him if she did meet him there. Then she could not go out any where. Then she was kept on bread and water, and the children too. Then there was this and that piece of furniture carried off to be sold at auction—every thing that was her mother's and that her mother prized. Then poor Hester fell sick, and almost died. As soon as she rallied at all, old Bryan began again. And then Hester capitulated. That horrid Duke de Alcantara came—he came after dark, and came in his own carriage all the way from the station at London. Our boys would have mobbed him, I believe. He came, and I am bound to say he behaved very well. He was not obtrusive. He was gentle and gentlemanly. And when he went away he put a ring on Hester's finger; and she did not throw it in his face, nor did she tear out his eyes.

And so it was settled. And the house was furnished again. And Betsy Boll and old Miss Tucker came back to work in the kitchen again, and old Bryan's bank account was better than it ever was. And on the 2d of April he went to Cincinnati to sit as V. P. of the C. and T. R. R. Co., and to draw his first quarter's salary.

And poor Horace never set his eyes on poor Hester's pale face.

And all the village knew that on the 15th of May Hester Bryan was to be married to the Duke de Alcantara. And Lucy Lander surrendered so far from the general tone of opinion of the girls as to agree to be a bride-maid. She had a splendid dress sent to her from St. Louis. Jane Forsyth and the other girls said they would burn at the stake first. But Lucy said—and I think she was right—that Hester had a right to have one friend near her to the last.

The wedding was to be at St. Louis, at St. Jude's Church. The boys said it was Judas Iscariot's church, but this was their mistake. They said the Duke de Alcantara was afraid to be married in Hester's home. This, I think, is probable. The arrangements were left mostly to "the duke" and to old Bryan's sister, Mrs. Goole—a skinny, wiry, disagreeable person, of a very uncertain age, who had made herself so unpleasant to all the neighbors on her visit to her brother, many years ago, that she had never



come again till now. Now that he needed some women-folk, Mrs. Goole was summoned to the rescue.

## CHAPTER II.

SOLD.

ON the 14th of May, the Pullman palace Cleopatra was waiting on a side track at London, ready to take its first trip. It had been chartered, John the porter said, by a chap from St. Louis, who was going to take quite a party there. A bridal party it was. How large the party was to be, the porter did not know, though it was important enough to him. But he had dusted the new plush, clean as it was, and had wiped off the wood-work, though he could not stain his cloth on it.

Presently the party came, headed by a dark gentleman talking to the station-master. The station-master introduced him to the conductor as Mr. De Alcantara. The eagle eye of the porter saw that there were twelve in the party. He waited for no introduction, but seized the hand-baggage and distributed it to the different sections. Meanwhile the party entered the car.

But though the porter had assigned to each of their grandeurs a section of four seats, they did not mount each a separate throne. On the contrary, a pleasant-looking young lady, who might perhaps be the bride, and two children, sat down in the middle of the car. The rest were distributed according to their different degrees of lack of acquaintanceship.

"I want to bid you good-by now, dears," said the bride to the children. "You see there'll be a great row when you go to bed, and to-morrow morning I'll have hardly time to kiss you. So while they're getting supper ready, and he's talking to papa, I'll tell you each one of my old stories—no, you're so old now, Edward, that I'll tell Amelia two stories, and you can listen if you want to. Then we'll have just as good a good-by as if it were to-morrow, and two—no, three sets of kisses."

"But it's not so very far to St. Louis—so far as to make much of a fuss about; and we'll come and see you, sha'n't we?" said Edward, stoutly.

"Yes, if I stay in St. Louis all the time;" and the poor girl told how often she would have to go down the river, and sometimes even across the ocean to Amsterdam. But presently she began on her stories, and the children at least were happy till they were all called to supper.

And then, to the surprise of the porter, the splendid Mr. De Alcantara took out a dried-up little woman whom he had hardly noticed, while Mr. Bryan and the bride filled up the table.

And such a supper as it was! Though it was past eight, the cook gave them as solid a first course as his French education would allow him before he covered the little tables with salads and ices.

To old Bryan's surprise, Hester took a little of De Alcantara's Champagne—not as much as her cousins behind her; but he had never known her to take wine even in his flush times. Not that he cared—he saw two full bottles opposite—but yet he noticed it. Perhaps it was that which gave her rosier cheeks than she had had for a month. And perhaps it was that which put her in such good spirits.

"I am quite relieved," said she, as the last waiter went out. "I really expected to see a wedding cake come on after this luxury, and hear that Mr. Prayerbook was in the next car ready to marry me or bury me."

"If I had known you expected it," said De Alcantara, "I should have had it ready. And even now, I dare say, there is a priest on the train, my dear."

"Oh no, indeed," said Mrs. Goole, who took every thing in earnest; "it will be far better for you to retire now with the children. It's nine o'clock, and just think how hard a day you'll have to-morrow."

"I don't know," said Hester. "I think that it is never so hard to do a thing as to make up one's mind to it; and as for going to bed, I don't care to. Perhaps Mr. De Alcantara has a pack of cards or so with him, and then you can have some whist, aunt, and we— Shall we have Sancho Pedro, or euchre, your grace?"

"Grace me no grace," said De Alcantara, as cards were produced—to his credit, be it said—from a friend's portmanteau. "I vote for euchre, if it be for four hands; Pedro by itself is far from exciting."

"Not when it's played for love, your grace?" said Hester.

Who shall say how much the Don understood of the gambling terms of Great Britain? He stumbled and said, "Certainly, if you put it in that way."

But Hester would not, and so De Alcantara took the home bride-maid Lucy Lander as his partner, and a "son of St. Louis" sat opposite Hester.

"I didn't quite know what to think," said Lucy Lander, afterward, to her sister. "Sometimes I thought she had made up her mind to it, and then again I thought something awful would happen. You see, he kept calling her 'my dear,' and she never blushed nor any thing, except once when she was leaning back shading her face with her cards, and then her eyes sort of glittered; it could hardly have been the light, you know. And once she had dealt, and the cards fell ace, two, three, four, and then Mr. Gardner, the St. Louis man, said, in a sort of hesitating way, 'That means kiss



the dealer, you know;' and then the duke took up her hand, which was lying on the table, but she pulled it away, and said, 'Wait—till to-morrow.' That could have meant any thing, you know."

And as Lucy sat and wondered, Hester sat and played, better than Lucy did, perhaps. She did not let De Alcantara kiss her hand, but she did laugh with him, and at him a little. She asked the St. Louis man if her hands were large enough to pass muster there, and then explained that her father took a Chicago paper. Indeed, so loud was the laughter of the gentlemen that Mrs. Goole kept looking round in an anxious way, and trying to catch Hester's eye. But Hester kept her back resolutely turned, and Lucy would not understand any telegrams from the chaperon; so when Mrs. Goole found, to her joy, that it was eleven, she broke up the somewhat shaky whist table, and spoke to Hester.

"My dear," said she, "it is really too late for any one to stay up any longer. My girls must go, and you too."

So Hester jumped up, kissed her father good-night, and bade *au revoir* to De Alcantara. Then she turned to section six, directed by the obsequious John.

"Wait," said De Alcantara; "I have a surprise for you;" and he led her to number nine, where her immense Saratoga stood on the sofa. "If you need any thing," said he, "you yourself have been careful that you will find it here." And he kissed his hand and walked forward. As Mr. Bryan was following, Mrs. Goole stopped him. Looking round to see that Hester had disappeared, she said,

"Fergus, that girl of yours doesn't mean to be married to-morrow."

"How do you know that?" said old Bryan.

"I can see it; I've been watching her," said Mrs. Goole. "You see that you have the forward section; I have the rear one. She won't pass me in the night, whatever she does at your end."

"Do you mean to sit up all night?" said poor Bryan.

"Of course I do, fool," said his tender sister; "and that you shall sit up all night too. If you don't, there'll be no wedding to-morrow."

"Well," said Bryan, as his sister left him.

He thought it over with a cigar on the front platform, and decided that his sister was right. So he worked his way back to her section, and found her there sitting on the edge of the berth, as grim as a sentinel at Pompeii.

"I'll do it," said he.

"You'd better," said she.

And so all night he sat on the edge of his berth and tried to read, and then took another cigar on the platform, and then back

and forth, till his cigars were gone; but not a wink of sleep passed his eyes that night.

As for Mrs. Goole, who shall say what passed in her vigils? Certain she was that on that night no one passed her but the two conductors and one brakeman. She was once startled at Chimborazo as a new black face appeared; but it was explained that there was a change of porters, and whether Mungo or John, it mattered little to her.

And so morning came. No! it is no business of mine to tell who slept and who did not; who dreamed, or what the dreams portended. Sunrise is sure, or well-nigh sure; and even in a sleeping-car morning comes. Mrs. Goole looked a little more scraggy and haggard than usual. The bride-maids did their best, in the way of toilet, in their somewhat limited dressing-room. Baltasar was radiant in a fresh paper collar—the utmost that even wealth like his could produce, as one travelled forty miles an hour, on the morning of one's wedding day. Mungo the porter "made up" the several sections one after another. From beds they became elegant sofas again, and only section six, Hester's section, was intact. Its heavy curtains hung as at midnight, secured half-way down, as one might see, by a heavy brooch which Baltasar himself had given her.

"Let her sleep," said Lucy Lander. "Perhaps she did not sleep well at first. I did not."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Goole, grimly, "let her sleep. I never can sleep in these things. I sat up all night without a wink."

"Oh yes, let her sleep," said her father; and so they dashed on. Eight o'clock passed, half past eight, nine o'clock, and yet no sign from number six.

Meanwhile obsequious waiters came in from the kitchen car. The breakfast would be spoiled. One breakfast had been spoiled already. De Alcantara consulted with old Bryan.

"Lucy," said old Bryan at last to Lucy Lander, "you must wake her. You girls will faint without your coffee. And in half an hour more there will be no breakfast."

Lucy assented, a little unwillingly, went to number six, withdrew the brooch, and put her head inside the curtains, and then—a shriek from Lucy. She flung the curtains back, and no Hester was there!

What was worse, no Hester had been there. The compartment had not been "made up," it would seem. Here were the two sofas, here was *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, here was a faded nosegay, just as they had left them when they fell to playing euchre. But here was no Hester Bryan. Where was the girl? What had she done with herself?

De Alcantara turned on Mrs. Goole like a wild creature. He was ready to throttle



her in his rage. "This is some confounded joke of yours, ma'am." But no; she was no such actress as to feign that dismay and horror.

"It is he," she shrieked, pointing at her speechless brother—"it is he! He fell asleep, and the minx passed him at his door."

No. Old Bryan was no such fool as to sleep at his post. "Sartin" he had not slept a wink since this porter came upon the train at Chimborazo. Porter and brakemen were confident alike that no one had left the car at either door. The brakemen testified for the whole time. The porter was certain after Chimborazo.

Then the window of number six was examined—a double window, and stuck fast with new varnish. Every one remembered that they could not start it the day before, when Hester tried to throw out a banana peel. And if she had opened both windows, not Rebecca of York herself could have closed them after her, poised upon nothing, and the train rushing underneath at the rate of forty miles.

From section nine, however, which had not been made up, and of which the windows were ajar, Miriam Kuh, one of the St. Louis bride-maids, produced a handkerchief. It had lain on the top of the Saratoga trunk. It was Hester's handkerchief—one of the *trousseau* handkerchiefs—and tied in a close knot was the engagement ring Baltasar de Alcantara had given her. Those windows—the windows of section nine—were ajar. But that proved nothing. Baltasar himself said he started those windows for more air after every one was asleep. Besides, a hawk could not crowd out of those cracks; and if Hester had opened them further, how did she close them again?

All the same the porter and the brakemen were sure she had flung herself from number nine—most likely when they were crossing "the bridge." The brakeman offered confidentially to show any man for five dollars how it could be done.

Old Bryan was sure Mrs. Goole had slept on her post. Mrs. Goole was sure old Bryan had slept on his.

Baltasar de Alcantara was mad with rage, and the bride-maids were faint with hunger. Miss Kuh gave him the ring and handkerchief, and he flung both out of the open window.

The groomsmen stole forward into the kitchen and ate cold chops and flattened omelets. Some cold coffee was smuggled back to the bride-maids.

And so the express train arrived at St. Louis, and the loafers at the station watched the arrival of the "special bridal car," and no bride emerged therefrom! only some very sick bride-maids, some very cross groomsmen, a disgusted bridegroom, an

angry father and a frightened aunt, and the gigantic Saratoga trunk.

"Where to?" asked the porters, who staggered under the trunk.

"Nowhere," answered De Alcantara, with a useless oath. "Leave it in your baggage-room till it is called for."

And he went his way.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CAUGHT AND TOLD.

YET there was a wedding after all! The sexton and organist at St. Jude's had not been summoned for nothing, nor the parsons. It was not in vain that Ax, Kidder, and Co. had spread a whole piece of Brussels carpet across the wide pavement of Eleventh Street, from the curb-stone up the church steps into the very porch.

For, as Baltasar de Alcantara left the Central Station, just as he was stepping into the elegant coupé which awaited him, a wild, foreign-looking woman with a little child in her arms sprung across his way.

"Take your baby to your wedding," the wild creature cried, crazy with excitement.

Baltasar de Alcantara stopped a full minute without speech looking at her. Then he laughed grimly. "Hold your jaw," he said. "You're just in time. You'll do. Stop your howling. Go dress yourself decently in a travelling dress, and be at the church at twelve—not one minute late nor one minute early—and, mind, a thick veil. Moses, go with her and see that she is there."

And so he entered his coupé and rode to his hotel. And at noon his party passed up his aisle, and this Bohemian woman, led by Moses Gardner, walked up the other aisle. There was the least hitch in the service, as De Alcantara bade the minister substitute the name of Faris for Hester. But of the company assembled not ten people knew that it was not the Ohio beauty who passed on De Alcantara's arm from the chancel to the vestry.

In the vestry, however, there was a different scene. Baltasar, black with rage, was still trying to be civil to the minister's clerk whom he found there with a book waiting for the bridegroom's signature. As he took the pen, from the side door another gentleman entered, and, without giving the bridegroom time to write, said to him, "You will please come with me, Sir."

"And who are you?" said De Alcantara, with another useless oath.

"You know me very well. I could have arrested you up stairs, but I am good-natured. I have the Governor's warrant to deliver you to this gentleman, who arrived from London this morning. He represents the chief of police there. You are to au-



swer in London for receiving Lady Eustace's diamonds. We have been waiting for you since Tuesday, but this gentleman only arrived this morning."

De Alcantara turned speechless upon the other, who, with the well-trained civility of an officer of high rank in the English police, hardly smiled. But the two recognized each other at a glance. De Alcantara had known the other long before. And even he felt that rage and oaths were useless.

"No," he said, as the other offered hand-cuffs; "*parole d'honneur*." But the hand-cuffs were put on. And the officers declined his civil offer of his own coupé.

On the registry of St. Jude's Church there is one certificate which lacks the signature of the bridegroom and the bride.

In the state-prison at Amsterdam, prisoner No. 57, in corridor D, is sentenced to hard labor for fourteen years. He is the Duke de Alcantara, without his mustache, and with very little of the rest of his hair. The London authorities gave him up to the Dutch, when they found that these last had the heaviest charges against him.

De Alcantara had known that the United States has no extradition treaty with Holland. But he had not rightly judged the ingenuity of the Dutch police.

Whoever else was at this wedding, old Bryan was not there. Nor was Mrs. Goole. But thanks to the enterprise of the evening press of St. Louis, old Bryan learned, before five o'clock, where his son-in-law that was to be was spending his honey-moon. So did Mrs. Goole.

She waited on her brother to ask where she should go next. He bade her go home, and never let him see her face again. Nor did she, so far as I know.

For him, the poor "old" man—one can but pity him—took a return ticket to Blunt Axe, which is the station nearest to the bridge. There must be some watchman at the bridge, and perhaps he would know something. At the Central Station the obsequious Pullman's porter met him.

"Cleopatra, Sir? have your choice of berths, Sir. Going home empty, Sir?"

So little did the porter remember the haggard man. Old Bryan did not reply. He shuffled by the porter. But the question reminded him of the Saratoga trunk. And after a moment's doubt he went to claim it.

"No, Sir. Bring the check, Sir. No baggage given here, Sir, without the checks." Poor old man, he could even see the trunk. But the check, most likely, was in De Alcantara's pocket. He tried to explain.

"No use talking, Sir. You keep this gentleman waiting. Bring the check." And all poor old Bryan could do was to select a seat in the car most distant from that fatal

Cleopatra. The Pullman porter could enlist but three passengers for her—Lucy Lander and the frightened Bryan children.

No! it was morning before they had any companions to whom to tell dreams or adventures. But, early in the morning, the train stops at Chimborazo. Poor old Bryan had left it in the night at Blunt Axe, and was even then scanning the rails of the fatal bridge and peering down into the river. Was this blood, or iron rust? Was yonder white gleam a bit of his child's clothing?

The train stops at Chimborazo. And Lucy Lander and the children are not to be longer alone. Horace Ray enters. Jane Forsyth enters. And here are Fanny and Alice and Emma—all the girls—and Walter and Siegfried and James—all the boys. We change porters. Here comes John, the boy we started with on the wedding journey.

"Scree! scree!" "All aboard!" The train dashes away.

"John, you may make up six," says Horace, to the amazement of all the others; and Horace stands by as John unbolts the upper berth and lets it down.

And there, as fresh as a rose, as if she were just waking from happy dreams—there lies, there smiles, our Hester! Yes, it is she. She rises on her elbow; she jumps into Horace's arms. Fairly before all these people—are they not friends, and true friends?—he kisses her, and she kisses him.

"Did you sleep well, my darling?"

"I believe—well, I believe it has not seemed long. Yes, I must have slept sometimes."

And Horace slipped the old engagement ring upon the naked finger.

"You may bring in breakfast, John."

And this time the breakfast was hot, the appetites were sure, and, without Champagne, the party was merry.

Lucy Lander told the fate of Baltasar. Jane Forsyth asked where the Saratoga trunk was, and Hester produced the check from her own pocket.

At the crossing at New Dutzow the Cleopatra was detached from the express train, and, to the marvel of waiting Buckeye boys, passed up on the virgin rails of the Scioto Valley Line, unaccustomed to such wonders. A special engine was waiting. A short hour brought the merry party to Kiowa Centre. There was Horace's buggy, there were carriages galore, and a more modest procession than that of yesterday took them to the Methodist meeting-house.

And there Asbury Perham, who told me the end of the story, asked Horace Ray if he would have this woman to be his wedded wife. And he said, "I will."

And there the existence of Hester Bryan, my pretty friend, under that particular name which she had borne from her infancy, ended.



# THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

## BOOK FOURTH.

The old affection between mother and son re-asserts itself, and relenting steps are taken.—A critical conjuncture ensues, truly the turning-point in the lives of all concerned.—Eustacia has the move, and she makes it; but not till the sun has set does she suspect the consequences involved in her choice of courses.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE HEATH.

**T**HURSDAY, the thirty-first of August, was one of a series of days during which snug houses were stifling and draughts were treats; when cracks appeared in clayey gardens, and were called earthquakes by apprehensive children; when loose spokes were discovered in the wheels of carts and carriages; when stinging insects haunted the air, the earth, and the little water that was to be found.

In Mrs. Yeobright's garden large-leaved plants of a tender kind flagged by ten o'clock in the morning; rhubarb went downward at eleven; and even stiff cabbages were limp by noon.

It was about eleven o'clock on this day that Mrs. Yeobright started across the heath toward her son's house, to do her best in effecting a reconciliation with him and Eustacia, in conformity with her words to the reddleman. She had hoped to get well advanced in her walk before the heat of the day was at its highest, but after setting out she found that this was not to be done. The sun had branded the whole heath with his mark, even the purple heath-flowers having put on a brownness under the dry blazes of the few preceding days. Every valley was filled with air like that of a kiln, and the clean quartz sand of the winter water-courses, which formed summer paths, had undergone a species of cineration since the drought had set in.

In cool fresh weather Mrs. Yeobright would have found no inconvenience in walking to Alderworth; but the present torrid attack made the journey a heavy undertaking for a woman past middle age; and at the end of the second mile she wished that she had hired Fairway to drive her a portion at least of the distance. But from the point at which she had arrived it was as easy to reach Clym's house as to get home again. So she went on, the air around her pulsating silently, and oppressing the earth with lassitude. She looked at the sky overhead, and saw that the sapphirine hue of the zenith in spring and early summer had completely gone, and was replaced by a metallic violet.

Occasionally she came to a spot where independent worlds of ephemerons were passing their time in mad carousal, some in the air, some on the hot ground and vegetation,

some in the tepid and stringy water of a nearly dried pool. All the shallower ponds had decreased to a vaporous mud, amid which the maggoty shapes of innumerable obscene creatures could be indistinctly seen, heaving and wallowing with enjoyment. Being a woman not disinclined to philosophize, she sometimes sat down under her umbrella to rest and to watch their happiness, for a certain hopefulness as to the result of her visit gave ease to her mind, and, between her important thoughts, left it free to dwell on any infinitesimal matter which caught her eyes.

Mrs. Yeobright had never before been to her son's house, and its exact position was unknown to her. She tried one ascending path, and another, and found that they led her astray. Retracing her steps, she came again to an open level, where she perceived at a distance a man at work. She went toward him and inquired the way.

The laborer pointed out the direction, and added: "Do you see that furze-cutter, ma'am, going up that foot-path yond?"

Mrs. Yeobright strained her eyes, and at last said that she did perceive him.

"Well, if you follow him, you can make no mistake. He's going to the same place, ma'am."

She followed the figure indicated. He appeared of a russet hue, not more distinguishable from the scene around him than the green caterpillar from the leaf it feeds on. His progress when actually walking was more rapid than Mrs. Yeobright's; but she was enabled to keep at an equable distance from him by his habit of stopping whenever he came to a brake of brambles, where he paused a while. On coming in her turn to each of these spots she found half a dozen long limp brambles which he had cut from the bush during his halt, and laid out straight beside the path. They were evidently intended for furze-fagot bonds, which he meant to collect on his return. The silent being who thus occupied himself seemed to be of no more account in life than an insect. He appeared as a mere parasite of the heath, fretting its surface in his daily labor as a moth frets a garment, entirely engrossed with its products, having no knowledge of any thing in the world but fern, furze, heath, lichens, and moss.

The furze-cutter was so engrossed in the business of his journey that he never turned his head; and his leather-legged and gaunt-



leted form at length became to her as nothing more than a shifting hand-post set on and on to show her the way. Suddenly she was attracted to his individuality by observing peculiarities in his walk. It was a gait she had seen somewhere before; and the gait revealed the man to her, as the gait of Ahimaaz in the distant plain made him known to the watchman of the king. "His walk is exactly as my husband's used to be," she said; and then the thought burst upon her that the furze-cutter was her son.

She was scarcely able to familiarize herself with this strange reality. She had been told that Clym was in the habit of cutting furze, but she had supposed that he occupied himself with the labor only at odd times, by way of useful pastime; yet she now beheld him as a furze-cutter and nothing more—wearing the regulation dress of the craft, and apparently thinking the regulation thoughts, to judge by his motions. Planning a dozen hasty schemes for at once preserving him and Eustacia from this mode of life, she throbbingly followed the way.

At one side of Clym's house was a knoll, and on the top of the knoll a clump of Scotch fir-trees, so highly thrust up into the sky that their foliage from a distance appeared as a black spot in the air above the horizon. On reaching this place Mrs. Yeobright felt distressingly agitated, weary, and unwell. She ascended, and sat down under their shade to recover herself, and to consider how best to break the ground with Eustacia, so as not to irritate a woman underneath whose apparent indolence lurked passions even stronger and more active than her own.

The trees beneath which she sat were singularly battered, rude, and wild, and for a few minutes Mrs. Yeobright dismissed thoughts of her own storm-broken and exhausted state, to contemplate theirs. Not a bough in the nine trees which composed the group but was splintered, lopped, and distorted by the fierce weather that there held them at its mercy whenever it prevailed. Some were blasted and split as if by lightning, black stains as from fire marking their sides, while the ground at their feet was strewn with dead sticks and heaps of cones blown down in the gales of past years. The place was called the Devil's Bellows, and it was only necessary to come there on a March or November night to discover the forcible reasons for that name. On the present heated afternoon, when no perceptible wind was blowing, the trees kept up a perpetual moan which one could hardly believe to be caused by the air.

Here she sat for twenty minutes or more ere she could summon resolution to go down to the door, her courage being lowered to zero by her physical lassitude. To any other person than a mother it might have seem-

ed a little humiliating that she, the elder of the two women, should be the first to make advances. But Mrs. Yeobright had well considered all that, and she only thought how best to make her visit appear to Eustacia not abject but wise.

From her elevated position the exhausted woman could perceive the back roof of the house below, and the garden, and the whole inclosure of the little domicile. And now, at the moment of rising, she saw a man approaching the gate. His manner was peculiar; being hesitating, and not that of a person come on business or by invitation. His next action was to survey the house with interest, and then walk round and scan the outer boundary of the garden, as one might have done had it been the birth-place of Shakspeare, the prison of Mary Stuart, or the Château of Hougomont. After passing round and again reaching the gate, he went in. Mrs. Yeobright was vexed at this, having reckoned on finding her son and his wife by themselves; but a moment's thought showed her that the presence of an acquaintance would take off the awkwardness of her first appearance in the house, by confining the talk to general matters until she had begun to feel comfortable with them. She came down the hill to the gate, and looked into the hot garden.

There lay the cat asleep on the bare gravel of the path, as if beds, rugs, and carpets were unendurable. The leaves of the hollyhocks hung like half-closed umbrellas, the sap almost simmered in the stems, and foliage with a smooth surface glared like metallic mirrors. A small apple-tree, of the sort called Ratheripe, grew just inside the gate, the only one which thrived in the garden, by reason of the lightness of the soil; and among the fallen apples on the ground beneath were wasps, rolling drunk with the juice, or creeping drowsily about the little caves in each fruit which they had eaten out before stupefied by its sweetness. By the door lay Clym's furze hook, and the handful of fagot bonds she had seen him gather; they had plainly been thrown down there as he entered the house.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AN AWKWARD CONJUNCTURE; AND ITS RESULTS UPON THE PEDESTRIAN.

WILDEVE, as has been stated, was determined to visit Eustacia boldly, by day, and on the easy terms of relative, since the red-dleman had made it uncomfortable for him to walk that way by night. The spell that she had thrown over him in the moonlight dance on the green made it absolutely impossible for a man having no strong moral force within him to keep away altogether.



He merely calculated on speaking to her and her husband in an ordinary manner, chatting a little while, and then leaving again. Every outward sign was to be proper, seemly, and natural; but the one great fact would be there to satisfy him: he would see her. He did not even desire Clym's absence, since it was just possible that Eustacia might resent any situation which might compromise her dignity as a wife, whatever the state of her heart toward him.

He went accordingly; and it so happened that the time of his arrival coincided with that of Mrs. Yeobright's pause on the hill near the house. When he had looked round the premises in the manner she had noticed, he went and knocked at the door. There was a few minutes' interval, and then the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and Eustacia herself confronted him.

Nobody could have imagined from her bearing now that here stood the same woman who had joined with him in the impassioned dance the week before, unless, indeed, he could have penetrated below the surface and gauged the real depth of that still stream.

"I hope you reached home safely?" said Wildeve.

"Oh yes," she carelessly returned.

"And were you not tired the next day? I feared you might be."

"I was rather. You need not speak low—nobody will overhear us. My small servant is gone on an errand to the village."

"Then Clym is not at home?"

"Yes, he is."

"Oh! I thought that perhaps you had locked the door because you were alone and were afraid of tramps."

"No—here is my husband."

They had been standing in the entry. Closing the front-door and turning the key as before, she threw open the door of the adjoining room and asked him to step in. Wildeve entered, the room appearing to be empty; but as soon as he had advanced a few steps he started. On the hearth-rug lay Clym asleep. Beside him were the leggings, thick boots, leather gloves, and sleeve-waistcoat in which he worked: these he had thrown off for comfort, and had wrapped himself in a faded Parisian dressing-gown.

"You may go in; you will not disturb him," she said, following behind. "My reason for fastening the door is that he may not be intruded upon by any chance comer while lying here, if I should be in the garden or up stairs."

"Why is he sleeping there?" said Wildeve, in low tones.

"He is very weary. He went out at half past four this morning, and has been working ever since. He cuts furze because it is the only thing he can do that does not put any strain upon his poor eyes." The con-

trast between the sleeper's appearance and Wildeve's at this moment was painfully apparent to Eustacia, Wildeve being elegantly dressed in a new summer suit and light hat; and she continued: "Ah! you don't know how differently he appeared when I first met him, though it is such a little while ago. His hands were as white and soft as mine; and look at them now, how rough and brown they are! His complexion is by nature fair, and that russet look he has now, all of a color with his leather clothes, is caused by the burning of the sun."

"Why does he go out at all?"

"Because he hates to be idle, though what he earns doesn't add much to our exchequer. However, he says that when people are living upon their capital they must keep down current expenses by turning a penny where they can."

"The Fates have not been kind to you, Eustacia Yeobright."

"I have nothing to thank them for."

"Nor has he—except for their one great gift to him."

"What's that?"

Wildeve looked her in the eyes.

Eustacia blushed for the first time that day. "Well, it is a questionable gift," she said, quietly. "I thought you meant the gift of content—which he has, and I have not."

"I can understand content in such a case—though how the outward situation can attract him puzzles me."

"That's because you don't know him. He's an enthusiast about ideas, and careless about outward things. He often reminds me of the apostle Paul."

"I am glad to hear that he's so grand in character as that."

"Yes; but the worst of it is that though Paul was excellent as a man in the Bible, he would hardly have done in real life."

"Well, if that means that your marriage is a misfortune to you, you know who is to blame."

"The marriage is no misfortune," she said, showing more emotion than had as yet appeared in her. "It is simply the accident which has happened since that has been the cause of my ruin. I have certainly got thistles for figs in a worldly sense, but how could I tell what time would bring forth?"

"Sometimes, Eustacia, I think it is a judgment upon you. You rightly belonged to me, you know; and I had no idea of losing you."

"No, it was not my fault. Two could not belong to you; and remember that, before I was aware, you turned aside to another woman. It was cruel levity in you to do that. I never dreamed of playing such a game on my side till you began it on yours."

"I meant nothing by it," replied Wildeve. "It was a mere interlude. Men are given to the trick of having a passing fancy for



somebody else in the midst of a permanent love, which re-asserts itself afterward just as before. On account of your rebellious manner to me I was tempted to go further than I should have done; and when you still would keep playing the same tantalizing part, I went further still, and married her." Turning and looking again at the unconscious form of Clym, he added: "I am afraid that you don't value your prize, Clym. He ought to be happier than I in one thing at least. He may know what it is to come down in the world, and to be afflicted with a great personal calamity; but he probably doesn't know what it is to lose the woman he loved."

"He is not ungrateful for winning her," said Eustacia, "and in that respect he is a good man. Many women would go far for such a husband. But do I desire unreasonably much in wanting what is called life—music, poetry, passion, war, and all the beating and pulsing that is going on in the great arteries of the world? That was the shape of my youthful dream; but I did not get it. Yet I thought I saw the way to it in my Clym."

"And you only married him on that account?"

"There you mistake me. I married him because I loved him. But I won't say that I didn't love him partly because I thought I saw a promise of that life in him."

"You have dropped into your old mournful key."

"But I am not going to be depressed," she cried, excitedly. "I began a new system by going to that dance, and I mean to stick to it. Clym can sing merrily; why should not I?"

Wildeve looked thoughtfully at her. "It is easier to say you will sing than to do it, though if I could I would encourage you in your attempt. But as life means nothing to me without one thing which is now impossible, you will forgive me for not being able to encourage you."

"Damon, what is the matter with you, that you speak like that?" she asked, raising her deep shady eyes to his.

"That's a thing I shall never tell plainly; and perhaps if I try to tell you in riddles you will not care to guess them."

Eustacia remained silent for a minute, and then she said, "We are in a strange relationship to-day. You mince matters to an uncommon nicety. You mean, Damon, that you still love me. Well, that gives me sorrow, for I am not made so entirely happy by my marriage that I am willing to spurn you for the information, as I ought to do. But we have said too much about this.—Do you mean to wait until my husband is awake?"

"I thought to speak to him; but it is unnecessary. Eustacia, if I offend you by not

forgetting you, you are right to mention it; but do not talk of spurning."

She did not reply, and they stood looking musingly at Clym as he slept on in that profound sleep which is the result of physical labor carried on in circumstances that wake no nervous thrill. While they thus watched him a click at the gate was audible, and a knock came to the door. Eustacia went to a window, and looked out.

Her countenance changed. First she became crimson, and then the red subsided till it even partially left her lips.

"Shall I go away?" said Wildeve, standing up.

"I hardly know."

"Who is it?"

"Mrs. Yeobright. Oh, what she said to me that day! I can not understand this visit—what does she mean? And she suspects that past time of ours."

"I am in your hands. If you think she had better not see me here, I'll go into the next room."

"Well, yes: go."

Wildeve at once withdrew; but before he had been half a minute in the adjoining apartment Eustacia came after him.

"No," she said; "we won't have any of this. If she comes in, she must see you—I have done no wrong. But how can I open the door to her, when she wishes not to see me, but her son?"

Mrs. Yeobright knocked again more loudly.

"Her knocking will, in all likelihood, awake him," continued Eustacia; "and then he will let her in himself. Ah—listen."

They could hear Clym moving in the other room, as if disturbed by the knocking, and he uttered the word "mother."

"Yes, he is awake; he will go to the door," she said, with a breath of relief. "Come this way. I have a bad name with her, and you must not be seen. Thus I am obliged to act by stealth, not because I have done ill, but because others are pleased to say so."

By this time she had taken him to the back-door, which was open, disclosing a path leading down the garden. "Now one word, Damon," she remarked, as he stepped forth. "This is your first visit here; let it be your last. We have been hot lovers in our time, but it won't do now. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Wildeve. "I have had all I came for, and I am satisfied."

"What was it?"

"A sight of you. Upon my eternal honor I came for no more."

Wildeve kissed his hand to the beautiful girl he addressed, and passed into the garden, where she watched him down the path, over the stile at the end, and into the ferns outside, which broomed his hips as he went along and became lost in their thickets. When he had quite gone, she slowly turned,



and directed her attention to the interior of the house, expecting to hear Clym and his mother in conversation.

But, hearing no words, she concluded that they were talking in whispers. It was therefore possible that her presence might not be desired at this moment of their first meeting, or that it would at all events be superfluous. She resolved to wait till Clym came to look for her, and with this object glided back into the garden. Here she perfunctorily occupied herself for a few minutes, till, finding no notice was taken of her, she again retraced her steps, advancing to the front entrance, where she listened for voices in the parlor. But, hearing none, she opened the door and went in. To her astonishment Clym lay precisely as Wildeve and herself had left him, his sleep apparently unbroken. Eustacia hastened to the door, and, in spite of her reluctance to open it to a woman who had spoken of her so bitterly, she unfastened it and looked out. Nobody was to be seen. There, by the scraper, lay Clym's hook and the handful of fagot bonds he had just brought home; in front of her were the empty path, the garden gate standing slightly ajar; and beyond, the great valley of purple heath thrilling silently in the sun. Mrs. Yeobright was gone.

Clym's mother was at this time following a path which lay hidden from Eustacia by a shoulder of the hill. Her walk thither from the garden gate had been hasty and determined, as of a woman who was now no less anxious to escape from the scene than she had previously been to enter it. Her eyes were fixed on the ground; within her two sights were graven—that of Clym's hook and brambles at the door, and that of a face at a window. Her lips trembled, becoming unnaturally thin, as she murmured: "'Tis too much—Clym, how can he bear to do it?—where was he?"

In her anxiety to get out of the direct view of the house she had diverged from the straightest path homeward, and while looking about to regain it, she came upon a little boy gathering whortleberries in a hollow. The boy was Johnny Nunsuch, who had been Eustacia's stoker at the bonfire, and with the tendency of a minute body to gravitate toward a greater, he began hovering round Mrs. Yeobright as soon as she appeared, and trotted on beside her without perceptible consciousness of his act.

Mrs. Yeobright spoke to him as one in a mesmeric sleep. "'Tis a long way home, my child, and we shall not get there till evening."

"I shall," said her small companion. "I am going to play marnells afore supper, and we go to supper at six o'clock, because father comes home. Does your father come home at six too?"

"No: he never comes; nor my son neither, nor any body."

"What have made you so down? Have you seen a ooser?"

"I have seen what's worse—a woman's face looking at me through a window-pane."

"Is that a bad sight?"

"Yes. It is always a bad sight to see a woman looking out at a weary wayfarer, and not letting her in."

"Once when I went to Throope Great Pond to catch effets I seed myself looking up at myself, and I was frightened and jumped back like any thing!"

"If they had only shown signs of meeting my advances half-way, how well it might have been done! But there is no chance. Shut out! She must have set him against me. Can there be beautiful bodies without hearts inside? I think so. I would not have done it against a neighbor's cat on such a fiery day as this."

"What is it you say?"

"Never again—never. Not even if they send for me."

"You must be a very curious woman to talk like that."

"Oh no, not at all," she said, returning to the boy's prattle. "Most people who grow up, and have children, talk as I do. When you grow up your mother will talk as I do, too."

"I hope she won't; because 'tis very bad to talk nonsense."

"Yes, child; it is nonsense, I suppose. Are you not nearly spent with the heat?"

"Yes. But not so much as you be."

"How do you know?"

"Your face is white and wet, and your head is hanging down like."

"Ah, I am exhausted from inside."

"Why do you, every time you take a step, go like this?" The child, in speaking, gave to his motion the jerk and limp of an invalid.

"Because I have a burden which is more than I can bear."

The little boy remained silently pondering, and they tottered on side by side until more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when Mrs. Yeobright, whose weakness plainly increased, said to him, "I must sit down here to rest."

When she had seated herself, he looked long in her face, and said, "How funny you draw your breath—like a lamb when you drive him till he's nearly done for. Do you always draw your breath like that?"

"Not always." Her voice was now so low as to be scarcely above a whisper.

"You will go to sleep there, I suppose, won't you? You have shut your eyes already."

"No. I shall not sleep much till—another day, and then I hope to have a long, long one—very long. Now can you tell me if Bottom Pond is dry this summer?"



"Bottom Pond is, but Parker's Pool isn't, because he is deep, and is never dry—'tis just over there."

"Is the water clear?"

"Yes, middling—except where the heath-croppers walk into it."

"Then take this, and go as fast as you can, and dip me up the clearest you can find. I am very faint."

She drew from the small willow reticule which she carried in her hand an old-fashioned china tea-cup without a handle; it was one of half a dozen of the same sort lying in the reticule, which she had preserved ever since her childhood, and had brought with her to-day as a small present for Clym and Eustacia.

The boy started on his errand, and soon came back with the water, such as it was. Mrs. Yeobright attempted to drink, but it was so warm as to give her nausea, and she threw it away. Afterward she still remained sitting, with her eyes closed.

The boy waited, played near her, caught several of the little brown butterflies which abounded, and then said, as he waited again, "I like going on better than biding still. Will you soon start again?"

"I don't know."

"I wish I might go on by myself," he resumed, fearing, apparently, that he was to be pressed into some unpleasant service. "Do you want me any more, please?"

Mrs. Yeobright made no reply.

"What shall I tell mother?" the boy continued.

"Tell her you have seen a broken-hearted woman cast off by her son."

Before quite leaving her he threw upon her face a wistful glance, as if he were possessed by a misgiving about the generosity of forsaking her thus. He gazed into her face in a vague, wondering manner, like that of one examining some strange old manuscript, the key to whose characters is undiscoverable. He was not so young as to be absolutely without a sense that sympathy was demanded, he was not old enough to be free from the terror felt in childhood at beholding misery in adult quarters hitherto deemed impregnable; and whether she were in a position to cause trouble or to suffer from it, whether she and her affliction were something to pity or something to fear, it was beyond him to decide. He lowered his eyes, and went on without another word. Before he had gone half a mile he had forgotten all about her, except that she was a woman who had sat down to rest.

Mrs. Yeobright's exertions, physical and emotional, had well-nigh prostrated her; but she continued to creep along in short stages with long breaks between. The sun had now got far to the west of south, and stood directly in her face, like some merciless incendiary, brand in hand, waiting to

consume her. With the departure of the boy all visible animation disappeared from the landscape, though the intermittent husky notes of the male grasshoppers from every tuft of furze were enough to show that amid the prostration of the larger animal species an unseen insect world was busy in all the fullness of life.

At length she reached a slope about two-thirds of the whole distance from Alderworth to her own home, where a little patch of shepherd's-thyme intruded upon the path; and she sat down upon the perfumed mat it formed there. In front of her a colony of ants had established a thoroughfare across the way, where toiled a never-ending and heavy-laden throng. To look down upon them was like observing a city street from the top of a tower. She remembered that this bustle of ants had been in progress for years at the same spot—doubtless those of the old times were the ancestors of these who walked there now. She leaned back to obtain more thorough rest, and the soft eastern portion of the sky was as great a relief to her eyes as the thyme was to her head. While she looked a heron arose on that side of the sky, and flew on with his face toward the sun. He had come dripping wet from some pool in the valleys, and as he flew the edges and lining of his wings, his thighs, and his breast were so caught by the bright light that they appeared as if formed of burnished silver. Up in the zenith, where he was, seemed a free and happy place, away from all contact with the earthly ball to which she was pinioned; and she wished that she could arise uncrushed from its surface, and fly as he flew then.

But being a mother, it was inevitable that she should soon cease to ruminate upon her own condition. Had the track of her next thought been marked by a streak in the air, like the path of a meteor, it would have shown a direction contrary to the heron's, and have descended to the eastward upon the roof of Clym's house.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE TRAGICAL MEETING OF TWO OLD FRIENDS.

HE in the mean time had aroused himself from sleep, sat up, and looked around. Eustacia was sitting in a chair hard by him, and though she held a book in her hand, she had not looked into it for some time.

"Well, indeed!" said Clym, brushing his eyes with his hands. "How soundly I have slept! I have had such a tremendous dream too: one I shall never forget."

"I thought you had been dreaming," said she.

"Yes. It was about my mother. I



dreamed that I took you to her house to make up differences, and when we got there we couldn't get in, though she kept on crying to us for help. However, dreams are dreams. What o'clock is it, Eustacia?"

"Half past two."

"So late, is it? I didn't mean to stay so long. By the time I have had something to eat it will be after three."

"Ann is not come back from the village, and I thought I would let you sleep on till she returned."

Clym went to the window and looked out. Presently he said, "Week after week passes, and yet mother does not come. I thought I should have heard something from her long before this."

Thought, misgiving, regret, fear, resolution, ran their swift course of expression in Eustacia's dark eye. She was face to face with a monstrous difficulty, and she resolved to get free of it by postponement.

"I must certainly go to Blooms End soon," he continued, "and I think I had better go alone." He picked up his leggings and gloves, threw them down again, and added, "As dinner will be so late to-day, I will not go back to the heath, but work in the garden till the evening, and then, when it will be cooler, I will walk to Blooms End. I am quite sure that if I make a little advance, mother will be willing to forget all. It will be rather late before I can get home, as I shall not be able to do the distance either way in less than an hour. But you will not mind for one evening, dear? What are you thinking of to make you look so abstracted?"

"I can not tell you," she said, heavily. "I wish we didn't live here, Clym. The world seems all wrong in this place."

"Well—if we make it so. I wonder if Thomasin has been to Blooms End lately? I hope so. But probably not, as she is, I believe, expecting to be confined in a week or two. I wish I had thought of that before. Mother must indeed be very lonely."

"I don't like you going to-night."

"Why not to-night?"

"Something may be said which will terribly injure me."

"My mother is not vindictive," said Clym, his color faintly rising.

"But I wish you would not go," Eustacia repeated, in a low tone. "If you will agree not to go to-night, I promise to go by myself to her house to-morrow, and make it up with her, and wait till you fetch me."

"Why do you want to do that at this particular time, when at every previous time that I have proposed it you have refused?"

"I can not explain, further than that I should like to see her alone before you go," she answered, with an impatient move of her head, and looking at him with an anxiety more frequently seen upon those of a

sanguine temperament than upon such as herself.

"Well, it is very odd that just when I have decided to go myself, you should want to do what I proposed long ago. If I wait for you to go to-morrow, another day will be lost; and I know I shall be unable to rest another night without having been. I want to get this settled, and will. You must visit her afterward: it will be all the same."

"I could even go with you now?"

"You could scarcely walk there and back without a longer rest than I shall take. No, not to-night, Eustacia."

"Let it be as you say, then," she replied, in the quiet way of one who, though willing to ward off evil consequences by a mild effort, would let events fall out as they might, sooner than wrestle hard to direct them.

Clym then went into the garden; and a thoughtful languor stole over Eustacia for the remainder of the afternoon, which her husband attributed to the heat of the weather.

In the evening he set out on the journey. Although the heat of summer was yet intense, the days had considerably shortened, and before he had advanced a mile on his way all the heath purples, browns, and greens had merged in a uniform dress without airiness or gradation, and broken only by touches of white, where the little heaps of clean quartz sand showed the entrance to a rabbit burrow, or where the white flints of a foot-path lay like a thread over the slopes. In almost every one of the isolated and stunted thorns which grew here and there, a night-hawk revealed his presence by whirring like the clack of a mill as long as he could hold his breath, then stopping, flapping his wings, wheeling round the bush, alighting, and, after a silent interval of listening, beginning to whirl again. At each brushing of Clym's feet, white miller-moths flew into the air just high enough to catch upon their dusty wings the mellowed light from the west, which now shone across the depressions and levels of the ground without falling thereon to light them up.

Yeobright walked on amid this quiet scene with a hope that all would soon be well. At length he came to the place where, four hours earlier, his mother had sat down exhausted on the knoll covered with shepherd's-thyme. His tread was noiseless here. Hence it was that a sound between a breathing and a moan, which suddenly spread into the air at this place, distinctly reached his ears. He stopped on the instant, looked to where the sound came from; but nothing appeared there above the verge of the hill-ock stretching against the sky in an unbroken line. He moved a few steps in that direction, and now he perceived a recumbent figure almost close at his feet.

Among the different possibilities as to the



person's individuality which rushed upon Yeobright's mind, there did not for a moment occur to him any idea of one of his own family. On such a warm evening the person was as likely to be there from choice as from necessity. Sometimes furze-cutters had been known to sleep out-of-doors at these times to save a long journey homeward and back again; but Clym then remembered the moan and looked closer, and saw that the form was feminine; and a distress came over him like cold air from a cave. But he was not absolutely certain that the woman was his mother till he stooped and beheld her face, pallid, and with closed eyes.

His breath went, as it were, out of his body, and the cry of anguish which would have escaped him died upon his lips. During the momentary interval that elapsed before he became conscious that something must be done, all sense of time and place left him, and it seemed as if he and his mother were as when he was a child with her many years ago on this heath, at hours similar to the present. Then he awoke to activity; and bending yet lower, he found that she still breathed, and that her breath, though feeble, was regular, except when disturbed by an occasional gasp.

"Oh, what is it? Mother, are you very ill—you are not dying?" he cried, pressing his lips to her face. "I am your Clym. How did you come here? What does it all mean?"

At that moment the chasm in their lives, which his love for Eustacia had caused, was not remembered by Yeobright, and to him the present joined continuously with that friendly past that had been their experience before the division.

She moved her lips, appeared to know him, but could not speak; and then Clym began to consider how best to move her, as it would be necessary to get her away from the spot before the dews were intense. He was able-bodied, and his mother was thin. He clasped his arms round her, lifted her a little, and said, "Does that hurt you?"

She shook her head, and he lifted her up; then, at a slow pace, went onward with his load. The air was now completely cool; but whenever he passed over a sandy patch of ground uncarpeted with vegetation, there was reflected from its surface into his face the heat which it had imbibed during the day. At the beginning of his undertaking he had thought but little of the distance which yet would have to be traversed before Blooms End could be reached; but though he had slept that afternoon he soon began to feel the weight of his burden. Thus he proceeded, like Æneas with his father, the bats circling round his head, night-jars flapping their wings within a yard of his face, and not a human being within call.

While he was yet nearly a mile from the

house his mother exhibited signs of restlessness under the constraint of being borne along, as if his arms were irksome to her. He lowered her upon his knees, and looked around. The point they had now reached, though far from home, was not more than half a mile from the group of cottages occupied by Fairway, Sam, Humphrey, and the Cantles. Moreover, fifty yards off stood a hut, built of clods and covered with turves, but now entirely disused. The simple outline of the lonely shed was visible, and thither he determined to direct his steps. As soon as he arrived he laid her down carefully by the entrance, and then ran and cut with his pocket-knife an armful of the driest fern. Spreading this within the shed, which was entirely open on one side, he placed his mother thereon; then he ran with all his might toward the dwelling of Fairway.

Nearly a quarter of an hour had passed, disturbed only by the broken breathing of the sufferer, when moving figures began to animate the line between heath and sky. In a few moments Clym arrived with Fairway, Humphrey, and Susan Nunsuch; Olly Dowden, who had chanced to be at Fairway's, Christian, and Grandfer Cattle following her helter-skelter behind. They had brought a lantern and matches, water, a pillow, and a few other articles which had occurred to their minds in the hurry of the moment. Sam had been dispatched to Blooms End for brandy, and Humphrey fetched Fairway's pony, upon which he rode off to the nearest medical man, with directions to call at Wildeve's on his way and inform Thomasin that her aunt was unwell.

Sam and the brandy soon arrived, and was administered by the light of the lantern; after which she became sufficiently conscious to signify by signs that something was wrong with her foot. Olly Dowden at length understood her meaning, and examined the foot indicated. It was swollen and red. Even as they watched the red began to assume a more livid color, in the midst of which appeared a scarlet speck smaller than a pea, and it was found to consist of a drop of blood, which rose above the smooth flesh of her ankle in a hemisphere.

"I know what it is," cried Sam. "She has been stung by an adder!"

"Yes," said Clym, instantly. "I remember when I was a child seeing just such a bite. Oh, my poor mother!"

"It was my father who was bit," said Sam. "And there's only one way to cure it. You must rub the place with the fat of other adders, and the only way to get that is by frying them. That's what they did for him."

"'Tis an old remedy," said Clym, distractedly, "and I have doubts about it. But we can do nothing else till the doctor comes."



"'Tis a sure cure," said Olly Dowden, with emphasis. "I've used it when I used to go out nursing."

"Then we must pray for daylight, to catch them," said Clym, gloomily.

"I will see what I can do," said Sam.

He took a green hazel which he had used as a walking-stick, split it at the end, inserted a small pebble, and taking the lantern in his hand, went out into the heath. Clym had by this time lit a small fire, and dispatched Susan Nunsuch for a frying-pan. Before she had returned Sam came in with three adders, one briskly coiling and uncoiling in the cleft of the stick, and the other two hanging dead across it.

"I have only been able to get one alive and fresh as he ought to be," said Sam. "These limp ones are two I killed to-day at work, but as they don't die till the sun goes down, they can't be very stale meat."

The live adder regarded the assembled group with a sinister look in its evil black eye, and the beautiful brown and jet pattern on its back seemed to intensify with indignation. Mrs. Yeobright saw the creature, and the creature saw her: she quivered throughout, and averted her eyes.

"Look at that," murmured Christian Cantle. "Neighbors, how do we know but that something of the old serpent in God's garden, that gied the apple to the young woman with no clothes, lives on in adders and snakes still? Look at his eye—for all the world like a villainous sort of black currant. 'Tis to be hoped he can't ill-wish us. There's folks in the heath who've been overlooked already. I will never kill another adder as long as I live."

"Well, 'tis right to be afeard of things, if folks can't help it," said Grandfer Cantle. "'Twould have saved me many a brave danger in my time."

"I fancy I heard something outside the shed," said Christian. "I wish troubles would come in the daytime, for then a man could show his courage, and hardly beg for mercy of the most broomstick old woman he should see, if he was a brave man, and able to run out of her sight."

"Even such an ignorant fellow as I should know better than do that," said Sam.

"Well, there's calamities where we least expect it, whether or no. Neighbors, if Mrs. Yeobright were to die, d'ye think we should be took up and tried for the manslaughter of a woman?"

"No, they couldn't bring it in that," said Sam, "unless they could prove we had been poachers at some time of our lives. But she'll fetch round."

"Now if I had been stung by ten adders I should hardly have lost a day's work for't," said Grandfer Cantle. "Such is my spirit when I am on my mettle. But perhaps 'tis natural in a man trained for war. Yes, I've

gone through a good deal; but nothing ever came amiss to me after I joined the Locals in four." He shook his head and smiled at a mental picture of himself in uniform. "I was always first in the most galliantest scrapes in my younger days."

"I suppose that was because they always used to put the biggest fool afore," said Fairway, from the fire, beside which he knelt, blowing it with his breath.

"D'ye think so, Timothy?" said Grandfer Cantle, coming forward to Fairway's side, with sudden depression in his face. "Then a man may feel for years that he is good solid company, and be wrong about himself after all?"

"Never mind that question, Grandfer. Stir your stumps, and get some more sticks. 'Tis very nonsense of an old man to prattle so when life and death's in mangling."

"Yes, yes," said Grandfer Cantle, with melancholy conviction. "Well, this is a bad night altogether for them that have done well in their time, and if I were ever such a dab at the hautboy or tenor-viol, I shouldn't have the heart to play tunes upon 'em now."

Susan now arrived with the frying-pan, when the live adder was killed and the heads of the three taken off. The remainders, being cut into lengths and split open, were tossed into the pan, which began hissing and crackling over the fire. Soon a rill of clear oil trickled from the carcasses, whereupon Clym dipped the corner of his handkerchief into the liquid and anointed the wound.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### EUSTACIA HEARS OF GOOD FORTUNE, AND BEHOLDS EVIL.

IN the mean time Eustacia, left alone in her cottage at Alderworth, had become considerably depressed by the posture of affairs. The consequences which might result from Clym's discovery that his mother had been turned from his door that day were not such as she feared, but they were likely to be disagreeable, and this was a quality in events which she hated as much as the dreadful.

To be left to pass the evening by herself was irksome to her at any time, and this evening it was more irksome than usual by reason of the excitements of the past hours. The two visits had stirred her into restlessness. She was not wrought to any great pitch of uneasiness by the probability of appearing in an ill light in the discussion between Clym and his mother, but she was wrought to vexation; and her slumbering activities were quickened to the extent of wishing that she had opened the door. She had certainly believed that Clym was awake,



and the excuse would be an honest one as far as it went; but nothing could save her from censure in refusing to answer at the first knock. Yet instead of blaming herself for the issue, she laid the fault upon the shoulders of some indistinct Zeus or colossal Ozymandias who had framed her situation and ruled her lot.

At this time of the year it was pleasanter to walk by night than by day, and when Clym had been absent about an hour she suddenly resolved to go out in the direction of Blooms End, on the chance of meeting him on his return. When she reached the garden gate she heard wheels approaching, and looking round beheld her grandfather coming up in his car.

"I can't stay a minute, thank ye," he answered to her greeting. "I am driving to East Egdon; but I turned up here just to tell you the news. Perhaps you have heard—about Mr. Wildeve's fortune?"

"No," said Eustacia, blankly.

"Well, he has come into a fortune of eleven thousand pounds—uncle died in Canada, just after hearing that all his family, whom he was sending home, had gone to the bottom in the *Cassiopeia*; so Wildeve has come into every thing without in the least expecting it."

Eustacia stood motionless a while. "How long has he known of this?" she asked.

"Well, it was known to him this morning early, for I knew it at ten o'clock, when Charley came back. Now he is what I call a lucky man. What a fool you were, Eustacia!"

"In what way?" she said, lifting her eyes in apparent calmness.

"Why, in not sticking to him when you had him."

"Had him, indeed!"

"I did not know there had ever been any thing between you, till lately; and faith I should have been hot and strong against it if I had known; but since it seems that there was some sniffing between ye, why the deuce didn't you stick to him?"

Eustacia made no reply, but she looked as if she could say as much upon that subject as he, if she chose.

"And how is your poor purblind husband?" continued the old man. "Not a bad fellow either, as far as he goes."

"He is quite well."

"It is a good thing for his cousin what d'ye call her. By jingo, you ought to have been in that place, my girl! Now I must drive on. Do you want any assistance—what's mine is yours, you know."

"Thank you, grandfather, we are not in want at present," she said, coldly. "Clym cuts furze, but he does it mostly as a useful pastime, because he can do nothing else."

"He is paid for his pastime, isn't he? Three shillings a hundred, I heard."

"Clym has money," she said, coloring; "but he likes to earn a little."

"Very well—good-by." And the captain drove on.

When her grandfather was gone, Eustacia went on her way mechanically, but her thoughts were no longer concerning her mother-in-law and Clym. Wildeve, notwithstanding his complaints against his fate, had been seized upon by destiny and placed in the sunshine once more. Eleven thousand pounds! From every Egdon point of view he was a rich man. In Eustacia's eyes, too, it was an ample sum—one sufficient to supply those wants of hers which had been stigmatized by Clym in his more austere moods as vain and luxurious. Though she was no lover of money, she loved what money could bring; and the new accessories she imagined around him clothed Wildeve with a great deal of interest. She recollected now how quietly well dressed he had been that morning: he had probably put on his newest suit, regardless of damage by briars and thorns. And then she thought of his manner toward herself.

"Oh, I see it, I see it," she said. "How much he wishes he had me now, that he might give me all I desire!"

In recalling the details of his glances and words—at the time scarcely regarded—it became plain to her how greatly they had been dictated by his knowledge of this new event. "Had he been a man to bear a jilt ill-will, he would have told me of his good fortune in crowing tones: instead of doing that, he mentioned not a word, in deference to my misfortunes, and merely implied that he loved me still as one superior to him."

Wildeve's silence that day on what had happened to him was just the kind of behavior calculated to make an impression on such a woman. Those delicate touches of good taste were, in fact, one of the strong points in his demeanor toward the other sex. The peculiarity of Wildeve was that, while at one time passionate, upbraiding, and resentful toward a woman, at another he would treat her with such unparalleled grace as to make previous neglect appear as no discourtesy, injury as no insult, interference as a delicate attention, and the ruin of her honor as excess of chivalry. This man, whose admiration to-day Eustacia had disregarded, whose good wishes she had scarcely taken the trouble to accept, whom she had showed out of the house by the back-door, was the possessor of eleven thousand pounds, a man of fair professional education, and one who had served his articles with a civil engineer.

So intent was Eustacia upon Wildeve's fortunes that she forgot how much closer to her own course were those of Clym; and instead of walking on to meet him at once, she sat down upon a stone. She was disturbed



in her reverie by a voice behind, and turning her head, beheld the old lover and fortunate inheritor of wealth immediately beside her.

She remained sitting, though the fluctuation in her look might have told any man who knew her so well as Wildeve that she was thinking of him.

"How did you come here?" she said, in her clear low tone. "I thought you were at home."

"I went on to the village after leaving your garden; and now I have come back again: that's all. Which way are you walking, may I ask?"

She waved her hand in the direction of Blooms End. "I am going to meet my husband. I think I may possibly have got into trouble while you were with me to-day."

"How could that be?"

"By not letting in Mrs. Yeobright."

"I hope that visit of mine did you no harm."

"None. It was not your fault," she said, quietly.

By this time she had risen; and they involuntarily sauntered on together, without speaking, for two or three minutes; when Eustacia broke silence by saying, "I presume I must congratulate you."

"On what? Oh yes, on my eleven thousand pounds, you mean. Well, since I didn't get something else, I must be content with getting that."

"You seem very indifferent about it. Why didn't you tell me to-day when you came?" she said, in the tone of a neglected person. "I heard of it quite by accident."

"I did mean to tell you," said Wildeve. "But I—well, I will speak frankly—I did not like to mention it when I saw, Eustacia, that your star was not high. The sight of a man lying wearied out with hard work, as your husband lay, made me feel that to brag of my own fortune to you would be greatly out of place. Yet, as you stood there beside him, I could not help feeling, too, that in a great respect he was a richer man than I."

At this Eustacia said, with slumbering mischievousness, "What, would you exchange with him—your fortune for me?"

"I certainly would," said Wildeve.

"As we are imagining what is impossible and absurd, suppose we change the subject."

"Very well; and I will tell you of my plans for the future, if you care to hear them. I shall permanently invest nine thousand pounds, keep one thousand as ready money, and with the remaining thousand travel for a year or so."

"Travel? What a bright idea! Where will you go?"

"From here to Paris, where I shall pass the winter and spring. Then I shall go to Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, before

the hot weather comes on. In the summer I shall go to America, and then, by a plan not yet settled, I shall go to Australia and round to India. By that time I shall have begun to have had enough of it. Then I shall probably come back to Paris again; and there I shall stay as long as I can afford to."

"Back to Paris again," she murmured, in a voice that was nearly a sigh. She had never once told Wildeve of the Parisian desires which Clym's descriptions had sown in her; yet here was he involuntarily in a position to gratify them. "You think a good deal of Paris," she added.

"Yes. In my opinion it is the central beauty spot of the world."

"And in mine. And Thomasin will go with you?"

"Yes; if she cares to. She may prefer to stay at home."

"So you will be going about, and I shall be staying here."

"I suppose you will. But we know whose fault that is."

"I am not blaming you," she said, quickly.

"Oh, I thought you were. If ever you *should* be inclined to blame me, think of a certain evening by Blackbarrow, when you promised to meet me and did not. You sent me a letter; and my heart ached to read that as I hope yours never will. That was one point of divergence. I then did something in haste. . . . But she is a good woman, and I will say no more."

"I know that the blame was on my side that time," said Eustacia. "But it had not always been so. However, it is my misfortune to be too sudden in feeling. Damon, don't reproach me any more—I can't bear that."

They went on silently for a distance of a mile and more, when Eustacia said, suddenly, "Haven't you come out of your way, Mr. Wildeve?"

"My way is any where to-night. I will go with you as far as the hill on which we can see Blooms End, as it is getting late for you to be alone."

"Don't trouble. I am not obliged to be out at all. I think I would rather you did not accompany me farther. This sort of thing would have an odd look if known."

"Very well, I will leave you. What light is that on the hill?"

She looked, and saw a flickering fire-light proceeding from the open side of a hovel a little way before them. The hovel, which she had hitherto always found empty, seemed to be inhabited now.

"Since you have come so far," said Eustacia, "will you see me safely past that hut? I thought I should have met Clym somewhere about here, but as he doesn't appear, I will hasten on and get to Blooms End before he leaves."



They advanced to the turf shed, and when they got near, the fire-light and the lantern inside showed distinctly enough the form of a woman reclining on a bed of fern, a group of heath men and women standing around her. Eustacia did not recognize Mrs. Yeobright in the reclining figure, nor Clym as one of the standers-by, till she came close. Then she quickly pressed her hand upon Wildeve's arm, and signified to him to come back from the open side of the shed into the shadow.

"It is my husband and his mother," she whispered, in an agitated voice. "What can it mean? Will you step forward and tell me?"

Wildeve left her side and went to the back wall of the hut. Presently Eustacia perceived that he was beckoning to her, and she advanced and joined him.

"It is a serious case," said Wildeve.

From their position they could hear what was proceeding inside.

"I can not think where she could have been going," said Clym to some one. "She had evidently walked a long way, but even when she was able to speak just now she would not tell me where. What do you really think of her?"

"There is a great deal to fear," was gravely answered in a voice which Eustacia recognized as that of the only surgeon in the district. "She has suffered somewhat from the bite of the adder; but it is exhaustion which has overpowered her. My impression is that her walk must have been exceptionally long."

"I used to tell her not to overwalk herself this weather," said Clym, with distress in his voice. "Do you think we did well in using the adder's fat?"

"Well, it is a very ancient remedy—the old remedy of the viper-catchers, I believe," replied the doctor. "It is mentioned as an infallible ointment by Hoffman, Mead, and I think the Abbé Fontana. Undoubtedly it was as good a thing as you could do, though I question if some other oils would not have been equally efficacious."

"Come here! come here!" was then rapidly said in soft female tones; and Clym and the doctor could be heard rushing forward from the back part of the shed where they had been standing.

"Oh, what is it?" whispered Eustacia.

"'Twas Thomasin who spoke," said Wildeve. "Then they have fetched her. I wonder if I had better go in—yet it might do harm."

For a long time there was utter silence among the group within; and it was broken at last by Clym saying, in an agonized voice, "Oh, doctor, what does it mean?"

The doctor did not reply at once; ultimately he said, "She is sinking fast. Her heart was previously affected, and physical exhaustion has dealt the finishing blow."

Then there was a weeping of females, then waiting, then hushed exclamations, then a strange gasping sound, then a painful stillness.

"It is all over," said the doctor.

Farther back in the hut the cotters whispered, "Mrs. Yeobright is dead."

Almost at the same moment the two watchers observed the form of a small old-fashioned child entering at the open side of the shed. Susan Nunsuch, whose boy it was, went forward to the opening, and silently beckoned to him to go back.

"I've got something to tell 'ee, mother," he cried, in a shrill tone. "That woman asleep there walked along with me to-day; and she said I was to say that I had seen her, and she was a woman cast off by her son, and then I came on home."

A confused sob as from a man was heard within, upon which Eustacia gasped, faintly, "I must go to him—yet dare I do it? No: come away."

When they had withdrawn from the neighborhood of the shed, she said, huskily, "I am to blame for this. There is evil in store for me."

"Was not she admitted to your house, after all?" Wildeve inquired.

"No: and that's where it all lies, or I'm mistaken. I shall not intrude upon them: I shall go straight home. Damon, good-by. I can not speak to you any more now."

They parted company, and when Eustacia had reached the next hill she looked back. A melancholy procession was wending its way by the light of the lantern from the hut toward Blooms End. Wildeve was nowhere to be seen.

## IN A JEWISH BOOKSTORE.

IT seems strange that there should be a "Ghetto" in an American city, and especially in New York. But there certainly is on the east side of the Bowery, below Canal Street, almost as distinctive a Jewish quarter as is to be found in any of the old European cities where the Jews for centuries have been a proscribed race. Butchers, bakers, grocers, and even carpenters display signs in Hebrew characters, although the language employed is the *patois* called Jüdisch-Deutsch (Jewish German), which bears about the same relation to pure German as does Pennsylvania Dutch. In the shop windows where provisions of any kind are sold a placard bearing the Hebrew word *Cosher*, or proper, is usually found, conveying the information that the food has been examined by the ecclesiastical authorities, and pronounced clean.

The Jews who inhabit this quarter include many Germans and some Bohemians, who soon accommodate themselves to the manners and customs of the land of their



adoption; but they are mostly Russian and Polish emigrants, who are extremely fanatical, and have no desire to know the English language, or, indeed, learn any thing which may tend to change their ancient mode of life. The most orthodox of the uptown synagogues are not orthodox enough for them. They are the Pharisees of the Pharisees. Besides having schools of their own, in which nothing but the Talmud is studied, they have their own synagogues and their own courts, which decide all disputes which may arise among them, whether the questions raised are on matters civil or ecclesiastical. The decrees of the *Beth Din*, or House of Judgment, are based on the ancient canons of the Talmud, and there is no appeal from them. The opinions of this rabbinical court are often absurdly whimsical; but they are received with great respect, and no one dreams of disputing them. Even divorces are granted by the *Beth Din*, and sometimes lead to much trouble, for the rabbinical law comes in direct conflict with the law of the land. The Talmud, for instance, allows a man to put away his wife if she burns the soup in preparing the dinner.

It is in this quarter of the city that one finds at home the small army of itinerant glaziers and peddlers, whose swarthy complexions and strongly marked features are familiar to every body. Refugees from the grinding tyranny of Russian rule, and apparently unable as yet to realize that in this country they are free, these poor emigrants continue a "peculiar people," keeping together in self-imposed ostracism, living very much as they lived in the squalid Ghettos of Europe, and as their forefathers lived before them during centuries of unrelenting persecution. The second generation, however, soon become Americanized. By the thrift and industry which may be said to be characteristic of the race, from peddlers they become store-keepers. They move a little further up town, away from their narrowed and tribal surroundings, and in another generation or so their names become conspicuous in the leading business marts and thoroughfares, where they have bloomed into the full dignity of merchants, and, as a rule, of liberal American citizens. Their children attend the public schools, are comely, and have lost that half-eager, half-frightened expression of countenance, born of the Ghetto and its centuries of cruel humiliation, which one often sees in the Jewish face of the lower type. These American Jews would laugh to scorn the idea of submitting their differences to the decision of the *Beth Din*; and as to ritual matters, they have shed the ultra-orthodoxy of their grandsires for the more moderate Judaism of to-day, as it is represented in one or another of the varied phases of its modern de-

velopment in the score or more of synagogues and temples of New York.

Strolling through Allen Street, the centre of the Jewish quarter, we find ourselves in Division Street. Here and there the bold, square Hebrew characters on the signboards attract the eye, and ever and anon the strange guttural sounds of the *Jüdisch-Deutsch patois* salute the ear as we meet or pass some dark-visaged denizens of the neighborhood, all talking loudly and gesticulating vehemently, with many a shrug of the shoulder and motion of the hand.

We pause in front of a Jewish bookstore, which has queer cabalistic-looking letters painted on the windows. Through the panes of glass we can see a variety of strange articles, which we presume are in some way related with the worship of the synagogue, but of which we know neither the name nor the use, and rows of shelves filled with great folio volumes labelled in Hebrew. What kind of books, one wonders, can these be? Who buy and read them? Surely not the poor, squalid-looking people who live in this uncanny neighborhood. Not, for instance, the ragged, smutty-faced young man we saw just now mending a broken window in Hester Street, nor the old-clothes dealer who is driving a bargain with the woman across the street. Surely such people as these can neither care for nor understand the literature of a dead language! Why, they are ignorant even of the vernacular! Yet we remember that the poor Hebrew youth Spinoza wrote his greatest philosophical works while making his living by following the humble occupation of polishing lenses for telescopes. But let us enter the store. We can there soon satisfy our curiosity.

Behind the counter stands the bookseller, conversing with a bonnetless, poorly clad, shrivelled-up little old Polish woman, who has thrown down before him a parcel of Hebrew parchment rolls, which she is trying to sell to him. Judging from the characteristic "ski" at the end of his name over the door, and the ease with which he speaks her *patois*, the master of the shop is probably of the same nationality as his customer. He is an elderly, intellectual-looking man, with a sallow complexion and a profusion of thick curly black hair and beard, both well streaked with gray. As he peers quizzically at the woman over his gold-rimmed glasses, he elevates his bushy eyebrows in a manner which starts into play all the wrinkles in his forehead, giving him rather a sardonic expression. The woman, in a whining, nasal voice, keeps up a continuous chatting in *Jüdisch-Deutsch*. But the bookseller evidently has given her his ultimatum, for she now receives from him no other recognition than an occasional impatient, deprecatory shake of the head.

Turning from her, he says to us in good



English, "She asks twenty-five dollars for them. But it is too much. They are not worth more than ten dollars to me."

The scrolls are beautiful manuscripts, and look as if they should be worth much more than that, if only as curiosities.

"What are they?" we ask.

"They are what are called 'The Five Rolls.' This one is the *Megillah*, or Book of Esther. That long one is the Song of Solomon. The others are the Book of Ruth, the Book of Ecclesiastes, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. They are not worth more—"

The old woman interrupts, and begs him to give her fifteen dollars for the lot.

The bookseller shakes his head negatively, whereupon she gathers the scrolls into her apron, and makes a feint of moving toward the door. With a rapid glance at her halting attitude, which tells him that she does not mean to go, he continues his remarks with well-assumed indifference: "No! they are not worth more than ten dollars to me. No doubt they cost a great deal more than that in Russia, where they came from: it would take a good scribe six weeks to write them; but we don't use them in that form in the synagogues here. Each has to be sung to a regular song of its own; but there's hardly any one now in New York who knows the proper tunes but myself. Besides, the rolls are much too long to be sung in the old style nowadays. Solomon's Song alone takes a good hour and a half."

As might be supposed of a race who have produced the immortal poets of the Bible, many of whose compositions were sung in the Temple with grand orchestral and choral accompaniments, not to speak of such modern celebrities as Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Rubinstein, and Offenbach, the Jews are naturally a musical people. Even the poorest among them are so fond of good singing that a *chazan*, or precentor, with a fine voice, commands almost his own price, just like a first-class opera singer, and persons of all conditions crowd the synagogue to hear him. From his childhood the Jew is taught to sing the law and the prophets, not to read them. For every passage there is the proper cadence, which would tell the listener, even though he did not understand a word of Hebrew, whether the passage intoned was a question, a reply, an argument, and so on. On any Saturday morning or festival of the Jewish Church one may hear this peculiar chanting to perfection in the Reformed Temple in Fifth Avenue, or in the Orthodox synagogue in West Forty-fourth Street.

To return to our bookseller. The poor woman looks at him wistfully as she moves slowly toward the street door. She asks for fourteen dollars—for thirteen—for twelve dollars for the scrolls. But he does not relent.

"How did the woman come by the manuscripts?" we ask.

"She says they belonged to her husband, who died about a month ago. He brought them with him from Poland, I suppose."

The widow returns to the counter, throws down the scrolls with a deep sigh, and holds out her hand for the ten dollars the bookseller has offered her for them. He has conquered, and doubtless has got a bargain. With a practiced eye, skimming their contents from right to left, he examines the parchments; he takes out a greasy-looking wallet, counts out the amount due, and the purchase is consummated.

We remark that he must be very familiar with the Hebrew language to be able to satisfy himself as to the accuracy of the manuscripts by such a hasty perusal of their contents.

"Oh," he replies, "I could see at a glance that they were all right. I've been in this business for many years, and am something of an expert. There was a time when I'd get as much as fifty dollars for examining a *Sephar Torah* (Book of the Law). But I'm hardly strong enough for that work now. It hurts my back, and I've had to give it up."

He shows us several *Sepharim* (the word is the plural form of *Sephar*). Each contains the entire Pentateuch, beautifully written on a continuous roll of parchment, the skins being neatly stitched together. Every synagogue owns several such sets, the portion of the law for the day being always chanted from one of them.

The *Sephar* before us is a marvel of fine penmanship. There are no "points" (*i. e.*, vowels) in the manuscript. A practiced Hebrew scholar uses them neither in reading nor writing.

In answer to our inquiry, the bookseller says: "We used to get three hundred dollars for such a *Sephar*. But now we have to be satisfied with seventy-five dollars, which, of course, is little enough for a work requiring so much careful labor. Times are hard, and we have to be satisfied with what we can get. This business used to be very good, but now some of our best customers, as soon as they make money, join one of the fashionable Reformed temples up town, and generally we never see them again. Why, we do not sell nearly as many *talisim* as we used to."

The *talis* is a white fringed scarf of silk or wool, containing a thread of blue, worn at prayers by every orthodox Jew. It is white as emblematic of purity, with horizontal stripes or ribbons of blue. Such a scarf was worn by Jesus. The woman with the issue of blood, according to the Gospel, came behind him and touched the border (*kraspedon*) of his garment. This was the *talis gardol*, or great talis. There is also the *talis karton*, or little talis, which the orthodox Jew con-



stantly wears under his shirt. It consists of two quadrangular pieces of wool or silk, joined together by two broad straps, with a space left sufficient for the head to pass between, something after the fashion of the Romish scapular. From each corner hangs a fringe.

The practice of wearing these scarfs owes its origin to the command found in Numbers, xv. 37-39:

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband [or thread] of blue: and it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them."

While the bookseller was explaining all this to us, a customer entered the store with a little boy. He was well dressed, and had none of the common Hebrew characteristics of manner or feature, although it soon appeared that he was a Jew, and an orthodox one. The boy had arrived at the age (thirteen years) for wearing *tephilim*, or phylacteries, and this visit was for the purpose of buying him a set. From a drawer behind the counter containing all sizes a suitable set was selected. The boy, a bright, intelligent little fellow, insisted on trying them on at once. The phylacteries consist of a tiny leathern box containing certain Scriptural texts, which is bound with a narrow leathern strap upon the left hand of the devotee, and another, with a similar fastening, which is bound as a frontlet between the eyes, in obedience to the command found four times in the books of Exodus and Deuteronomy:

"And it [the law] shall be for a sign unto thee upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes."

The Reformed Jews regard the ordinance metaphorically, but the orthodox follow it literally.

In obedience to his father's instructions, the boy took off his coat and bared his left arm; but it being remembered that he was left-handed, he pulled down his shirt sleeve and bared his right arm instead. The phylactery for the arm was then placed just above the elbow, or the thick part of the flesh, particular care being taken that nothing interposed between the phylactery and the naked arm. The ligature, with the blackened side outward, was then bound around the arm seven times, and thrice around the middle finger of the hand. The phylactery for the head was bound so that the projection—the little box—rested in front between the eyes. Not having yet been instructed as to the meaning of "laying *tephilim*," which is a practice held in great reverence by the orthodox Jews, the boy laughed merrily as he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the show-case. His father reproved him so severely that the lit-

tle fellow began to cry, but an affectionate kiss and the present of a silver quarter quickly chased the tears from his eyes, and as the twain left the store the boy was insisting on being allowed the honor of carrying home the *tephilim* in his own pocket.

As the bookseller is putting back in the drawer the sets of phylacteries he has been showing to the departed customer, he takes up from a heap of similar ones a long ram's horn. This, he explains, is a *Shophar*, such as is blown in the synagogues on the Jewish New-Year (*Rosh Hashanah*) and the Day of Atonement (*Yom Kippur*), according to a custom as old as the days of the Bible, when the *Shophar* was sounded to summon the people to prayer. Each instrument (which is a perfectly plain ram's horn, very difficult to sound for those who have not practiced on it) must be *cosher*, and is stamped with the seal of the rabbinical inspector.

Scrutinizing the contents of the bookseller's show-case, we notice a number of little cylindrical tubes of glass, containing tiny scrolls of parchment. The tubes and their contents are called *m'zuzot*. There are also similar tubes of tin, made for a poorer class of customers. We learn that literally *m'zuzah*" (the word is the singular form of *m'zuzot*) means a door-post, but it actually refers to the passages of Scripture (Deuteronomy, vi. 4-9, and xi. 13-21) which are rolled up and fastened to the portals of each room in the dwelling of every orthodox Jewish family, in obedience to the Mosaic command: "Thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates." The word *Shaddai* (Almighty God) is written on the back of the scrolls so as to be seen through the glass, and in the tin tube there is a hole through which the same word is visible.

Among other articles in the show-case we find sample copies of Jewish cookery-books, calendars, prayer-books, and elementary Hebrew works, some written in German and others in Jüdisch-Deutsch. There is also a curious book in English, called *Jesus of Nazareth*, giving a story of his life according to rabbinical tradition; and there is a pamphlet in English with the title *Tub Taam*.

"*Tub Taam*! Why, what's that?" we ask.

"It's a translation of Zebi Friedmann's Hebrew work in justification of *Shechitah*, the Jewish mode of killing animals," says the bookseller. "Friedmann is dead. He was a very learned man, but he did not understand English, and he couldn't get the pamphlet translated in his lifetime. I don't know who made this translation. Friedmann wrote *Tub Taam* in 1866 in defense of the Jewish butchers, who were much frightened by Mr. Bergh giving them notice that their slaughter-houses would all be closed if they did not explain satisfactorily the charges of cruelty in their mode of killing which had been made to his society. The



result was a complete vindication of the Mosaic ordinances in regard to this matter, which were shown to be much more humane than the methods employed in the common slaughter-houses."

A glance at the bookseller's shelves shows that most of them are filled with various editions of the *Chumash*, or Pentateuch, some with the text alone, but by far the greater number with commentaries by noted rabbins. The favorite commentary is that of Rashi. But as this is in pure Hebrew, which is not generally understood, it is accompanied by a Jüdisch-Deutsch translation in the Hebrew character. The latter is used in preference to the German character, which centuries of persecution made hateful to the Jews as that of the language of their oppressors.

A set of *Chumash* of this description is in five volumes, and costs about five dollars. The bookseller tells us that his principal customer for it is some peddler, glazier, or old-clothesman, who understands neither Hebrew nor pure German, but as he is taught that it is sinful to grow up without some knowledge of the Scriptures, he acquaints himself with the Pentateuch through the medium of the wretched *patois* of his native place.

For those who are far enough advanced to read the Pentateuch in pure German there is the popular translation of Johlsen, which is written in the Hebrew character, like the famous German translation of the Bible by the critic Mendelssohn (a kinsman of the great composer)—the first Jewish translation of the Scriptures into any modern language. Then there are Rabbi Jacob's Commentary on the Pentateuch; the *Hapthoroth*, or weekly portions of the prophets, usually called *Tsennorennah*, and the *Weiber Chumash*, or Woman's Pentateuch, full of fanciful wood-cuts. For more advanced students there are the works of Maimonides (the famous physician to the Sultan Saladin, described in Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman*), with the commentary by the learned Abarbanel. The readers of Maimonides form a class or school for themselves. They are generally of a metaphysical or rationalistic turn of mind. Other students devote themselves to the mysticism of the *Kabbala*, or theosophy, while again others apply themselves to the works of Nachmanides, Bechai, Aben Ezra, and Kimchi, great Jewish scholars, especially the last two named, whose acuteness and accurate knowledge of the Hebrew text of the Scriptures are unequalled.

But towering above every thing except the Bible itself in the esteem of the orthodox Jew is the Talmud. This is too costly a work, however, to be owned by the ordinary customer of the Division Street bookseller, who, however, sells a good many copies payable in weekly instalments. A

common set of the Talmud, bound in leather, costs forty dollars. It is in twelve folio volumes, and is, indeed, a library in itself, being a vast congest of canon law, abounding with the most subtle distinctions and disputations, and comprising a certain portion of the principles of political economy, ethics, agriculture, and enough of astronomy to regulate the feasts and calendar, which depend upon the moon. During their persecutions the Jews were compelled to omit the original references in the Talmud to the Christian Messiah, and in most of the editions blank spaces here and there show where these passages have been expunged. The friendly bookseller takes down a dusty folio to show us one of these gaps, and the parallel volume of another edition published in Holland—in Amsterdam the Jewish printing-press is never idle—wherein the suppressed passages are all printed.

"Do you have many Christian customers for your books?" we ask.

"Ministers and students sometimes send for Hebrew works, but very seldom. The clergy, you know, don't care to go very deeply into Hebrew. Very few of them can do much more than read. Sometimes, though, I get a good customer. There was Mr. B——, the dry-goods man; he was a great linguist, and knew a good deal of Hebrew. I sold him quite a library, including a large *Sephar Torah*. Then there was a rough, shabbily dressed Irishman, who came into the store one day and looked about the place, pretty much as you are doing. I didn't fancy his appearance, and asked him what he wanted. 'Oh,' said he, 'never mind me, my friend; don't be afraid. I shall buy something. You don't think I understand Hebrew, eh?' And with that he took down a *Chumash*, and read from it as well as I could, and then translated what he'd read. He was as good as his word, too; for though he took up a good hour of my time, he bought a book. I found out afterward that he was a celebrated doctor of divinity. I forget his name."

We feel that we can not do less than did this doctor of divinity under similar circumstances, and we carry away *Tub Taam* and *Jesus of Nazareth* as a souvenir of our visit.

## DISCORD.

O THAT some poet, with awed lips on fire  
Of far, ineffable altars, would arise,  
And with his consecrated songs baptize  
Our souls in harmony, that we might acquire  
Insight into the essential heart of life,  
Beating with rhythmic pulses! There is lost,  
In the gross echoes of our brawling strife,  
Music more rare than that which did accost  
Shakspeare's imagination when it swept  
Nearest the infinite. Our spirits are  
All out of tune; our discords intercept  
The strains which, like the singing of a star,  
Stream downward from the Holies, to attest,  
Beyond our jarring restlessnesses, rest.



## LITTLE MISS MOUSE AND HER MARVELLOUS SCHOLAR.

### I.

CLAIRSVILLE is the county town of Clair County, and Clair County is, so far as population is concerned, the "banner county" of one of our Southern States—the writer has not the slightest intention of saying which.

One afternoon, a few years after the war between the North and the South, Tom Terrell, attorney at law, rode out of Clairsville on his way to his home some three miles in the country. As was usually the case, he was more or less intoxicated, rather more than less in this instance. Weighing as he did over two hundred pounds, his intoxication was something portentous to see. From the moment he had been helped, when leaving town, upon his sorrel horse, he had looked forward, in however hazy a manner, toward meeting little Miss Mouse, and as his animal slowly toiled up the last long hill before reaching home, "Curse her!" he said, "I'm sure to see her coming when I get to the top!"

When he had gained the summit, he held his panting horse in and steadied himself to see. The road ran straight as an arrow for half a mile before him between the post oaks, and there she was, a mere mite in the distance, coming steadily toward him.

"Yes, Pete, yonder she comes," he informed his horse, as if in reply to its ears pricked forward. "I'd give her a cut when we pass if she was a man. If she wasn't so small I'd do it anyhow," although he knew that he lied as he said so. He lifted his whip, shook it at his approaching foe, and brought it down upon his sorrel instead with a savage slash. But, his daughter excepted, Pete was his only friend, and long ago had Pete learned that to shy or to stumble would be to hurl his heavy master to the earth, and he endured the blow, bearing his burden with painful precision still, and letting the drunken curses go for nothing. Nothing is more astonishing than the degree to which a horse or a dog will come to be like a woman in patience toward some man who is fallen far below its own level.

"You beard me, do you?" the lawyer demanded of the one who was drawing near. "If you must creep out of your mouse-trap of a school-house, why can't you go the other way?" and, as very often before, he doomed her to perdition. Had she gone thither she would have had, so far as his sending was concerned, plenty of company. A glance would have shown you that Tom Terrell was, and in every sense of the word, a criminal lawyer. Tom Terrell! The name conveyed the entire man wherever it was heard, and it was often heard, over the whole State. Toward men in general his attitude

was a sort of sleeping hostility—a sleep easily broken. Let a man run against him for office, let a creditor urge a payment long due, let his cattle break into a neighbor's corn field, whatever the occasion might be, Tom Terrell met it more than half-way. They say that the beast known as the Tasmanian devil enjoys tearing its prey to atoms more than it does eating it afterward, and with the lawyer, too, a fight was more than food. Here was this Miss Mouse: had he not been employed to oust her, on the plea of some defect of title, from her miserable little school-house, especially as she had put—this added to the zest of the fight with him—every penny she had into the property? It was her life which was at stake, and he had that much the more of bull-dog eagerness to seize upon her as if she were a cat.

But things do not always happen as we expect. He had intended to strike her with at least an insolent stare as he passed; she had proposed to be sorely afraid; and yet neither he nor she did any thing of the kind. Without looking up at him as she walked by, she knew him to be nothing but a burly ruffian, very red, with pendent cheeks, one for whom she had no feeling but defiant pity; while he was conscious of her as of the plainest and smallest of women in her dark suit, of whom he was somehow rather afraid than otherwise.

"Curse you! If I could get to my house by any other road, I would never see you again; and," he added, "if you were only a man, or even a big enough woman, you would see!" But he could not say it aloud to save his miserable soul.

"If I could exist without the exercise," she said to herself as she passed him, "and if there was not that dreadful hill to climb in the other direction— But I am not walking for exercise to-day. Poor man! you know no better. And, oh! you poor, poor Althea! With such a father as this, why does a good God let you live? He is worse than your terrible affliction."

Just before the lawyer had ridden up she had slackened her steps, had faltered, hesitated, stood still by the road-side in deep and anxious thought for some time. His presence had settled her in some purpose, and the pale-faced, strong-eyed little woman walked on with fresh energy, her lips more firmly set, saying to herself, "It is all I can do. If Mrs. Dunwoddie fails me, I die." For it was more than her usual walk she was taking. She had suddenly resolved in her desperation to go to town and call upon Mrs. Dunwoddie. Colonel Dunwoddie was her counsel in the suit Tom Terrell was pressing, and she had heard that his wife was the best woman in Clair County. She would go and see. Her husband, the negroes told her, had just come into enormous



wealth; who knows but that may have lifted the household into broader and kinder views of things? Somebody *must* help her, or she must— If the Dunwoddies failed her, there was, it flashed upon her, a drug-store upon a certain corner of the street in town. But she dashed the poisons with a quick gesture from her in the same instant. She was glad that she had no way of getting to town except on foot, the exercise would tire her from too much thought. And so she walked on. The road was nothing but deep sand, and now where the horses' hoofs had made it a little harder, now across the wheel ruts to the side of the road where the leaves lay, she walked steadily along.

With Tom Terrell it was different. Almost in the act of passing her he drew rein, took off his hat, carried it in his hand, sat more erect, seemed to be trying to cool and collect himself for something, and somehow his coarse face softened and improved as he at last reached his house.

Like himself, it was a large, overgrown, unsightly structure. Two-storied, of wood, standing back a dozen yards from the road, you saw at a glance that there was no Mrs. Terrell there. The palings needed painting as much as the house; the windows were broken as well as unwashed; the flower beds on either side of the walk from the unhinged front gate to the door had yielded to Jamestown weeds and mullein stalks; the dogs had left their well-gnawed bones upon the very steps; the balusters upon the sides of the portico were half gone; the knob of the door was encircled by a ring which told of a generation or two of dirty hands. Off to one side of the house was a shabby old well, with its balanced pole and pendent bucket, while all around it were the puddles wherein ducks and goslings enjoyed such refreshment as could be caught between the visits of the wandering pigs. The thoughtful compensation of nature concealed under their native darkness the dirt of the negro children, but the scantiness of their shirts not even the climate could excuse. A more desolate home than that of Tom Terrell could hardly be imagined. People had a singular way of saying, "Of course!" as they glanced at it in passing. As invariably they would add, "And his daughter, too. Why don't she die?—poor little wretch!"

A loutish negro man, whom his master saluted as "Mage," was in waiting to help him dismount, and to take his horse and his hat, which was still in his hand. While Mage was disposing of these, the lawyer took off his collar, neckcloth, and coat, and stood at the well, his big head bowed as if in worship, one huge red hand upon the boxing, and as soon as he could the negro poured gourdful after gourdful of water over his master's head from behind, dipping it

out of the pendent bucket. Mr. Terrell caught the water in his hands as it streamed down, and washed his face and head and neck, spluttering as he did so, and very copiously. It was not done without a lurch now and then; but he seemed to be sobering as he dried himself, ears and hair, upon a profusion of brown towel, repeating as he did so a question he had asked before he had dismounted: "Your Miss Althea well, you say?"

"Yes, Sah, 's well 's usual," was the reply of Mage.

"Is—is she?" and the face of the man brightened, as he put on a clean collar the other had brought him, brushed his hair by the aid of a hand-glass, tied his neckcloth, drew on a capacious and very dingy dressing-gown, gave himself a shake, and asked, "Am I all right? Look good, Mage."

The negro took a critical view of his former owner, and said, "Yes, Sah; all right, Sah."

"No, I ain't. Cup of coffee, Mage—hot and strong."

It was in readiness, for a very fat negro woman handed it to Mage out of the kitchen window near by as he spoke.

"She's all right, is she, Maggy?" the lawyer asked of her.

"Drefful pain, Sah. She'll be mighty glad to see you," replied the woman—a certain motherhood in her aspect, which appeared all the more abundant as well as reliable by reason of the extraordinary depth and breadth of her overflowing health.

"Pain?" The white man's face fell as she spoke, and he passed his hand over his hair, his neck-tie, pulled down his vest, glanced down his trousers, looked at his dusty boots.

"You rascal, black 'em. Forget 'em again, and you will see! Make haste!"

"Clar forgot," the negro said, and did so. His master entered the house, went up stairs, stood at a door there, slipped some lozenges into his mouth, opened the door, and called,

"Althea, my dear!"

No jury would have recognized as Tom Terrell's the tones in which it was said. In fact, the man had ceased to be a lawyer—was no longer Tom Terrell! To judge by what went before, you would have expected the most charming of ladies to have answered his call, instead of which there was a shrill cry from the inner room:

"Yes, Tom! Oh, but I am so glad—so glad!" and a poor, pallid, utterly wilted girl of ten or twelve years pushed open the door and limped in, halting painfully, her long, thin arms extended toward him. "So glad—glad!" she said.

Colonel Dunwoddie was the most devoted of fathers as well as the noblest of gentlemen, but even he had never shown such



tenderness to his invalid wife as this his burly and bitter enemy now did as he took the girl into his arms and kissed her, but not upon the lips—upon the shrunken cheeks and drawn forehead instead, the child resting in his bosom as if wearied to death.

"I thought you never *would* come, Tom!" she said. "The horrid old clock wouldn't go hardly at all. I made Mammy Maggy move the hands on, but it didn't do one bit of good. I'm so tired! It has *hurt* so! Mammy has told me all she knows over and over again long ago, till I know it all better than she does. Bring me any thing?"

"Yes, darling," he replied. "I couldn't think of any thing but another tea set. Don't throw it away," he added, beseechingly, as he produced a box from his coat. "I'll tell you what I would do. When Maggy says supper is ready, I'll take you down with every doll you've got. We will all take tea together out of your new set. Will that do?"

"No, but you are too big, Tom," she exclaimed, the smile upon her aged face more pitiful to see, child as she was, than tears would have been. "Yes, you may; but you mustn't eat more'n your share." The frail hands opened the box with a trembling which was from pain rather than eagerness, and, making her father sit down, she spread out the contents upon his knees.

"If I let you drink out of this," and she held up a tiny cup, "promise you won't swallow cup and all."

"I won't: and how has pa's darling been to-day? Maggy said you didn't have much pain," he said, soothingly.

"Then mammy lied. Pain, always pain! What did my mother mean," she demanded, glancing up at him with keen, rat-like eyes sharpened by life-long suffering, "by going and dying?"

"She couldn't help it, Althea." But the man's purple face grew suddenly white at the question. Who knows what the child might have picked up from the negroes? He added, quickly, "How are your dolls coming on? Do you want any more?"

"For good gracious' sake, no!" with a shrill cry. "I've got more now than I can take care of. Look here!"

The child slid down from his knee, strewing the floor with her new crockery, and limped to the door, dragging him after her into another room inhabited by dolls of all sorts and sizes.

"They weary my life out, Tom," she said, "quarrelling, falling down so as to knock each other over, getting sick. When they can't do any other mischief, they just sit and stare. Maggy is their grandmother, and they all hate her. I'm tired of them. Take me down to supper. You vixens!" she added, shaking a fist at her numerous family, "not a soul of you shall go down stairs.

Let me hear any fuss among you while I am gone—just *let* me! Take me down, Tom."

From devoted love and long use, there was not a particle of make-believe in the man as he did so. Had he been a younger brother, he could not have entered more sincerely into the work of entertaining her, nor could he have been entertained, and in good earnest, a hundredth part as much. A human being must have some variety of life, and she was the one variety with him upon his eternal quarrelling with all the world besides. Even he must love something, and he did not reciprocate the affection of Pete even. This daughter was literally the only thing he did love, ever had loved. He entered into her whims, listened delightedly to her odd remarks, did his best to make her forget her misery. The first opportunity—and it would come soon enough—of a savage assault upon somebody will enable him to restore the balance of his habitual brutality. Possibly there was an unconscious return upon his part to his own childhood while humoring his daughter; certainly he had genuine pleasure in it; and even fat Maggy, waiting on them, could detect the flickering likeness between the overgrown and uncouth man and his sickly child while they were thus children together over the crockery toys.

It took a long time—and he was very hungry after his ride—to get a satisfactory supper; for the other would not allow him to eat except with the merest mite of a knife and fork upon a plate of the size of a dollar, his coffee being served in a cup not larger than a thimble, his daughter scolding at him or screaming with laughter, her father yielding to her as a hippopotamus might to a magpie.

"You've been such a good little boy, Tom," she said to him at last, "I'll sing you a song;" and she began:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

You ain't listening, Tom," she stopped to say, for it was such a pitiful piping that he looked down to conceal the rising tears. "Bad boy! listen." And she sang:

"Little ones to Him belong;  
I am weak, but He is strong;  
Yes, Jesus loves me—yes, Jesus—"

"Who taught you that, darling?—was it Maggy?" he asked, gently.

"Hush! it's none of your business," she said, in sharp tones; "all you've got to do is to listen. No, I won't sing another word. Let's play checkers." Maggy brought the board, but the game was far from fair upon her side, and after a long silence she suddenly asked, as she cheated: "Did you meet little Miss Mouse? But you know you did. I watched her go by. I'm going to her school-house some day, see if I don't."

"No, no, you must not, Althea. If you



do—" Her father said it with violence, but added, instantly, softening his tones, "Please don't, darling."

"Yes, but I will," she said, her sharp chin in the air. "And I'll take every doll I've got. It'll do 'em good. I can't teach 'em any thing. Think I'm going to be boxed up all the time with those hateful creatures?"

"Althea darling," her father said, seriously alarmed, "you must not go near that school-house."

"I will go there. My mother's dead, and you ain't my master. I dare you to try and keep me! Now!"

And it was like a spark from the parent furnace, the very trick he had of half closing his eyes when angry, the clinching of the claw-like fist and all: the relationship was ludicrous, but very plain.

"You shall not!" He said it roughly, but even he blanched at the swift reply.

"I will go; I'll be —— if I don't!"

It was evident that she had overheard his manifold oaths, and the magpie reiterations from the pinched lips and beady little eyes frightened the man. He fell to coaxing and entreating, taking her in his arms as he did so; and she fell asleep at last, her poor head upon his shoulder. Once or twice he arose to bear her up stairs, but she awoke with a sharp command to him to sit still. At last he made Maggy bring his coat, and taking out of the breast pocket a bundle of papers belonging to a case to be tried in court next day, he drew the lamp nearer to him, still seated at the supper table, and read them carefully over; for there was no abler lawyer in the State, nor one who kept himself more carefully guarded at every point. The papers related to a long-contested land suit, Miss Mouse's school-house being involved therein, the bitter strife of many months, Colonel Charles Dunwoddie being counsel upon the other side. Some new light must have flashed upon him as he read, for, oblivious of the child asleep upon his bosom, he shook the papers as if in the face of his adversary. The fact is, when Tom Terrell took a case, not merely the counsel and client upon the other side, but every witness opposed to him, became his personal foe, to be pursued by him to the death. Ask Clair County, and see if it is not so.

"Aha! you aristocratic scoundrel," he exclaimed; "I've got you there!"

"Oh, you bad, bad man!" his child said, wide-awake in the same instant; "I won't stay with you another moment. Here, mammy! And I won't kiss you good-night. As soon as I take my drops up stairs and get on my night-gown, I'll kneel right down and ask God to hurt you some way. So now—there!" and she allowed herself to be borne away by her nurse, hugging and kissing her instead.

"Maggy," the lawyer said to the nurse

after he had mounted his horse to ride into town next day, "there's some tobacco for you. Catch it. There's a dollar too for you, over and above. Look here, don't you ever let your Miss Althea go any where near that school-house. You hear?"

"Lor, yes, Mars Tom. Lor, no, Mars Tom. Go nigh dat school-house?" she asked, with indignation. "I wouldn't let her do dat for de whole world!"

Tom Terrell might have noticed a grin upon the face of Mage, holding his sorrel for him, but he did not, and rode on toward Clairsville, intent upon deluding the jury into giving a verdict for a certain horse-stealing client. He was not more than out of sight when Maggy also departed, drawing after her the willow wagon in which lay the sick girl. Almost every day, when the weather allowed, quite often when the weather did not allow, Maggy and her charge had gone, for some time now, in the same direction.

"De circus is comin' an' I hain't saved a cent," Mage said, looking after them. "Maggy she got a dollar for lyin' to him; I wunner how much he'd gim me for tellin' him de truf?"

## II.

When little Miss Mouse reached Clairsville she was very tired; so much so that she did not mind as much as she otherwise would the way in which people looked at her as she passed. Once she heard some boys call out to each other, "Hoorah for Miss Mouse!" but she did not care. It was poor Althea who had given her the name in the first place, and through the negroes, through Tom Terrell himself quoting his daughter's nickname for the little woman about town, it had happened at last, in their contemptuous ignorance of its wearer, too, that people knew of her only in that way. It did hurt her, however, when a bevy of laughing school-girls went by holding away their dresses from her as she passed, the prettiest of them exclaiming, her nose in the air, "Hateful thing!" It had been so for so long now that she was somewhat inured to it. Besides, she was racked to-day with sorer trouble. Once she asked a negro the way to Colonel Dunwoddie's house. The man evidently knew who she was, and told her, but with a certain difference in his manner from what it would have been with any other white lady, which hurt her more than all. Keeping steadily on, however, she reached the house, opened the front gate with a resolute hand, walked more slowly up to the porch, ascended the steps with feet growing slower still, hesitated, and half turned away as she lifted her hand to the door-bell. Then her head drooped a little, her eyes closed, her lips moved silently, and she rang as if to commit herself before she should repent.



It was small comfort to her to be confronted, when the door opened, by the school-girl whose exclamation she had overheard, and who had just entered the house from the rear. It was May, the youngest daughter of Colonel Dunwoddie, whose astonishment mastered even her aversion at the sight of the visitor, who asked:

"Is Mrs. Dunwoddie in?"

It was now as always. Little Miss Mouse was not at all pretty. She seemed to be particularly small and homely in comparison with the blooming and beautiful girl before her, her clothes were dusty, too, and she was so tired; and yet, as was always the case, her eyes had a mute power which compelled May, and half mechanically she said:

"Yes. Will you walk in?" but as soon as she had closed the parlor door upon her visitor May Dunwoddie paused to think. She was warm-hearted, and as innocent as a butterfly, and yet she shook her fist at the door as if she had been a termagant instead.

"Who is it, May?" her brother George asked, coming into the hall at the moment; and when his sister whispered the name, he opened his eyes wide with wonder, and then indulged in a whistle of astonishment, which the visitor both heard and perfectly understood.

"Please," May asked, going suddenly back into the room, "won't I do? My mother is not very well."

"No, thank you. Please tell her a lady would like to see her for a moment, if possible."

The new-comer had not taken a seat, tired though she was, and she said it in a low voice; but the eyes were the same, and the girl again yielded.

"To think she should dare to come to our house!" May added, when she had announced the visit to her mother, who was seated in an easy-chair in a back-room. "Impudent thing! And you so sick, too;" for her mother had grown paler at the name.

Frail as Mrs. Dunwoddie seemed, she was the strongest person under that roof, in most senses of the word; and she was good and kind, generous and loving. She had lived in Clairsville for many years, and no lady stood quite as high as she. As to her church, the name of its pastor came to the minds of people after hers, when it was thought of; and she was mother to her four boys and two girls, as well as wife to her husband, in a sense far more efficient than generally goes with the relation. What the mint as well as the furnace is to the gold, so was she wife and mother to these. You meet such women not twice in a lifetime.

"Horrid wretch!" It was May's homely sister Alice who said it, coming in on the instant. "I wonder she dares do it. Don't see her, mother—please don't."

"May! Alice!" It was all their mother said; but it was enough, such control she had over them. "Tell George," she added, "that I heard him, and am astonished he could be so unlike his father, so little of a gentleman. Under his own roof, and to a lady, too, and to one who is poor and a stranger and in trouble! I am ashamed of you all."

Mrs. Dunwoddie was a woman of few words, but each one outweighed a week's talking. She was strong to control others, because she so perfectly controlled herself—yielded herself, rather, to be controlled of a higher power. And yet she sat for some time very still before she allowed May to show the visitor into the room where she was. At last she did so. Little Miss Mouse came in, took a seat offered her near the other, and opened the conversation by weeping silently. Strange to say, the lady of the house said little or nothing either to comfort her or to obtain an explanation from her visitor. In fact, she knew every thing already, as she supposed, and she was occupied in steadily resisting the other, which was very hard work, inasmuch as it consisted chiefly in resisting herself. Her daughters would have been alarmed had they seen her. She became red and then pallid by turns; her hands grasped the arms of her chair, and then relaxed them; she lifted her eyes to the one who wept as if to speak, and then dropped them and remained silent.

Little Miss Mouse was the first to recover herself. "I have heard of your goodness, madam," she said at last, "and have come to you. Except God, there is no other to whom I can go;" and she hung her head. Astonishing providence that the highest goodness reaches in its ascent a point where it becomes apparently the highest guilt. Not only in the eyes of others, one doubts one's self in such a case; it is only Christ who can retain His faith in Himself when He is lifted up upon the cross.

"I will tell you," the visitor said; and it was soon done. She was the daughter of a farmer who had married a school-mistress. Her mother had died; a termagant step-mother had taken her place, and tyrannized over the forlorn girl. But the school-mistress mother in her blood had asserted itself, and going to school by snatches at intervals of hard work, she had managed at last to fit herself for and to secure a small school. With patient, unconquerable energy she had studied hard and qualified herself to teach in higher branches. Suddenly fortune seemed for once to smile: the young doctor of the village in which she taught had fallen in love with her, and she with him. It was a glimpse of paradise. But, three weeks before they were to have been married, he was hurled from his horse when visiting a pa-



tient, and killed. Considering that the woman he loved had known nothing but sorrow all her life, it was singular how long it took for her to resume her lifetime wretchedness. She was prostrated for weeks with severe illness, in fact; and when she was able to go out, her money almost gone, she could not endure to remain upon the scene of her blasted hopes. In her search for another school she had reached the neighborhood of Clairsville, and, because nothing else was possible, she had taken the school to which Tom Terrell so violently objected. That was all, though she did not tell it all.

She had ceased weeping as she proceeded, and somehow it was Mrs. Dunwoddie instead who drooped her head as the other went on.

"What else could I do, madam? I had no other alternative. Yet people shun me as if I was a leper. All my life I have been accustomed to go to church, but I had to give it up. I wanted nothing but to take a back seat and worship God. For fear of giving offense, I would sing under my breath. I did what I could not to be noticed at all, but I froze people whenever I was in the little country church. The preacher seemed to be thrown out by me. I had to give it up. Except a poor afflicted girl, I have not a friend in all this region. Mrs. Dunwoddie, you are a Christian woman—what have I done? Is this right?"

The two women were very much alike at last. Both were under the usual size. Although older, Mrs. Dunwoddie seemed almost as much of a child as the other, even if her husband was the leading man of all that region, and a millionaire. The quiet power of the one woman was equalled by that of the other, only behind the visitor was the pressure of her emergency, within her the consciousness of right; and so she raised her brown eyes, with a certain aggressive steadiness in them, before which, and for the first time in her life, Mrs. Dunwoddie gave way.

"Miss Murdock," she said at last, for she had learned the real name of the other, "let me speak plainly to you. You represent more to our people than you are aware. I will risk hurting your feelings and state it." Really it was to re-assure herself that she did so.

"I know; but please go on," the visitor said.

"In the first place, you stand for the North and for Abolitionism."

"Oh, but—" the visitor began, eagerly.

"Wait," Mrs. Dunwoddie added, stilling the lifted hand and flushing face of the other with her eyes. "From birth every body you meet in Clair County has been trained to regard the one with suspicion, the other with horror. Say it is wrong, it is none the less in the very bones and blood. Next,

you represent four years of war—of war in which we were stripped not merely of property, but of husbands, sons, rank in the republic. You are the symbol of agony, defeat, death. Then you are—excuse me—the more disliked as you are a woman, and are considered to be one of the strong-minded, infidel—you will have to allow me—females of whom we have read. In addition to this, you are identified with our former slaves, with all their new and insolent equality—their mastery, I might say—toward us. Last, you are an absolute stranger. Do you not see? Wait one moment"—for little Miss Mouse had arisen, weeping no longer. "How can I help you? Is there any thing that money can do? Do not be offended," for the speaker could not be unconscious of the flushing of her visitor's face. "But what else can I possibly do? No man stands higher than Colonel Dunwoddie, and yet it injures him, the mere fact that he is defending your suit at law. Nothing I can do would secure social position for you. What," with a painful look at the other, as of a child, beseeching and powerless—"what can I do? Will you not sit still, and—and—" But she could not finish an invitation to remain to supper; it would be next to asking a negro to the table. Horror! who knows but the visitor actually ate with negroes? No, she could not ask it. Husband and family would rebel; it would be impossible for her to eat a morsel of food with this guest, lady-like, modest, suffering as she was. "What *can* I do for you?" she said, in a pallid, helpless way.

"Thank you, madam," the visitor said. She had leaned vaguely toward Mrs. Dunwoddie of late, as toward, literally, her last human hope. Now this hope was gone, there was only—God. She stood cold and pale, but stronger than before. "You may be right," she said—"you can do nothing for me. I should not have troubled you. Please excuse me, and good-by;" and very quietly she turned as she spoke and went out.

Many a bitter pang Mrs. Dunwoddie had endured from poverty, and when her husband was off in the Confederate army during the war, but never had she suffered more keenly than now, for she felt in a way all the more terrible because it was so vague that she was doing a great wrong. She was a religious woman, and the thought was flashed upon her as from without: "Did the people in Christ's day, the church people even, know who they were crucifying? Suppose this should be Jesus again in the person of this poor girl?" and Mrs. Dunwoddie tried to call after her as she opened the front-door and passed out, but no words came through her dry lips. As if she were fathoms deep under the sea, the atmosphere of her region stifled her; it seemed so hot and close she could hardly breathe.



Little Miss Mouse was not half so unhappy as she walked away, because with her there was none at least of the agony of mind which lies in uncertainty, in corroding questioning as to whether she was not committing some sin—some sin whose vagueness might be the measure of its vastness.

It was over three miles back to her school-house, which was also her home, and the sun was already setting. She must hasten through the gathering darkness—a poor little woman, friendless and alone; there was nothing else to do. The idea of her visitor toiling back through the night struck Mrs. Dunwoddie like a blow when, half an hour after she left, that lady suddenly thought of it. "God help me, I am wrong, wrong, wrong; but *how* wrong? What"—she tortured herself over and over again—"what could I do?"

The only feeling of the little school-mistress as she trudged steadily back was not a sharp pain, as with the other, only a dull, almost idiotic stupor. A woman ought not to be alone along that deserted road, and at such an hour. Had she not heard of frightful outrages by the negroes? She shuddered, but walked mechanically on.

"There *is* a God, but," she said to herself, "what does He do for me? Like that poor lady, nothing. I don't suppose I will see any angels when I am dying, have any visions of heaven, be thrilled by any breaking in upon me of the face of Christ. All that comes afterward. There will be nothing but nausea then, pain, stupor, sinking into unconsciousness. I must wait, and just now I must walk, walk;" and now on this side of the sandy road, now on that, hearing noises now before and then behind her, she toiled doggedly on, too tired to care, her steady will almost unconscious of the poor little body it used. There was nothing to Miss Mouse as she went homeward but the *coma* of dying. She was not so stupid, however, but that in passing Tom Terrell's house at last she glanced up at it through the darkness, and murmured, "Poor girl! poor girl!" and all at once, to her surprise, the tears came pouring down her cheeks from eyes so dry the moment before; and she did not feel as desolate as she had expected when, reaching her home soon after, she locked the door behind her, climbed to her chamber over the school-room, and fell, with her clothes on, upon her bed, and then, supperless, without having lighted a candle even, into profound slumber.

### III.

The next day little Miss Mouse arose earlier than usual, cooked and ate her frugal breakfast. From nine to ten o'clock the black children composing her school came straggling in. Little as Tom Terrell dreamed of it, Maggy, his black woman, had been

from the outset the chief patron of that institution, had told her of the school-house, had gathered in the children. For Maggy was the mother of Marcellus, and Marcellus, who lived and worked with an uncle near by, had the largest head ever seen upon the shoulders of a boy of twelve or thereabout. The heads of all the little negroes were beyond the average of white children; almost every one was quicker to learn, as well as more docile, than any pupil of her former experience; but Marcellus was a prodigy. He learned to read, to memorize, to write, to cipher, at a rate which astonished his teacher. When she had got him into mental arithmetic, it almost frightened her the way in which he kept ahead of her expectations. Among her pupils were little black rascals who would lie and steal when they dared, little yellow girls who would laugh and not learn; but Marcellus was a scholar to be proud of. There is no such proof of the immortality of the soul as lies in the infinity of its endurance, unless it be in the astonishing power it possesses of adapting itself to its surroundings. In her desperate condition, little Miss Mouse theorized over her black charge, idealized, philosophized, moralized enough to fill an encyclopedia. Missionaries, women missionaries, went over wide seas to Africa to convert the heathen: very well; here she was in Africa; she would do her best, and see what would come of it. Was she a prisoner in her dungeon of a school? Very good; people in dungeons had made companions of mice, rats, spiders; and were not these, and Marcellus especially, more hopeful objects? Marcellus! who knows but he was to be the coming man of his race, the Webster, the Washington, the Moses? How astonishingly he learned! If his head was so large now, what would it be when he was grown? Yes, he would be the Numa of his people, and she was his Egeria. She already saw him in office, saw his statue raised amid the acclamations of multitudes, saw herself hailed as— But at this point, listening eagerly all the time, she heard a noise outside; the door was pushed open. Maggy had lifted her master's daughter out of her wagon, placed her upon the threshold.

"Oh, you darling!" the poor girl exclaimed, limping in, her face aglow, her arms stretched out. "I've been dying all night to kiss you! I hate pa, and I hate Maggy, and I don't know any thing about God; but oh! how I do love *you*! Little wretches, what are you up to this morning? Give me a switch and a spelling-book, and I'll soon see."

The teacher glanced at the child as she limped about, scolding and giving out words to be spelled, stamping her feeble foot at the stupid, frowning upon those who grinned. Maggy had clothed her in the best she had; but every part of her ill-fitting dress, every



lock of her disordered hair, the very condition of her shoes and cuffs, showed her motherless condition as distinctly as her limp and pallor did that she was diseased; and, as she looked, the soul of little Miss Mouse went out to her with inexpressible love.

And so the morning passed. Maggy took her seat upon a chair to one side—the only seat there strong enough to sustain her weight—and her honest countenance darkened as she took her well-thumbed primer in her hands, the perspiration gathered upon her brow, and she entered upon the work—the hardest of all she ever tried—of learning to read. Slow progress she made, now dropping asleep, now pausing to listen with delight to Marcellus rattling off the wondrous cabala of his new knowledge.

She understood enough, however, always to have lunch in readiness at noon; and, when the school was dismissed in the afternoon, they had their hour's talk as usual. Miss Mouse told Bible stories, and talked and laughed and almost forgot her misery. "God is doing at least this for me. He sends no messenger," she said, after the child had hugged and kissed her and gone; "but who knows? perhaps that poor creature is His angel!" And what did she care for the father when he rode scowling past her on her afternoon walk? And so she read her Bible on her return, and said her prayers, and went to sleep.

But it was pouring down rain the next day. Even Marcellus was an insufficient diversion: she was desperate; she must die as she sat! When would Maggy come? Miss Mouse would let Althea teach and scold to-day at will among these blacker dolls. After school they would manage so as to have two hours of talking and teaching before it was the time for Tom Terrell to come home. The ignorance of the poor girl, her queer questions and sharp replies, her passionate hugging and kissing when she came and when she left—how could Miss Mouse have existed except for this? The day grew darker and more lowering. She dared not think; she could not sit down; she walked incessantly to the door. There was but one alternative.

"Marcellus and mental arithmetic!" she said, for the second time.

The negro boy came forward. His Napoleonic head was developing visibly; his black brows were more protuberant than yesterday; daily knowledge produced visible results.

"What is nine-tenths of four-fifths of twenty-sixtieths? Can you tell me, Marcellus?" she asked.

"Yes'm. Twenty-sixtieths is one-third of a whole one, an' four-tenths of that is—"

When the door darkened, and there stood Tom Terrell! Mage had earned his dollar by telling

"What in the —— do you mean, madam? How dare you?" he began, as he strode into the room. But there he stopped. Little Miss Mouse was seated when he came in, her head drooped behind her book, her abundant hair fallen upon either side of her face, her tears drop, drop, dropping, the overflow of the cloud which filled her soul. On the instant she knew why he had come, and had risen to the emergency as naturally, as joyfully almost, as a lark rises above the darkness. Tom Terrell was an old and experienced fighter, and in a flash he knew that here was a foe different from any thing he had before known. It was her eyes did it. He was not a coward, but he was taken by surprise. So large and lumbering was he that he did not have time to adjust himself to matters before it was all over. Counting upon a rabbit, he had come upon a panther. Not that she said or did any thing very terrible, but she met him upon the threshold. The bull in the Madrid amphitheatre does not understand the *matador*, but it feels none the less the thin flame of steel which flashes into it. As in the instant, rather, she was Charlotte Corday, and here was Marat. She could have plunged her knife into his big bosom with all her soul, only, though with equal force, she chose to slay him, not conscious wholly of it herself, in another way.

He was not inside the school ten minutes. As he rode off all he knew was that he had taken off his hat, had heard the briefest statement of the facts of Maggy's visits, had been assured that she, Miss Mouse, could not allow him to remain. As he rode off he glanced nervously around to be sure that no one except the little negroes had seen it all.

That very afternoon, instead of going to the long-looked-for circus, Mage had to ride on a work-mule into town after Tom Terrell. It was a thing specially inconvenient to do, as Maggy, watching her opportunity, had saluted the seat of his trousers with a ladle of boiling water from her wash-kettle. But Althea had heard of his treachery, had been taken so ill that her father had to be brought.

Tom Terrell was in the enjoyment of a particularly bitter lawsuit in the courthouse when Mage sent in the sheriff after him. It was like sending a mastiff from his bone; but he did love his daughter, and rode homeward, transformed, as in an instant, into a man again, leaving word for the doctor to follow.

He found her worse than he had ever known her to be, lying as if dead in the capacious lap of Maggy, who had always been far more of a mother to her than to her own children. The instant her father came in she sat up and glared at him like a wild-cat.

"You bad, bad man," she shrilled at him,



"to go and abuse the only person I care for! I made Maggy take me. And she taught me, told me good stories, loved me. Look here—no, I won't let you take me—look here, you've killed me. Are you satisfied? You've killed *me*, too!"

The great, red-faced, lumbering lawyer stood helpless before his child, looking like a very bad boy in the presence of an exasperated grandmother, her withered cheeks, aged eyes, cutting tones, were such.

"You go and tell Miss Mouse to come," she added, looking at him steadily.

"Oh no, my child. I could not do—"

"Go!" she repeated, never removing her terrible eyes from his perspiring face.

"I'll get you lots of candy, dolls, a squirrel, some rabbits, a new carriage, pounds of beads. You shall have books, pictures, cakes, chewing-gum. I'll make Mage dance a break-down for you, sing his corn-shucking songs, stand on his head. I'll buy you—"

"Will you go?" she repeated once more, her eyes so sharp and steady that his own fell before them.

But at this instant the doctor came in. He was a white-headed old soul who had long ago exhausted his skill upon the child. Her father had tried, one after another, every physician in reach, of every school, and over and over again. For about the third time he had come around again to this one, but both knew it was an empty pretense, that the utmost medicine could do was to stupefy the child in the old, old way. None the less the old doctor went through the old motions of feeling her pulse, asking about her appetite, her symptoms in general. But Maggy cut his questions short.

"What she wants is dat school-marm; nuffin but dat'll do her any good. S'pose I know? Nex' time I get a crack at Mage wid de shobel—" But, her eyes upon the father, it was evident it was his head was meant. The doctor had prepared the narcotic, and brought it to the child, fallen back again into Maggy's lap, silent, rigid, a corpse to all appearance. With many a sugared entreaty he urged it upon her, but, without opening her eyes, she struck out at a venture and dashed the cup to the floor.

"Miss Mouse!" It was all she said, her face ghastly to see.

"You will have to get her," the doctor said to Tom Terrell at last, out in the yard, as he mounted his old buggy to drive back to town. "We could administer opiates by force, but her mind is in such a condition it would take so much more than I ever tried before that I won't risk it myself."

The lawyer went up stairs again. His daughter seemed as if dead: with an occasional thrill of pain, she lay rigid and still, Maggy weeping copiously over her.

"She won't be de first," she sobbed; "hadn't you better kill me too?"

"I'll do it, darling," he stooped down and said at last. "I'll send Mage right away."

"No! Go yourself." The child opened her eyes to say it.

"I can't leave you, darling; I'll send Maggy. Please," he pleaded.

"She won't come for Maggy. Go."

The doctor had reined in upon the road, and was waiting. "Make haste," he said; "she will die if you don't," and drove off in good earnest.

Clair County had a hundred rumors afterward as to how it happened, but these are the official facts of the case. Little Miss Mouse came back with Tom Terrell. What is more, she came to stay. The miserable, motherless little girl so clung to her that the lawyer would have had to pull his daughter's arms out of their sockets in separating them. But he had no such desire; for with Miss Mouse there came a great change to his child; not all at once by any means—very slowly, in fact—but it came, and through the mind and heart of the child chiefly. The school was not given up at first, and Tom Terrell had to endure many a gibe as to his daughter having become a teacher of "nigger children," for that was part of the way Miss Mouse diverted the mind of the child from herself by having her help in the school; only when the child was in the humor for it did she try to instruct her.

It was amazing how the invalid rallied and improved. It was her father's inherited vigor in her that did it—vigor of will if not of body, especially as her growth also came to the aid of Miss Mouse; and with the daughter every person, and every thing, for that matter, on the place slowly passed into the hands of that little lady. A neat carriage and pair of bays was bought—for Tom Terrell was rich—in which the two friends went driving about, to the astonishment of the country. The cookery was revolutionized, the house repainted, the yards and garden put into excellent order. The legs of the little negroes disappeared under at least longer shirt tails, and the pigs vanished from the front yard as though they had been fairies instead. The lawyer dressed with more care, frequented a barber-shop in town, found it increasingly difficult to get drunk after court, or to curse after he came in sight of his neat home of afternoons; became so much of a gentleman in trying cases even that the rougher class of his clients had their faith in his handling of witnesses greatly shaken, although any direct influence was exerted upon him only by his daughter, whose energetic management of him increased in measure even while it changed in quality.

But Marcellus was a failure. It was not wholly owing, as with prisoner and flower in *Picciola*, to the slackening interest in him



of his teacher. Alas! Miss Mouse was not the only instructor of his race doomed to sad disappointment. Notwithstanding his cranial developments, his precocity, like so much besides in things tropical, was all at the outset. After a certain point he degenerated from mental arithmetic in a manner frightful to see. It was with him as it is with a donkey or a calf in reference to its preposterously large legs when young. Marcellus could no more help it than if he had been drifting down toward Niagara. Nature must have laughed in doing it, but it was Nature. The rest of his person suddenly asserted itself, grew, broadened, caught up with, overmastered, even left far behind, the start his head had taken. In the end the smart boy utterly disappeared, swallowed up in a phenomenal way in the big and stupid field hand. Had her attention not been called off to other things, how could Miss Mouse have survived the disappointment?

Could she have been conscious of it? Her own improvement had outstripped that of poor Althea. She may not have grown much taller, but she certainly had more color in her cheeks, laughed more easily, her very eyes becoming brighter and not a whit less authoritative. In fact, it was essential she should keep in advance of Tom Terrell as well as of his daughter—essential to maintain her influence as she did.

"What I hated was not so much your teaching school, nor even your teaching a negro school," Tom Terrell apologized to her one day. "You must excuse us, but here in Clair County we have a prejudice against Yankees."

"And who told you I was a Yankee? That," Miss Mouse added, "is what a certain lady in town told me one day, and I tried to correct her, but she would not let me. Yankee! I am no more a Yankee than you are, unless being born in South Carolina made me one. Write to Cheraw and find out. But we were always poor, and the break-up after the war did not make us any richer. I had a step-mother— But it does not matter now. Only I never was out of the South in my life."

"But why on earth did you not say so?" began the astonished lawyer.

"Because I was so poor, because I had to teach that school or beg, because people wanted even to drive me out of my poor little school-house, and do you think I would go on my knees—"

Miss Mouse was not large, but she had really remarkable eyes. So much so that the lawyer got up from his seat, went out, had Mage saddle his horse, and rode into town, although he had not a particle of business there, court not being in session at that time of the year.

As these lines go to press there is an absurd rumor here in Clair County that Tom Terrell and little Miss Mouse are to be married. Althea has said so, but then Althea has often said extraordinary things. Mage only grins when he is asked; and although Maggy confirms the rumor, Maggy will lie at times; that is a fact.

For my life I can not say whether it is so or not; but of the two, Marcellus and Tom Terrell, I may say that I do not regard the former as little Miss Mouse's most marvelous scholar.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE recent marriage of an American lady with an Englishman, and the presence at the wedding of the Prince of Wales and other fashionable guests, and the names of the givers of the bridal presents, which were all reported in delightful detail by Jenkins, served as the text of an article in the *New York Times* upon some social differences between America and England, and the reasons of the attraction of an English connection to a certain class of Americans. The American woman is becoming an object of interest and curiosity, also, in foreign literature. A German author lately makes his heroine an American, and in several English and French stories the American girl appears in a singular and unnatural form. It is not surprising, therefore, that one of the acutest of social observers, and a carefully trained literary artist, like Henry James, Jun., who has lived a great deal in Europe, studying life and character with a sensitive apprehension and just appreciation, should have contributed to an English magazine a sketch of the American girl, which will be of great service to the foreign ob-

server, who is lost in wonder at the conduct of that young woman amid all the traditions and customs of European society.

Before speaking of it, let us pause to remark the surprising fact that one of the most accomplished and delightful of younger American writers, and one of the most frequent contributors to the magazines, is apparently totally unknown to the critic of current literature in the London *Spectator*—a quarter in which that particular ignorance is unexpected. The sketch by Mr. James is printed in the June and July numbers of the *Cornhill*. In its notice of the first part, the *Spectator*, struck by the singular felicity of an unknown hand, suspects the name of the author to be fictitious; and of the second part it says: "'Daisy Miller: a Study,' is finished, and we have nothing to say about it, except that its author ought to be made to read Minerva Press novels for a month as penalty for *wasting* all that subtle observation and keen sympathy in making his readers miserable. There was no necessity for killing Daisy Miller. We know nothing of



the author, *not even whether his name is a nom de plume, or is really that of a son of G. P. R. James*, but he ought to do something very considerable in the way of a character novel. It is nearly impossible to exaggerate his quality of touch, so light, yet leaving such a definite impress." The part of this passage that we have italicized is very droll. If a man signs the name of James, he is either using a *nom de plume* or he is a son of the two horsemen! And this is said of a writer who has an enviable distinction in the very department with which the critic deals, and who bears the name of a father also honorably known in the literature of morals and philosophy. These are the things that should teach us critics and magazine-writers humility.

"Daisy Miller" is, what its author calls it, a study. It is not a story with a plot and development, but it is delightful, like a painter's detailed and photographic sketch of a tree, or a rock, or a flower. Such a work from the hand of a true artist is worth a myriad pictures by a botcher or bungler, although the painter justly calls it only a study. It represents a young American woman, or "girl," travelling in Europe with her mother and younger brother, under the guidance of a courier, and describes the simple and unconscious manner in which she devastates the accepted usages of society, doing, with perfect innocence and pure maidenhood, what in Europe is done only by women who are not innocent. She is one of the young American persons who amaze and confound European society, and give a strange reputation to American girls. She has the knack of dressing well, which is characteristic of her kind, and there is a certain hardness and a sense of vulgar antecedents and surroundings in the impression she produces. But she arouses an undeniable interest and sympathy. How delicately drawn the sketch is, the passage from the *Spectator* shows, and those who are familiar with the writings of Mr. James will readily believe. But a party of intelligent American women, while they sew and embroider and crochet on a summer morning in the country, listening to "Daisy Miller" read aloud, would probably unite in the declaration that it is a shame for an American to draw such a portrait of an American girl for the inspection of the English in an English magazine.

One of the party would be sure to say that it is just such vulgar-toned but well-dressed girls who cause every refined and well-bred American in Europe to shudder for her country, and who justify the remark of the Englishman that "your American girls are so queer, you know," and the other criticism of them as "godless and loud, eating candy and shocking decency." It is, indeed, of much more importance what the young women are than what they are supposed to be by Englishmen or any body else. But Mr. James has done us a good and not an ill service if he has shown the subjects of effete despotisms who confound certain manners with very uncertain morals that they make a great mistake. The party which protests against his sketch must concede to him great merit and patriotic conduct if by a single stroke he has shown the American girl precisely the effect which her manners produce upon the foreigner, and the foreigner that his conclusions from those manners are totally wrong. This will certainly be the result of his labor. Daisy Miller—which her name, as Mrs.

Gamp would agree, is legion—will surely recognize herself in her portrait, and the foreigner will own his error, exposed by a knowledge necessarily greater than his own.

The response of that embroidering circle would be that the Easy Chair has stated the very thing to which the circle objects, which is that Mr. James has drawn Daisy Miller as a typical American girl. The circle in full chorus denies it, and asserts that he has done a grievous wrong. "Why is a lanky, nasal, spindle-shanked old scarecrow always put forward as the American man?" demands the chorus, in full-choired indignation, "and a vulgar, unmannerly, disagreeable, 'shoddy-rich' young woman introduced as the American girl? Are there no American gentlemen and ladies? Are refinement, elegance, accomplishment, noble character, and lofty lives unknown on this unhappy continent? We protest that a caricature is not a portrait, that there are plenty of disagreeable qualities in the young women of other countries, and that if an American writer proposes to show the American woman to the world, he should select the best, and not the worst."

But the finest women are the same in every country. They are what Shelley called "Shakespeare's women." They have no local color, no nationality. They are all dwellers upon the sea-coast in Bohemia which he and the human imagination know. They are simply beautiful, high-souled, wise, noble, loving women. They are not Italian, and English, and German, and French. If an author describes a lady in the high sense—a woman of lofty character, of elegant courtesy, of wide intelligence, graceful, accomplished, self-restrained—he describes, no doubt, many an American woman, but nothing that is characteristically American. Such women are of all lands. To describe them adequately, as to paint a beautiful picture, adds to the happiness of mankind. But a literary artist may also properly propose to himself the delineation of that which is peculiar to American women, that which distinguishes the young American girl from the young girl of any European nation. To a young man this would be a peculiarly agreeable task, and it is this which Mr. James has undertaken in "Daisy Miller." The test of his acuteness as an observer is his ability to perceive the ways in which American girls generally differ from Europeans. This difference is very decided and very general in the American independence of the social *convenances*, as they are called. If the traveller in Europe loitering at Baden or some sea-side or mountain resort, or passing the winter in one of the great capitals, sees a young woman, apparently a traveller also, and with a long purse, who constantly violates many of the accepted usages of European society, especially in regard to the other sex, he is very sure that she is an American, or else a European who is not respectable. This is a dire alternative, but it is not infrequent, and happily it is now coming to be understood that American girls may do innocently, because it is the custom of their country, what would cost European girls their good name.

In making this perfectly evident by the subtle skill shown in "Daisy Miller," and thereby securing a kinder and more intelligent consideration for his country-women, Mr. James justifies his choice of a theme, and shows the instinct and the



power of a true literary artist. Those who complain that he has not drawn the portrait of a noble and superior woman should remember that an artist may sometimes justly prefer to paint a dandelion rather than a rose. The critics who wish that Daisy Miller should not be presented as an American might ask themselves, from their own point of view, whether for the national good name it is not better to explain an American figure which is so often seen in Europe than to describe one which is not peculiar and which is seldom seen any where.

A CONSPICUOUS public man in Washington replied to a friend who remonstrated with him upon the character of his attacks upon opponents, "Great latitude of speech is allowed to public men." That has not been the rule elsewhere. The language of diplomacy is studiously moderate, and it has been the pride of Englishmen that their public men treated each other like gentlemen. But this self-congratulation must be taken with reservations. Grant's *Great Metropolis* shows the manners of Parliament thirty or forty years ago, and the House was often a mere menagerie. The bitterness and violence of our old House of Representatives were wanting in the Commons, but the jeers and taunts were in the highest degree ungentlemanly. The uproar, for instance, in which Disraeli's first speech was lost, while, according to the tradition, he shook his fist at the noisy crowd and shouted that he would one day compel them to hear him, was not becoming an assembly of gentlemen who uniformly treated each other as such. Yet unquestionably, as a rule, the tone of Parliamentary discussion and the opposition of political leaders upon the floor have been temperate. The cheap bravado of making an offensive assertion and holding one's self responsible "here and elsewhere" is wholly unknown. A tradition of moderation is most serviceable in promoting moderation. It is significant that this good tradition has been rudely and conspicuously violated in this Beaconsfield epoch, in which, also, other important traditions, both as regards the power of the crown and the rights of the Parliament, have been neglected.

On the triumphal evening, the most splendid in the career of any modern British subject, on which Lord Beaconsfield explained the Treaty of Berlin to the House of Lords, Lord Derby, the late Foreign Minister, in criticising the treaty, said that he had left the cabinet because of a design of the ministry to seize Cyprus by a secret expedition. Lord Salisbury, a Cecil, and one of the proudest peers in England, the step-son of Lady Derby, and the successor of Lord Derby as Foreign Secretary, chafing doubtless under the consciousness that he is regarded as the captive and lieutenant of this newest, least English, and most plebeian peer, the Prime Minister, thereupon flatly told Lord Derby that he lied. The scene is thus reported. Lord Salisbury said:

"In the present case I can only say that the statement which my noble friend made to the effect that a resolution had been come to to take the island of Cyprus and a position on the coast of Syria by a secret expedition, and that that was the ground on which he left the cabinet, is a statement which, so far as my memory goes, is not true."

LORD DERBY. "I rise to order."

LORD SALISBURY. "Well, is not correct."

LORD DERBY. "I wish to ask whether my noble friend intends to impute that I have stated that which is not true." (Hear.)

LORD GRANVILLE. "I wish also to express a hope that whatever statement the noble marquis makes will be in accordance with the practice of this House, and that he will not use unparliamentary language." (Opposition cheers.)

LORD SALISBURY. "The only answer I have to give is that the word I used did not necessarily imply an imputation on the veracity of the speaker."

LORD SELBORNE. "What! to say it is not true?"

LORD SALISBURY. "I substituted the words 'not correct,' and I certainly did not intend to cast any imputation on the veracity of my noble friend, but I wish to say that this is not merely my own view. If it was, I should have more hesitation in putting it forward. I may state on behalf of my noble friend the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Secretary of State for India, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Home Secretary, and my noble friend the President of the Council, that the statement made by the noble earl lately the Foreign Secretary is not correct."

The comment upon this scene in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of the strongest Beaconsfield organs, is very significant. Speaking of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, it said, the next day:

"The consciousness of failure, the prospect of disappointment, which sobered the one mind into something like gloom, stung the other into an exhibition of what in ordinary people would be called the coarsest insolence. When Lord Granville asked what the government proposed to do with Cyprus, what were its qualities of soil and climate, Lord Salisbury told him to go home and study the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. When Lord Derby said—as in the present state of feeling in France he had better not have said—that at one time the cabinet proposed not only to seize and occupy Cyprus, with or without the Sultan's permission, but to seize in like manner a point on the Syrian coast, Lord Salisbury flatly replied that the statement was untrue. And not only did he permit himself to go so far as that, but he deliberately compared the statements of his late colleague with those of the most infamous liar and perjurer known to English history."

The greatest liar is Titus Oates, with whose conduct Lord Salisbury compared Lord Derby's. Here certainly was considerable latitude of speech. But Lord Beaconsfield, at the Carlton Club dinner an evening or two later, flinging off the well-acted air of high-bred indifference and verbal sobriety of his speech in the House of Lords, threw a shaft of what can only be called elaborate blackguardism at Mr. Gladstone. Certainly it is not the tone or phrase in which gentlemen who differ speak of each other. Lord Beaconsfield said:

"But, my lords, I am sorry to say that though we taxed our brains and our thoughts to establish a policy which we think beneficial to the country, we have not satisfied those who are our critics. [Laughter.] I was astonished to learn that the convention of Constantinople has been described as an 'insane convention.' That is a strong epithet, but I do not pretend to be as competent a judge of insanity as the right honorable gentleman who used it. [Loud cheers and laughter.] I will not say to the right honorable gentleman what I had occasion to say in the House of Lords this year, *Naviget Anticyram*; but I would put this issue to an intelligent English jury: Which do you believe most likely to enter into an insane convention, a body of English gentlemen, honored by the favor of their sovereign and the confidence of their fellow-subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence, and not altogether without success [cheers], or a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exu-



berance of his own verbosity [laughter], and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents and to glorify himself?" (Laughter and cheers.)

This is wholly witless and pointless, and can be truly characterized only by the word we have used. But it is a good sign of the vitality of the English tradition of good manners in public life, that all but the extreme Jingoers concede that in saying it Lord Beaconsfield made a great mistake. He is compared to a savage veneered with civilization suddenly breaking out into a war-whoop and brandishing a scalping-knife. The incident is small, but it is very suggestive.

It was said that Mr. Seward, after making one of his strongest speeches exposing the character and consequences of slavery, often took the arm of a Southern Senator as they left the Capitol, apparently unconscious that he had said any thing that could possibly offend the most sensitive soul. The reason was that he was himself entirely clear of any personal feeling or intention. He criticised a system, not men, and mistakenly assumed that the men who were most vitally linked to the system would regard it as philosophically and impersonally as he. It is the honorable distinction of Mr. Seward that of all our chief party leaders he was the one who had no personal altercations. Jefferson and Adams and Hamilton, Jackson and Clay and Webster and Calhoun, were all at times involved in them. More recent days have their striking examples also. But Mr. Seward, often under exasperating circumstances, was always master of himself. He was not arrogant, or irascible, or vindictive. His temper became a man of great ability and high position. He had the sense of honor that belongs to self-respecting men, not that of the race-course, the "code," and an unenlightened moral sentiment, and he was as incapable of what history calls invective or vituperation, and common speech calls blackguardism, as he was of profanity or obscenity.

It is an example worth considering. No man would be so fool-hardy as to say that Mr. Seward or his cause lost any thing by his moderation. Righteous indignation, indeed, is admirable and serviceable, and that Mr. Seward felt and expressed toward the great wrong with which he strove. But an outbreak of the disordered vanity of the advocate must not be confounded with generous wrath in the cause. When Lord Beaconsfield abuses Mr. Gladstone as a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with his own verbosity, it is seen at once to be a flash of personal spite, the wince of a pretended passivity which has been pricked in a vital part. There is no laugh at Mr. Gladstone; there is only surprise that Mr. Disraeli should be willing to show how sharply he has been hit. The French foot at Fontenoy are more, not less, heroic in history because of the courteous "Fire first, gentlemen," and Mr. Seward would have lost, not gained, in men's memories had he ever allowed himself to be drawn into personal wrangles or abuse. He had, of course, to deal with opponents and with persons as representatives of causes. But he allowed himself no latitude of speech in the sense of sneers or epithets, and his example is to be especially commended, because it is that latitude—the ribaldry, the abuse, the calumny and insult, which abound in

public life and political discussion—which deters so many of the best men from taking part in them.

Dr. Johnson said that it was a common and successful device in discussion to belittle an opponent so as to diminish his authority. Most men are persuaded more by the standing of an advocate than by the weight of argument, and if you can turn the laugh upon an opponent, you may spare yourself the labor of refuting what he says. Who cares what side a ridiculous man supports, or what a man says whom every body believes to be selfish? If you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney. It is the consciousness of the truth of Johnson's remark that stimulates every man who is stung by an argument to strike at the advocate. But it is a momentary triumph, in which a man's cause really suffers. The Parliamentary tradition of gentlemanly conduct in difference, whether it be an actual practice or not, is one to be carefully cherished; for to assume that virtue is to make it easier to have it.

ONE of the notable events of the month was the speech of Kearney in Faneuil Hall. Kearney is a popular orator, and leader of "the working-men" of California, and has risen to notoriety by the profusion and vehemence of his denunciation of capital and capitalists and corporations and monopolies and bondholders. He speaks to ignorant unemployed men, many of whom are really suffering, and he gratifies with his fierce adjectives and oaths, and a certain swaggering self-complacency, the ill feeling of the needy toward the prosperous. But however loud the cheer that greets such oratory, and however it may please an excited crowd to hear a more fortunate class of persons described as "lecherous" and "thieving," or as "cut-throats," "daylight thieves," and "midnight assassins," or "villainous, serpent-like, slimy imps of hell," the intelligent working-man knows very well that the true cure for the wrong or suffering of any interest or class is to be found in a very different spirit.

The consciousness of great inequalities of condition, and of injustice and of suffering, need not betray a man into the folly of denouncing capital, or the accumulated results of labor, as a monster, or a capitalist as necessarily a leprous beast. Every honest and industrious man is trying to better his condition. But what does that mean? Does it not mean that he is trying to obtain more and more money, not for itself, but for what it procures, more comforts, education, and recreation? What, indeed, raises men above brutes except this desire and the ability of gratifying it? Denunciation of wealth, inciting hatred and jealousy of it as an evil, because some rich men are hard-hearted knaves and Shylocks and Ralph Nicklebys and Skinflints, is as foolish as to deride knowledge because some educated people misuse their acquirements. Mastery of chemistry may enable a man to poison other men secretly and surely. But he would be a fool who should say that a knowledge of chemistry promoted poisoning, and that accomplished chemists were infamous criminals. It is very true that the relations of capital and labor are often unsatisfactory. But it does not follow that capital is all vice and labor all virtue; that a man is a rascal because



he is rich, or another man honest and noble because he is poor.

It is not the possession of capital or money that is to be denounced, but its misuse, and it is the blunder or the knavery of many of the orators who appeal to "the working-man" that they conceal this fact. The moral of their addresses is that rich people are engaged in a huge conspiracy to oppress poor people. But rich people are constantly becoming poor, and poor people rich. Where, then, is the dividing line? Who is poor and who is rich? The natural and logical result of this kind of jealousy is what is known as Communism. This is substantially a demand that property shall be divided equally among all men, and that there shall be no more rich or poor. But if one man on the frontier can cut down twice as many trees or clear twice as large a field in a day as another, yet at the end of the day the result is to be divided equally between them, what will happen? The next day the first man will take care to cut only half as many trees, and to clear no larger space than the other. The second evening there will be nothing to divide. That is to say, the result in society at large would be that each man would do just what was needed to keep him alive, and no more. This is the lowest form of barbarism. It is the end of civilization, of progress, of intelligence, of art and science and invention and literature. It is universal poverty of the most squalid kind. It is sheer savagery, but it is Communism.

The first step toward this condition is to foster a hatred of capital and capitalists as monsters and evils in themselves, and the second is to sneer at education. "Common honesty and common-sense are better guides for the working-men than classic attainments," says one of the new orators. Undoubtedly they are better guides than classic attainments or education without common honesty and common-sense. But common honesty and common-sense with education are very much better guides than they are without it. When a man sneers at classic attainments or education, what is he really sneering at? His point is that there is a great public question to be decided, and he argues that it ought to be decided by the dictates of common honesty and common-sense. Now classic attainments or education teach us the views and actions of other people in other times and countries. So his sneer at them is, in fact, saying that it is ridiculous to inquire how honesty and common-sense have hitherto treated the subject. It is like a farmer's sneer at book-farming. He sits on the fence half a day to hear another man's story of his method in raising certain crops, and as he saunters homeward he thanks his stars that he has nothing to do with book-farming. Now a book of the kind he means is simply a record of the way in which hundreds of other men have successfully raised crops. And in the time that he has listened to his neighbor he might have listened to a hundred men on the same subject. It is well to hear his neighbor's view. But why should he sneer at the views of a hundred neighbors, who write their opinions instead of telling them over the fence? A good book is simply a wise man talking. Classic attainments or education, which are derided as a guide of working-men, are simply recorded common honesty and common-sense. To be educated and intelligent, to know what other men have

thought upon subjects that interest us, to learn what science and invention are constantly doing for us, to make labor more easy and more profitable—this is to have classic attainments. Is it likely to do any body harm? A man may certainly know a great deal, and yet be a great scoundrel. But it is not observed that the cruelest and most criminal classes are the most intelligent, and the greatest benefactors of mankind have not been those who scorned education, but those who made every sacrifice to obtain it.

These are what are called elementary truths. But the phenomenon that we are considering is an attack upon elementary truths, and they must therefore be restated so as to show how true they are. The labor question is, no doubt, of the most vital importance. No one who is seriously interested in it will think that we depreciate it. But because of its importance it is to be treated with the utmost intelligence and good sense, and not by mere frothy and furious incitement of ignorant prejudice and brute passion. Such a course at once arrests the proper consideration of the question. If, in order to repair a defect in a temple which every body concedes, an attempt is made to tear down the temple itself, there will be but two parties, those who would tear down and those who would not; all thought of repair would be swept away. "Classic attainments" show that this has been the universal experience of mankind. "Common honesty and common-sense" assure us that it would be the experience also of this country and of our times. Fortunately it is in the common honesty and common-sense of the American working-men, that is to say, the vast mass of Americans who support their families by their industry, that the conservative power of America lies. They need no argument to show that it is not capital, which it is the object of their labor to accumulate, that is to be feared, but the abuse of the power which capital confers. The remedy for any existing trouble and suffering does not lie in returning to barbarism, and fostering ignorance, and heating passion; not in a spirit of hate and jealousy and suspicion on either side, but in one of mutual intelligence and friendly co-operation on both sides.

It has been a summer of unusual heat and of much violent and destructive storm; a truly tropical season. The wise men who shook their heads pleasantly last winter, and said that its mildness foretold a mild summer, have not referred to their predictions. Even in the midst of their vaticinations, when they said that "there are averages in these things, and you will find the summer and the winter balancing the thermometer," they were asked whether the mild winter might not be balancing the previous mild summer, and whether the next summer might not in fact open a new account. This is a kind of question which weather prophets do not care to answer, except by a smile which may mean that they do not care to argue with such unreasonable ignorance, and may also mean that they don't know.

The terrible heats of July were most noted at St. Louis and New York. There were two or three days when it was said that business was almost suspended in the Western city, and in New York great numbers of persons passed the nights in the streets and on the wharves. In the worst slums, in the close and noisome courts and *culs-de-*



sacs of the city, the heat seems to fall more fearfully than the cold, for it stimulates the germs of pestilence and death in the torrid air. In more fortunate quarters the excessive heat is more unwholesome than the cold, for as ten thousand gasping and fanning citizens remarked on the 19th of July, when the mercury marked 100° in the shade, "You can make yourself warm even with the mercury at zero, but you can not be cool when it gets up here." The difference may be defined, perhaps, by that described by "an old lady" between a disaster on sea and on land: "If you run off the railroad track," she said, sententiously, "there you are; but if you blow up in a steamboat, where are you?"

Doubtless the telegraph and the Associated Press greatly multiply and exasperate our summer sufferings. A late orator describes this company, which has been generally considered to be a great public convenience and benefactor, as "a villainous, thieving, infamous band of scalawags that are aiming to control public opinion. If the working-men of the United States possessed within their breasts a single spark from which the flame of freedom could be fanned, they would not permit such monsters to live in their midst. They would control these telegraphs; they would hurl these infernal lying scalawags from power, and select honest men to transmit plain, unvarnished news." Undoubtedly; but why not break the thermometer? The conduct of the telegraph in reporting that heat at St. Louis, and then announcing a "Hot Wave on its Way," and "The Failure of the Cold Wave," was indeed monstrous. But unfortunately it did not lie. The worst of its news was that it was plain and unvarnished, as New York found to its anguish when that Wave broke over it. The fault does not lie in the thermometer so much as in the telegraph which reports its excesses. There is a noted physician who holds that the trouble with most Americans, and especially with most American women, is that they live a threefold life, which is exhausting. They are simultaneously and actively conscious of what they are doing, what they have done, and what they mean to do. The stimulating American climate acting upon this triple life is the real cause of the "nerves" and the invalidism and general feebleness of the sex in this country. Such is the theory; and he prescribes, therefore, that they shall stop thinking and go to bed. Now the telegraph and the newspaper—and it is with these two weapons that the Associated Press does all its "villainous, thieving, infamous" work—are in a league to blend the remembrance, experience, and anticipation of suffering from heat in one exhausting consciousness. Thus at the same moment we know that we are very hot, that St. Louis was hotter yesterday, and that we are to be still hotter to-morrow. Sympathy and expectation are invoked to increase discomfort. The one piece of news that we could gladly spare is that we are going to be more miserable than we are.

There are those who have supposed this summer that our seasons are changing, and that we are passing into a more tropical condition. But the thermometer has done nothing this year of which it has not often been guilty. Its first unpardonable excess was on the 29th of June, and the surprised and incautious victim, as he panted and dripped, exclaimed, "Well, we never had any thing like *this*." Yet a hundred years before, on

that very day, the sun smote the soldiers fighting at Monmouth more terribly than the hostile guns. The telegraph is quite as culpable as the thermometer. We know how uncomfortable we were yesterday, for instance, but the telegraph insists upon telling us how every body else was tormented. There was a thunder-shower in our village, and the maple-tree by the cider mill was struck, and Pursley's best cow was killed on the hill pasture. That is our village gossip. The wind comes off this morning in the northwest, and the world seems to have taken a fresh start. But when the paper arrives, and we read that houses and barns and cattle and trees were struck and burned in every direction, and that men, women, and children were killed in Illinois and Canada and Georgia and Nova Scotia, it seems to us that the vials are opened and the end of things is at hand. "How wonderfully our climate has changed, and how terribly destructive the lightning is this year!" we remark, with great assurance. But it is not so. Every summer there are the thunderstorms and the ravage. But formerly we knew only those of our own neighborhood. Now we know at the same time those of the whole country.

Still we recommend the telegraph and the thermometer to the mercy of the judge who uses James's plain language in dealing with their crimes. Their offenses are great, but they are natural. And what would they avail without the complicity of the newspaper? That is the insidious knave, "the villainous, serpent-like, slimy imp of hell," as the learned young judge, full of candor and charity, describes it. If the thermometer did not indicate the heat, nor the telegraph report it, nor the newspaper publish it, we should be spared the vicarious torture. But we beg the wise young judge to remember in mitigation of punishment that they have done some good things. The heat of the summer has been undoubtedly great, and the damage by storm considerable, but the thermometer, the telegraph, and the newspaper are not wholly responsible, although it is undeniable that they were accessories, both after and before the fact, to the discomfort of the population.

An intelligent Yankee railway traveller remarks that the convenient system of checking baggage has not been introduced into England, and that a sufficient reason of the omission is that it is an American notion. Mr. Green, in his *History of England*, says that a hatred, a suspicion, a dislike, of foreigners has always been a characteristic of the country; and Mr. Bright, in a speech a few months ago, alluded to the feeling against Russia as an indication of this disposition. It appears very amusingly in the memoirs of the last century, the contempt of "wooden shoes" and of "Mynheer," and it is all the more striking and droll when the provincial character of London even at the close of the last century is remembered. Yet it is that very provincial character and insular situation which go far to explain the feeling. Long after England, under Chatham, was victorious in every quarter of the globe, London, with its great and fascinating society, which fills the imagination with admiration, was like a village. Leslie Stephen, in his late delightful monograph upon Dr. Johnson, reminds us that Boswell first met his hero at a bookseller's. The worthy man and his wife were enter-



taining young Mr. Boswell, fresh from Scotland, at tea in their little parlor, whence they commanded the shop through a glass door. Suddenly the host exclaimed that Dr. Johnson had come into the shop, and, in the midst of a delightful flutter of excitement, the author of one of the most entertaining books in the world was introduced to its subject. It is like a scene from Jane Austen. Miss Mitford might have recorded it in *Our Village*, or Mrs. Gaskell in *Cranford*.

This jealous feeling toward foreigners is the more droll because the reigning house is foreign. Its first king could not speak English, and always sighed for his German retreat; and the second, who spoke English imperfectly, was the head of a court the memoirs of which read like a satire of Swift's. How much the court even in our time has been under German influence is shown in the *Life of the Prince Consort*. This kind of jealousy is not, of course, peculiar to England. The popular feeling of France regards other nations as "outside barbarians" no less than that of China. Nothing used to be more delightful than the tone of courteous sympathy with which a Parisian spoke of those who must live out of the world—that is, out of Paris—and the separation wrought by this feeling was felicitously illustrated in the sketch in *Punch* during the great Exhibition, which represents two Frenchmen in exaggerated French costume, their hands in their pockets distending their "peg-top" trousers, standing confounded before a wash-stand, and inquiring, in stupefied ignorance, "What is that thing?" The neatness of this stroke is incomparable.

If we Americans show signs of the same feeling, it is of course only because we *are* superior, and because in the contrast other countries are uninteresting, and other people provincial. Surely no candid critic would compare the historical and artistic and literary charms of other lands with ours, nor the society and scenery of monarchical Europe with those of our free and favored land. Switzerland is very well for those who have not seen the White Mountains or the Adirondacks, the Sierras and Yosemite; and Rome, with its antiquated history, and huge, old-fashioned palaces and mouldy churches, and dilapidated gardens and galleries, is doubtless interesting to persons like Goethe who have merely to cross the Alps and pass through Lombardy and Tuscany, by Como and Milan, by Florence and Thrasimene, to see it; and indeed it is a very creditable city even to those who are familiar with New York. There is much, also, to be justly said in favor of England and France and Germany. For very old and necessarily somewhat musty countries, they furnish considerable reward for the trouble of the American patriot in crossing the ocean to see them. They are all excellent countries in their way; and their inhabitants, although exceedingly queer, are not destitute of interest, especially to the American philanthropist.

It is, however, necessary to see them with intelligence and tempered expectation. In the hut of the Esquimaux we do not look for the lace draperies of the Fifth Avenue, nor upon the banks of the Thames or in the shadow of the Vatican can we expect to find buckwheat cakes and baggage checks. It was very natural in the Englishman of the last century to be so hot against popery and wooden shoes. The gambols of pollywogs in a pool are entertaining to the superior

observer. The American to-day contemplates with equanimity the labels that are pasted on his trunks, for he remembers Gulliver in Lilliput, and he neither expects nor demands that the landscape, the customs, the conveniences, the society, the government, the religion, or the people of other countries shall be as perfect as those of his native land. God has been graciously pleased to make him an American, as he made Shakespeare the greatest of poets, the rose the queen of flowers, and the sun the source of light and heat. For His infinitely inscrutable purposes He has also been pleased to make some other extraordinary countries and people. But it would be a kind of impiety to suppose that the chosen land and nation are to learn any thing from the experience of such countries or the genius of such people. How can people, for instance, who have no baggage checks, and whose idea of a dessert does not go beyond a gooseberry tart, which, also, they are not yet civilized enough to call properly pie—how can such a people possibly instruct the proud denizens of a free West in any detail of convenience or of government, in any kind of mechanical workmanship, or scientific, or political, or economical knowledge? Is not our home in the setting sun? Are not our institutions democratic and popular? Have we not abolished monarchy and aristocracy? Can we not sweep without change of cars, and with baggage checked through, from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Were we not victorious in the Revolution, in the Mexican war, and, above all, in the civil war; and did not our little navy do glorious service in the war of 1812? And if these things be so, if these great facts are already historical, is it not absurd to suggest that we can learn any thing of other countries, or that we may not—nay, *must* not—have our own theories of commercial intercourse, of currency, and of gravitation?

Let it be enough to condemn any thing whatever that it is not American. It is, indeed, ridiculous in England to hold out against the baggage check because it *is* American. But despite the captiousness of unpatriotic snarlers, who are doubtless bribed with foreign gold, it is the height of wisdom in America to hold out against the laws of science as expounded by Englishmen, and against the experience of every country in the world whose home is not in the free West. These are evidently the patriotic sentiments of one American statesman, who, standing tiptoe upon a jocund mountain-top, lately exclaimed:

"Fellow-citizens, if we lack any thing as a nation, it is the spirit to rise to the magnificent height of our position and our opportunities. For this grand America we must have a grand American policy, which will not look to European bankers for theories of finance, or to Cobden Clubs for theories of industrial economy. At least we should be the arbiters and masters of our own destiny, even if we do not care to insist upon a barren, although rightful, pre-eminence in the affairs of the world."

How characteristically British—that is, insular, cockney, provincial, small—it is to refuse to use baggage checks because they are an American invention! Why should those absurd John Bulls insist upon a grand British policy of inconvenience? Other nations are certainly extremely ridiculous. But for our grand America we ought to have an American alphabet of the English language, and a grand, exclusive, American theory and practice of medicine.



## Editor's Literary Record.

OF *Bryant's Popular History of the United States* (Charles Scribner's Sons), Volume II. lies on our table. It opens with the beginning of the Pequot war, in 1636, and ends with the early Spanish settlements in Texas, in the early part of the eighteenth century. It is occupied with the early life of the colonists—the Boston Puritans, the Rhode Island Baptists, the New York Dutchmen, the Pennsylvania Quakers, and the Southern chivalry. It is very fully and handsomely illustrated, containing four steel plates, fourteen full-page wood engravings, and a number of smaller illustrations in the text. Among the artists we notice the names of Waud, Moran, Richards, Reinhart, and Sheppard. There is much both in the conception and execution of the work which entitles it to commendation. The author, Mr. SIDNEY HOWARD GAY, has apparently studied his theme carefully, and writes of it conscientiously. He is an independent thinker, and is positive in his convictions and in his expression of them. His style, though never eloquent, is simple and clear, free from colloquialisms and from rhetorical blemishes. He has gathered a great many interesting and illustrative anecdotes of the early life of our country, and tells them, not, indeed, with any eloquence either of feeling or of rhetoric, but with clearness and perspicacity. The volume was in type two months before Mr. Bryant's death, and was read in proof by him. We judge that his connection with the work was simply that of a supervisory editor, that he really has contributed nothing to it but his criticism. Four chapters, however—those on the extreme South and West—have been written by Edward Everett Hale. Perhaps no writer in America is better qualified to write the early history of these regions. Nevertheless, this is not the history of the United States which the country longs for. It is not to our own country what either Hume or Macaulay is to England. There is an almost total lack of historical perspective. The material has been gathered, the characters have been studied, the author has made himself familiar with the incidents; but he possesses no art of generalization and no artistic skill in grouping. The pigments are all well mixed upon the palette, but there is no picture on the canvas. His material embarrasses him; his history will be almost, if not quite, as large as Bancroft's, which it does not excel in style, and to which it is inferior in sobriety of literary and historical judgment. We already have two large volumes of 600 pages each, and the Revolution is not yet reached by over a quarter of a century. If the work is carried on in the same proportions, who can estimate its size when the stories of the American Revolution, of the growth of the slave power, and of the civil war have all been narrated? and to elaborate the story of our colonization, and then to condense the story of our later national life, would be as if in a biography one should ransack the memories of parents and nurses for incidents of the hero's childhood, and abbreviate the story of his manhood's achievements. For such a work as this the author must know not only by special study the history of the time which he is describing, but all history, so that he may comprehend the relation of phenomena in his own field to the

great world movement of life and thought. Without this it is impossible for him either rightly to understand character or to interpret events. Of this broad culture, which makes so rich the pages of Gibbon and of Macaulay, Mr. Gay's history gives no evidence. His positiveness is that of narrow sympathies, if not of limited information. He describes in great detail the sumptuary laws of New England, which impliedly, if not directly, he charges to Puritanism, quite oblivious if not ignorant of the fact that they were borrowed from English precedents set as early, at least, as the time of Henry VIII. He tells in great detail the dreadful episode of the Salem witchcraft, and characterizes Cotton Mather, a leading spirit in the punishment of the witches, as "a superficial and ambitious divine." Cotton Mather's assertion, "It may be that error on both sides have attended them;.....but I know not that I ever have advocated any opinion in the matter of witchcraft but what all the ministers of the Lord, English, Scotch, French, or Dutch, are of the same opinion with me," should at least have suggested to Mr. Gay to study more carefully this singular delusion in other lands and under other religious influences than that of New England. If he had done so, he would have discovered that witchcraft was prosecuted under pagan Rome, under the papacy, in Germany, and in England, long before it was punished by the Puritans. He would have learned that in two German provinces in four years over 1500 witches were put to death; that in England under Elizabeth and James, neither of whom was a Puritan, severe laws were enacted against witchcraft, and the victims of those laws were put to death by the hundred; that Sir Matthew Hale, whom he will not accuse of being either superficial or ambitious, believed in witchcraft and condemned the witches; that this belief was universal until the beginning of the eighteenth century; and that in Massachusetts, where the victims of this delusion never reached half a hundred, the witchcraft which he attributes to Puritanism simply gave its last, dying, convulsive struggle. The author wholly fails to comprehend the Puritan character. He writes the external history of the Puritan's severity; he fails to read the secret cause of that severity in the rigor of the Puritan's conscience, which was as severe toward its possessor as toward other men. The contrast between his collection of uninterpreted incidents and the brilliant generalizations of Taine, or the equally brilliant antitheses of Macaulay, in their defective but powerful portraits of Puritanism, is very striking. In brief, Bryant's history of the United States is really Gay's; Gay's history of the United States possesses all that assiduity and conscientiousness can impart to historical narrative, but assiduity and conscientiousness are not all the qualities that are needed to make a truly great history.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD thus describes her object in writing *Aspirations of the World*: "I have had but one object, and that a very simple one, namely, to show that the fundamental laws of morality and the religious aspirations of mankind have been strikingly similar always and every where." To accomplish this object the author has brought together a great number of quotations



from all literature of all ages and religions on sacred subjects. Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome, China, and Palestine, Buddhism, Parseeism, Hero-worship, Confucianism, and Christianity are all represented, and, so far as arrangement and specification go, are all placed upon the same level. If there is any difference between these world religions the reader is left to discover it by a comparison of their moral and spiritual teachings. A large range is covered by the selections. Ideas of God, praise of God, worship, prayer, personal purity, the law of love, and kindred themes are illustrated by multifarious quotations. These, however, are all brief—simply quotations or isolated apothegms; there is no attempt made to display the system of truth contained in any religion, much less to institute a comparison between them. As a dictionary of religious aphorisms the book will be useful, though it would have been far more useful if the author had arranged them in alphabetical instead of in a classified order. To those who have supposed (and there are many such) that paganism, in all its forms, is hopeless, irremediable, besotted superstition, this book will be useful reading. It will broaden their view of the world's life, and give them a larger charity as well as a more comprehensive knowledge. But the position assumed by the author in the introduction is not borne out by the body of the book. This position—not indeed directly asserted, but clearly implied—is the commonalty of religious thought and experience. Within certain lines there is such a commonalty. The religious aspirations of the world, pagan and Christian, are, if not the same, at least similar. But the Christian religion is not only an echo of the world's aspirations, it also claims to be in some sense a satisfaction of those aspirations. Mrs. Child has found in paganism expressions of the same longings which are to be found in Christian experience, and even declarations of the same law which has been expounded by conscience in Christendom; but we look in vain for any assurances of pardon or any promises of eternal life that compare with those furnished by the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and equally in vain for any expressions of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding" which Christianity assumes to give, and which so many Christian witnesses testify they have received. The comparison of religions would be perfect if the author had inserted these Divine promises and these expressions of Christian experience; but over against them she would have been compelled to leave the pages devoted to pagan religion wholly blank.

*Musical Sketches at Home and Abroad*, by Professor ELLA (Schubert's and Co.), is a curious *mélange* made up of contributions to English art and other journals. It contains not a little interesting information, but without unity or cohesion. Some attempt is made to give this lacking unity to the book by classifying the paragraphs, but for the most part they defy classification, and the volume is one rather of musical gossip for half-hour readings than one of real and well-assorted instruction for careful perusal. A striking feature is the original music by Mozart, Czerny, Graun, and other musical composers.

Our readers can not have forgotten a remarkable article on "Hunting with the Long-Bow" in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1877. The author

of this article, Maurice Thompson, has now published a treatise on the bow with the captivating title of *The Witchery of Archery* (Charles Scribner's Sons). To the author and his brother we owe the introduction of archery into this country. Since the publication of his article in these pages, and some other analogous articles in other quarters, this old English sport has received a marvellous impulse in the United States. Over one hundred clubs have been organized, and so great a demand has been created for the implements of archery that Mr. Thompson tells us it has been difficult to supply it. The author writes out of his own experience of fifteen years roaming the woods, shooting in all weathers, and bringing down all sorts of game, from a squirrel to a deer, and from a robin to a catamount. The possibilities of the long-bow he has thus demonstrated by actual trial, and his breezy and dramatic descriptions of his experiences are well calculated to quicken an appetite for his chosen sport, and fully justify the title of his book. He is, as one might expect he would be, an enthusiast, and some allowance must be made by the critical reader for his enthusiasm. The sober historian will hardly agree with him in tracing back the foundations of constitutional government to the introduction of archery. According to him, "the powerful government of Great Britain rests upon a foundation of iron arrow-heads," and dates from the introduction of archery into England by the Norman conqueror. It requires, however, an enthusiast to awaken enthusiasm, and his book is none the worse, either for fireside reading or as a guide to practical archery, from the infusion of the author's personality. Largely it is a book of adventure, but these adventures are told in such a way as to serve the purpose of hints, if not actually of a guide to the use of the long-bow in the woods. An appendix gives a full description of implements of archery and rules for its practice in the field.

*The Ferns of North America* (S. E. Cassino) is a magnificent work, which suggests, and is not unworthy to be compared with, Audubon's famous *Birds of North America*. The plates, which have been prepared from drawings by Mr. J. H. EMERSON, are exquisitely printed in colors, three or four plates accompanying each part of the work. Professor DANIEL C. EATON, of Yale College, has the general editorial supervision of the work. His herbarium of ferns is the largest in America, and he has made of this plant a special study. He is aided by Dr. Gray, of Cambridge, and by others who have made more or less a specialty of the study of ferns. The work is issued in large quarto parts at intervals of about two months, and will be completed in twenty-four parts. As a specimen of color-printing we have never seen any thing to surpass this work in delicacy and perfection of finish.

*Ferns in their Homes and Ours*, by JOHN ROBINSON (S. E. Cassino), may be regarded as a companion volume. The author is Professor of Botany in the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and has evidently made the subject of ferns something of a specialty. He recommends it as a hobby to others, and we are safe in assuming that he has made it a hobby himself. He gives in this little treatise some account of ferns, their structure, varieties, habits, etc.; then practical directions how to collect them, and how to cultivate them



for out-of-door ferneries, under glass, or in the living-room; then describes some kindred varieties of plants; and finally gives an account of fern pests, and how to get rid of them. It is a complete monograph of the subject, and invaluable both as a suggestion and a guide to those who desire assistance in the economical ornamenting of their house; for no ornament could be more beautiful than a successful bed of ferns just outside under the parlor windows, or a flourishing fernery just inside behind the window. The book is abundantly illustrated, the ferns being printed in colors.

A new biographical series, and a very useful one, is "English Men of Letters," edited by JOHN MORLEY—*Samuel Johnson*, by LESLIE STEPHEN, and *Edward Gibbon*, by JAMES C. MORISON (Harper and Brothers), being the first two volumes. Thirteen additional volumes are arranged for, including Scott, Spenser, Hume, Bunyan, Dickens, and Wordsworth. Among the writers engaged upon this series are Hutton, Huxley, Froude, William Black, and Goldwin Smith. The lives of literary men are for the most part quiet lives, and the reader will not look in these biographies for the elements of dramatic interest which belong to the record of the careers of soldiers, statesmen, and heroes. But to him who loves his fellow-man there is quite as great an interest in the study of the habits and the character of remarkable men as in the perusal of their external careers, and for the student there is no better inspiration than the story of the life of such a man as Edward Gibbon, for example. In the two volumes of this series already published the habits and character have been exceedingly well brought out. This is especially true of the volume on Samuel Johnson. Mr. Stephen makes, of course, abundant use of Boswell, but he does not allow himself to be burdened by the multiplicity of his material. He skims the cream off of what is, in its original form, rather watery milk. English literature never ought to be studied impersonally. No man comprehends rightly a writing unless he knows something of the writer, and "English Men of Letters" will furnish a capital aid to the study of English literature, as well as a series of interesting though quiet biographies.

*The Pacific Railroads Illustrated* (D. Appleton and Co.) might rather be called Illustrations of the Pacific Railway, for in a little book of less than ninety pages there are seventy-one illustrations, by J. D. WOODWARD, some of them nearly or quite full-page. The work both of the designer and engraver has been admirably done; the light and shade, the rock and vegetation, the broad plains and bold peaks, moonlight and sunlight, are all skillfully portrayed.

To professional readers the *American Journal of Mathematics*, published under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, the first number of which is laid on our table, will carry its own introduction in the names of its editors, Messrs. Sylvester, Peirce, and Newcomb, though others may be rather overwhelmed by the array of  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's that meet the eye in its opening pages. The object of the *Journal* is to afford an opportunity for the discussion of various mathematical questions, chiefly in the domain of pure mathematics. In this first number we notice as especially interesting the articles on "Space of more than three Dimensions," "Solution of the

Irreducible Case," and "Theory of Electric Absorption." Notices and reviews of both American and foreign mathematical works will constitute an important and valuable feature.

The later summer months drop a library of summer novels upon our table, of which we select here a few specimens worthy of mention. *The Crew of the Sam Weller* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will hardly add to Mr. HABBERTON's reputation. It is a character sketch somewhat after the pattern of his *Jericho Road*—better finished, and yet only a cartoon. Its close is quite too abrupt; the author leads us to expect a dramatic portrayal of the mental process by which his hero is led to repentance, but stops short, as though either his allotted space gave out, or he doubted his ability to consummate the work he had begun, and so left to the reader's imagination to supply that which his own should have supplied.—*Six to One* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a light summer story of a decidedly ephemeral character and of decidedly slight materials. One beau is required to do service for six belles, all of whom fall simultaneously more or less in love with him, and with several of whom he also falls more or less in love. It is a pleasant trifle, appropriate for sale on the cars and for reading on a journey.—*Somebody Else*, by G. P. LATHROP (Roberts Brothers), is a sort of modern *Comedy of Errors*. By introduction under false names, some ladies undertake to play a jest on their gentlemen friends, who at the same time plan a similar jest on the ladies. Each party falls into the trap set for it by the other, and various social confusion is the result. No harm ensues. The story is well wrought out, and the author shows himself possessed of considerable wit and humor, but has fallen into the error of smart writers—has made too much of his material. If the story had been half as long, it would have been twice as good.—*Pillone*, one of the "Way-side Series," from the Danish of WILHELM BORGSOE, by D. G. HUBBARD (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.), is somewhat on the sensational order, but a good story of that genus. It is much better, because less irrational, than *Safar-Hadji* (Henry Holt and Co.), a translation from the French. The scene of this story is laid in Turkestan; the time chosen is that of the Russian campaign. The story alternates between the Russian and the Mohammedan camps, and it is difficult to say whether Safar-Hadji, the Mohammedan, or Relieff, the Russian, is the hero of the story. A "breathless interest" is kept up by the rapidity with which improbable incidents succeed each other. The work is of the kind called in the advertisements a "thrilling romance."—*The Other House*, by MARY R. HIGHAM (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), one of the series to which we have heretofore called attention, belongs to the class of Sunday-school romances. It is composed of two threads, religion and love, twisted together. It is a very fair addition to the somewhat limited library of light Sunday reading and adult Sunday-school books.

*Kilrogan Cottage*, by MATILDA DESPARD, and *Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire: a Story of Today*, are the last two of Harper's "Library of American Fiction." The former is American only in its authorship. The scene is laid in Ireland; the characters and the play are all thoroughly Irish. It is a love story, of rather light structure, pleasantly and sketchily told, with a



remote background of rent troubles, which only serve as a means of affording a plot, not as an element of either pictorial or dramatic interest. *Colonel Dunwoddie* will take rank as one of the best, if not quite the best, of this series. It is a story of Southern life since the war. The negro, the Southern gentleman, and the Northern carpet-bagger all play their part in the drama. Its defect is a superabundance of incident; a less dramatic story would have been truer to nature. The author has not written a political novel, but unmistakably his sympathies are all heartily in favor of Northern principles, not at all with Northern carpet-baggers. There is, indeed, scarcely enough recognition of the possibility of virtue in a Northern immigrant to a Southern State. The writer conceals his name. His hand is certainly a vigorous one: we should surmise from the book that it was an experienced one.

The readers of *Old Mam'selle's Secret* and *The Countess Gisela* will anticipate peculiar satisfaction in a new translation by Mrs. A. L. WISTER, who exhibits not only skill in her translations, but editorial judgment in her selections from the wide domain of German literature.—E. JUNCKER, the author of *Margarethe; or, Life Problems* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is a new author to us, but is certainly in no quality the inferior of the best of foreign novelists. Intense in its action, tender in its sympathies, skillful in its portrayal of human feeling, profound in its interpretation of life's great problems of sorrow, wholly uneclesiastical, but in the highest sense religious, this story has all that strength of thought and feeling and none of that turbidness of expression and mysticism of philosophy which are so characteristic of German literature. The evils of self-indulgence, the stern obligations of duty, the wrong even of a woman's pride, the power of remorse of conscience, are among the lessons wrought out in it.—*Maid Ellice*, by THEO. GIFT (Henry Holt and Co.), one of the admirable "Leisure Hour Series," is a story of English life centring around an old Anglo-Saxon family, strong in its delineation of character, without, indeed, a single weak or ill-drawn character in it, but lacking in those elements that more profoundly stir the nature either in thought or feeling.—If Mr. Tourguéneff is right in his opinion that *The Cosacks* (Charles Scribner and Sons), of which Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER gives a translation, is "the finest and most perfect production of Russian literature," then there is small need for America to go for its literature to Russia. We should give large preference to any of Tourguéneff's novels, and to some of other writers. It is tolerably life-like, but such a life!—full of profanity, drunkenness, vulgarity; the life of the lowest of the soldier class.—Harpers add to their "Half-hour Series" two very entertaining but widely different stories, *The Curate of Orsières*, from the German of OTTO ROQUETTE, and *Back to the Old Home*, by MARY CECIL HAY. The former is a tragic drama, developed out of the French and German antipathies in the time of Napoleon I., with its interest depending largely on incidents not unnatural, perhaps, but possible only in such an era of strange episodes; the other is a very quiet story of love, dependent for its plot upon the class differences in English society, and for its interest in the fidelity of love and honor and service which Mary Cecil Hay so delights to depict.

*The China Hunters Club* (Harper and Brothers)

is an original kind of contribution to the rapidly growing literature of ceramics. A club of enthusiasts is formed, without constitution, by-laws, resolutions, or formal organization, only a common-law obligation resting on every member to do all she can—for the members were mostly women—to add to the common stock of information by study in the books or by gathered specimens. The book is the story of this club's doings, and the report of its discussions. It gives in a lively dramatic way a great deal of information respecting china-ware, its history, manufacture, and various forms. It is very handsomely illustrated and printed, and by reason both of its mechanical and its literary qualities is very pleasurable reading. It is well adapted both to stimulate interest and to guide and instruct those who are already interested in this general subject; is a capital book to put into the hands of any young person who wants to get easily some general knowledge concerning it, and thus furnishes an admirable prelude to Mr. Prime's larger and more comprehensive and complete treatise. Mr. Prime writes an introduction to it.

*Short Studies of Great Lawyers*, by IRVING BROWNE (Weed, Parsons, and Co.), is a collection of sketches originally published in the *Albany Law Journal*. As a biographical collection of great lawyers it is certainly very defective. It contains, however, few names that are not of some note, though it omits some that ought to be included. The sketches themselves are character portraits rather than biographies, and need for their comprehension some previous knowledge on the part of the reader respecting the individuals whose portraits are painted. They were excellent as newspaper contributions; in the volume they will hardly serve any other purpose than to while away a leisure hour.

The difficulties in the task which PAUL DRYSEN set himself in his translation of *Goethe's Poems* (F. W. Christern) were almost insuperable. This was not only to give English readers some acquaintance with Goethe's minor poems, but in doing this to preserve the exact form of the original, to adhere to his models, and reproduce his lines and rhymes in their length, number, and order. This was to attempt the impossible; and in some verses the grace, if not the essential spirit, has been sacrificed to the form. Take, for instance, this verse, where the aphoristic character has been preserved, but the involution of the last sentence destroys the beauty of the original:

"Neither far away nor hidden,  
At your door lies every good;  
Nor is luck to you forbidden,  
Only master it you should."

Despite these defects, Professor Drysen has produced a very readable volume of poems, and has given English readers who will study, not merely read them, a better conception of Goethe's characteristics than a more free translation would have done. And in some poems he has succeeded wonderfully in mastering the inherent difficulties of his task, and has not only given a true representation of the form and spirit of the original, but has done this without sacrificing either in his translation. Of this the little poem "Comfort in Tears" may be mentioned as a striking illustration. The translator, by the variety of his selections, gives an excellent idea of the curiously various genius of his author.



## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

*Astronomy.*—A commission appointed by the French Chamber of Deputies has reported favorably on the erection of a large observatory at Meudon. The credit given is 690,000 francs (\$138,000), of which \$78,000 are for the purchase of a large refractor. M. Janssen will be, as before, the director.

In the *Monthly Notices R. A. S.* (1878, May, p. 369), Professor A. S. Herschel has a "List of known Accordances between Comets and observed Meteor Showers," which will be useful. Seventy-one such are noted.

A new private observatory has been founded in Providence, Rhode Island, by Mr. George A. Seagrave. The building is of brick, with a wooden dome. The principal instrument is an equatorial refractor of eight inches aperture, from the workshops of Alvan Clark and Sons. The tube of the telescope is made of sheets of steel riveted together so as to form two conical halves, to insure rigidity. The mounting is unusually heavy for an instrument of this size. The circles for indicating the position of a heavenly body in space are conveniently graduated on their outer edges for roughly finding an object. The declination circle reads by its verniers to 15'', and the hour circle reads to 2'' for locating it. The telescope is provided with a position micrometer by the Clarks, and a double-image micrometer by Browning, of London, for the purpose of exact measurements. There are two spectroscopes by Browning and Grunow. The observers are Mr. Seagrave and Mr. L. Waldo, of Harvard College Observatory. From an account of the observatory it is learned that the observers contemplate prosecuting two plans of work. "One of these researches is the measurement of such of the close double stars discovered by our distinguished fellow-countryman, S. W. Burnham, Esq., of Chicago, as we can reach with our optical means. The second research is the continuous and exhaustive measurement of one or two stars which have shown unusually large annual motions in the heavens, to determine, if possible, their parallax."

The new time-ball of the Harvard College Observatory is daily dropped in Boston at noon, and is entirely successful.

A catalogue of the mean places of 750 stars for 1870.0, from observations made at Kremsmünster by P. G. Strasser in 1864–1874, has recently appeared. In Vol. XII. of the *Memoirs R. A. S.* (1838) a catalogue of 208 stars observed at Kremsmünster appeared, and a series of 560 stars observed about 1840 has been reduced by Reslhuber, but not yet published.

Professor Langley, at Pittsburgh, observed the transit of Mercury under favorable conditions. The planet was seen outside the sun about half a minute before first contact, the whole disk being seen. Haze prevented similar observations at egress. No bright point or annulus was seen. The darkest part of the planet was the centre, the edges being less gray, but the planet was certainly not black. Photometric measures of the absolute amount of light from Mercury were attempted, but Professor Langley interprets the results as measures of the minimum effect to be

assigned to the earth's atmosphere in inflecting the solar light.

The Rev. Robert Main, Radcliffe observer since 1860, died in Oxford May 9, 1878. He was first assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from 1835 to 1860, and published several important memoirs during that period. These are mostly in the Greenwich Observations and the *Memoirs R. A. S.* Probably his best-known work is connected with the subject of proper motions of stars. The new Radcliffe catalogue, begun under his direction, was nearly completed at the time of his death.

The London *Academy*, May 18, states that cloudy weather prevailed over England during the transit of Mercury on May 6, but that Scotch observers were more successful.

The Savilian Observatory, Oxford, has published Part I. of its astronomical observations. It describes the instruments of the observatory, and gives a series of observations of satellites of Saturn—one of *Mimas* (?), ten of *Enceladus*, none of *Hyperion*, and from forty-five to ninety-seven of the brighter satellites. Part II. contains 400 observations of 118 double stars. Part III. is devoted to the comets of 1877, which were well observed. Part IV. contains new orbits of three of the older binaries. Twelve hundred photographs of the moon have been taken, and are to be measured to determine the amount of libration. The geographical co-ordinates of the observatory are given to 0.001'', or about one inch on the earth's surface. These are quoted from Ordnance Survey data.

The Edinburgh Observatory has issued its fourteenth volume, under the direction of Piazz Smyth. Its main space is devoted to the formation of a "star ephemeris" from 1830 to 1890, which is to be compared with standard observations. Much of this is blank. Portions of the work are devoted to rain-band spectroscopy, to a discussion of the valuable series of earth temperatures, and to autobiography.

The fifth volume of André, Rayet, and Angot's *Astronomie Pratique* has reached this country. It treats of the observatories of Italy, and is essentially a report made by M. Rayet to the Minister of Public Instruction, a translation of which has appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

Dr. Dreyer has published his supplement to the *General Catalogue of Nebulae and Clusters of Stars* (Herschel). It contains, first, notes and corrections to the catalogue, and second, a continuation of this. The numbering is continued from 5079 (Herschel's highest number) to 6251. Of course this sum includes errors, duplicates, possible comets, etc., and on this account it has been doubted whether the time for the systematic catalogue of Herschel had come in 1864. The immense convenience of it as a printed working list quite overbears any possible want of logical arrangement, and Dr. Dreyer's work is a much-needed supplement, and is edited with great care.

In *Chemistry*, Muir has discussed at considerable length the use of gas as fuel, the advantages of which are the ease with which it can be regulated, the completeness of its combustion, the readiness with which cleanliness can be main-



tained, the high heating power of such material, etc. The requirements of such a gas are, 1st, it should consist of combustible constituents only; 2d, it should be possessed of high heating power; and 3d, it should produce on burning compounds of low specific heat. Hitherto coal gas has been the only gas available for heating, and, notwithstanding the disadvantages attending its use, has proved itself a cheaper, more effective, and more easily managed fuel than coal, wood, or other forms of solid heat-giving material. Latterly, however, the so-called water gas, produced by passing superheated steam over anthracite coal at full redness, has come forward with much promise, improved machinery of preparation allowing it to be easily and cheaply produced on the large scale. Though the heating power of water gas is only about one-fifth of that of ordinary coal gas, yet the cost of the gas is so much less that an actual saving of from one-third to two-thirds is effected by its use. By the use of oxygen in the blast a gas of very high heating power might be produced.

Schützenberger has announced the discovery of an allotropic condition of metallic copper, obtained by electrolysis of a solution of about ten per cent. of copper acetate, previously boiled, with two Bunsen or three Daniell cells, the negative platinum plate being placed parallel to the larger positive copper electrode, and three or four centimeters from it. The allotropic copper is then deposited on the platinum as a brittle metal in rugose plates of an aspect resembling bronze. Its specific gravity is from 8.0 to 8.2, that of ordinary copper being 6.9. The moist plates quickly oxidize on the surface in ordinary air. Allotropic copper is changed to ordinary copper by heat or by prolonged contact with dilute sulphuric acid.

Gariel proposes a change in the manner of numbering glasses for spectacles. They are now numbered in terms of the radius of curvature, expressed in inches, the sign being plus or minus, according as the glass was convex or concave. The new method proposes to number them in terms of a new unit called a dioptric, which is the power of a convergent lens of one meter in focus. Since the power of a lens varies in the inverse ratio of the focal distance, the number of any lens in the new system is easily obtained by dividing one meter by the focal length of the lens expressed in meters and fractions of the meter. These two systems have a simple relation to each other.

According to *Nature*, electric lights have become quite numerous in Paris. Eight electric lamps have been placed in the Place de l'Opéra, twenty-four in the Opera Avenue, and eight more in the Place du Théâtre Français. Six lamps were lighted for the first time on June 1 on the part of the Palais Bourbon facing the Place de la Concorde. Besides this, there should be noticed the private illumination of the Grands Magasins du Louvre, about seventy lamps; Belle Jardinière, eight; Concert de l'Orangerie des Tuileries, twenty; and the Hippodrome, thirty-two. This last illumination, being in a closed building, can not be viewed from the streets. All these illuminations are made by means of the Jablochkoff candle. An electric lamp has also been placed on the top of the Trocadéro Palace.

*Anthropology*.—Among all savage peoples there is a mysterious reverence attached to that period

when boys and girls are passing into manhood and womanhood. Mr. Stephen Powers, of California, tells the following beautiful story of Nish-Fang, a Hupâ girl, born on the Lower Trinity River, in that State, but living with a white family on Mad River: "When that mysterious occurrence first took place which announced her arrival to the estate of womanhood, she yearned to return to her native valley, in order that she might be ushered into the sisterhood of women by the time-honored and consecrating ritual of the puberty dance. After fasting three days, she started, accompanied by a bevy of Hupâ maidens. No man might behold her face, and as she journeyed she buried her face in her hands. Wearily she toiled up the great steep, along the rugged and devious trail, often sitting down to rest. When she became too weak to hold up her hands, her young companions bore them up, lest some man should behold her face and be stricken with sudden death. Every night they encamped on the ground, safe under the impenetrable foliage of the redwood from the immodest scrutiny of the stars. Near the summit of the mountain is a spring, where they rested and drank the cool waters. But Nish-Fang could go no further; she sank in a swoon upon the ground. And yet, with the instinct of her savage superstition strong upon her, though insensible, she covered her face with her hands. Her companions lifted her in their arms and bore her down the long descent of the mountain into the sunny valley of the Trinity. There in the home of her fathers, when her nine days were fully accomplished, in the shadow of a grove of little thin-leaved oaks, the Hupâ danced around her and chanted the ancient chorals of the puberty dance. Then the chief lifted her by the hand, and the maiden Nish-Fang became a woman of her tribe."

The Indians with whom we are at war are the Bannacks—spelled by various authors Bannocks, Bonacks, and Bannaks. A great deal of confusion is occasioned in the minds of intelligent people by the multiplicity of names given to the same people. Every tribe of Indians has several names, to wit, the name of their whole confederacy, the name of their particular tribe, their totemic name, the name applied by outsiders, etc. The name by which the Bannacks know themselves is Pannaiti, or "Northerners." They belong to the great Shoshone or Snake nation. This name, however, is a heteronym, and Major Powell suggests the term Numa for this people inhabiting the Great Interior Basin and crossing the mountains into Southern California. Other divisions of this great stock are the Utes of Utah, the Paviotso, the Moquis, the Comanches, and the Chemehuevis. Another mistake made by the general reader is the fear of a general war by all the Indians. The feuds between the various tribes of the same nation and the deadly hostilities between different nations preclude the possibility of this. The neighboring tribes of Umatilla, Cayuse, and Walla-walla are of the great Sahaptin family, and could not be induced to join the Bannacks.

The first part of *Archivio per l'Antropologia*, the organ of the Italian anthropologists, is at hand. The original papers are on anomalous sutures in the malar bone; studies upon Papuan crania; objects of human manufacture in the quaternary of Perugia; anthropological notes on Sardinia; notes on physiology and psychology, etc.



The most useful publication upon American ethnology that has appeared recently is the work of M. Margry upon the discovery and establishments in French America by early missionaries and explorers. The author has had free access to early authorities and original manuscripts, and adds greatly to our knowledge of the name and priscan home of the tribes inhabiting French America.

Mr. Edwin A. Barber, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, is engaged in the preparation of an exhaustive work on pipes and smoking. He is very anxious to receive the titles of rare and curious works on the subject, and will doubtless feel obliged to any one who will help him. It is very pleasing to see the old-time shallowness in anthropological study giving place to real scientific work.

In *Ausland*, number twenty-one, is a paper upon Mantegazza's investigations upon the difference in length between the forefinger and the ring finger. Those of our readers whose forefinger is longer than the ring finger may consider themselves happy in possessing a characteristic of great beauty, as well as a mark of high breeding!

*Zoology.*—Believers in the animal nature of *cozoon* have supported their views by reference to the Lower Silurian fossil *Stromatopora*, which is by different authors regarded as a foraminifer of gigantic proportions, or as a coral, while more recent observers, as Zittel and Carten, regard it as a sponge. In a recent discussion at a meeting of the Geological Society of London Dr. Dawson explained his views as to the foraminiferal nature of the *Stromatoporidae*, species of which occur from the Lower Silurian to the Devonian periods. In the discussion which ensued Professor Duncan remarked that different forms were called *Stromatopora*, and he doubted their foraminiferal nature. Dr. Murie thought that they represented sponges allied to the hexactinellids; and Mr. H. J. Carter, an excellent authority, states that he has found the sponge structure in the Devonian *Stromatopora concentrica*.

Mr. Darwin writes to *Nature* regarding the mode of distribution or transplantation of shells from rivers to isolated ponds, etc., and publishes a letter he had received from Arthur F. Gray, of Danversport, Massachusetts, in which he states that he has in his possession a fresh-water mussel attached to a duck's foot, and which was living when the bird was shot. A mussel thus transported for miles to some isolated pond would, if a prolific female, rapidly colonize the pond and the stream running out of it.

Great consternation is occasioned among housekeepers by the ravages in carpets of a beetle allied to the museum pest (*anthrenus*) so destructive to stuffed birds and insects. The carpet *anthrenus* is a recent European importation, and though harmless in Europe, is destined to be a terrible pest in this country. Mr. J. A. Lintner has given a full account of it, which appears in the *American Naturalist* for August. The insect originally appeared in Albany and neighboring cities, but has proved very destructive to carpets in Cambridge and Greenwood, Massachusetts. It is very insidious in its attacks, and sets at defiance the usual remedies. The free use of benzine on the carpet seems the best antidote.

How the little ichneumon fly (*Microgaster*) spins, when a larva, its white cylindrical cocoons, is fully

shown by Professor Marshall. The larvæ of this insect, which have fed within the body of some grape-vine sphinx (*Philampelus*), bore through the skin of their host, and then spin a white cocoon. Sometimes a caterpillar will bear about 300 to 400 cocoons. The process is a curious one, and the observations (published in the *American Naturalist*) quite original.

The structure of the eyes of worms and crustacea has been carefully studied by J. Chatin, whose results appear in the *An. des Sc. Naturelles*. He concludes that the staff or filament of the optic nerve forms the most important part of the elements of the eye. Limited externally by the cornea, confined internally to the ganglion of the optic nerve, the staff consists of two parts quite distinct, differing notably in character and value; one being internal and more or less slender, which should be called the *staff* or *batonnet* (literally *tip-cat*); the other external, short, swollen, but of variable form, is the *cone*. In its structure it is separated by transverse striæ into a certain number of disks, much as in the "staff" of the eye in vertebrates. He then alludes to the actual and too heterogeneous series of worms, of which the *ensemble* constitutes a sort of *groupe de départ*, allied by direct parentage to other branches. This opinion seems to M. Chatin especially defensible when we examine the visual organs, which assume in them very different forms, and which recall the eyes of mollusks or of vertebrates, while others are comparable as regards their eyes to certain lower animals. He finds that in some worms, as seen in *Protrula*, *Vermilia*, the staffs of the eyes are like those of crustacea.

That fishes manifest anger, fear, and other passions is insisted on by Rev. S. J. Whitmee in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London. His observations were made in Samoa, where he kept the native fishes in aquaria, and watched their quarrels, which are by no means infrequent among the individuals of the same species, and constantly occur between different species and genera, the signs of anger being obvious, especially as seen in the movements of the fins and spines. Under the influence of great anger or fear the dorsal fin is raised to its extreme height, and the spines both of the dorsal and anal fins are very prominent. Besides this the scales all over the body are raised, so that the fish looks larger than when its mind is unruffled. The spines are used for defense, and as they are pointed backward, predaceous fishes swimming after them less easily swallow them, and this is probably the chief if not sole use of the spines. The slow-swimming *Diodon* and *Tetradon*, covered with spines, are thus protected. These views are in the main confirmed by Dr. Day in the same Proceedings.

From the researches of Mr. J. K. Thacher, of New Haven, on the nature of the limbs of vertebrates, and especially the median and paired fins of fishes, as reported in the *American Journal of Science*, he concludes that the limbs of the higher vertebrates, as frogs, reptiles, and mammals, are really the remnants of continuous lateral fins. An identical conclusion is drawn from a study of the sharks and rays by Professor St. George Mivart in the abstract of a memoir published about the same time as Mr. Thacher's able paper. The latter states that "vertebrate limbs are differentiations of continuous lateral folds. They are there-



fore not limited to four, and are for locomotive convenience. There might apparently be several successive paired limbs on each side, just as there are often several successive dorsal fins paired." Azygous fins and limbs are of the same nature. The fins of fishes are related to digit-bearing limbs as structures which "diverged less from the primitive condition, a natural consequence of fishes making use of their fins in that medium in which the primitive continuous lateral folds were first developed."

How the eyes of the flounder become situated both on the same side of the head is discussed by Mr. Agassiz in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The young flounder immediately after hatching does not differ from other fishes, but very early in life, as seen in eight species, one eye begins to pass, by a combined process of translation and rotation, over the frontal bones from the pale side to the dark side. In *Plagusia*, however, the eye sinks into the head, the old orbit closes up as the eye works its way across the head of the *Plagusia*, until eventually the right eye gets entirely over to the left side. Pouchet has recently called attention to the fact that the want of color on the blind side of flounders is plainly due to the partial atrophy of the great sympathetic nerve, effected during the passage of the eye from one side of the head to the other.

Giard has suggested that the fundamental cause of asymmetry in the animal kingdom is due to a difference in the strength of the organs of sense, and he has given in support of this view some most ingenious speculations on the asymmetry of ascidians with transparent larvæ, as compared with symmetrical ascidians with opaque larvæ, the position of asymmetrical ascidians being determined by that of the organs of sense of the embryos. Agassiz adds that in some hydroids where the disproportion of one of the organs of sense is very great, the entire animal is unsymmetrical. Moreover, the action of light, he remarks, upon organs of sense, which in all embryos are developed out of all proportion to their ultimate conditions, must remain an all-important element in its effect upon the nervous system. In this connection it may be remarked that Pouchet has succeeded in producing a white side in trouts by destroying the eye of that side. The bearing of these facts upon the general subject of protective mimicry is discussed by Mr. Agassiz.

The structure and development of the snake are described briefly by Professor Kitchen Parker. He considers the snake as lying at the very base of the gill-less vertebrates, and possessing a skull at once the simplest and yet the most curiously specialized. To the snake, however, he adds the limbless lizards, such as the blind worm and amphistæna, and thus considers the snake "as a lizard which has had its limbs starved out for special purposes."

The European sparrow question has met with vigorous treatment at the hands of Dr. Coues, in the *American Naturalist*, who mercilessly attacks those who defend this bird, and shows how thoroughly useless and annoying it usually proves.

The question, Is the Rocky Mountain sheep covered with wool? is answered in the affirmative by Mr. F. M. Endlich, who states, in the *American Naturalist*, that in Wyoming Territory he ob-

served, in dressing the skins of several shot, July 25, in the Wind River Mountains by himself and others, that the hair was shorter than usual—about three-quarters of an inch in length. "It was apparently growing rapidly, and was pushing before it a layer of very fine wool, about half an inch in thickness. In other words, the sheep were shedding their wool. The latter is exceedingly fine and of a light gray color."

A Japanese wild dog has been received by the London Zoological Gardens. It is an animal apparently allied to the dhole of India and dingo of Australia. It is quite new, and neither a wolf nor an ordinary dog. It differs in its long narrow feet, very long canines, clean limbs, and head. Its habits are said to be totally different from those of any domesticated dog; when pleased it has a most extraordinary way of laughing, and also when pleased or very angry has a curious dancing gait. In winter it has a thick coat, but in summer the long thin hair comes out.

The intelligence of the chimpanzee is noticed by Mr. Arthur E. Brown, in the *American Naturalist*, elicited by its proceedings when treated to a looking-glass and snake respectively; and Mr. Brown takes issue with Professor Mivart, who says that the difference between the minds of man and the higher apes "is a difference of kind and not one of degree."

In *Botany*, we have to mention an excellent work by Mr. John Robinson, of Salem, Massachusetts, entitled *Ferns in their Homes and Ours*. It is admirably adapted to the large class of persons who desire to know something practical about the cultivation of native and foreign ferns, as well as about their minute structure and development. A second work, by Mr. John Williamson, of Louisville, entitled *Ferns of Kentucky*, is highly to be recommended to all interested in the species of the Western States. The work is accompanied by illustrations of forty species of ferns. The sixth and seventh parts of the *Ferns of North America*, edited by Professor D. C. Eaton, contain illustrations of seven species, including several different forms of the species of *Botrychium*. Two of the plates are devoted to the varieties of *Botrychium ternatum*, which have passed with many writers as distinct species. The three works above named, all of which are published at a low price considering the number of illustrations, leave almost nothing to be desired by the student of North American ferns. The *Torrey Bulletin* for June contains some notes on the species of *Vitis* by Dr. Engelmann, who states that he is more than ever convinced that *Vitis cordifolia* and *V. riparia* are distinct species.

Of foreign journals Pringsheim's *Jahrbücher* contains a number of interesting articles. Reinke has a paper on *Monostroma bullosum* and *Tetraspora lubrica*, in which he has observed a conjugation of zoospores. Dr. Sadebeck has an article on the development of the embryo or central cell of the archegonium in *Equisetum*, which bears a very close resemblance to what occurs in ferns. Woronin, in the same journal, gives a detailed account of his observations on the disease of turnips called in England and this country "club-foot." The article, which is very beautifully illustrated, gives as the cause of the disease the presence of a minute fungus related to the *Myxomycetes*, to which he gives the name of *Plasmodi-*



*ophora brassicae*. The plasmodium of the fungus is found in the cells beneath the surface of the turnip roots, and is at first hard to distinguish. At a later stage spores are formed which are discharged and germinate, as is the case in what is called the tan-pit fungus, that is, the contents escape and move about with an amœboid motion, and afterward come to rest and grow in the usual manner.

The *Botanische Zeitung* is mainly filled up with some spectroscopic observations by Nebelung on the coloring matter of some fresh-water algæ. The recent numbers also contain a notice of the late Durieu de Maisonneuve, and a rejoinder by Gramitz to the article of Rees, who denied the identity of *Oidium albicans* with *Mycoderma vini* as advanced by Gramitz.

In the Bulletin of the Agricultural Institute at Klosternenberg, near Vienna, is a paper, by Von Thumen, on two diseases of grapes caused by the fungi *Apiosporium litri* and *Sphaerella gibelliana*.

*Engineering and Mechanics*.—From the official bulletin of Captain M. B. Brown, government engineer in charge of inspection of the jetty works, the following facts appear: July 15, at average flood tide, there was a 22-foot channel over South Pass bar; its least width was 150 feet. A practical channel 22.3 feet deep existed throughout the pass between the jetties to deeper water in the gulf. At high tide the depths were increased 1.0 foot, and at low tide lessened 0.8 foot. At the head of South Pass, July 13, a wide channel having a least depth of 21.7 feet was found; at high tide this depth was increased 2.0 feet, and at low tide diminished 0.2 foot.

The Buffalo *Commercial* of recent date has the statement that a company has been formed, which has already taken steps with the view of utilizing the immense water-power at Niagara Falls for transmitting power to the city of Buffalo through the agency of compressed air.

Our late reports concerning the steady advance of work on the Sutro Tunnel have been verified by an announcement which indicates that its completion will not be long delayed. On the night of Monday, July 8, the tunnel struck the great Comstock lode, and connection was opened between it and the 1650-foot level of the Savage mine. The completion of this great work will, it is confidently expected, greatly facilitate the working operations of the great Comstock mines, by improving the drainage and ventilation of the workings, by affording a cheap outlet for the ores, saving enormously in the present cost of hoisting and pumping, and will also make available unlimited quantities of lean ores at present useless.

The English engineering papers are seriously considering the practicability of a scheme of very novel character designed to ameliorate the climate of Canada. This involves nothing less than the closing of the Straits of Belleisle, which separate Newfoundland from Labrador. Through these straits and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence a vast body of arctic water makes its way, bringing with it immense quantities of ice, the chilling effects of which are felt far inland. It is proposed to divert this arctic current by blocking up the straits, so that it shall be diverted past Newfoundland and directed oceanward, leaving that portion of the Gulf Stream which finds its way into the St. Lawrence to exert its genial effect un-

impaired. The average width of the straits is about twelve miles, but they are of little use to navigation at any season. As may be imagined, the expense of such an enterprise as this would be simply enormous.

A fact that may be of considerable utility to engineers under similar circumstances is reported of the contractors for the enlargement of the harbor of Calais (France). These engineers found great difficulty in sinking piles through the fine moist beach sand. The use of water to facilitate the penetration of the piles was suggested; and by employing two hand-pumps the sand was so far loosened and kept in suspension that the piles were got down with (on an average) about one-fifth the number of blows previously required.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester (England) Mechanical and Scientific Society a discussion took place on the comparative merits of mechanical and hand stoking. The opinion prevailed that hand firing, when properly and intelligently done, was more effective than mechanical stoking, so far as it has at present been developed. Concerning the last-named operation, complaints were made that it often resulted in injury to the boilers. It was admitted, however, that mechanical stoking might be developed to the point of making considerable improvement in the prevention of smoke and in the more economical use of coal.

From the annual report of the secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, which has just appeared, we glean the following important data of iron and steel production in the United States during the year 1877:

	Net Tons.
Pig-iron .....	2,314,585
All rolled iron, including nails and iron rails .....	1,476,759
Iron and other rails except Bessemer .....	332,540
Bessemer steel rails .....	432,169
Rails of all kinds .....	764,709
Crucible cast steel .....	40,430
Open-hearth steel .....	25,031
All other steel except Bessemer .....	11,924
Bessemer steel ingots .....	560,587
Blooms from ore and pig-iron .....	47,300

We may find space in our next issue for some detailed comparisons and statements of the general condition of the iron trade.

Important discoveries of guano continue to be made in Peru. The latest is that of a series of beds eight miles in extent, varying in width from 50 to 500 meters, and attaining a maximum depth of 1½ meters.

M. Jordan has made some experiments to test the practicability of producing manganese in the blast furnace. He has succeeded in establishing the fact that the metal is volatile at an elevated temperature, as there is always a considerable and constant loss of the metal (known quantities being employed) which does not re-appear in the scoriæ.

A remarkable discovery of rock-salt is reported to have been made recently near the village of Wyoming, New York, forty miles southwest of Rochester, on the Rochester and State Line Railway. The thickness of the stratum is reported to be not less than 100 feet—highly important if true.

Dr. Eugene A. Smith, State Geologist, reports the discovery of considerable masses of the rare mineral tantalite in Coosa County, Alabama. One specimen weighed 1½ pounds.



# Editor's Historical Record.

## POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of August. —State political Conventions have been held as follows: New York National, at Syracuse, July 23, nominating Gideon J. Tucker for Judge of the Court of Appeals; Ohio National, at Columbus, July 23, nominating Andrew Roy for Secretary of State; Texas Democratic, at Galveston, July 24, nominating Chief Justice C. M. Roberts for Governor; Maine Republican, at Portland, July 30, renominating Governor Connor; South Carolina Democratic, Charleston, August 1, renominating Governor Hampton; Louisiana Democratic, at Baton Rouge, August 6, nominating Major E. A. Burke for State Treasurer; Delaware Democratic, at Dover, nominating J. W. Hall for Governor; Connecticut Greenback-Labor, at New Haven, August 14, nominating Charles Atwater for Governor; Colorado Greenback, at Denver, August 14, nominating R. G. Buckingham for Governor; Nebraska Greenback, at Lincoln, August 15, nominating L. G. Todd for Governor; Tennessee Democratic, at Nashville, August 16, nominating Judge A. S. Marks for Governor; Tennessee Republican, at Nashville, August 22, nominating the Hon. Emerson Etheridge for Governor (Mr. Etheridge has since declined the nomination); Vermont Greenback, at St. Albans, August 22, nominating C. C. Martin for Governor.

The bill allowing women to vote at school meetings passed the New Hampshire House of Representatives August 8. It had previously passed the Senate by a vote of 9 to 3.

The attempt of the Austrian troops to enter Bosnia has provoked strenuous resistance, and severe engagements have occurred between the troops and the insurgent Bosnians, the latter numbering over 100,000 men.

A convention between Austria and Turkey relative to the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was signed August 15. On the 20th, Count Zichy informed the Porte that in the event of more bloodshed in those provinces, Austria would definitely annex them both.

Prince Milan issued a proclamation, August 21, formally announcing the independence of Servia.

The British House of Commons, August 2, by a majority of 143, rejected Lord Hartington's resolution against the government's foreign policy, and adopted Mr. Plunkett's amendment expressing confidence in the ministry.—The House, after some discussion, on the 25th of July, voted a grant of \$50,000 per annum to the Duke of Connaught, in view of his approaching marriage.

Complete returns from the German elections for members of Parliament show the success of 93 Conservatives, 110 of the various Liberal parties, and 96 Ultramontanes. Sixty-six second ballots will be necessary.

Emil Hoedel, who attempted to kill the German Emperor, was beheaded August 16.

Prince Bismarck's bill for preventing the spread of Socialism has been presented to the German Federal Council. It prohibits associations, meetings, and publications in furtherance of Socialist or Communistic objects. The central authorities of the federal states are declared competent to deal with all offenses against this law. Appeal from their decisions will be to an imperial

bureau, to be created for enforcing the regulations and considering questions concerning public meetings and the press. Penalties range from a fine to a year's imprisonment. Socialistic agents may be expelled from the towns, and forbidden to pursue their trades as printers, booksellers, or innkeepers. The central authorities may, with the sanction of the Federal Council, in districts where public safety is endangered, prohibit public meetings for a year unless the meetings are sanctioned by the police authorities, prohibit the sale of interdicted printed matter in the streets, restrict the sale or possession of arms, and expel unemployed persons.

General Mezentzow, chief of the Russian Emperor's private police, was assassinated in St. Petersburg, August 16.

Another outbreak occurred in Achen on the 7th of July. The Dutch troops attacked and captured a strong position held by the Achenese. The natives lost 680, the Dutch 56 men.

The Marquis of Lorne has been appointed Governor-General of Canada.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The yellow fever has again visited the Lower Mississippi Valley, at New Orleans, in Louisiana; Memphis, in Tennessee; and Grenada, Vicksburg, Port Gibson, and other towns in Mississippi, and at present shows no signs of abatement. The total number of cases at New Orleans to date is over 2000, with 601 deaths. August 24th there were 106 new cases in Memphis, and 15 deaths. At Vicksburg, on the 23d, there had been 400 cases and 69 deaths. Grenada has been the principal sufferer from this scourge, and has been deserted by nearly all except the sick and those tending them. At the latest advices each of the fifty nurses on duty had an average of two patients.

The British official estimate of the number of deaths from the recent famine in India is 1,350,000.

## DISASTERS.

August 7.—At Mingo Junction, on the Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, collision of two trains; twelve persons killed.

August 10.—Tornado at Wallingford, Connecticut, demolishing fifty buildings, and causing the loss of thirty lives.

July 26.—Fourteen children and three teachers were drowned by the capsizing of a boat on the river Blackwater, near Bailieborough, Ireland.

## OBITUARY.

August 11.—In San Francisco, California, Henry J. Montague, the actor, aged thirty-two years.

August 13.—In New York city, Evert A. Duyckinck, the well-known author, aged sixty-two years.

August 14.—At Poughkeepsie, John H. Raymond, LL.D., president of Vassar College, aged sixty-four years.

August 1.—In Italy, Cardinal Alessandro Franchi, Papal Secretary of State, aged fifty-nine years.

August 21.—At Saint Adresse, near Havre, France, ex-Queen Maria Christina of Spain, aged seventy-two years.



## Editor's Drawer.

A LADY friend of mine (writes a correspondent in Massachusetts) put on for the first time last Sunday one of those new-fashioned what-d'ye-call-'ems which, viewed from behind, so remind one of the conventional swallow-tail. As she walked in front of me to church, my mind, which should, no doubt, have been upon the coming service, did instead rebelliously run into the inclosed lines:

### EPIGRAM.

ON THE NEW FASHION IN LADIES' DRESS.

Insatiate woman! Behold her advance  
In her empire o'er man, who on her so dotes!  
Long since we surrendered all claim to the pants,  
And now the dear creatures have taken our coats.

To the brightest of American humorists, at present domiciled in the Schloss Hotel at Heidelberg, we return thanks for this bit of Dutch fun:

"DEAR OLD DRAWER,—There be humorists in Germany. With infinite difficulty I have translated the following from a Manheim paper:

"A thirsty man called for beer. Just as the foaming mug was placed before him some one sent in for him. The place was crowded. Could he trust his beer there? A bright idea flashes through his brain. He writes on a card, 'I have expectorated in this beer,' fastens the card to the mug, and retires, with triumph in his eye, to see what is wanted. He returns presently, and finds his card reversed, and this written on it: '*Ich auch*' ('I also')."

FROM one of the most beautiful towns in Massachusetts comes the following touching instance of deportment:

Yesterday Parson — officiated at the Unitarian church, and at the close of service, when the congregation stood with bowed heads, waiting for the benediction, the minister took occasion to thank six pews of children for coming to church on such a hot Sunday, keeping so quiet, and paying such good attention to the sermon. Imagine the feelings of the congregation, knowing as they did that all of the children were deaf-mutes from the — Institute, and, of course, could not have heard a word of what he had been saying!

THIS anecdote crops out of a late essay on the "Chinese Puzzle," in which it is stated that "the Chinese are noted for the most scrupulous probity." In a foot-note, which says "the word is too strong," the writer adds:

"The Chinese merchant's honesty is a necessity of trade, not the result of principle. The commercial honesty of the French is notorious; yet the trader who would rather die than fail does not scruple to export goods with two sets of invoices. A lawyer of San Francisco was lately soliciting a loan. 'You lawyers,' said the banker, only half in jest, 'have no commercial honor.' The lawyer retorted, 'Bankers have it, but have no other kind.'"

"OUR State," writes a Michigan correspondent, "has several small colleges operated on the co-operative plan. One of these during a part of last year had as principal of the Ladies' Department a spinster whose age was on the shady side of

thirty. Of course she came from New England. It is the custom for the gentlemen to take their meals in the same hall with the ladies. Our spinster was seated directly opposite a good-looking young man who was very dignified, and wore glasses. The lady was asked one day by an acquaintance what she thought of Mr. B——, who sat opposite to her. She answered: 'I think it is all right, for I have made it a *special subject of prayer for more than a week.*'"

FROM Lafayette, Indiana:

Little Allie L——, a four-year-old, takes great interest in the story of Samson. Not long since he had his hair cut close in the prevailing style, and soon after was seen in the vain attempt to turn a somersault. Some one remarked,

"Allie, you don't seem to succeed very well in turning somersaults."

"No," he gravely replied; "I am not as strong as I was: I have lost all my hair."

THIS is what zeal for the "great American game" brings the youth of Ohio to:

One of our ministers recently asked a young base-ball player:

"Young man, do you know where those boys go to who play base-ball on the Sabbath-day?"

"Yes, Sir; they go down to Squire Allen's big field."

THE following sample of official wit is sent to the Drawer by a prominent official of a Western State. It is a requisition for a certain blank from an assessor:

Auditor of State

Pleas For ward Plank for millitia

—, Assessor.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, —, 187—.

Respectfully referred to —, keeper of the records and general manager (*ex officio*) of militia, with request to forward "Plank" enough to cover winter-quarters and floor of same for the militia of — County. The assessor has been notified of this reference, and will doubtless be expecting the "Plank" early.

Respectfully, —, Auditor.

OFFICE OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL, —, 187—.

Respectfully referred to the Governor. Have the militia of — been ordered into winter-quarters, or do they want "Plank" for a new platform?

—, Adjutant-General.

The Executive indorsement reads:

The militia, not being in active service, are not "boarded" at the expense of the State, and the requisition can not therefore be complied with.

—, Governor.

JUDGE —, of the — Judicial District of Arkansas, had brought before him a convicted felon to be sentenced. The opportunity to "improve" the occasion was not to be lost, and so, after the usual demand for reason why sentence should not be pronounced, his honor slowly and with genuine feeling addressed the prisoner: "My poor fellow, you are about to go to the penitentiary. You are required to give up for a long term every thing which the great world values: your *family*—and instead to take for your associates only felons like yourself; your *home*—and to take instead what can never have the semblance of a home; your *will*—and so be subject to order of men who have no sympathy with you.



Even your ordinary clothing you will exchange for [here his honor hesitated, and raising his left arm, pointed to it with the index-finger of the right hand]—you will exchange for striped clothes, the stripes running not lengthwise, like these, but so—*round and round, like a coon's tail.*"

A FORMER pastor of the Presbyterian church in Jamestown, New York, is responsible for this story:

An eccentric lady, noted for her sharp-shooting, once arose in her place in the prayer-meeting and said, "I am led to admire more and more the wisdom of our Saviour's words, 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light,' for as I was passing along I saw Mr. Tinker building an ice-house, and putting the end of it against the Presbyterian church. I was sure he could not have found a *colder* place."

A CORRESPONDENT at Portland, Oregon, sends to the Drawer the originals of the following notices, which he found on a store door at Coffin Rock—a little hamlet in that far-away region. It illustrates that wherever the noble American may go, he carries with him the same "methods" for enjoyment that prevail among the more conventional but perhaps not less jolly peoples of the East:

#### SHOOTING MATCH.

any person Wishing to try their luck at Shooting for a Beef can hav the privilage of doin So By assembling at F. A. Fowler's onn the Coffin Rock farm onn friday next the 2ond any Size from one to eight years old Rub up your flint and come onn Fetch your ladys with you as thare will Bee a Quilting also and a dance at Knight Supper ticets \$1.<sup>00</sup> dollar.

#### NOTICE.

Thare Will Bee a Ball  
given at the house of  
F A Fowler  
Coffin Rock  
onn Knew Years eave Knight  
all are specially invited  
Ball tickets \$1 50.

A FRESH anecdote of Tom Corwin is sent to us from Chicago by "a reader of the Drawer since 1850:"

"Mr. Corwin came on board the train at South Lebanon, on the Little Miami Railroad, and soon became engaged in a political discussion with an old-line Democrat. In the course of his remarks Corwin referred to the Whig party as though that organization was still in existence. His opponent interrupted him, saying, 'The old Whig party is dead; Horace Greeley killed it, and it's dead and buried.' 'Yes,' retorted Corwin; 'and I am one of its graves, and am not to be trampled on.'"

THE Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, once had a body-servant who had lived with him so long that he had imbibed something of his theology, and considered himself well posted in all the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. On one occasion he was attending a Methodist meeting, and the preaching which he there heard was so different from that to which he had been accustomed that he felt it to be his duty to publicly announce his dissent. Whereupon he was told to sit down and keep quiet. He restrained himself for a few minutes, when he rose again and pronounced the sermon to be downright heresy.

He was arrested and taken before a justice, who found him guilty of disturbing a religious meeting. Before pronouncing sentence the judge addressed the culprit as follows:

"Sam, I have known you since you were a boy. I knew your father and mother. I am well acquainted with your master and mistress, and because of my friendship for them I shall be lenient with you. The penalty for the crime of which you have been convicted is nine-and-thirty stripes. The majesty of the law must be maintained, but I have power to mitigate its severity. Mr. Constable, take Sam out and give him *eight-and-thirty stripes.*"

As the officer was about to carry the sentence into execution, Sam turned to the Court and said, "*Judge, I almost wish you had never knowed my old master.*"

THIS pleasant bit is from the *China Hunters Club*, recently published by Harper and Brothers:

"Now the baby was named Abil himself, an' when pa cum to whare Cain hit his brother an' killed him as dead as a door nail, his little mouth puckered, an' the tears they came a-rollin' down his face, an' he says, 'Poor Tain!' says he, 'poor Tain.' 'Why, it's Abil that's dead,' says pa, 'an' Cain he was the bad man that killed him.' But it didn't make no difference; the little creetur kep' a-sayin', 'Poor Tain! Abey gone ter hebben, hab good time. *Poor Tain!*'"

THIS from a correspondent at Brownsville, Texas:

Since my first peep into the Drawer (Jack Habberton pulled a copy of the Magazine out of Moses's nose-bag one winter night in '62, at our camp fire by the banks of the Blackwater, and for a while made us forget we had an appointment with certain Virginian and other Southern gentlemen for early next morning) I can truly say I never opened that genial receptacle without enjoying a hearty laugh, nor closed it without feeling more warmly toward my kind. Almost every clime and race have contributed to the fun, but I believe the lower Rio Grande now makes its first appearance in the medley. In a community like this, two-thirds Mexican, and the other part made up of waifs and strays from nearly every State and nationality, we have our fair sprinkling of "originals" and "eccentrics." Among them, some ten years ago, flourished one Jerry G——, a son of the "ould sod," who in Matamoros had made some money during the war by exchanging American gunpowder for Confederate cotton, but who, when the war was over, became one of the ultra "truly loyals" on our side of the river. When "Little Phil" visited this part of his command in 1866, Jerry was introduced, and desirous to make a good impression on the great cavalryman, began:

"An' shure, ginerel, oi knows lats av yer name in Oireland. An' wud ye be from the ould sad yerself? Oi'm a Cark man, only most payple take ma fur English be moi accint."

Sheridan asked him whether he had lived here during the war.

"In troth a did," was the reply, "but a never *was* a ribbal, ginerel—always a lyel man. Shure a can prove *me lyelty on both sides!*"

Shortly afterward there was a local election, and a most unpopular man was put up by the



party managers. The boys, for a joke, held a meeting and nominated Jerry. The joke was turned on them, however, when the count showed the "gentleman from Oireland" was elected. There was probably more fun that session of the Legislature than Austin had ever seen before. Each wag in the House prepared a speech for the member from Cameron, filled it with the longest words he could get Jerry to commit to memory, and would next day invite a houseful to hear the Honorable J., profoundly oblivious of its meaning, launch it at the "Spaker." In one speech, prepared by the witty Judge R——, the member from Cameron was made to speak of the "volume of the State's indebtedness."

"What did you mean by that, Mr. G——?" asked a member.

"Arrah, man, it's showin' yer ignerence ye are. Don't ye know it's the big book ould Bled-soe" (the State Comptroller) "kapes the accounts in?"

The Honorable J., as he delighted to hear himself called, was a faithful son of "holy mother Church." Father P—— called on him for a subscription toward the purchase of a new set of candelabra for the church. Jerry pondered, puzzled apparently to understand what the priest wanted the money for.

"Well, av coorse yer riverence knows best. Oi'll give what oi can; but what yer riverence can want with them bastes in the church is more than oi can untherstan'."

There had been a circus in town, and Jerry evidently supposed the priest intended to buy the camelopards (called by the showman *camel-leopards*) for the decoration of the altar.

THE little town of T——, in Indiana, is noted for its zeal in the cause of foreign missions. Not only do its inhabitants contribute of their funds for the spread of the Gospel, but they have also sent several missionaries from their midst to foreign lands. At one of their prayer-meetings a letter was read from a young man who had gone to Alaska as a missionary, whereupon Brother R—— was moved to make the following remarks:

"Dear brothers and sisters, we have just heard the letter from our young brother in far-away Alaska. Last week we received one from our sister who labors under the burning suns of South America. Two more of our number are toiling among the dense population of China, and oh, how I feel that the Lord has blessed us in sending these persons *away to the other side of the world!*"

A BRIGHT little girl of six years had put the venerable Bishop of Mississippi into a puzzle by stating the case of a hungry donkey on one side of a deep stream, over which was no bridge, while an inviting hay-stack on the other side furnished strong motive to make the passage. The question was, What should the donkey do? When it was "given up," the little girl furnished the answer: "That's what the other donkey did." The delighted bishop on the same day gave the incident to the Rev. Dr. ——, who sometimes gets his jokes a little twisted. As a fresh illustration of the wonderful precocity of a favorite child, the doctor was pleased to repeat it in a large company, but somewhat after this fashion: "The little girl said to the bishop, 'There was a deep river,

over which was no bridge. On one side was a stack of fresh hay, while on the other were two donkeys, both anxious to get across. After patient but fruitless effort, one donkey said to the other, 'I give it up;' and the other donkey said, 'I give it up also.'"

WHEN Mr. George Ticknor was in London, in 1815, on his way to Germany, he met, among other clever people, Mr. Sharp, M.P., who from his talents in society was called "Conversation Sharp." Mr. Sharp gave to Mr. Ticknor a new reading in *Macbeth* from Henderson, to whom Mrs. Siddons once read her part for correction when Mr. Sharp was present. The common pointing and emphasis is:

*Macbeth.* If we should fail?  
*Lady Macbeth.* We fail?  
 But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
 And we'll not fail.

"No," said Henderson, on hearing her read it thus; "that is inconsistent with Lady Macbeth's character. She never permits herself to doubt their success, and least of all when arguing with her husband. Read it thus, Mrs. Siddons:

*Macbeth.* If we should fail?  
*Lady Macbeth (with contempt).* We fail?  
 But screw *your* courage to the sticking place,  
 And we'll *not* fail."

A VERY delicate question was recently discussed before the Hon. Charles P. Daly, C. J. of the New York Common Pleas, as to the construction of a statute, and after an elaborate argument on either side the Chief Justice decided the question in open court, giving his reasons therefor in a few well-timed and pungent remarks, which caused a lull in the court-room, which was broken only by the successful attorney standing up and saying, with an air of exquisite confidence, "May it please your Honor, I, *for one*, agree with you entirely."

The venerable Chief Justice, whose attainments are such that it would take the oracle at Delphos to decide which branch of literature, science, or the arts should do him justice, with that peculiar twinkle of his eye which the late James T. Brady used to say was as natural to a Celt as was blarney to him who had licked the stone, quietly removed his eyeglasses, and, amid almost breathless stillness, said, "I have, Counsellor, generally found in my experience that the successful party agrees with the Court."

UPON another occasion a recently admitted Sophomore, who had not as yet left the saddle of Pegasus, was endeavoring in sophomorical style to convince the Chief Justice that he did not know the law. After listening to him with courteous patience for a long time, the Chief Justice at last, becoming wearied, said, "My young friend, before you are as old as I am you will have learned that it is about as well to read *Ches-terfield* as *Blackstone*."

It sometimes happens that the laugh is at the expense of the Chief—though very seldom—as was the case not long ago when an auburn-haired, round-visaged, and tawny-looking emigrant from the hills of Ballynahinch applied for admission to the privileges of American citizenship. The Chief, eying the applicant, and not



looking at the name on the paper, told the officer to bring the applicant within the inclosure surrounding the judicial seat; and when he came up, the Chief, exercising that knowledge of physiognomy which is second only to Lavater, said to him, "Sprechen Sie deutsch?"

The bewildered Celt, whose only knowledge of the German language was obtained from numerous potations of lager-beer, turning to his witness, and speaking loud enough to be heard through the whole room, said, "Begorra, is the ould judge clane gone?"

No one enjoyed it more than Judge Daly, who, upon examining the papers, found his name was Patrick O'Shaughnessy.

SHORTLY after the decision of the Electoral Commission settling the question of the Presidency, a gentleman who was not remotely connected with certain of the proceedings therein had occasion to request of Judge Larremore an adjournment of a few days on account of a clerical error in his papers, which he did not discover until after his opponent had taken advantage of it; which request was, of course, opposed on the usual grounds—bound by papers served. The judge quietly, and with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Counsellor, don't you think that your proofs are *aliunde*?"

He got his adjournment nevertheless.

THIS is rather good, from an English paper, being an extract from a lengthy programme of the services to be celebrated during Holy-week at St. Paul's Church, Wilton Place. "Ditto plain" reads like a bill of fare:

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.

Holy Communion, with Short Meditation ..	7	A.M.
Matins .....	8	"
Holy Communion.....	8 30	"
Ditto (plain), with Sermon .....	11	"
Evensong.....	5	P.M.
Special Service and Sermon.....	8	"

"WAS he drunk, sergeant?" asked an officer of the sergeant of the barrack guard, who had put a soldier into confinement.

"No, Sir."

"Was he sober, then?"

"No, Sir."

"How?—neither drunk nor sober: what do you mean?"

"Well, Sir, the man had been drinking, no doubt, *but the liquor was just dying out of him.*"

FROM the interior of New York:

The other day an Irishman was passing the grave-yard, where he saw two men, friends of a countryman who had just died. They were seeking for a burial lot.

"Who's dead?" he asked.

"John Leary," was the reply.

"When did he die?"

"Yesterday."

"Well, bedad, he had a foine day for it."

FORMERLY, and for many years, in the city of Boston might have been seen in Washington Street the sign, "Quincy Tufts," over a gentleman's furnishing store, kept by an antiquated and worthy old bachelor. An Englishman, well known in elegant circles of society, in passing the sign one day, in company with a friend, exclaimed: "Bless me, what a curious sign!" And

immediately entering, addressed the shop-keeper: "Pray, Sir, what *are* quincy tufts? *Show me some.*"

The astonished shop-keeper could only bow, and present himself in the singular number as the real specimen of the article required.

THE man who said this was not an atheist, but simply a druggist—a Scotch druggist—who was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell. He arose, went down stairs, and served a customer with a dose of salts. His wife grumbled:

"What profit do you get out of that penny?"

"A ha'penny," was the reply.

"And for that ha'penny you'll be awake a long time," rejoined the wife.

"A-weel," replied the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer; let us thank Heaven that we have the profit and not the pain of the transaction."

FROM Western Illinois:

A justice of the peace instituted an attachment, and sent it to the constable of a neighboring village for service. In a few days the writ was returned, with the following explanatory note:

The party named within started for heaven last week. He is now out of my jurisdiction, and left nothing subject to attachment except a widow.

C—— B——, Constable.

THE great West, which is so prolific in Presidents, generals, cabinet officers, and other prominent characters, is not quite past the need of the school-master, as the following list of books, ordered from a public library from time to time, will demonstrate: *woman i loved; a fatal Pastian; atic oritors; Jane Erie*, by Shrilly; *Socceal Sceience; Guilded edge; Widows sun; tales and stoares of the irish pesontry*; Lord Littletown Barts books; *Griffith Gant*, by Dickins; *Robson Scruzo*. This by no means completes the list.

BISHOP VAIL, of Kansas, during a recent diocesan visitation, stopped at Parsons (not named from an excess of theological expounders thereabouts, but in honor of a judicial functionary who had much to do with the organization of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway), and before leaving called upon several of his flock. At one house where he dropped in, the lady of the house was absent, and her little granddaughter was installed as mistress. After a brief conversation with the little lady he rose and left, saying, "Good-by, my little dear. Please tell your grandma that Bishop Vail has been here, and left his respects for her."

The little housekeeper replied: "You needn't leave 'em; grandma's got some 'specs,' and don't want any more."

THE practical effect of Mormonism in cases of maternal bereavement was curiously instanced not long since in Salt Lake City, where in one Mormon family two of the nine wives of one husband lost a child each in two successive weeks. The two bereaved women sympathized with one another and lamented their losses with tears, while the other seven wives showed them no sympathy whatever. The husband entered their room one day, and finding these two women in tears,



said to them: "Dry up, I say! dry up! The Lord was pleased to give us *three* children in *three* weeks last year, and now has taken only *two* in *two* weeks; therefore dry up!"

Mr. L—— is pastor of the First B—— Church of M——. Mr. S—— holds the same position in the First C—— Church of the same city. They

He went on his regular vacation last March. While there his friend Mr. S—— wrote him a letter, and in referring to the current discussion of future punishment, added: "I am not sure that there will be evangelical preaching in Hades, but if there is, the minister who takes his vacation in March will be a suitable candidate for the office." In his reply Mr. L—— assured his friend "that in



#### QUITE ANOTHER THING.

BASHFUL YOUNG MAN. "Might I?—a—pardon the hesitation natural to the occasion—I have been for some time wishing to speak to you about it, but—might I ask you, Miss?—might I—"

YOUNG (?) LADY (*agitated*). "Ah, Sir, this is so sudden, I—I know not what to say. Ask papa."

BASHFUL YOUNG MAN. "No, no! I must not—I can not—I dare not! *It is not your papa, it is you who are sitting on my hat!*"

are intimate friends. Mr. L—— has friends in the South whom he visits every year, and in order to do so safely to himself and family, takes his annual vacation in March instead of later in the season, when it has become too warm in "Dixie."

such case Mr. S—— would have an advantage both over his present position and his brother pastor, for he would evidently be a member of his congregation in Hades, and enjoy the benefit of his instructions."



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXLII.—NOVEMBER, 1878.—VOL. LVII.



## A FREE KINDERGARTEN.

"THERE'S no royal road to learning' the beauties of this garden," complain I to Musia, as threading our way down Forty-fourth Street, past stables, groceries, factories, and tenement-houses, we arrive at the long low building where the "Free Kindergarten" hangs out its sign of invitation.

"Nor is the entrance very prepossessing," sighs she, peering through the great doorway by which we enter a long hall, and thence, guided by the sound of children's voices, reach a dark upper passage.

"Nevertheless, within you will find charming subjects for your pencil," say I, ushering Musia into a spacious room, through whose many windows the golden light of an autumn morning is streaming. "This is the garden, and these my little city flowers. Do not let us interrupt them," I whisper; "come, sit on the other side of the room." We are at once the cynosure of the bright gaze of scores of little folks.

My little friends—for so I have learned to call them—are moving in couples to the sound of a lively air played on a piano by the principal of the school; several assistant teachers, walking before, instruct the "little men and women" in the figures of the marching exercise, two hundred tiny feet keeping time with vigorous tread, two hundred chubby hands clapping in unison, and all their baby voices piping merrily:

"Let us march without a blunder;  
Right and left we part asunder,  
Till we meet in pairs again,  
Following our leading men."

Up and down the long room, now in single, now in double file, passes the mimic procession, till, halting before their respective tables, the music ceases, and the little companies seat themselves with a merry babble of speech and laughter that, for the time, converts the room into a very Babel of silvery sound. Presently this subsides into a low murmur of expectation, the Kindergartners are seen approaching with their "gifts," some bringing boxes of colored balls for the tiniest scholars; others boxes of blocks, steel rings, piles of colored papers, worsteds, card-board, strips of wood, and slates; receiving which, the little ones fall to work.

And here I fancy the reader exclaiming, "Nonsense! this is but play." Perhaps so; but play with an underlying motive, a fixed purpose—not a motion of the colored balls, not a position of the steel rings, or an arrangement of the blocks being made without reference to some mathematical or artistic law. The Kindergarten system, but recently transplanted to our country, was at first prohibited in Germany, under the impression that its principles were inimical to the state, but its inventor lived to see it firmly established there, and gaining ground throughout Europe. It is now high in favor in France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, England, and Russia; Austria incorporates it with her public schools, and Italy makes it a part of her national school sys-

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BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
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tem. The first Kindergarten was founded at Blankenburg, Thuringia, in the year 1837, by its inventor, Frederick Froebel; the Duke of Meiningen, becoming his patron, gave to Froebel the use of his mansion at Marienthal, near Liebenstein, for the establishment of a normal school for the training of young women as Kindergartners. On the death of Froebel, in 1852, the Baroness Marenholtz-Bülow took up his work, laboring earnestly for the extension of the system, and in a few years succeeded in interesting all the civilized nations of Europe. We are indebted to Miss Eliza Peabody, of Boston, who has written much and intelligently on the subject, for its first permanent impression in the United States, many of these schools being scattered especially in the West, where the German element largely prevails. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities throughout the Union have their private Kindergartens and training schools, but the expense of tuition is so great as to confine their advantages chiefly to the children and daughters of the wealthier classes.

The Twenty-second Ward "Free Kindergarten," the subject of our sketch, is intended for the poor only, and owes its support mainly to the contributions of the children of the "Religious School" and members of the "Society of Ethical Culture." It was formally opened by Professor Felix Adler on the second day of the present year, with a view to reaching and benefiting the children of the extremely poor, and more especially those of the workmen in the Forty-second Street gas factory, in whose neighborhood it was purposely planted. A large, well-kept, well-ventilated room is devoted to the purposes of the school, which, under the intelligent management of its founder and principal, has attained an attendance of one hundred scholars. To the right stands a moderately good grand piano, a fine upright blackboard, and a long table on which are arranged a few books and piles of Froebel's "gifts;" to the left a cupboard for lunches, towels, etc., and six long, low tables of polished wood, with comfortable settees on either side. Rows of pegs, just high enough for little hands to reach, dot the wall at one end of the room, and gayly colored prints of birds, animals, and plants hang above for the instruction and amusement of the children. Potted plants fill the ledges and flourish in the sunshine that finds free entrance through the spacious windows, while luxuriant vines clambering around the casements give the nearest approach to the garden which Froebel considered indispensable in his institutions. Connected with the "Free Kindergarten" is also a free training class for young women, in which they learn the profession that elsewhere could not be attained under an expense of two hundred dollars. The members of this class volun-

teer their services as assistants in the children's school.

In regard to the uses and advantages of the system over others, come with me to one of the ordinary "infant schools," and you will see that for the early acquisition of the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and for the preservation of order and discipline, every method is taken to subdue the child's will and natural activity of body; the little ones bending wearily over their tasks of senseless lines and figures, or the monotonous d-o-g dog, or c-a-t cat, either look pale, sullen, and stupid, or feverishly and unnaturally bright. Now come with me and listen to the merry uproar of childhood unrestrained, as the little ones in the "Free Kindergarten" prepare for the charming game of "Birds in the Forest." See, all but half a dozen or so are standing in a circle with uplifted arms, and fingers moving in imitation of branches and fluttering leaves. The remainder run in and out like flying birds, to the sound of cheery music from the piano, singing:

"Birdies in the forest sing so sweet and clear:  
Sing of all the sunshine and the flowers here."

Two and two then join hands, forming a nest, inside of which sit the other two, singing:

"Birdies in the forest build their little nest:  
Never do disturb them, in their place of rest."

Then, kneeling down in couples, each child leans its head against the other's breast, feigning sleep, while the music dies away to the faintest lullaby, the teachers singing softly:

"Birdies in the forest sing themselves to sleep,  
Fearless, like good children, whom the angels keep."

"Do you really think they understand what blue skies and green forests mean, cooped up as they are in those dreadful tenement-houses where they never catch a glimpse of either?" questioned Musia.

"They gain some knowledge of nature's beauty," return I, "by their weekly trips to Central Park. I was conversing with that little child yonder just before you came up to me, and she told me, with sparkling eyes, of the beautiful flowers and birds and the shining fountains the teachers showed them yesterday at the Park, and, 'Oh!' said the little one, in conclusion, 'it was so lovely, and we had such a good time: they let us walk all over the grass.' Miss Schwedler, the principal, tells me they take great pains to encourage and answer the little ones' questions, teaching them the names of the trees and various plants, birds, or animals, so that really I think you will find them more intelligent on such subjects than the majority of the children we meet in daily life. Why, they know more about trees and flowers than many grown persons who live in the country."

Truly until this moment I've thought the





A VISIT TO CENTRAL PARK.

average "little boy" far from perfect, but at this table a dozen or more are deep in the mystery of cutting forms of beauty, and they really are well-behaved, industrious little fellows, and quite as tidy as the little girls, in their jackets and gingham aprons. I am sure there must be something unusually attractive in the system, for some of them look capable of a deal of mischief.

"I've always thought boys rather more difficult to manage than girls," say I to a passing teacher, "but these seem altogether milder and more than ordinarily gentle—almost as much so as the girls."

"Shall I tell you the secret of their good behavior? We give their minds and bodies simultaneous employment, every one of our games and occupations requiring action as well as thought; we constantly change from one game or exercise to another, so that the little ones are engaged in no one thing long enough to weary of it. This constant activity, change, and variety, coupled with song, leaves no minute of time for idleness or mischief."

"Do you not have an occasional refractory scholar? and what do you do in such a case?"

"We frequently have small children come to us already hardened in vice, and prepared to meet the most gentle teachings with stubbornness and violence. We endeavor to show such that we mean to govern them by love and kindness; they become interested

in their various occupations; their ideas are diverted into purer channels; their hands and hearts and heads are under training; soon the hardened expression vanishes, and they take on the smiling, innocent countenance befitting childhood. Watch the boys' faces when we play the 'Farmer;' it's their favorite game," exclaims the young teacher, consulting her watch and moving away toward the piano, while boys and girls at a signal gather up their material in neat piles, and hand them in order to their respective Kindergartners.

The piano gives forth its notes of invitation, another circle forms, and we hear the little voices asking:

"Shall we tell you how the farmer, shall we tell you how the farmer,

Shall we tell you how the farmer sows his barley and wheat?

See, 'tis so so that the farmer, see, 'tis so so that the farmer,

See, 'tis so so that the farmer sows his barley and wheat."

Suiting the action to the words, the little girls lift their aprons and imitate the sower casting seed into the ground.

"Shall we show you how the farmer  
Threshes barley and wheat?

See, 'tis so so that the farmer  
Threshes barley and wheat."

Here the boys imitate the action of the thresher with his flail. Then all sing:

"Shall we show you how the farmer  
Rests when labor is done?"



Each child, kneeling with one knee, and its elbow on the other, sings:

"See, 'tis so so that the farmer  
Rests when labor is done."

In this little game the songs and the action, as well as the teacher's explanations, introduce the child to the farmer's life; for

semicircles of steel. Working with a will, they all sing:

"Within these walls is love abounding,  
With happiness each one surrounding;  
And while we thus our thoughts employ,  
We find in life a constant joy."

As they finish, the little clock on the shelf strikes twelve; slates and rings and blocks



"WEAVING."

the time being, so strong is imagination with them, they are out in the sunshine in the wheat fields or among the ricks of barley.

Once more the little companies are seated, all eyes turned to the blackboard, on which one of the teachers is drawing figures within a net-work of horizontal and perpendicular lines, while another distributes material for copying them. One class builds a church with steeple of steel rings; another a barn or pigeon-coop with blocks; the little girls form chairs, tables, and bureaus in outline with strips of wood; while here and there a boy or girl shows decided talent for design in the symmetrical arrangement of rings and

are neatly piled and put away; hats and shawls and coats come down from the pegs, the teachers helping the tinier scholars. Here I notice the loving watchfulness exercised by the elder children over their younger brothers or sisters; the tender care often exhibited by one little five-year-old fellow to his three-year-old sister is really touching.

"How did you bring together so many little ones in so short a time?" I ask, as Musia and I sit at luncheon with two of the young assistants.

"We have gone around wherever we could see children, and asked their parents to send them, and in many cases supplied clothes,





"BIRDS IN THE FOREST."

the poor little things not having any thing decent to appear in. We have often been met coldly or sullenly, but have not been discouraged by that. Sometimes we have furnished work to the parents, and quite often it has been necessary to furnish food also."

A new game opens the afternoon, the children entering into it with the most exuberant spirits. All but eight form a ring, joining hands; these are the waves. The eight children represent a ship, three on each side, one in front, and one behind. The children at the sides imitate the motion of oars with their hands, and move forward with a waltz-like step, singing:

"Our vessel forward calmly sails;  
The tunes like waves us animate;  
The shore is fading from our sight;  
The waves arise—how grand! how great!—  
Beautiful sea!"

"The winds and waves together play;  
We feel as free as in the air;  
We soon shall see our native bay;  
We nearer come—at last we're there!—  
Land! land! land! land!"

At the word "land" the children in the ring drop hands, and a new game supersedes the

"Vessel," called the "Windmill." The children divide into companies of eight, cross right hands, and go round; then left hands, turning in an opposite direction, singing:





"THE WINDMILL."

"See the windmill turning round,  
With a hoarse and creaking sound;  
With the wind its sail does fill,  
Never idly standing still."

Musia, watching the game, remarks to me :  
"How the teachers enter into the spirit of  
the thing! They seem to be big children  
themselves—and so gentle and patient.  
They must love children."

"Yes," I respond, "only those who love  
children ever are or can be Kindergartners.  
The woman's nature in simplicity, tender-

ness, and purity is more nearly allied to the  
child nature than is man's. They seem to be  
divinely fitted to rear up and train the young."

"Beautiful garden," I say to myself as we  
ride down the avenue—"beautiful garden, in  
which all the bright and sweet traits of the  
child nature are encouraged to bud and  
bloom, your flowers are the lilies of purity,  
the roses of health and happiness, your sun-  
shine the light of kindly words and kindly  
deeds, your music the bird-like voices of  
glad infancy!"



OLD FLEMISH MASTERS.

V.—DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER.

THE old adage, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" meets one when trying to gather facts for a sketch of Teniers. The material is scanty, and added to that drawback is the worse one that even the little there is is of doubtful merit. Desamps is universally conceded to be "unreliable," for he gave equal weight to authentic documents and gossiping rumors, his object being to make readable lives; and he is rarely accurate in his dates, as, for instance, when he joins as Teniers's rivals David Heil and Van Tilborgh, though the last-named was a pupil of Teniers, and there was a discrepancy of years between them sufficient to banish all thoughts of rivalry. When, however, between two such authorities as Charles Blanc and Alfred Michielis there is, though courteously expressed, flat contradiction of facts and statements, one hesitates as to which horn of the dilemma to grasp. On examination it is shown that the life of Michielis is the most painstaking; he has given more time and careful research to the study of the Flemish artists, and has cleared up points and exhumed authentic records. And yet it is hard to be obliged to abandon as destitute of all truth the picturesque statements given by Blanc, which he asserts always, however, on others' authority. These stories have been repeated by every writer on the painter, till they are as familiar as old wives' tales, and it is like giving up familiar friends to discard as pure fiction, first, that Teniers the elder and his son David travelled from village to village through Flanders on foot, the ass walking by their side laden with pictures, which they sold, whenever they could find a purchaser, to the peasants, and that this nomadic life determined the younger's taste, and made him the artist *par excellence* of village scenes; second, that the boy, one day, working at his easel in his father's studio, was startled by the sudden entrance of Rubens, who examined his work, gave instruction, reproof, and praise, and thereby made a lasting impression on the young artist's mind; third, that once, while on one of his wandering excursions, Teniers found himself destitute of money, and entering a way-side inn, called for the best the landlord could furnish, and then, the meal being over, proceeded to paint a picture of the interior, which was so inimitable that an Englishman, Lord Falston, stopping at the inn, bought it on the spot at the artist's own price; fourth, that Teniers was the artist of the fabulous picture "Hymen," which was so painted that the spectator looking at it from a distance beheld a jocund, smiling

face, but when seen near to, the god wore a sad, regretful expression; that the picture, which hung in the Archduke Leopold's gallery, was so placed that none could approach near enough to dispel the illusion, but that when Anne de Breughel, to whom Teniers was attached, visited the gallery, the painter offered himself to her there, by requesting her to "pass the boundary," to which she consented; fifth, that in order to increase the demand for his works Teniers went into retirement, and had the report circulated that he was dead, and by this ruse gained large sums—a device which always seemed unworthy of the painter's open nature, and which no one can but be glad to find relegated to the region of "unauthenticated statements," though the four others must accompany it likewise.

David Teniers the father was a painter of no slight repute, and himself the son of an artist, who taught him the rudiments of painting. He was the intimate friend of Rubens and Elsheimer; he lived with the latter in Rome, where the Flemish painter spent ten years. He married in 1608, and died in 1649, leaving two sons—David, the artist, and Abram, who was a merchant in Antwerp of engravings and works of art. David Teniers the elder painted rustic scenes, portraits, etc., his "Temptation of St. Anthony" being about his most famous work, and though his pictures are abundant, there seems to be no doubt that many of his works were attributed to his son and his friend Elsheimer, their names then having a higher marketable value. David the son studied under his father, was a constant and welcome guest at the houses of Rubens and Breughel de Velours, and when only twenty-one was admitted a member of the Order of St. Luke. Rubens overshadowed all the other painters at Antwerp, and Teniers, not finding as ready a sale for his pictures as he desired in his native city, sent them to Brussels, which fact probably gave rise to the statement that he travelled about to sell his works. The popular taste at that time was for allegorical and Scriptural pictures, and Teniers rarely painted such, though there are a few of his works in that vein not without merit, such as "Achilles recognized by Ulysses," a picture engraved by Lebas; "Perseus and Andromeda," at Antwerp; "St. George and the Dragon," the property of the Duke of Lorraine; "Peter denying Christ," in the Louvre. Owing to the prevalent taste, Teniers found it somewhat the work of time to gain patrons and admirers of his realistic works, village *fêtes*, fairs, wine scenes; but if slowly, he yet steadily won himself a foremost position. Those who assert that his first patron was the Archduke Leopold, Gov-





DAVID TENIERS.

ernor of Flanders, forget that Leopold did not arrive in Brussels until 1647, and that Teniers was then thirty-seven years old, had been married ten years, the marriage contract between "David Teniers and Anne Breughel" bearing date July 22, 1637, which fact effectually disposes of the fiction of the "Hymen" picture, and had been for two years dean of St. Luke's (a position an unknown and struggling artist could not have attained), and had also painted some of his most widely known works. In 1643 he painted what many critics call his masterpiece—"The Guildhall and Grand Square at Antwerp," with the brotherhoods in robes of office surrounded by the towns-people. The various members of the guilds are portraits, and the picture was painted for the Gunsmiths' Guild, who in 1750 agreed to sell it, together with a picture by Rubens, "Mars and Venus," on condition that the buyer would have a copy of the last picture made for the guild. Gérard Hoet bought the two for five thousand florins, and employed Schouman, a Dutch artist, to make the required copy. This artist skillfully performed the task, and the copy occupies the place of the original, and is hung over the mantelshelf of the Town-hall. There was formerly a copy of Teniers in the same room, the original passing from Hoet into the collection of the Landgrave of Hesse, thence from one owner to another, until it decorated Malmaison, from whence it went to Russia, and

is now at the Hermitage. Besides this, the "Smoker," in the Louvre, bears date 1643; "The Prodigal Son," 1644; "St. Peter," 1646—so that although Leopold aided materially Teniers's fame and fortune, yet he did not raise him from obscurity to eminence.

Leopold was an art lover, and he signaled Teniers from the other artists, appointed him private chamberlain and court painter, and confided to him the care of his private gallery. This gallery was rich in works of Italian masters, and Teniers studied them attentively; his wonderful powers of imitation, rapid manipulation, and art in coloring enabled him to copy them so successfully that, Wyerman declares, competent judges were deceived, and that in some instances the artists themselves would have been puzzled to decide which was their own work and which the copy. These copies, which were reduced and engraved, were afterward published,

when the gallery had been removed to Vienna, under the title: "*The Theatre of Pictures, by David Teniers*." Begun at Brussels, at the author's expense, anno MDCLX., by permission of the king. Sold at Antwerp by Henry Aertssens, printer."

The first edition bears date 1685; the last, 1755. The book was also sold by Abram Teniers, his brother. There is a preface written by Teniers:

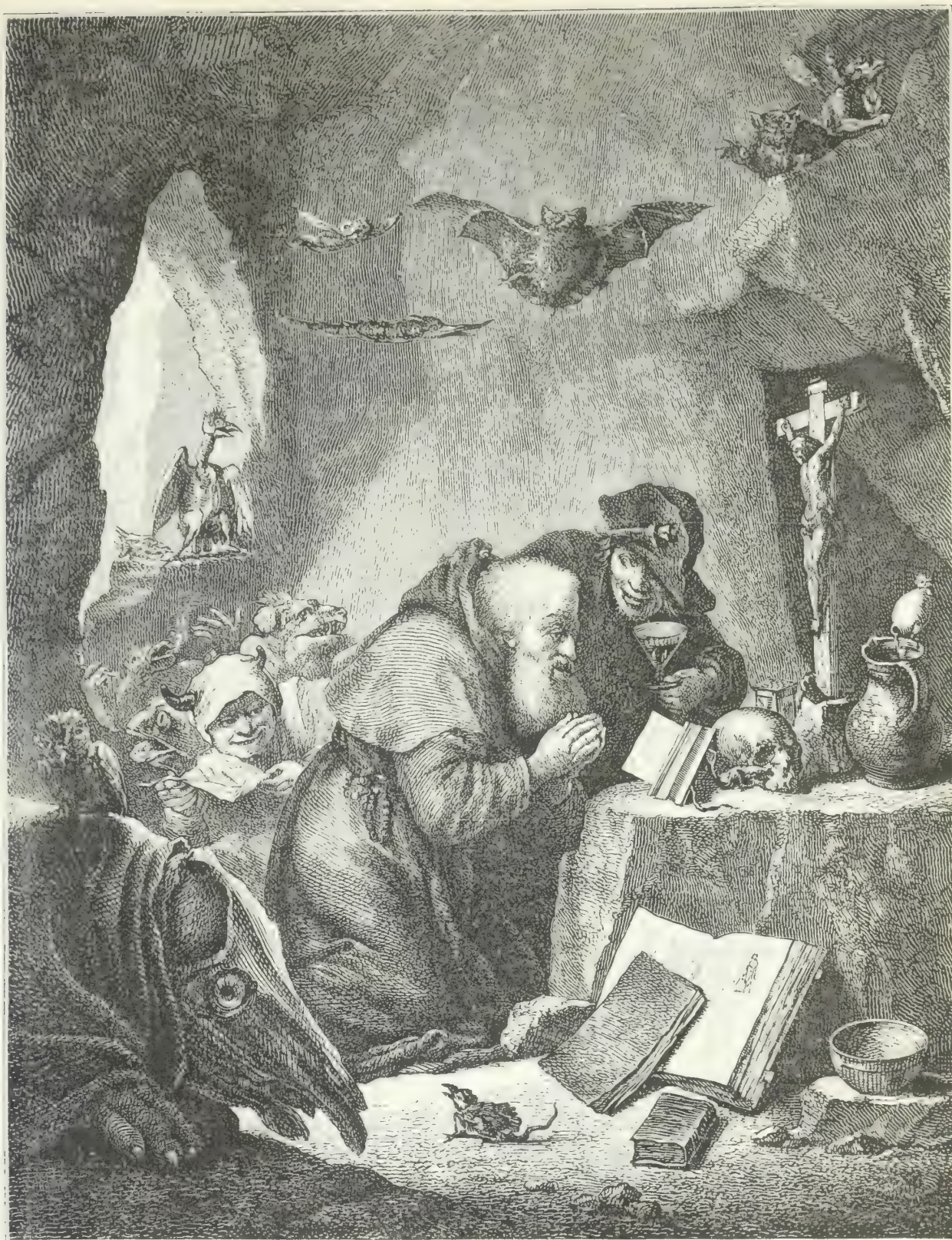
"To the Admirers of Art, greeting:

"The original pictures, of which you here see the sketches, were not all of the same size or equal excellence; therefore it was necessary to make them equal, to reduce them to the size of these pages, in order to present them to you in suitable form. . . . The curious, who would like to know the condition and arrangement of the gallery of his Serene Highness, with the number of the pictures, will learn by reading the following pages, and will recognize the great labor and length of time it cost me to reproduce these works, particularly as I am no longer young. But the retirement of my well-beloved lord and Mæcenas to Germany has prevented my prosecuting the work to a conclusion. . . . Adieu, and enjoy my works, as I offer them freely, and with the wish that you will receive them favorably.

D. T."

The book contains 230 plates, among which is a picture representing the gallery, with a party examining the artist's copies, on a table in the centre. The original painting is preserved at Madrid, and besides the portrait of the artist, the visitors are also likenesses; and notwithstanding the small scale on which the pictures are represented, the subject and style of each are





"THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY."

clearly recognizable, so delicate and accurate was Teniers's touch.

Leopold not only secured for himself the works of the new court artist, but sent them as presents to other sovereigns, particularly to his master, Philip IV. of Spain, an enthusiastic art collector, who so admired Teniers that he gave orders, if possible, to secure for him every work the artist produced. This, of course, was impossible, as others were equally anxious for his paintings; yet Philip secured a great many, and built a gallery expressly for the display of Teniers's pictures, and though some of his collection

have found other resting-places, the Madrid gallery still owns seventy-three pictures by the skillful Fleming.

Teniers now had no difficulty in disposing of his pictures; the difficulty was the other way—in finding time to execute the orders that flowed in. He worked rapidly, and, as was then the custom, dined at noon, then resuming his work, would often finish a picture before dark; these pictures he called his "after-dinners," and said once, speaking of the number of his pictures, "In order to collect all my works together, there would be needed a gallery ten miles long."



Triest, Bishop of Ghent, was desirous of a series of pictures, and besought Teniers to execute the order, but only succeeded in obtaining three, though afterward he painted the bishop's portrait, representing him as seated in his library talking with his brother Eugene, the friar. Pontius made a superb engraving of this picture. Now that he was rich, Teniers was able to carry out his desire to live in the country. He bought

had entire confidence, to go to England and buy for him all the valuable Italian pictures he could: and the artist acquitted himself of the commission to his employer's satisfaction, and also to that of the exiled Dukes of York and Gloucester. Of the former, afterward James II., Teniers painted, in 1651, a magnificent portrait, when the prince was eighteen years of age. In 1652, Condé, having deserted from France to the enemy, accepted



"THE JEALOUS WOMAN."

a country-seat near Perek, between Antwerp and Mechlin, and not far from Stein, Rubens's country-place; there were extensive grounds, in them a small lake, and the house, from the fact of its having three towers, was called "the Château of Three Towers;" here he lived luxuriously. Among his frequent guests, besides the celebrities of the time in the same profession, was Leopold, who frequently spent days at the château. Fuensaldana, commander of the army under Leopold, after the execution of Charles I. and the civil war in England had thrown many valuable pictures into the market, engaged Teniers, in whose judgment he

from Philip the post of generalissimo of the Spanish troops, was stationed at Brussels, and being urged, came to Teniers's, staid a few days, and sat for his portrait. In 1654 Christiana of Sweden came to Antwerp; Teniers presented her with a copy of his *Theatre*, then engraved, though not for sale, and the ex-queen visited him, and in token of her approval presented him with her likeness on a medallion attached to a gold chain.

His constant intercourse with the wealthy and titled inspired Teniers with a desire to ennoble himself, and remembering that one of his uncles, abbot of the convent of St. Michael, had been entitled to an escutcheon,





“A FLEMISH FAIR.”

he requested of Leopold permission to bear the coat of arms, and to have a title of nobility conferred on him. More punctilious than Philip IV. had been to Rubens when he requested a like favor, the archduke refused, on the ground that if the painter desired to enter the ranks of the nobility he must abandon his profession, as into that charmed circle no one who worked could enter. Had the artist addressed himself directly to Philip, so ardent an admirer of his genius was his sovereign that he might have gained his suit, but as his art was more to him than an empty title, he urged his claims no further, but he put the coat of arms at the bottom of his portrait, which was engraved at the end of the *Theatre*. For those curious in heraldic devices the coat of arms is thus described: “D’ours à l’ours rampant de sable, accompagné de trois glands de sinople, deux en chef et deux en pointe.”

The relations between Condé and the Archduke Leopold were not harmonious; each claimed precedence and authority; and Spain, not wishing to lose the services of the great leader, determined of the two to sacrifice the civilian; so in 1656 Leopold was recalled, and Don John of Austria appointed in his place. In Leopold and his lieutenant, Fuensaldana, Teniers lost two warm friends; but he soon became as great a favorite with their successors, Don John and the Marquis Caracena.

Don John continued to have him fill the offices of private chamberlain and court painter; and being fond of art and letters, and a dabbler in painting, he took Teniers for his master, often went to stay with him, and, as a proof of regard, painted his son’s portrait. Don John’s stay in Flanders was short, for owing to him the battle of Dunes was lost, and the French under Turenne advanced to within four miles of Brussels. This defeat made Philip anxious for peace, as he desired to save his Flemish possessions, and he hastened to negotiate a marriage between Louis XIV. and the Infanta Maria Theresa.

Teniers, as we see, did not live in peaceful times. Born during the war between Holland and Spain, and dying on the eve of the bombardment of Brussels by Villeroi, during all his life he saw Belgium ravaged and oppressed, sometimes by her enemies, sometimes by the Spanish troops and her own auxiliaries. He painted “The Evils of War”—pictures showing both the tragic and grotesque side of the art of killing, but more often the latter, for the swaggering consequence of soldiery was a subject more congenial than the portrayal of scenes of actual slaughter, and he was fond of representing animals tricked out in all the equipments of the soldier.

He was now in the height of his fame, and kept literally “open house” to all who came. He was as ready to assist with pen-



cil as with purse, and many an artist was indebted to him for retouching his picture. Momper owed to him a good deal of his success, for Teniers would paint for him animals or figures in his landscape, and often—for Momper was unequal—would retouch the whole picture. Teniers amused himself by imitating others; and at the sale of the Lorraine Gallery, in 1784, were two pictures, catalogued "Two landscapes, with figures painted on wood by Teniers after the style of Momper."

He was for some years dean of St. Luke's, and had the interests of the guild very much at heart, and was anxious to obtain for it

occurred. Before 1663 the meetings of the guild had been held in the old house in New Street which bore in front the medallions of the brothers Van Eyck; but after the grant by the king the magistrates placed at the disposal of the guild the halls in the eastern division of the Exchange, and the deans exerted themselves to have the guild occupy a position more in accordance with its newly acquired rights. Quellyn executed the bust of Caracena, and presented it to the guild. Jordaens painted three pictures for it in 1665, which are now in the Museum, one representing "Pegasus taking Flight from the Summit of Parnassus,"



"DRINKING PHILOSOPHERS."

the title and privileges of a royal academy. In 1663 Louis XIV. restored the French Academy, and gave it a building and yearly grants of revenue. These gifts excited afresh Teniers's desires for his native city; and now that peace gave Belgium and Spain time to breathe and recuperate from the disastrous effects of the long wars, he decided to test the friendship of Caracena and the good-will of Philip.

Teniers wrote a letter of request to the king, begging him to take the Guild of St. Luke under his protection, and grant it certain letters of franchise which it could sell in order to raise money. He obtained the royal sanction, yet for many years no very decided change took place in the workings of the guild. As late as 1693 the registers mention with the name of each artist the names of his pupils, and it seems probable that instruction was still only given in private studios. One innovation, however, soon

another, "Commerce and Industry encouraging the Arts;" the third, "Aaron pointing out to Moses, who holds the tables, the following laws: 'Judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him.' 'Thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty, but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor.'"

In return, the Academy, as it began to be called, presented the artist with a silver ewer, on which were engraved thirty-two verses of compliment. In 1666 Boyerman presented two pictures, also in the Museum, for which he received a silver-gilt cup, having engraved on it twenty-four verses. Not until 1694, however, the year of Teniers's death, was the guild prepared to give public lessons in drawing and perspective, and the Academy was then opened with fitting ceremonies, presided over by the city magistrates. The guild did not move from the



Exchange until 1811, when it changed to the old convent of the Minimés, and there began to form the Museum.

One of Teniers's sons having entered the order of San Franciscans at Mechlin, his father presented the convent with nineteen pictures representing the nineteen martyrs of Gorcum. They were in the same convent as late as the middle of the last century.

Teniers was twice married. After many years Anne Breughel died; and though the marriage contract had been so drawn that, in case of her dying first, her large fortune should go to her children, his private fortune was ample, and his works still commanded large sums, so that the loss of the money made no difference in the style of his living, in spite of the statements of some that after her death he was obliged to leave his château. Anne was buried at Perck, and so also was his second wife, Isabella Fren, of whom there is no account, and the painter rests beside the latter.

Teniers lived to be eighty-four, and died at Brussels in 1694. He painted to the last. About his latest work was the portrait of a councillor surrounded by his papers. To this sitter he said, "I have always before used the black of ivory, but to paint you I have burned my last tooth."

Bontemps, a favorite chamberlain of Louis XIV., and an admirer of Teniers, thinking to give his royal master pleasure, bought a number of Teniers's pictures, and quietly hung them in the gallery at Versailles. The next time the king strolled through the gallery he stopped in front of them, and cried, with great disgust, "Take away those caricatures!"

This was the "Grand Monarque's" estimation of the artist's works; but there are not many who agree with him. Greuze said, "Show me but a pipe, and I will tell you if it belongs to one of Teniers's figures." And David, when working on his picture "The Sabines," was considering one day how best to paint the foreground, and after speaking of his difficulties to Gérard, added, "Come with me; we will go to the Louvre and see how Teniers has treated his foregrounds." The two looked long and earnestly at one of the Fleming's landscapes, and David, as he turned away, said to his pupil, "There is a master whom it is well to consult."

So accurate is Teniers's touch, so clear his coloring, so vigorous his drawing, that Charles Blanc asserts "he has a personality so decided that his handling can not be confounded with that of any other painter. He is the Proteus of painters; he colors like the Venetians; he emulates the satin-finished flesh-colors of Rubens; he is by turns Dutch, Spanish, Flemish, as the mood seizes him. Yet when he enters his cabaret he is sole master; no other artist can draw a pitcher,

paint a jug, give the pure tone of a pipe-stem even, but one can say, unhesitatingly, 'That is not a Teniers; his touch, light, delicate, yet decisive, is not here.'"

Montabert, in his *History of Painting*, sums up his account of Teniers thus: "The great secret of Teniers's success is his knowledge and appreciation of perspective. He understood that thoroughly, not only of lines, but of tones, tints, and touch. Besides this knowledge—the most necessary for a painter—Teniers had the art of combining the *chiaro-oscuro*; and better yet, to my mind, the art of combining shades so as to produce the desirable effect of satisfying the eye."

## THE NEW SEQUOIA FORESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

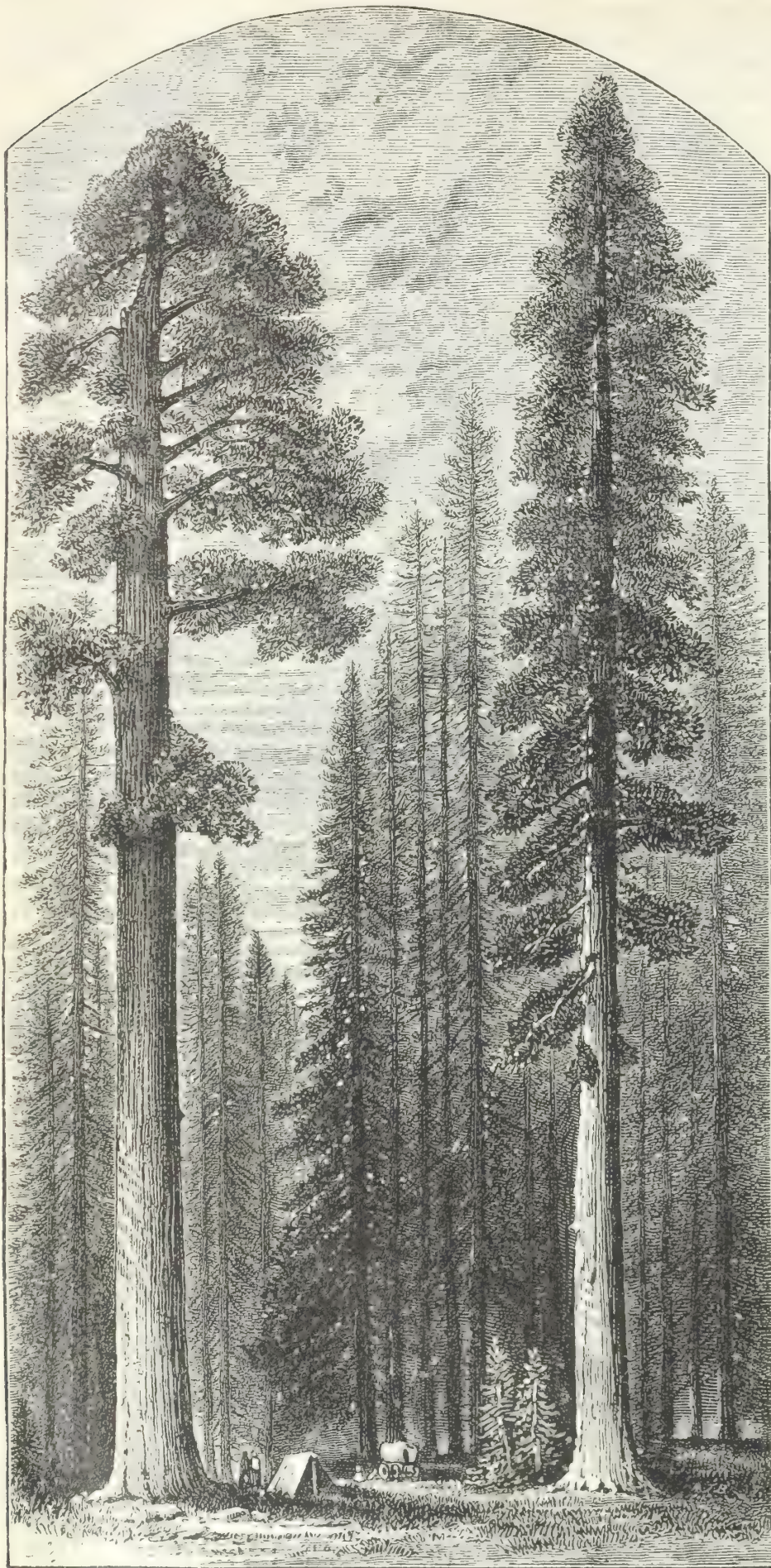
THE main forest belt of the Sierra Nevada is restricted to the western flank, and extends unbrokenly from one extremity of the range to the other, waving compliantly over countless ridges and cañons at an elevation of from three to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Here grow the noblest conifers in the world, averaging about two hundred feet in height, and from five to twenty feet in diameter—the majestic Douglass spruce; the libocedrus, with warm yellow-green, plume-like foliage; the two silver-firs (*Picea amabilis* and *P. grandis*), towering to a height of more than two hundred feet, with branches pinnated like ferns, and whorled around the trunk in regular collars, like the leaves of lilies; the yellow pine, forming arrowy spires of verdure; and the priestly sugar-pine, with feathery arms outspread as if addressing the forest. But the great master-existence of these unrivalled woods is *Sequoia gigantea*, or "big tree"—a monarch of monarchs.

By reference to the map on page 815 it will be seen that the sequoia belt extends from the well-known Calaveras groves on the north to the head of Deer Creek on the south—a distance of nearly two hundred miles; the northern limit being a little above the thirty-eighth parallel, the southern a little below the thirty-sixth, and the elevation above sea-level varies from about five to eight thousand feet.

From the Calaveras to the south fork of King's River the sequoia occurs only in small isolated groves and patches, so sparsely distributed along the belt that two gaps occur nearly forty miles in width, one between the Calaveras and Tuolumne groves, the other between those of the Fresno and King's River. But from here southward nearly to Deer Creek the trees are nowhere gathered together into small sequestered groups, but stretch majestically across the broad rugged basins of the Kaweah and Tule in noble forests a distance of nearly





GROUP OF SEQUOIAS, OF ALL AGES, IN THE SOUTHERN FOREST OF KAWEAH.

seventy miles, the continuity of this magnificent belt being broken only by deep sheer-walled cañons.

The trees in most of the small northern groups have been counted. Those of the Calaveras number twelve or thirteen hun-

dred; in the Tuolumne and Merced groups there is less than one hundred; in the well-known Mariposa grove, about six hundred; and in the North King's River grove, less than half as many; but the Fresno group, the largest congregation of the north, occupies an area of three or four square miles.

The average stature attained by the Big Tree under favorable conditions is perhaps about 275 feet, with a diameter of twenty feet. Few full-grown specimens fall much short of this, while many are twenty-five feet in diameter and nearly 300 feet high. Fortunate trees, so situated as to have escaped the destructive action of fire, are occasionally found measuring thirty feet in diameter, and very rarely one that is much larger.

Yet so exquisitely harmonious are even the very mightiest of these monarchs in all their proportions and circumstances, there never is any thing overgrown or huge-looking about them, not to say monstrous; and the first exclamation on coming upon a group for the first time is usually, "See what *beautiful* trees!" Their real godlike grandeur in the mean time is invisible, but to the loving eye it will be manifested

sooner or later, stealing slowly on the senses like the grandeur of Niagara, or of some lofty Yosemite dome. Even the mere arithmetical greatness is never guessed by the inexperienced as long as the tree is comprehended from a little distance in one harmo-

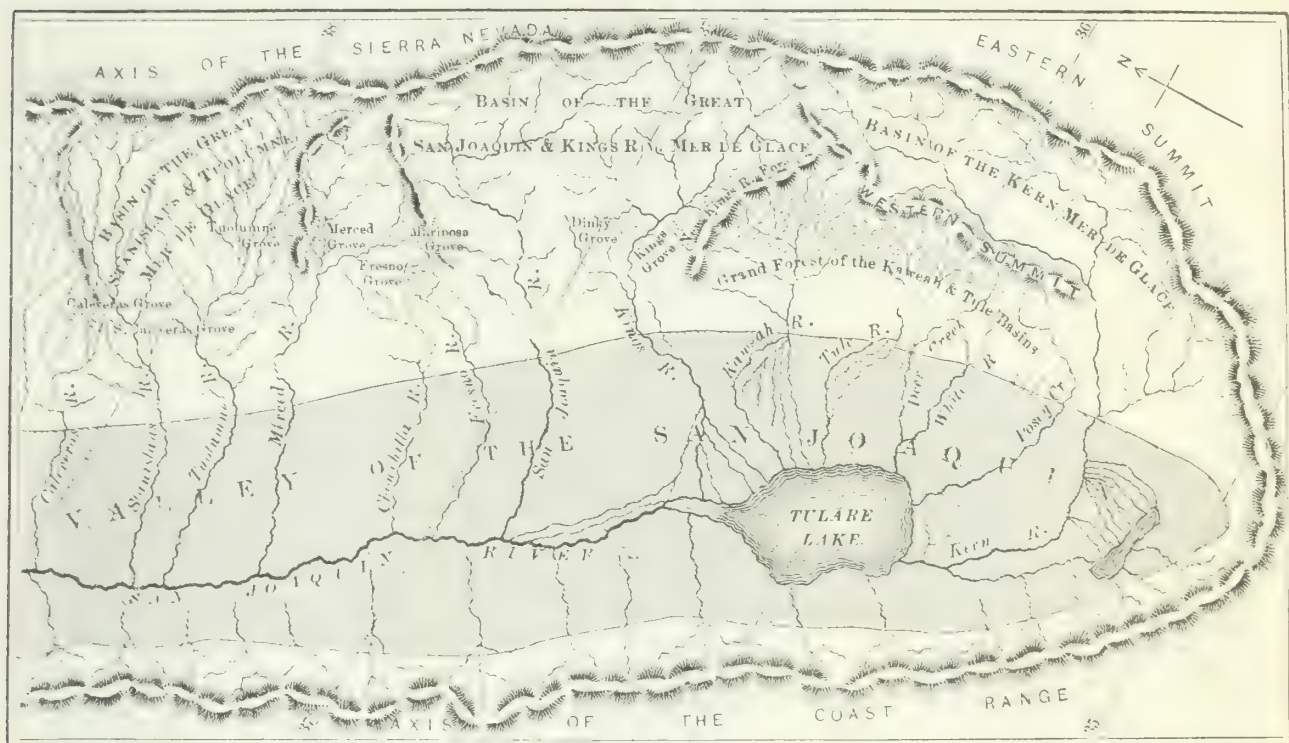


nious view. When, however, we approach so near that only the lower portion of the trunk is seen, and walk round and round the wide bulging base, then we begin to wonder at their vastness, and seek a measuring rod.

Sequoias bulge considerably at the base, yet not more than is required for beauty and safety; and the only reason that this bulging is so often remarked as excessive is because so small a section of the shaft is seen at once. The real taper of the trunk, beheld as a unit, is perfectly charming in its exquisite fineness, and the appreciative eye ranges the massive columns, from the swelling muscular instep to the lofty summit dissolving in a crown of verd-

outlines so firmly drawn and so constantly subordinate to a special type. A knotty, angular, ungovernable-looking branch eight or ten feet thick may often be seen pushing out abruptly from the trunk, as if sure to throw the outline curves into confusion, but as soon as the general outline is approached it stops short, and dissolves in spreading, cushiony bosses of law-abiding sprays, just as if every tree were growing underneath some huge invisible bell-glass, against whose curves every branch is pressed and moulded, yet somehow indulging so many small departures that there is still an appearance of perfect freedom.

The foliage of the saplings is dark bluish-green in color, while the older trees fre-



MAP OF THE SEQUOIA BELT.

ure, rejoicing in the unrivalled display of giant grandeur and giant loveliness.

About a hundred feet or more of the trunk is usually branchless, but its massive simplicity is relieved by the fluting bark furrows, and loose tufts and rosettes of slender sprays that wave lightly on the breeze and cast flecks of shade, seeming to have been pinned on here and there for the sake of beauty alone.

The young trees wear slender, simple branches all the way down to the ground, put on with strict regularity, sharply aspiring at top, horizontal about half-way down, and drooping in handsome curves at the base. By the time the sapling is five or six hundred years old, this spiry, feathery, juvenile habit merges into the firm rounded dome form of middle age, which in turn takes on the eccentric picturesqueness of old age. No other tree in the Sierra forests has foliage so densely massed, or presents

quently ripen to a warm yellow tint like the libocedrus. The bark is rich cinnamon brown, purplish in younger trees, and in shady portions of the old, while all the ground is covered with brown burs and leaves, forming color masses of extraordinary richness, not to mention the flowers and underbrush that brighten and bloom in their season.

Walk the sequoia woods at any time of year, and you will say they are the most beautiful on earth. Rare and impressive contrasts meet you every where—the colors of tree and flower, rock and sky, light and shade, strength and frailty, endurance and evanescence. Tangles of supple hazel bushes, tree pillars rigid as granite domes, roses and violets around the very feet of the giants, and rugs of the low blooming chamæbatia where the light falls free. Then in winter the trees themselves break forth in universal bloom, myriads of small four-sided





SNOW-CRUSHED SAPLINGS IN THE FRESNO GROUP.

conelets crowd the ends of the slender sprays, coloring the whole tree, and, when ripe, dusting all the air and the ground with golden pollen. The fertile cones are bright grass green, measuring about two inches in length by one and a half in thickness, and are made up of about forty firm rhomboidal scales densely packed, with from five to eight seeds at the base of each. A single cone, therefore, contains from two to three hundred seeds, about a fourth of an inch long by three-sixteenths wide, including a thin flat margin that makes them go glancing and wavering in their fall like a boy's kite. The irrepressible fruitfulness of sequoia may be illustrated by the fact that upon two specimen branches one and a half and two inches in diameter respectively I counted 480 cones clustered together like grapes. No other California conifer produces nearly so many seeds. Millions are ripened annually by a single tree, and the product of one of the small northern groves in a fruitful year would suffice to plant all the mountain ranges of the globe.

Nature takes care, however, that not one seed in a million shall germinate at all, and of those that do perhaps not one in ten thousand is suffered to live through the many vicissitudes of storm, drought, fire, and snow-crushing that beset their youth.

The Douglass squirrel, the "chickaree" of the West, is the happy harvester of most of the sequoia cones. Out of every hundred

perhaps ninety-nine fall to his share, and unless cut off by his sharp ivory sickle, they shake out their seeds and remain firmly attached to the tree for many years. Watching the squirrels in their Indian-summer harvest days is one of the most delightful diversions imaginable. The woods are calm then, and the ripe colors are blazing in all their glory. The cone-laden trees poise motionless in the warm smoky air, and you may see the crimson-crested woodcock, the prince of Sierra woodpeckers, drilling the giant trees with his ivory pick, and ever and anon filling the glens with his careless cackle; the humming-bird, too, glancing among the pentstemons, or resting wing-weary on some leafless twig; and the old familiar robin of the orchards; and the great, grizzly or brown bear, so obviously fitted for these majestic solitudes—mammoth brown bears harmonizing grandly with mammoth brown trees. But the Douglass squirrel gives forth more appreciable life than all the birds, bears, and humming insects taken together. His movements are perfect jets and flashes of energy, as if surcharged with the refined fire and spice of the woods in which he feeds. He cuts off his food cones with one or two snips of his keen chisel teeth, and without waiting to see what becomes of them, cuts off another and another, keeping up a dripping, bumping shower for hours together. Then, after three or four bushels are thus harvested, he





SEQUOIA DOMES LOOMING INTO VIEW ABOVE THE FIRS AND SUGAR-PINES.

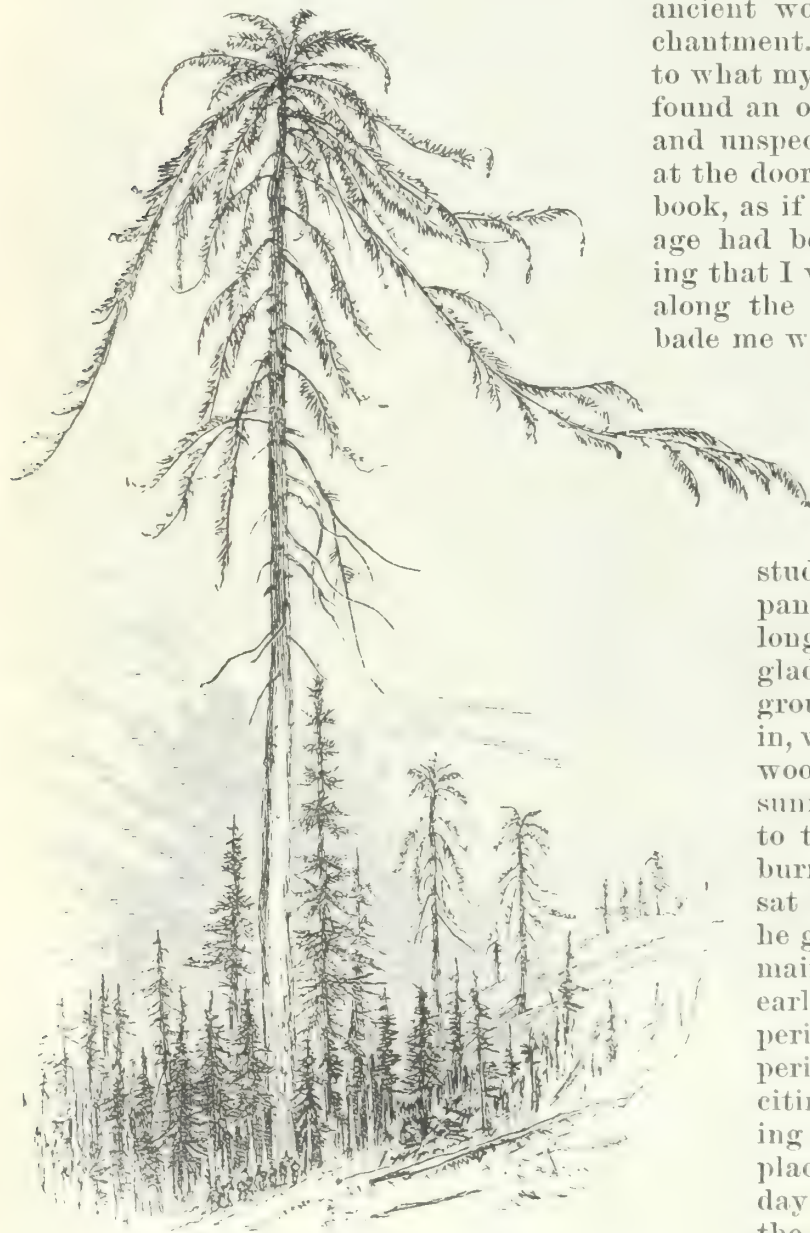
comes down to gather them, carrying them away patiently one by one in his mouth, with jaws grotesquely stretched, storing them in hollows beneath logs or under the roots of standing trees, in many different places, so that when his many granaries are full, his bread is indeed sure. Some demand has sprung up for sequoia seeds in foreign and American markets, and several thousand dollars' worth is annually collected, most of which is stolen from the squirrels.

*Sequoia gigantea* has hitherto been regarded as a lonely, companionless species not

properly belonging to the present geological age, and therefore doomed to speedy extinction. The scattered groves are supposed generally to be the remnants of extensive ancient forests, vanquished, in the so-called struggle for life, by pines and firs, and now driven into their last fortresses of cool glens, where moisture and general climate are specially favorable. These notions are grounded on the aspects and circumstances of the few isolated northern groups, the only ones known to botanists, where there are but few young trees or saplings growing up around the failing old ones to perpetuate the race.



The most notable tree in the well-known Mariposa Grove is the Grizzly Giant, some thirty feet in diameter, growing on the top of a stony ridge. When this tree falls, it will make so extensive a basin by the up-tearing of its huge roots, and so deep and broad a ditch by the blow of its ponderous trunk, that even supposing that the trunk itself be speedily burned, traces of its existence will nevertheless remain patent for thousands of years. Because, being on a ridge, the root hollow and trunk ditch made by its fall will not be filled up by rain-washing, neither will they be obliterated by falling leaves, for leaves are constantly consumed in forest fires; and if by any chance they should not be thus consumed, the humus resulting from their decay would



OLD SUGAR-PINE.

still indicate the fallen sequoia by a long straight strip of special soil, and special growth to which it would give birth.

I obtained glorious views in the broad forest-filled basin of the Fresno: innumerable spires of the yellow pine, ranking above one another on the braided slopes; miles of

sugar-pine, with long arms outstretched in the lavish sunshine; while away toward the southwest, on the verge of the landscape, I discovered the noble dome-like crowns of sequoia swelling massively against the sky, singly or in imposing congregations.

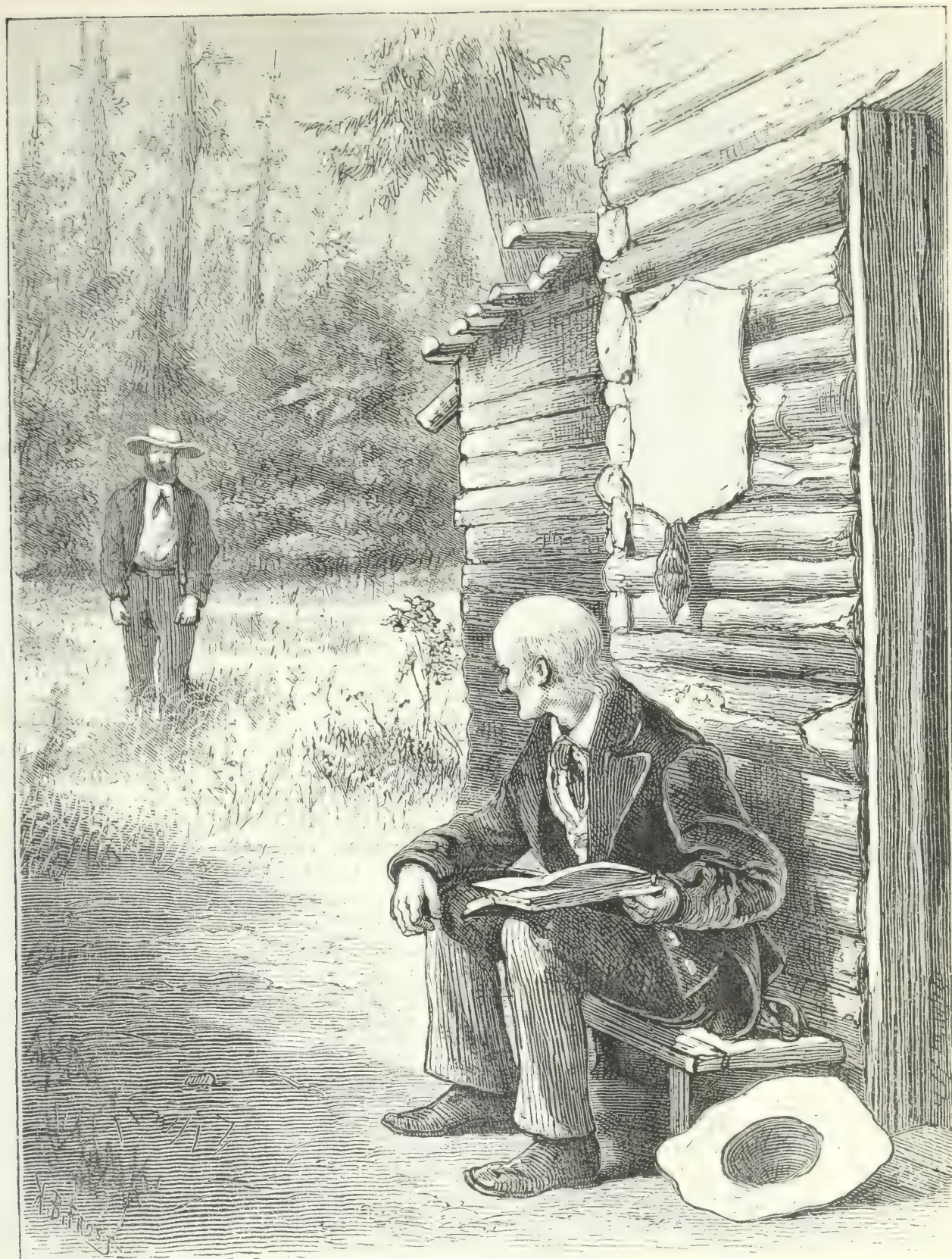
The forest was now full of noon sunshine, and while pushing my way over huge brown trunks and through the autumn-tinted hazel and dogwood of the lower portion of the avalanche ravine, the gable of a handsome cottage appeared suddenly through the leaves, with quaint, old-fashioned chimney and trim, neatly jointed log walls, so fresh and unweathered they were still redolent of gum and balsam, like a newly felled sugar-pine. So tasteful and unique a cabin would be sure to excite attention any where, but beneath the shadows of this ancient wood it seemed the work of enchantment. Strolling forward, wondering to what my strange discovery would lead, I found an old gray-haired man, weary-eyed and unspeculative, sitting on a bark stool at the door. He looked up slowly from his book, as if wondering how his fine hermitage had been discovered. After explaining that I was only a tree-lover sauntering along the mountains to study sequoia, he bade me welcome, advising me to bring my

mule down to a little carex meadow before his door, and camp beside him for a few days, promising to lead me to his pet sequoias, and indicate many things bearing on my studies. Stray bits of human company are delightfully refreshing in long mountain excursions, and I gladly complied, choosing a camp ground a little way back of the cabin, where I had a fine view down the woods southward through a long sunny colonnade. Then returning to the hermit, and drinking of the burn that trickles past his door, I sat down beside him, and bit by bit he gave me his history, which in the main is only a sad illustration of early California life during the gold period. A succession of intense experiences—now borne forward in exciting successes, now down in crushing reverses, exploring ledges and placers over many a mountain, the day of life waning the while far into the afternoon, and long shadows turning to the east, health gone and gold, the game played and lost; and

now, creeping into the solitude of the woods, he awaits the coming of night.

I pushed on southward across the wide corrugated basin of the San Joaquin in search of new groves or vestiges of old ones, surveying a wild tempest-tossed sea of pines from many a ridge and dome, but





THE HERMIT OF THE FRESNO FOREST.

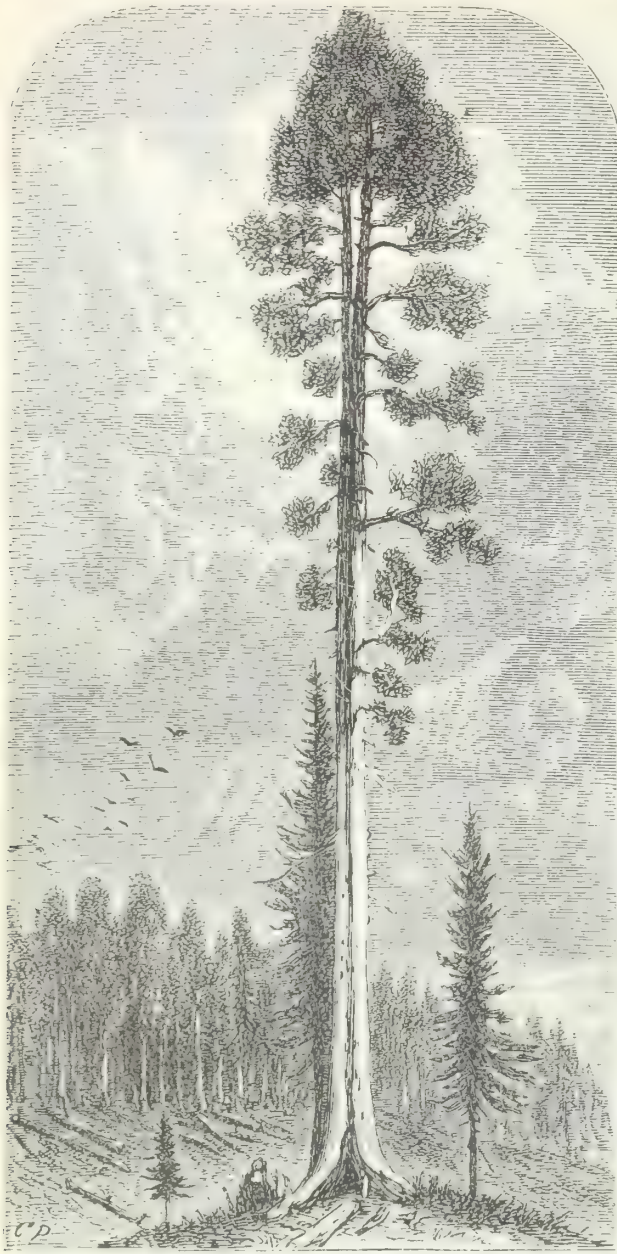
not a single sequoia crown appeared, nor any trace of a fallen trunk. The first grove found after leaving the Fresno is located on Dinky Creek, one of the northmost tributaries of King's River. It was discovered several years ago by a couple of hunters who were in pursuit of a wounded bear; but because of its remoteness and inaccessibility it is known only to a few mountaineers.

I was greatly interested to find a vigorous company of sequoias near the northern limit of the grove growing upon the top of a granite precipice thinly besprinkled with

soil, and scarce at all changed since it came to the light from beneath the ice sheet toward the close of the glacial period—a fact of great significance in its bearings on sequoia history in the Sierra.

One of the most striking of the simpler features of the grove is a water-fall, made by a bright little stream that comes pouring through the woods from the north, and leaps a granite precipice. All the cañons of the Sierra are embroidered with water-falls, yet each possesses a character of its own, made more beautiful by each other's





CONJUGATE TRUNK OF A "FAITHFUL COUPLE," TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE FEET HIGH.

beauty, instead of suffering by mere vulgar arithmetical contrast. The booming cataract of Yosemite, half a mile high, is one thing; this little woodland fairy is another. Its plain spiritual beauty is most impressively brought forward by the gray rocks and the huge brown trees, several of which stand with wet feet in its spray; and then it is decked with golden-rods that wave overhead, and with ferns that lean out along its white wavering edges, the whole forming a bit of pure picture of a kind rarely seen amid the sublimities of sequoia woods.

Hence I led my mule down the cañon, forded the north fork of King's River, and climbed the dividing ridge between the north and middle forks. In making my way from here across the main King's River cañon I was compelled to make a descent of 7000 feet at a single swoop, thus passing at once from cool shadowy woods to tropic sun glare. Every pine-tree vanished long ere I reached the river—scrubby oaks with bark white as milk cast their hot shadows on the sunburned ground, and not a single

flower was left for company. Plants, climate, landscapes changing as if one had crossed an ocean to some far strange land. Here the river is broad and rapid, and when I heard it roaring I feared my short-legged mule would be carried away. But I was so fortunate as to strike a trail near an Indian rancheria that conducted to a regular ford about ten miles below the King's River Yosemite, where I crossed without the slightest difficulty, and gladly began climbing again toward the cool spicy woods. The lofty ridge forming the south wall of the great King's River cañon is planted with sugar-pine, but through rare vistas I was delighted to behold the well-known crowns of sequoia once more swelling grandly against the sky only six or seven miles distant. Pushing eagerly forward, I soon found myself in the well-known "King's River Grove," on the summit of the Kaweah and King's River divide. Then bearing off northwestward along the rim of the cañon, I discovered a grand forest about six miles long by two in width, composed almost exclusively of sequoia. *This is the northmost portion of the sequoia belt that can fairly be called a forest.* The species here covers many a hill and dale and gorge, and rocky ridge-top and boggy ravine, as the principal tree, without manifesting the slightest tendency toward extinction.

On a bed of gravelly flood soil fifteen yards square, once occupied by four large sugar-pines, I found ninety-four young sequoias—an instance of the present existence of conditions under which the sequoia is stronger than its rival in acquiring possession of the soil and sunshine.

Here I also noted eighty-six seedlings, from one to fifty feet high, upon an irregular patch of ground that had been prepared for their reception by fire. Bare virgin ground is one of the essential conditions for the growth of coniferous trees from the seed, and it is interesting to notice that fire, the great destroyer of tree life, also furnishes one of the conditions for its renewal. The fall of old trees, however, furnishes fresh soil in sufficient quantities for the maintenance of the forests. The ground is thus upturned and mellowed, and many trees are planted for every one that falls. Floods and avalanches also give rise to fresh soil beds available for the growth of forest trees in this climate, and an occasional tree may owe its existence and particular location to some pawing squirrel or bear. The most influential, however, of the natural factors concerned in the maintenance of the sequoia forests by the planting of seeds are the falling trees.

That sequoia is so obviously and remarkably grouped in twos and threes is no doubt owing to the restricted action of this factor as regards area. Thus when an old tree



falls, a piece of ground forty or fifty feet in diameter will be cleared by the upturning roots, and a group of seedlings with an even start will speedily take its place. Out of this seedling thicket perhaps two or three may become trees, and then those groups called "Three Graces," "Faithful Couples," etc., will be formed. For even supposing they should stand twenty or thirty feet apart while young, by the time they are full grown they will touch and crowd and become "faithful." Also the branches on the inside of each will die for want of light, and the partial crowns be modelled into one, and the trunks, if close pressed, will appear as a forked specimen derived from one seed, leaning outward toward the top, on account of the outside of each being loaded with branches.

As soon as any mishap befalls the crown of sequoia, such as being stricken off by lightning, or broken by storms, then the branches beneath, no matter how situated, at once become excited, like a colony of bees that have lost their queen, and all seem anxious to repair the damage. Limbs that have grown outward for centuries at right angles to the trunk at once turn upward, and push eagerly on to assist in making a new crown, each speedily assuming the special outline curves of true summits. Even in the case of mere stumps burned half-way, some small ornamental sprout will seem to receive a special call to go aloft and do its best as a leader.

Less than a mile from the southern extremity of this noble forest we enter the so-called "King's River Grove," extending southward to the Kaweah divide. Here during a former visit I heard the sound of axes, indicating a group of busy men preparing a section of one of the trees they had felled for exhibition at the Centennial. It was twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, and so fine was the taper, it measured ten feet in diameter at 200 feet from the ground. The age, as counted by three different persons, is from 2125 to 2317, the fineness of the annual wood rings making accuracy in the count rather difficult.

Yet this specimen was by no means a very old-looking tree, and some are undoubtedly much older. A specimen observed by me in the New King's River Forest is probably over four thousand years old, as it measures thirty-five feet eight inches inside the bark, and is standing upon a dry hill-side where the growth has evidently been slow.

The forests of the south fork of the Kaweah extend up the range to a height of 8400 feet, which is the extreme upper limit of the entire sequoia belt, and here I was so fortunate as to settle definitely the question of the relationship of sequoia to the ancient glaciers, as to the soil they are growing upon. Hooker discovered that the



SEQUOIAS TWENTY AND TWENTY-FIVE FEET IN DIAMETER, WITH NEW CROWNS.

cedars of Lebanon were growing upon an ancient moraine. So also are the giant trees of California. Several years ago, toward the commencement of my glacial studies, I clearly determined the fact that all the upper portion of the general forest belt was not growing upon soil slowly crumbled from the rock by rains and dews and the decomposing atmosphere, but upon moraine soil ground from the mountain flank by the ancient glaciers, and scarce at all modified by post-glacial agents. *Pinus contorta*, *P. flexilis*, *P. aristata*, and *P. monticola* are planted as regularly in moraine rows and curves as the corn of an Illinois farmer. So also is a considerable portion of the *Picea amabilis* which forms the upper portion of the main heavy coniferous belt of the Sierra. Next in descending order comes *Picea grandis*, then *Pinus lambertiana*, and *P. ponderosa*, *Sequoia gigantea*, *Libocedrus decurrens*, and *Abies douglassii*, all growing upon moraine soil also, but so greatly modified and obscured by post-glacial weathering as to make its real origin dark or invisible to



observers unskilled in glacial phenomena. Here, on the head of the south fork of the Kaweah, the sequoias are established upon moraines of the ancient Kaweah glacier that flowed down the south fork cañon, and scarce more changed than those occupied by the summit pines.

At the time of my visit this forest was on fire, and as fire, whether occurring naturally by lightning or through the agency of man, is the great master-scurge of forests, and especially of sequoia, I was glad of the opportunity presented to study the methods of its destruction.

Between the river and the west end of the forest there was a heavy growth of cherry, manzanita, and ceanothus, combined into one continuous sheet of chaparral, through which I had to pass on my way into the burning sequoia woods. But this chaparral also was on fire, and the flames were racing up the shaggy hill-side as fast at times as a horse could gallop. Now bending forward and feeding on the green leaves with a passionate roar, devouring acres at a breath, then halting and shooting far into the sky, with flapping edges fringed and backed like a dandelion leaf.

It was interesting to notice how much faster these wild fires can run up hill than down. If the wind be not among the conditions, then the steeper the better for speed; but when driven by the wind, a certain slope is required for the attainment of the maxi-

um velocity, which slope varies with the wind and the character of the chaparral.

Passing through the smoke and ashes which these wild-fire billows had given for beauty, I pushed up the mountain-side into the burning forest as far as consistent with safety. One is in no danger of being chased and hemmed in by sequoia fires, because they never run fast, the speeding winds flowing only across the tree-tops, leaving the deeps below calm, like the bottom of a sea. Furthermore, there is no generally distributed fire food in sequoia forests on which fires can move rapidly. Fire can only creep on the dead leaves and burs, because they are solidly packed. Besides the general leaf stratum on which running fires mostly depend for food, there are a good many dead branches that become available here and there. And when aged sequoias fall, their crowns are smashed as if made of glass, making perfect wood-piles, limb piled on limb, broken into lengths of two or three feet, and mingled with the dense leaf tassels. The trunks, also, are broken straight across as if sawed in logs, and when the forest fire comes creeping forward into those grand wood-piles, a most sublime blaze is produced, booming and roaring like a waterfall. But all flame and noise speedily disappear, leaving only the great logs two hundred feet long, and from twenty-five to ten feet thick, lying among the gray ashes like bars of red-hot iron, enveloped in one equal,

rich, ruby, flameless glow. Sequoia fire is more beautiful in color than that of any otherspecies I ever noticed. And now fancy a forest hill-side strewn with those majestic trunks straight as arrows, smooth, and perfect in taper and roundness, and covered with a plush of flameless, enthusiastic fire, gorgeous in color as the bars of a sunset cloud. Get this picture clearly before your mind, and you have one of the most perfectly glorious fire spectacles to be found on the face of the earth.

Sequoia smoke is also surpassingly beautiful; not



BEAR WRITING ON SEQUOIA.



muddy with resinous lamp-black, like that of the pine, but fine brown and purple when well lighted.

Although the fallen trunks burn on the outside for days in succession, they never lose much of their bulk in this way. Strange to say, however, although perfectly undecayed, they burn *inside* for months, and in so methodical a manner that they are at length bored into regular tubes, as if by some huge auger. For it must be understood that all those far-famed hollow trunks, into which horsemen may gallop, are hollowed, after falling, through the agency of fire. No sequoia is made hollow by decay; and even supposing it possible that in rare instances they *should* become hollow, like oaks, while yet standing, they would inevitably smash into small fragments when they fell.

Out from beneath the smoke clouds of this suffering forest I made my way across the river and up the opposite slopes into woods not a whit less noble. Brownie the meanwhile had been feeding luxuriously day after day in a ravine, among beds of leersia and wild wheat, gathering strength for new efforts. But way-making became more and more difficult—indeed impossible, in common phrase. But just before sundown I reached a charming camp ground, with new sequoias to study and sleep beneath. It was evidently a well-known and favorite resort of bears, which are always wise enough to choose homes in charming woods where they are secure, and have the luxury of cool meadow patches to wallow in, and clover to eat, and plenty of acid ants, wasps, and pine nuts in their season. The bark of many of the trees was furrowed picturesquely by their matchless paws, where they had stood up stretching their limbs like cats. Their tracks were fresh along the stream-side, and I half expected to see them resting beneath the brown trunks, or standing on some prostrate log snuffing and listening to learn the nature of the disturbance. Brownie listened and looked cautiously around, as if doubting whether the place were safe. All mules have the fear of bears before their eyes, and are marvelously acute in detecting them, either by night or day. No dog can scent a bear farther, and as long, therefore, as your mule rests quietly in a bear region, you need have no fears of their approach. But when bears *do* come into camp, mules tethered by a rope too strong to break are not infrequently killed in trying to run away. Guarding against this danger, I usually tie to an elastic sapling, so as to diminish the shock in case of a stampede, and perhaps thus prevent either neck or rope from breaking.

The starry night circled away in profound calm, and I lay steeped in its weird beauty, notwithstanding the growing danger of be-

ing snow-bound, and feeling more than commonly happy; for while climbing the river cañon I had made a fine geological discovery concerning the formation and origin of the quartz sands of the great "dead river" deposits of the northern Sierra.

Two days beyond this bear dell I enjoyed a very charming meeting with a group of deer in one of nature's most sequestered gardens—a spot never, perhaps, neared by human foot.

The garden lies high on the northern cliffs of the south fork. The Kaweah goes foaming past 2000 feet below, while the sequoia forest rises shadowy along the ridge on the north. It is only about half an acre in size, full of golden-rods and eriogonæ and tall vase-like tufts of waving grasses with silky panicles, not crowded like a field of grain, but planted wide apart among the flowers, each tuft with plenty of space to manifest its own loveliness both in form and color and wind-waving, while the plantless spots between are covered with dry leaves and burs, making a fine brown ground for both grasses and flowers. The whole is fenced in by a close hedge-like growth of wild cherry, mingled with California lilac and glossy evergreen manzanita, not drawn around in strict lines, but waving in and out in a succession of bays and swelling bosses exquisitely painted with the best Indian summer light, and making a perfect paradise of color. I found a small silver-fir near by, from which I cut plushy boughs for a bed, and spent a delightful night sleeping away all cañon-climbing weariness.

Next morning shortly after sunrise, just as the light was beginning to come streaming through the trees, while I lay leaning on my elbow taking my bread and tea, and looking down across the cañon, tracing the dip of the granite headlands, and trying to plan a way to the river at a point likely to be fordable, suddenly I caught the big bright eyes of a deer gazing at me through the garden hedge. The expressive eyes, the slim black-tipped muzzle, and the large ears were as perfectly visible as if placed there at just the right distance to be seen, like a picture on a wall. She continued to gaze, while I gazed back with equal steadiness, motionless as a rock. In a few minutes she ventured forward a step, exposing her fine arching neck and fore-legs, then snorted and withdrew.

This alone was a fine picture—the beautiful eyes framed in colored cherry leaves, the topmost sprays lightly atremble, and just glanced by the level sun rays, all the rest in shadow.

But more anon. Gaining confidence, and evidently piqued by curiosity, the trembling sprays indicated her return, and her head came into view; then another and another



step, and she stood wholly exposed inside the garden hedge, gazed eagerly around, and again withdrew, but returned a moment afterward, this time advancing into the middle of the garden; and behind her I noticed a second pair of eyes, not fixed on me, but on her companion in front, as if eagerly questioning, "What in the world do you see?" Then more rustling in the hedge, and another head came slipping past the second, the two heads touching; while the first came within a few steps of me, walking with inimitable grace, expressed in every limb. My picture was being enriched and enlivened every minute; but even this was not all. After another timid little snort, as if testing my good intentions, all three disappeared; but I was true, and my wild beauties emerged once more, one, two, three, four, slipping through the dense hedge without snapping a twig, and all four came forward into the garden, grouping themselves most picturesquely, moving, changing, lifting their smooth polished limbs with charming grace—the perfect embodiment of poetic form and motion. I have oftentimes remarked in meeting with deer under various circumstances that curiosity was sufficiently strong to carry them dangerously near hunters; but in this instance they seemed to have satisfied curiosity, and began to feel so much at ease in my company that they all commenced feeding in the garden—eating breakfast with me, like gentle sheep around a shepherd—while I observed keenly, to learn their gestures and what plants they fed on. They are the daintiest feeders I ever saw, and no wonder the Indians esteem the contents of their stomachs a great delicacy. They seldom eat grass, but chiefly aromatic shrubs. The ceanothus and cherry seemed their favorites. They would cull a single cherry leaf with the utmost delicacy, then one of ceanothus, now and then stalking across the garden to snip off a leaf or two of mint, their sharp muzzle enabling them to cull out the daintiest leaves one at a time. It was delightful to feel how perfectly the most timid wild animals may confide in man. They no longer required that I should remain motionless, taking no alarm when I shifted from one elbow to the other, and even allowed me to rise and stand erect.

It then occurred to me that I might possibly steal up to one of them and catch it, not with any intention of killing it, for that was far indeed from my thoughts. I only wanted to run my hand along its beautiful curving limbs. But no sooner had I made a little advance on this line than, giving a searching look, they seemed to penetrate my conceit, and bounded off with loud shrill snorts, vanishing in the forest.

There is a wild instinctive love of animal-killing in every body, inherited, no doubt,

from savage ancestors, and its promptings for the moment have occasionally made me as excitedly blood-thirsty as a wolf. But far higher is the pleasure of meeting one's fellow-animals in a friendly way without any of the hunter's gross concomitants of blood and groans.

I have often tried to understand how so many deer, and wild sheep, and bears, and flocks of grouse—nature's cattle and poultry—could be allowed to run at large through the mountain gardens without in any way marring their beauty. I was therefore all the more watchful of this feeding flock, and carefully examined the garden after they left, to see what flowers had suffered; but I could not detect the slightest disorder, much less destruction. It seemed rather that, like gardeners, they had been keeping it in order. At least I could not see a crushed flower, nor a single grass stem that was misbent or broken down. Nor among the daisy, gentian, bryanthus gardens of the Alps, where the wild sheep roam at will, have I ever noticed the effects of destructive feeding or trampling. Even the burly shuffling bears beautify the ground on which they walk, picturing it with their awe-inspiring tracks, and also writing poetry on the soft sequoia bark in boldly drawn Gothic hieroglyphics. But, strange to say, man, the crown, the sequoia of nature, brings confusion with all his best gifts, and, with the overabundant, misbegotten animals that he breeds, sweeps away the beauty of wildness like a fire.

Hence into the basin of the Tule the sequoia forests become still more extensive and interesting, and I began to doubt more than ever my ability to trace the belt to its southern boundary before the fall of winter snow. My mule became doubly jaded, and I had to drag him wearily from cañon to cañon, like a fur-trader making tedious portages with his canoe, and to further augment my difficulties, I got out of provisions, while I knew no source of supply nearer than the foot-hills far below the sequoia belt. I began to calculate how long I would be able, or how long it would be right, to live on manzanita berries, so as to save time that was extremely precious at this critical period of the year, by obviating the necessity of descending to the inhabited foot-hills only to return again.

One afternoon, after eating my last piece of bread, I stood on a commanding ridge overlooking the giant forests stretching interminably to the south, and deliberating whether to push firmly on, depending on what berries I might pick, until I should chance upon some mountaineer's camp, when a rifle-shot rang out crisp and joyfully over the woods. You may be sure I marked the bearings of that shot in a way not to be forgotten, and steered gladly through the



woods in quest of the hunter. I had not gone far ere I struck the track of a shod horse, which I followed to a camp of Indians in charge of a flock of sheep.

The only Indian in camp when I arrived did not seem to understand me very well, but he quickly perceived that I was hungry, and besides, made out to say, in a mixture of words and gestures, that he had a companion who would soon be in who could "heap speak English."

Toward evening the sheep came streaming dustily in long files through the woods, and spread out on a meadow near the camp. Then the other Indian came in, to whom I explained my wants. He promised me some flour in the morning, showed me where to tether my mule, and when supper was ready urged me to eat heartily. Sitting around the camp fire, he inquired whether I had been successful in discovering gold in any of the gulches, seeming, like most white men, to be incapable of comprehending any other motive for such explorations; and as a talkative Indian is rarely found, I embraced the opportunity of trying to get some wild knowledge out of him concerning the birds and animals. Unfortunately, however, he made pretensions to civilization, and spoke contemptuously of *wild* Indians; and of course the peculiar instincts of wildness belonging to his race had become dim; neither did he seem to have any special knowledge of mountain life, not even of bears; and as for wild sheep, he never had seen them. He informed me, however, that the "big trees" still extended far south, he knew not how far, but that he had seen them in crossing the range from Visalia to Lone Pine. His only item of information likely to prove available was that a saw-mill was located somewhere on the south fork of the Tule, where I would find provisions.

Next morning, after receiving a few pounds of flour and a strip of dried mutton, I plunged again into the wilderness.

The entire upper portion of the Tule basin is magnificently forested with sequoia, the finest portion being on the north fork. This, indeed, is, I think, the noblest block of sequoia in the entire belt, surpassing even the giant forest of the Kaweah. Southward from here I thought I could detect a slight falling off in the density and general thrift of the forest, without, however, noticing any further indication of approach to the southern limit. It is a remarkable and significant fact that, upon the whole, the species becomes more and more fully the master tree of the forest belt the farther south, until within a few miles of its limit. Here it is the first tree one meets forming heavy forests, either in ascending or descending the range. Only a fringe of small or sparsely planted pines and firs occurs above it, and a like scanty fringe beneath. But although

the area occupied by the species increases in so significant a degree toward the south, there is no corresponding increase in the size of individual trees. The height and girth of the largest of the old groves are, with a few marked exceptions, about equal to any I have seen in the new forests. General Grant, of the King's River Grove, has acquired considerable notoriety in California as "the biggest tree in the world," though in reality less interesting and not so large as many others of no name. The diameter of forty feet claimed for it is obtained by measuring close down on the ground around its wide-spreading craggy base. A fair measurement makes it about equal to the Mariposa giant (thirty feet diameter), which it also resembles in general appearance.

In pushing across the Tule basin I encountered terribly precipitous cañons. Even the small tributaries run in deep gorges, exceedingly difficult to get down into, and still more difficult to climb out of with a mule. I thought of abandoning saddle and blankets and turning him free, and thus turn myself free; for no mountaineer is truly free who is trammelled with friend or servant, or who has the care of more than two legs. Besides, it seems cruel to make any animal share one's toil without being capable of sharing its rewards. What cared Brownie for botany beyond grasses, or for landscapes beyond glacier meadows?

Large flocks of sheep had swept the South Tule Basin bare of grass, and of course Brownie had hard fare. After turning him loose one night to pick what little the place afforded, I busied myself building a fire, paying no attention to him, when, after prospecting the lean ground, and finding nothing but bushes to browse on, he returned to camp, stole close up to me, almost thrusting his nose against my face, and, in the solemn stillness of the gloaming, poured forth a most lamentable compound of bray and neigh, and with all its horrid blare pervaded by pathetic, supplicatory tones of hunger. The horror of so grim a vision of weariness and want I shall not attempt to tell. I hastily offered him half my little remnant of bread, made from the last of the flour given me by the Indians, and though unleavened and charred by baking on the coals, he devoured it greedily. Next morning I pushed directly down the mountains to the inhabited foot-hills, and turned him loose in a corral to botanize at will among abundance of alfalfa and barley; then procured a fresh animal from a friendly mountaineer, and climbed back to the sequoias to complete my work, or at least to remain in the woods until winter set in.

The ridge between the South Tule and Deer Creek is well planted with sequoia; but the trees are decidedly shorter and less irrepressible in aspect, and I began to feel



confident that the southern limit of the species could not be very far distant. I was greatly interested here to find that the species had crossed over into the upper valley of the Kern, and planted colonies northward along the eastern slope of the western summit, or Greenhorn range. The western summit, like a branch axis, puts out from the main backbone of the Sierra at the head of King's River, trending southward, and inclosing the upper valley of the Kern on the west; and it is just where this lofty spur begins to break down on its approach to its southern termination that sequoia has been able to cross it.

Pushing on still southward over the divide between the north and south forks of Deer Creek, I found that the southern boundary was at length crossed, and a careful scrutiny of the woods beyond failed to discover a single sequoia, or any trace of its former existence; and now all that remained was to descend the range, and make a level way home along the plain.

It appears, then, from this general survey of the sequoia forest, that, notwithstanding the colossal dimensions of the trees, and their peculiarly interesting character, more than ninety per cent. of the whole number of individuals belonging to the species have hitherto remained unknown to science.

We are now ready for the question, *Was the species ever more extensively distributed on the Sierra in post-glacial times?*

We have been led to the conclusion that it never was, because, after careful search along the margins of the groves and forests and in the gaps between, we have not observed indications of any kind whatsoever of its previous existence beyond its present bounds; notwithstanding I feel confident that if every sequoia in the range were to die to-day, numerous monuments of their existence would remain of so imperishable a nature as to be available for the student more than ten thousand years hence.

In the first place, we might notice that no species of coniferous tree in the range keeps its individuals so well together as sequoia. A mile is, perhaps, about the greatest distance of any straggler from the main body, and all of those stragglers that have come under my observation are *young*, instead of old monumental trees, relics of a more extended growth.

Again, we might recall in this connection the well-known longevity of individual trees, and the fact that the trunks frequently endure for centuries after they fall. I have a specimen block cut from a fallen trunk which is in no way distinguishable from specimens taken from living trees, notwithstanding the old trunk fragment from which it was derived has lain on the damp ground for more than 380 years. The measure of time in the case is simply this: when the

ponderous trunk to which the old vestige belonged fell, it sunk itself into the ground, thus making a long straight ditch, and in the middle of this ditch a silver-fir is growing that is now four feet in diameter, and 380 years old, as determined by cutting it half through and counting the rings, thus demonstrating that the remnant of the trunk that made the ditch has lain on the ground *more* than 380 years. For it is evident that, to find the whole time, we must add to the 380 years the time that the vanished portion of the trunk lay in its ditch before being burned out of the way, *plus* the time that passed ere the seed from which the monumental fir sprang fell into the prepared soil and took root. Now, because sequoia trunks are never wholly consumed in one forest fire, and these fires recur only at considerable intervals, and because sequoia ditches after being cleared are often left unplanted for centuries, then it becomes evident that the trunk remnant in question may probably have lain a thousand years or more; and this instance is by no means a rare one.

But admitting that upon those areas supposed to have been once covered with sequoia every tree may have fallen, and every trunk been burned or buried, leaving not a single remnant, many of the long straight ditches made by the fall of the trunks, and the deep wide bowls made by their upturning roots, would remain patent for thousands of years after the last remnant of the trunks that made them had disappeared. Much of this sequoia ditch-writing would no doubt be speedily effaced by the flood action of overflowing streams and rain-washing; but no inconsiderable portion would be enduringly engraved on ridge-tops beyond all such destructive action. And where all the conditions are favorable, sequoia ditch-writing is almost absolutely imperishable, as might easily be rigidly demonstrated had we sufficient space, and readers of sufficient patience. But in the mean time I only wish to fix attention on the fact that *these historic ditches and root bowls occur in all the present groves and forests of sequoia, but not the faintest vestige of one outside of them has yet presented itself.* We therefore conclude that the area covered by sequoia has not been diminished during the last eight or ten thousand years, and probably not at all in post-glacial times.

The climatic changes in progress in the Sierra, bearing upon the tenure of forest life, are wholly misapprehended, especially as to the *time* and *means* employed by nature in effecting them. It is constantly asserted, in a vague way, that the Sierra climate was vastly wetter than now, and that the increasing drought will of itself extinguish sequoia in a short time, leaving the ground to firs and pines supposed to be capa-



ble of growing upon drier soil. But that sequoia can and does grow on as dry soil as that occupied by either fir or pine is manifest in a thousand places along the main belt. "Why, then," it will be asked, "are sequoias always found in *greatest abundance* on well-watered places where small perennial streams abound?" Simply because a close growth of sequoia always produces those streams. The thirsty mountaineer knows well that in every sequoia grove he will find running water, but it is a very complete mistake to suppose that the water is the *cause*

of the grove being there; for, on the contrary, the grove is the cause of the *water* being there. Drain off the water, and the grove will remain. But cut off the grove, and the streams and springs will at once disappear.

When attention is called to the method of sequoia stream-making, it will be apprehended at once.

The roots of this immense tree cover the ground, forming a thick dense sponge that absorbs and holds back the rains and melting snows, yet allowing them to ooze and flow gently. Indeed, every fallen leaf and rootlet, as well as long clasping root and prostrate trunk, is a dam, hoarding the bounty of storm clouds, and dispensing it in blessings all through the summer, instead of allowing it to go headlong in short-lived floods. Evaporation is also checked by the densely foliaged sequoia to a greater extent than by any other mountain tree. Thick masses of air that are soon saturated are entangled among the massive crowns, or drift slowly like icebergs around clustering islets, while thirsty winds are prevented from sponging and licking along the ground.

So great is the retention of water in many portions of the main belt that bogs and meadows are created; by the killing and consequent falling of the trees a single trunk falling across a stream often forms a dam 200 feet long and ten to thirty feet high, giving rise to a pond which kills the trees



SUGAR-PINES IN A SEQUOIA DITCH.

within its reach; these dead trees fall in turn, thus clearing the ground; while sediments gradually accumulate, changing the pond into a bog or drier meadow for a growth of carices and sphagnum. In some instances a chain of small bogs rise above one another on a hill-side, which are gradually merged into one another, forming sloping bogs and meadows.

Since, then, it is a fact that thousands of sequoias are growing thriftily on what is termed dry soil, and even clinging like mountain pines to rifts on granite precipices, and since it has been shown that the extra moisture found in connection with the denser growths is an *effect* of their presence instead of a *cause* of their presence, then the prevailing notions as to the previous extension of the species and its near approach to extinction, based upon its supposed dependence on greater moisture, are seen to have in this connection no real significance.

The decrease of the rain-fall since the close of the glacial epoch in the Sierra is not nearly so great as is generally guessed. The highest post-glacial water-marks are well preserved on all the upper river channels, and they are not greatly higher than the spring flood-marks of the present, showing conclusively that no extraordinary decrease has taken place in the volume of post-glacial Sierra streams since they came into existence.





## THE VALLEY OF THE YOMOURI

ISLAND OF CUBA.

### I.

WHEN the dull gray mists of the morning  
 Hung over the land and sea,  
 We rode to the heights o'erlooking  
 The Vale of the Yomouri;  
 Thither we rode, and waited  
 Till the sun, like an Angel of Light,  
 Touched with transfiguring glory  
 The vaporous ghost of night.  
 While over the sea behind us  
 The clouds yet darkly lie,

They are silvery on the hill-sides,  
 They are crimsoned up in the sky;  
 And with noiseless smoke-surf drifting  
 And breaking on palmy knolls,  
 With its great drop-curtain lifting,  
 The tropical scene outrolls!  
 In the lap of the verdant mountains,  
 In many a mural chain,  
 Here ripens the golden orange,  
 Here sweetens the sugar-cane;



Not fairer the Happy Valley  
 Of the Abyssinian tale;  
 And the giant Pan of Matanzas  
 Is monarch of the vale.  
 With glistening eyes, as of childhood,  
 O'er the summer hills I glance,  
 With eyes that the unfamiliar  
 Enchants with the hues of romance.  
 Oh, I stood there, as Youth stands ever,  
 With the morning light on the earth,  
 Yet near the veiled ocean, shadowing  
 The mystery of Birth.

## II.

We rode through the valley at evening:  
 A golden sunset burned,  
 And against it the piny summits  
 Were black, as we returned;  
 The mountain shadows lengthened,  
 The sun went down behind,  
 And in streamers of rosy color  
 Grew the twilight arch defined.  
 With luminous interspaces

Of that glory in the west,  
 The feathering palm-trees tapered  
 Up from each hillock's crest;  
 Than columnus of human temples  
 More tall and graceful far;  
 Their broad leaves faintly silvered  
 By the rays of the evening star.  
 It was beautiful as a vision!  
 But we passed a gap in the hills,  
 By a river—and lo! the ocean  
 The vast horizon fills!  
 No more as it was at morning,  
 Wrapped in a misty cloud,  
 It stretched to the north in its grandeur,  
 With the gathering night its shroud;  
 And I thought of the valley's legend,  
 Of the chief in battle slain,  
 Whose soul went forth as thy winds go,  
 Thou melancholy main!  
 Oh, often in pleasant places  
 Our lines of life may be,  
 But Joy casts a shadow—and round us  
 Forever flows the sea!

## WILD BABIES.

A TOUCH of nature makes the whole world kin, so we have chosen a trite illustration of the truth of this statement, and venture to exhibit it by showing to our parents the manner in which certain savage people treat their offspring, because a pleasant and envious notion is entertained here and in other civilized precincts that young Indians grow—just grow as Topsy thought she did. But it is not so: they have sore eyes and bad tempers; they wake up in the night with lusty yells and the colic; they have fits; they raise riots when cutting their teeth; and they are just as much petted and just as mischievous as our own.

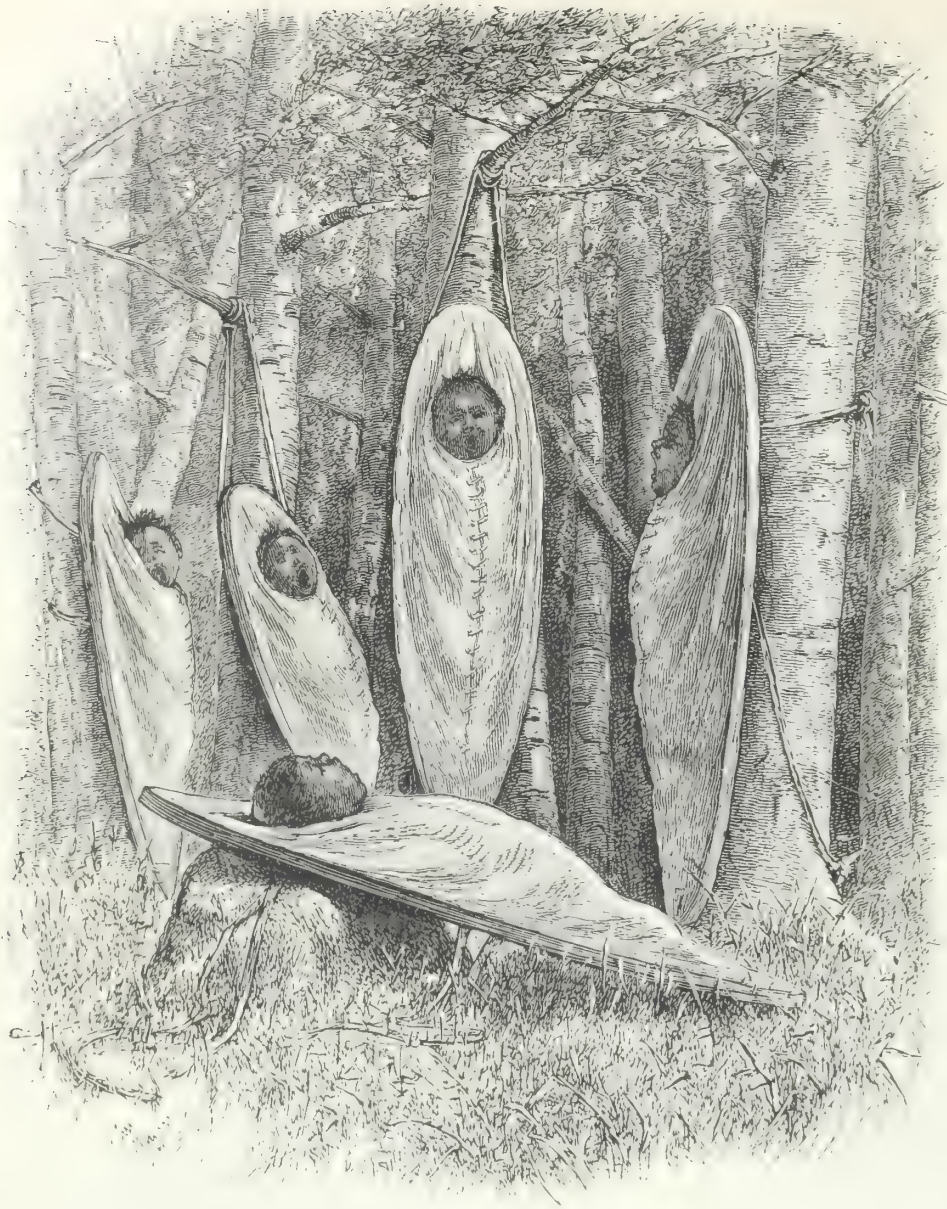
The mothers of Pocahontas and Red Jacket worried over them with just as much earnestness as, perhaps, did the maternal progenitors of Mrs. Hemans and George Washington, while quite as much paternal supervision was given doubtless to one as to the other. When the question of love and tenderness alone is mooted, then it should be said without hesitation that the baby born to-day in the shadow and smoke of savage life is as carefully cherished as the little stranger that may appear here, simultaneously with it, amid all the surroundings

of civilized wealth; and the difference between them does not commence to show itself until they have reached that age where the mind begins to feed and reason upon what it sees, hears, feels, and tastes; then the gulf yawns between our baby and the Indian's; the latter stands still, while



BRINGING THE BABY HOME—ALASKA.





SIoux BABIES AMUSING THEMSELVES.

the former is ever moving onward and upward.

The love of an Indian mother for her child is made plain to us by the care and labor which she often expends upon the cradle: the choicest production of her skill in grass and woolen weaving, the neatest needle-work, and the richest bead embroidery that she can devise and bestow are lavished upon the quaint-looking cribs which savage mothers nurse and carry their little ones around in. This cradle, though varying in minor details with each tribe, is essentially the same thing, no matter where it is found, between the Indians of Alaska and those far to the south in Mexico. The Esquimaux are the exception, however, for they use no cradle whatever, carrying their infants snugly ensconced in the hoods to their parkies and otter-fur jumpers. The governing principle of a pappoose cradle is an unyielding board upon which the baby can be firmly lashed at full length on its back.

This board is usually covered by softly dressed buckskin, with flaps and pouches in

which to envelop the baby; other tribes, not rich or fortunate enough to procure this material, have recourse to a neat combination of shrub-wood poles, reed splints, grass matting, and the soft and fragrant ribbons of the bass or linden tree bark. Sweet grass is used here as a bed for the youngster's tender back, or else clean dry moss plucked from the bended limbs of the swamp firs; then, with buckskin thongs or cords of plaited grass the baby is bound down tight and secure, for any and all disposition that its mother may see fit to make of it for the next day or two.

Indian babies, as a rule, are not kept in their cradles more than twenty to twenty-four consecutive hours at any one time; they are usually unlimbered for an hour or two every day, and allowed to roll and tumble at will on a blanket, or in the grass or sand if the sun shines warm and bright. But this liberty is always conditional upon their good behavior when free, for the moment a baby begins to fret or whimper, the mother claps it back into its cradle, where it rests with emphasis, for it can there move



nothing save its head; but so far from disliking these rigid couches, the babies actually sleep better in them than when free, and positively cry to be returned to them when neglected and left longer than usual at liberty. This fact is certainly an amusing instance of the force of habit.

When the pappoose is put away in its cradle, the mother has little or no more concern with it, other than to keep within sight or hearing. If she is engaged about the wigwam or in the village, she stands it up in the lodge corner or hangs it to some convenient tree, taking it down at irregular intervals to nurse. When she retires at night, the baby is brought and suspended at some point within easy reaching; if the baby is ill, it is kept at her side, or she sits up all night with it in the most orthodox fashion. When the women leave the village on any errand, such as going to the mountains for berries or to the river cañon for fish, the cradles with the babies therein are slung upon the mothers' backs, and carried, no matter how far, how rough the road, or how dismal the weather.

The writer in 1870 was taking a short-cut over the country near old Fort Casper, on the Platte, when he paused to kneel and drink at a clear little stream as he crossed. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a succession of queer, cooing, snuffling sounds that caused him to peer curiously about into the recesses of the surrounding birch and poplar thicket, where he discovered to the right and just above him five papposes slung to the trees, all alone in their glory, amusing themselves by winking and staring at one another, apparently as happy as clams at high water; but, unfortunately for their serenity, they caught sight of the pale-face, and with one accord they began to howl in dismal and terrified accents, so that in less than a minute six or seven squaws came crashing through the underbrush to the rescue. Happy mothers! it was not, as they feared, a bear, and the tempest was quelled at once.

Indian babies are born subject to all the ills that baby flesh is heir to, but

with this great difference between them and ours—when sick they are either killed or cured without delay. This does not happen, however, from sinister motives; it is not done to avoid the irksome care of a sickly, puny child; it is not the result of lack of natural love for offspring—not any or all of these: it is due to their wonderful “medicine,” their fearful system of incantation.

A pappoose becomes ill; it refuses to eat or to be comforted; and after several days and nights of anxious, tender endeavor to relieve her child, the mother begins to fear the worst, and growing thoroughly alarmed, she at last sends for the “shaman,” or a doctress of the tribe, and surrenders her babe to his or her merciless hands. This shaman at once sets up over the wretched youngster a steady howling, and then anon a whispering conjuration, shaking a hideous rattle or burning wisps of grass around the cradle. This is kept up night and day until the baby rallies or dies, one doctor relieving the other until the end is attained, and that result is death nine times out of ten.

Disease is not viewed by an Indian as we regard it. With him it is not a simple physiological disorder, with lymphatic or sanguine vitiation of the system—it is no such thing to his mind. He sees in a sick person the form of one who is stricken down by the lodgment therein of a devil or bad spirit; and the only way to restore the patient to health is to scare this devil, terrify this



CHARMING A CURE.





WHAT THE BOYS DO.

demon, out of the body of the sick back again into the thin air from whence it came; and to do this these infernal practices are resorted to of dancing around the sick and dragging them about, yelling and frothing at the mouth, and making hideous noises with calabashes and rattles day and night without a moment's intermission, until the poor sufferer, in sheer desperation, usually seeks refuge in death.

If the shamans, or medicine-men, fail to kill a patient in the regular course of their practice, they are warmly congratulated by the relatives and the whole village for their success in browbeating and driving out the lurking devil that afflicted him. Still more strange, however, when the sick die under this peculiar treatment, there is no reproach uttered, no hint as to the least desire to change doctors when the next case comes along, but, on the contrary, the shamans are the recipients of even heartier congratulation than when a cure supervenes, as they are gravely and humbly complimented for their wonderful courage in attacking and facing so powerful and wicked an evil genius as

the one must have been which succeeded in taking the life of the sick man, in spite of the doctor's terrible adjurations and noisy incantation.

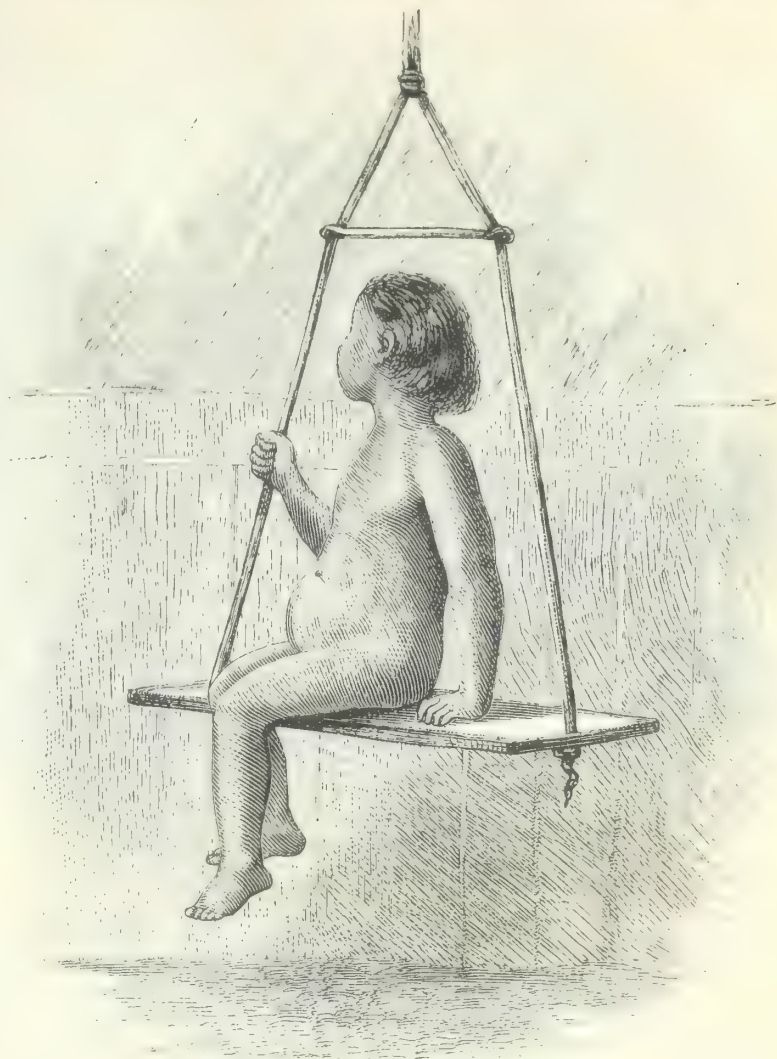
The effect of this understanding among Indians is to leave no babies in their villages over four or five years of age which are not perfectly sound and tough, with the exception of those youngsters who, though apparently strong, have the seeds implanted of bronchial and pulmonary disease, for consumption is the great regular scourge of Indian youth. When left to themselves they know nothing of measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, but they have the mumps; they have several low intermittent fevers; they have bad colds and hacking coughs; and, worse than all, they are very scrofulous, and suffer greatly from aggravated eruptions of the skin. But if there are any germs of disease in the air of an Indian encampment such as our children are usually waylaid with in early life, the pappoose is promptly brought down with it, and suffers like our little ones, only in the case of measles, unless the weather be very warm and fine, the re-



sult is almost always fatal, for the idea of guarding against sudden draughts and changes of temperature is something that an Indian mother can not entertain, much less do, even to save her baby, which she loves as she loves her own life.

When the pappoose has rounded its second year of existence, it leaves the cradle and begins to chew meat and salmon; it runs about the village for the next ten or twelve years without a scrap of clothing during the summer, if a boy, and provided with a corner of a blanket to wrap around itself in winter; if it be a girl, it is clad in a short leather dress, the arms and legs bare. A marked difference in treatment of the two sexes begins also at a very early age. The boys literally run wild; they are not asked to do any thing, and they are never punished for the rankest insubordination; but the girls fall into line behind their mothers as soon as they can carry a five-pound weight, and become hewers of wood and drawers of water before they enter their teens: industry and submission is the lesson they are thoroughly taught, while the very opposite is held out to the boys, and gloried in by them. In

swift compliance with such teaching the boys become harsh and cruel to their mothers and disobedient and impudent to their



WASTONQUAH BABY IN TRAPEZE SWING.



WHAT THE GIRLS DO—SEONA MAIDS ON THE TIMBER TRAIL PACKING FIRE-WOOD.





LITTLE SNAKES PLAYING IN THE WATER.

fathers; but the old warriors and women of the tribe delight in it, and the more obstreperous and impudent the young buck is, the greater the man he is to be, as they say. Indeed, the extent to which it is carried in some tribes may be faintly appreciated by the relation of an incident that came under our observation.

An old Shoshone chief happened to pass between two squads of little urchins of the tribe who were playing, and in passing he chanced to intercept and stop the flight of a ball which a lively young buck was driving with all his might and main; this boy ran out of the crowd and up to the warrior, where he hauled off and hit that person a lusty blow over the loins with the shiny club in his hands, and as the old chief sharply and savagely turned around, the audacious young Snake spat in his face! What then? Why, the warrior father, fearing that his son might be scared by the sight of his uncontrollably angry face, quickly drew his blanket up and over it, and moved away without a word!

A somewhat comical characteristic of Indian children is the excessively protuberant abdomen and the thin legs and arms; a fat, chunky boy or girl is a rare sight among these people. Though the boys haunt the streams and lake beaches throughout the spring, summer, and autumn, swimming therein like ducks, and as often as beavers, yet they always appear begrimed, oily, and dirty; they never have any trouble with their hair, and it matters little to them or their friends whether the frowzy top-knot is ever combed, parted in the middle or at the

side, or parted at all; they troop about the village, now rollicking, now cowering, like so many monkeys. The eyes of an average Indian boy are small and black; they are prominent, without visible eyebrows; large eyes are despised, because it is claimed that they are weak and timid; therefore a handsome boy must have small jetty optics, large mouth full of stout teeth, and a deep chest; while the handsomest girl is the strongest one of her age.

The pappoose, after being weaned, for the next five or six years hangs around his mother, or abuses an older sister if he has one; he pays earnest and prompt attention to meals, and is seldom seen without something in his mouth; he rolls contentedly in the ashes of the fire, and spends hour after hour during these tender years in roasting over the coals little strips of meat or fish impaled on twigs or forked sticks; he becomes early known to all the dogs in the village, and attaches himself to some favorite one or two of them, which receive all the fresh bones and other dainty morsels that he has to spare from day to day. Gradually his spider-like arms and legs grow stronger, and he begins to essay murder with the bow and arrow, and to imitate the strut of the warriors as they stalk from lodge to lodge; he rolls himself up to sleep every night in the snuggest and most convenient place he can find in the "tepee," either at the feet of his parents or coiled up with his relatives.

The pappoose finds his own playthings as a rule, though his father occasionally unbends far enough to fashion his first bow



and arrow. He delights in playing ball, but not in catching it as our boys do. It is usually a game similar to "shinny" when played by the little Indians. He delights also in setting small snares for grouse, rabbits, and water-fowl, and takes real honest boyish satisfaction in robbing birds' nests; but when the berry season arrives then is he happiest, and his cup of content runs over. The slender nether limbs are fairly bowed and groggy beneath the fruit-distended abdomen. As the boys are never subjected to bearing of burdens, and hardly ever put upon their feet before they are two years old, the sight of bowed or knock-kneed legs among them is very rare indeed, but the practice of setting the young girls at the duty, mornings and evenings, of bringing packs of wood and water causes nearly all of them to be sprung either out or in at the knees.

The state of communism in which Indians live generally permits no privileged class among them, and the girls of the chief walk in single file along the wood trail under just as heavy burdens as are carried by the



GETTING OLD ENOUGH TO BE USEFUL.

daughters of the others who have no rank or standing whatever in the village. Liberty, equality, and fraternity among the children are a patent fact. There are no heart-burnings caused by wealth here or high public position. The boys are never known to have quarrelled among themselves because the father of one was richer than the father of the other, and the little girls never attempt or think of queening it over one another on the strength of better dresses and their mother's carriage. There are no rivalries of this kind among Indian children until they assume the *toga virilis*; but they have jealousies and malicious promptings which culminate in blows and taunts that spring out of their childish games, for they play at bat and foot-ball, at hide-and-seek, at tag, and have several out-door pastimes not unlike blindman's-buff and hunt-the-slipper. Indian boys do not know any thing about marbles; they have no game at all like it, though they might have with great propriety, for the wear and tear to which our boys' pantaloons are subjected in the season of this sport would never give an Indian mother a moment's concern, because her boys never wear trousers. They fly little kites, however, made out of fish bladders or air-sacs, and they spin teetotums on flat polished stones; but the delightful mysteries of mumble-peg they have yet to inves-



SICCANY BAB EN ROUTE—HEAD WATERS OF THE FRAZER.





KUTCHIN MOTHER AND BABY.

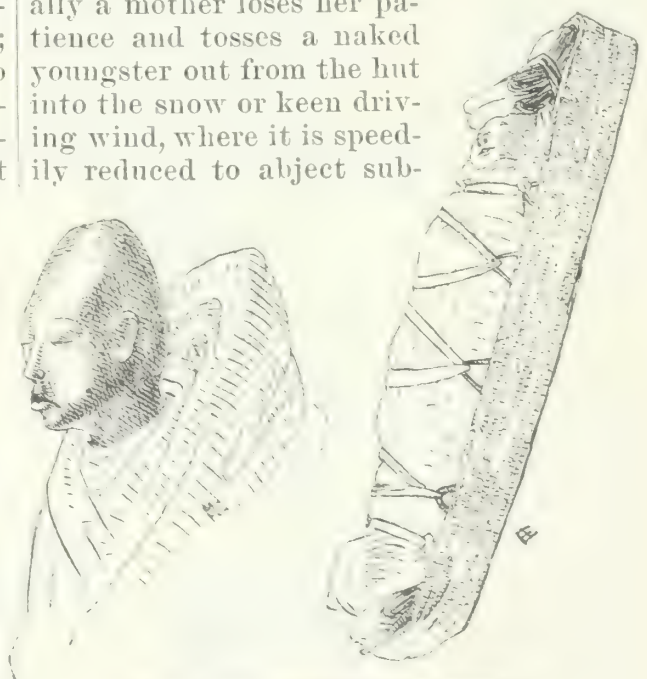
tigate. The girls, however, do not participate much in these sports, since they become coy little old women at a very early age, and when not on the water, fish, and wood paths, they are usually busily employed in helping their mothers gather mast and dry berries and roots, scraping, tanning, and sewing skins, ravelling sinews, etc., etc. The industry of Indian women is really remarkable; they are always at work, from the oldest to the youngest, making in this manner a wonderful contrast between the laborious diligence of an Indian girl and the magnificent loafing of an Indian boy.

Allusion has been made to the love which Indian boys have for the water, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, still it is true that they are never clean, owing to the habit which they have of rubbing the marrow-bone oil and fish grease over their faces, bodies, limbs, and hair at the conclusion of every meal and between meals, so that the cool and even tepid stream water does not tend to remove it in the least, except in spots; on the contrary, the effect of bathing seems to be to set the dirt all the more firmly on their begrimed forms. When it does come off it comes off in scales.

As a rule Indian children are light-hearted and cheerful, rippling with laughter and mischievous mirth, for they play sly tricks upon the dogs and one another incessantly. They are much given to singing, copying of course from the songs of their elders; but this feature is a rather dreary one, as the chant is always dolorous, though the time is kept well, and usually emphasized by a baton beat upon a log or a rude drum.

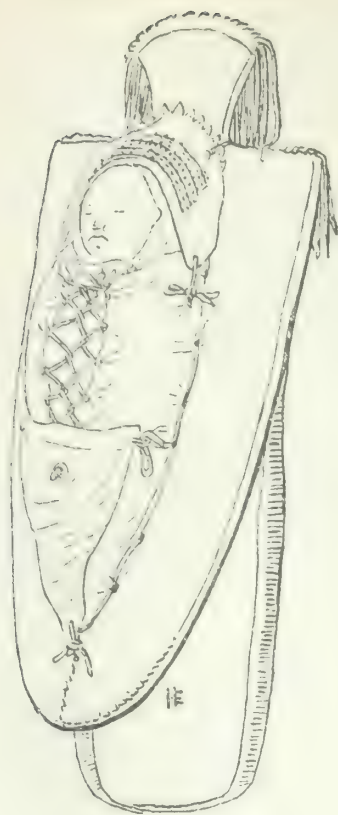
The fact that the Esquimaux babies are not managed like the other tender young savages of our country is rather peculiar, but the child is carried in its mother's hood instead, until it is old and strong enough to walk, then it is incased in a complete suit, consisting of a parky, breeches, and boots, in exact imitation of the dress of its father or mother, as the case of its sex may be. Then, too, this Indian discrimination in favor of the boys is not recognized by them, for both sexes have an equal share of labor to perform as soon as they are able to do it.

The Esquimaux baby, being housed up with its parents so many long months of each year, owing to the severity of the climate of its country, is richly provided with toys made for it by its indulgent parents, who fashion with considerable skill neat little images of bears, foxes, seals, and birds out of walrus ivory and bone; tiny sleds, spears, bows and arrows, and little kyacks are added to the list, with dolls for the girls, until the child is fully endowed with almost every thing in miniature that the simple surroundings of the hard life of its ancestors can suggest. Very little parental discipline is enforced, but occasionally a mother loses her patience and tosses a naked youngster out from the hut into the snow or keen driving wind, where it is speedily reduced to abject sub-

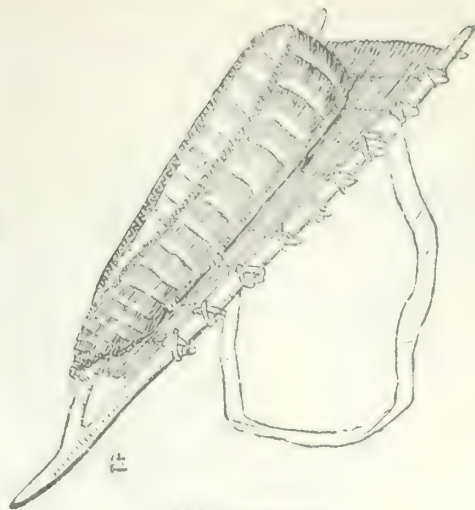


FLATHEAD BABY UNDER PRESSURE.





SHUSWAP CRADLE.



BABY BASKET.

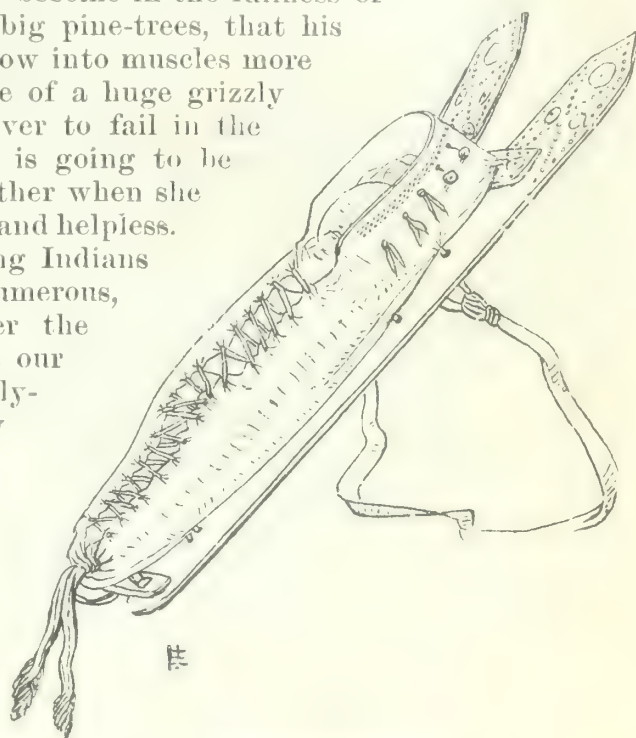
ceptionally brilliant one. She tells him that his little legs are to become in the fullness of time as strong as big pine-trees, that his tiny arms are to grow into muscles more powerful than those of a huge grizzly bear, that he is never to fail in the chase, and that he is going to be good to his old mother when she shall become senile and helpless.

The vagaries of caprice or fashion among Indians in regard to naming their babies are numerous, but the mothers are never worried over the trouble presented often to ourselves, where our baby has two or three rich relatives or Lilly-vicks, and it becomes necessary to adroitly choose the name of the right one for that baby—the one that will come down with the cash expectant: nothing of this kind bothers the mind of the savage mother; but immediately at its birth she names it after some animal, flower, or other thing, or a remarkable event, and all sorts of occurrences. There is no christening party then or thereafter, and in a few years at the longest the mother herself forgets the day and date of her baby's birth, while the child itself never knows it—never knew it. There is not one middle-aged or adult Indian in ten thousand, if there is one at all among the uncultivated, who can tell his exact age.

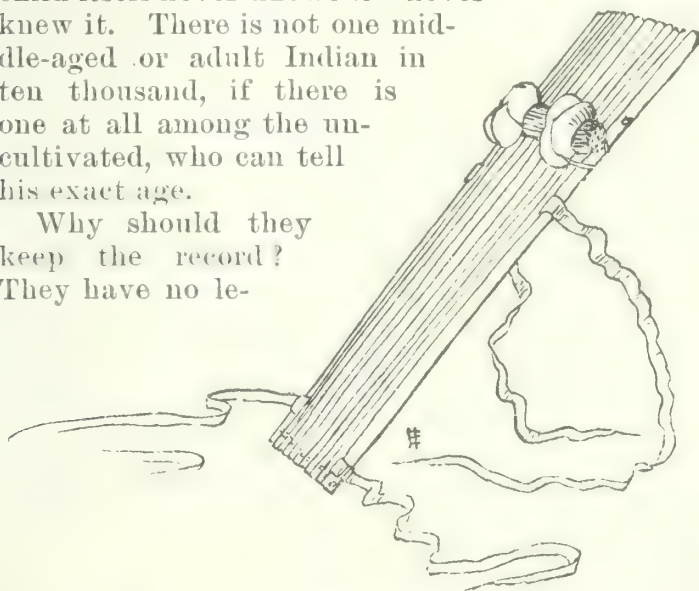
Why should they keep the record? They have no le-

mission, and when only too glad to behave, it is permitted to return to the sheltering "igloo."

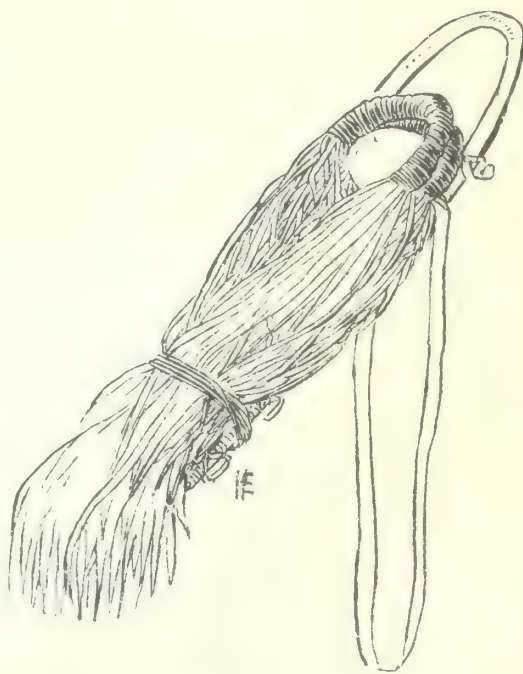
The Indian mother usually sings and chants to her baby in low and frequently musical tones. Sometimes these lullabies are neat and pretty little compositions, but the song is usually a vague unmeaning refrain, or else a single idea repeated over and over: sometimes the mother apostrophizes her son in a song by which she prophesies its future as an ex-



COMANCHE CRADLE.

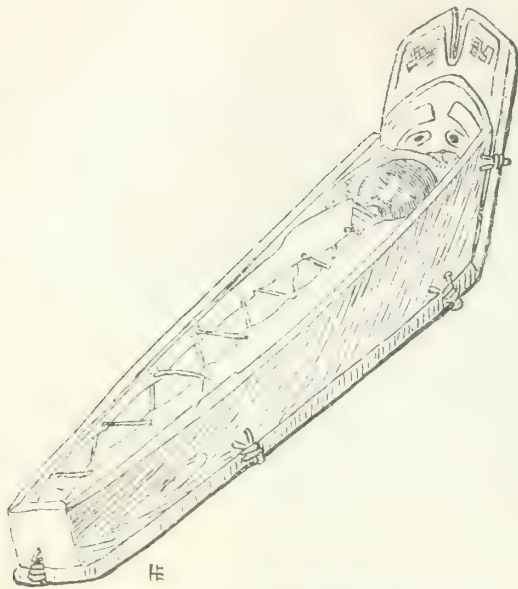


REED CRADLE.

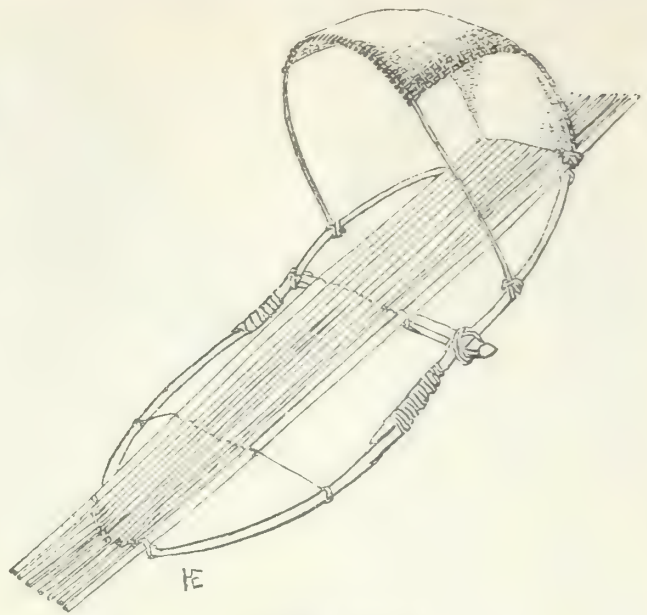


BASS-WOOD BARK CRADLE.





BELLA BELLA BOARD CRADLE.



SUMMER CRADLE.

gal questions among themselves as to the time of puberty or right of inheritance. The reply of an aged Wastonquah doctor to the writer when questioned on this point sums it up pithily and Indian-like: "When we are young we do not care how old we are, and when we are old we do not care to know."

### TWILIGHT MONOLOGUE.

CAN it be that the glory of manhood has passed,  
That its purpose, its passion, its might,  
Have all paled with the fervor that fed them at last,  
As the Twilight comes down with the Night?

Can it be I have lived, dreamed, and labored in vain,  
That above me, unconquered and bright,  
The proud goal I had aimed at is taunting my pain,  
As the Twilight comes down with the Night?

The glad days, the brave years that were lusty and long,  
How they fade on vague memory's sight!  
And their joys are like echoes of jubilant song,  
As the Twilight comes down with the Night.

There is dew on my raiment; the sea winds wail low,  
As lost birds wafted waveward in flight;  
And all Nature grows cold, like my heart in its woe,  
At the advent of Twilight and Night.

From the realm of dead sunsets, scarce darkened as yet,  
O'er the hills, mist-enshrouded and white,  
A soft sigh of ineffable, mournful regret  
Seems exhaled 'twixt the Twilight and Night.

O thou Genius of Art I have worshipped and blessed!  
O thou soul of all beauty and light!  
Lift me up in thine arms, give me warmth from thy breast,  
Ere the Twilight be merged in the Night!

I may draw from thy bosom miraculous breath;  
And for once on Song's uppermost height  
I may chant to the nations such music in death  
As shall mock at the Twilight and Night.





### THE SEA ISLANDS.

"COTTON is king," was a saying that a few years ago was oftener repeated and believed in the United States than any other dogma of political economy. Cotton continues to be an influential factor in the well-being of our country, but it has been dethroned from its former imperial position, and now rules by the grace of God and of the people only as one of a triumvirate, of which the other partners are mining and grain. In the days of its pre-eminence King Cotton swayed some of the fairest portions of our land, and held his citadel and capital on the Southern sea-board among the famous Sea Islands. There, of old, was raised the finest quality of cotton ever seen. There the planters formed an aristocracy of wealth, intelligence, and power, and dwelt as autocrats, each on his own plantation or island, confessing allegiance only to King Cotton, of whom they held their domains in fief.

Now all that is changed. The proud old families are scattered or dead, and their lordly residences are either abandoned or razed to the ground. Vast plantations are divided into small lots among numerous negroes living in rude shanties, and the cultivation of corn and "garden truck" has taken the place of Sea Island cotton, of which only a small quantity is now raised, and that of an inferior quality. But an in-



VIEW FROM POINT LOOKOUT, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

describable halo of sadness, of picturesqueness and tender beauty, still invests these sea isles along the shores of Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina, which perhaps renders them more interesting to the reflective mind than when they were still in the zenith of their glory.

Nowhere on the face of the earth is there such a congeries of islands as that which is strung along the coast of the United States from Key West to Charleston. The archipelago of the China Sea or of the Bahamas possibly includes as large a number, but they are scattered over a much larger space. These Sea Islands are all flat, never over ninety feet high, and are composed of a sandy alluvium in some cases, in others of a soil formed of coral abraded to dust, while others, again, combine both formations. They are often divided from each other or from the adjoining main-land only by wind-



ing but deep creeks through which the tide flows. These channels are sometimes so narrow and overgrown with long sighing sedge that one is hardly conscious that the banks represent distinct islands separated by the waters of the ocean. But although their formation would seem adapted to render these islands monotonous and uninteresting, they are really full of attractions, for they are often overgrown in the most enchanting manner by oak forests, groves of palm, and lianas, while the delicious seabreezes of a semi-tropical clime and the historic legends and associations of the past

broad, burnished, waveless surface of the tranquil river. Two hours of steaming by the crooked shores of the St. Johns brought me in sight of the ocean and the foam-swept bar, and the palms of Mayport and Pilot Town. The former is a charming little place on the extreme edge of the main-land at the mouth of the river, ranged along a coral beach deriving its name from the first title of the St. Johns. Its most conspicuous building is a convent intended as the summer resort of the Sisters of Jacksonville. Pilot Town is a mere row of cozy, picturesque cottages near the water's edge, on



GRAVES IN THE FOREST, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

invest them with a wonderful poetic haze, like the golden vapor which sunset weaves over the roofs and spires of a distant town.

Gradually approaching these isles by steamboat and by rail, it was at Jacksonville, on the St. Johns—a lovely town standing on the border-land between poetry and prose—that I set out to saunter among the Sea Islands, and dream and wander among them for a few choice weeks stolen out of the rushing century.

The lines of Herbert,

“Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridall of the earth and skie,”

were continually repeating themselves in my mind that glorious day when I started for Fort George Island. A more perfect morning was never seen than that which mirrored the peaceful little town and the

Batten Island, where the pilots live who aid vessels to cross the somewhat dangerous bar. Their observatory consists of an old mast, whose crow's-nest is reached by transverse bars nailed to the spar.

Batten Island has until recently been included with Fort George Island, containing but forty-seven acres, and separated from it only by a narrow creek. But its right to a name and existence of its own is now no longer denied to it. It is owned by Captain Johnson, a keen-witted Swedish mariner, who for many years has piloted vessels on the St. Johns, and has succeeded in accumulating quite a property, during an adventurous career, by “throwing an anchor to windward.” Fort George Island, which is about five miles long, is reached by crossing the salt creek on a rustic bridge. The view





KINGSLEY MANSION, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

as one enters the island is one of the most enchanting in the United States, not for any one striking object, but because of the vividness of the tints, and the blending of the various elements of the picture in a harmonious whole. On the right is the all-encircling sea, breaking on the bar in long lines of flashing foam, and shading into the offing a deep purple under the breath of the trade-wind. On the left are lofty shell mounds, densely draped with vegetation, and rising above salt meadows like green islands. Before us is the central ridge of the island—a wonderful mass of verdure, oak woods and pines and palms inextricably interwoven, and presenting a rounded surface of emerald almost as regular as the clipped groves of Versailles. Meadows green and gold, decked with long rank grass and flowers, form the foreground, which gradually leads up to the middle distance. Overarching all is a vault of deep azure, where the blue flamingo sails and the sea-eagle soars and hovers, and wheeling gracefully, swoops royally on his prey.

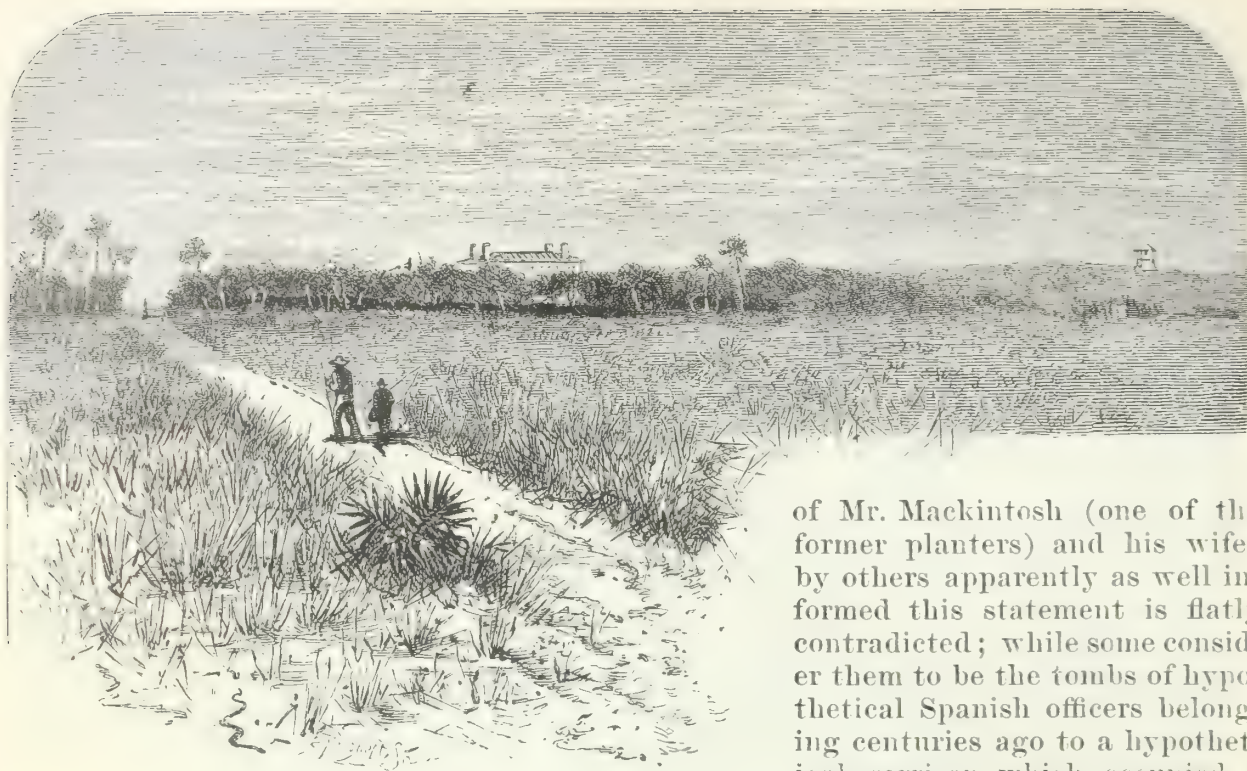
Nothing can exceed the delight, approaching intoxication, with which one accepts the simple fact of existence as he breathes the exhilarating air of this magical island, and revels in the voluptuous luxuriance of its vegetation, the splendor of the sunrise over the sea, the solemn pageantry of the sunset beyond the rolling velvet of its forests, the dreaminess of mid-day, gazing through vis-

tas of columnar palms on the azure of the sea fading off to unseen lands, and lit by here and there the flaky gleam of a sail; while the mocking-bird, poised on the magnolia's topmost bough, enraptures the dawn with his wild warbling, and thrills the still moonlight with passionate improvisations.

The peculiarity of the scenery of Fort George Island is that more than any other spot I have seen in our country it seems to unite the vegetation of two zones. The trees are more Northern than Southern—the pine and the oak—but they assume a form and richness of growth that ally them to the rank vegetation of the jungles of the Amazon; and although neither the cocoa nor the date palm grows there, the cabbage-palms are so masterfully added here and there at the most effective points, like the last and most telling touches in a painting, that they give the effect of consummate art, and convey the idea of a tropical isle, which is heightened by the lovely beaches of coralline sand, which are often approached by woody avenues, where the darkling light speckled with sunlight gives the impression of noonday struggling through the pictured panes of a Gothic cathedral.

Near the excellent hotel, which is superbly situated within bow-shot of the shore, is a hill ninety feet high, the loftiest land on the coast from Barnegat around to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 1500 miles. Above the woods which crest





FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

the hill rises an observatory, which contains a stone block placed there by the Coast Survey Service to verify the altitude of that eminence. Following this hill to where it dips, one suddenly finds himself confronted by a view of Point Isabel—one of the loveliest and most striking prospects of Fort George Island. A rustic seat has been placed there, and under the shade of oaks embossed with lichen one can at his ease gaze on the sedgy lagoon at his feet, the wooded point terminating in three sentinel palms, the yellow sands, and the surf perpetually rolling on the bar and the beach of Talbot Island in two ridges, whose rhythmic roar is faintly wafted upon the air, fragrant with the odor of many flowers.

Talbot Island is separated from Fort George Island by a channel navigable for small craft. It consists at one end of desolate but wonderfully beautiful hills of snowy sand, tufted here and there with salt grass. Elsewhere it contains some fine loamy soil, and at one time, when the Talbot clan was in its prime, much cotton was raised there, but the family has frittered away, and a few thriftless negroes and half-breeds alone live there, depending mostly upon fishing.

Proceeding on through the forest, northward from the observatory, one comes on two unknown graves, which were completely concealed and forgotten in the mazes of the wilderness until a road was cut through, when they were discovered. Built of brick plastered over, and incrustated with green moss, their peculiar form invites speculation, and suggests various theories concerning their origin. By some it is stated in the most direct manner that they are the graves

of Mr. Mackintosh (one of the former planters) and his wife; by others apparently as well informed this statement is flatly contradicted; while some consider them to be the tombs of hypothetical Spanish officers belonging centuries ago to a hypothetical garrison which occupied a hypothetical fort in some hypothetical age on some hypothetical

spot of this island. The truth is that very little is definitely known of the past history of this green isle of the sea. But I think careful investigation may develop further traces of man. That the Indians occupied it at one time is certain. Whether they erected the shell mounds or no, the fact remains that Indian skeletons, buried in a sitting posture, together with implements of a very archaic character, have been found in the mounds. The Spaniards were the next owners, and it seems most probable that they had a fort on the island, for how otherwise can we account for the name? What investigation I have been able to give to the subject certainly points to the existence of an unfinished fort midway between Talbot Inlet and Pilot Town, near the beach. The researches of Sparks and Parkman into the early chronicles of the country bring out very clearly certain facts about the first settlement of the St. Johns River. Jean Ribault the Huguenot discovered it on the 1st day of May, 1562, whence the river was called the River of May, and Mayport, near the mouth, is doubtless named after the river. The French built Fort Charlotte on a bluff four miles from the mouth, where a battery was placed by the Confederates during the late war. This fort was surprised by Menendez the Spaniard, who founded St. Augustine. In the gray of a rainy dawn he stole on the feeble garrison and put them all to the sword, Ribault having sailed against St. Augustine with the fleet and 500 men. A terrible storm threw the fleet on the shore near Matanzas Inlet, and Menendez, by the most atrocious treachery, on three occasions inveigled the shipwrecked crews into his grasp, and butchered them, to the



number of 500, in a lonely hollow spot, now called Matanzas, or the Place of Blood. No deed perpetrated on this continent was ever more nearly diabolical than the massacre of the Huguenots by Menendez. After these events the Spaniards changed the name of Fort Charlotte to San Mateo, and erected two forts at the entrance of the River of May. One of these was undoubtedly where Mayport now stands, and the other would naturally seem to have been on Fort George Island, on the spot suggested above.

The French government, from motives of policy, declined to take any notice of the treatment received by a French colony at the hands of the Spaniards in time of peace. But Dominique de Gourgues, a naval officer of noble blood and distinguished deeds, determined by private enterprise to wreak vengeance on the Spaniards. With only three small vessels and 180 men, including the crews, he sailed for the St. Marys River at Fernandina. He found the Indians burning with hate toward the Spaniards, who had been trying to convert them with the aid of the pike and the stake. In three days the Indians assembled a force of savage allies in war-paint, and leaving twenty men in the fleet, Dominique de Gourgues started out for the River of May in boats, the Indians going by land and swimming the lagoons. One can not help a thrill of admiration as he considers the heroic commander of this little band, boldly venturing through lagoons, morasses, and almost impenetrable tangled forests to avenge the honor of his country, and with a mere handful of tempest-tossed soldiers to attack three forts garrisoned by a force nearly treble his own.

After almost incredible toils, the French and Indians landed on Fort George Island, and about noon came in sight of the fort on the edge of the woods. The Spaniards had finished their meal, and "were still picking their teeth," when they suddenly discerned the gleam of spears and mus-

kets. "To arms! to arms! the French are upon us!" rang through the woods, and at the same instant the piercing yells of the savages burst on the air, as French and Indians leaped pell-mell over the rampart. In a few minutes all was over, and sixty Spaniards, the whole of the garrison, lay dead.

In a large boat which they found at hand the French to the number of eighty immediately pushed off to carry the fort at Mayport, while the Indians, holding their bows and arrows above the water, plunged in and swam across. The united onset was irresistible, and the garrison at Mayport were soon where their comrades at Fort George had gone. On the following day, the first Sunday after Easter, Fort San Mateo was attacked. A sortie of the garrison was checked by an ambuscade, and Dominique de Gourgues, heading the assault, followed the sallying party into the fort, and the garrison, to the number of 250, were put to the sword. Thus in two days the Spaniards were completely and literally obliterated from the River of May. By order of Dominique de Gourgues the three forts were razed to the ground, which no doubt accounts for the fact that no remains of a fort now exist at Fort George Island. The French now sailed away, and for some years the River of May was left to the Indians.



DESERTED NEGRO CABINS, KINGSLEY PLANTATION.





SHELL MOUNDS, FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

But the Spaniards eventually returned, and held possession there until this century.

The Spanish Governor of St. Augustine made a grant of Fort George Island to one M'Queen, who sold it to Mr. Mackintosh, who in turn deeded it to Captain Kingsley, a Scotchman, who obtained it by foreclosure of a mortgage. These successive owners made Fort George a sugar and cotton growing and negro-breeding island, and, isolated by their position, to a certain extent defied public opinion, if not the laws, and were, indeed, like feudal lords, clothed with a brief but undisputed authority. They lived on a place called the Homestead, although named by its present Yankee occupants the Cedars.

Leaving the mysterious graves in the forest, and continuing on along the noble avenue, winding now under dense oak woods lit by the scarlet flashes of the coral-line honeysuckle, and defended by clusters of the spiky palmetto called the Spanish-bayonet, which resembles a bristling sheaf of bayonets, or threading a more open grove of statuesque pines, like caryatides sustaining a roof of verdure against the azure, we come at last to the most interesting spot on the island, the old Homestead. The rear part of the building is of an antiquity antedating the Revolution. Subsequently the front, which is now the main building, was added, with its four projecting angles, suggesting in form a fortress. Recently other

rooms have been built between the angles, but the central hall continues open, although capable of being closed in winter, when it is heated by the massive fire-place at one end. Scarce a pistol-shot from the house winds the arm of the sea called Talbot Inlet, which divides Fort George and Talbot islands. Venerable trees of stately dimensions, cedars, oaks, and pines, and graceful orange, walnut, and magnolia trees, surround and overarch the dwelling, which has been the scene of such varied but too often unrecorded scenes.

The former slave quarters, some thirty-five dwellings of coquina, ranged in a half-moon, flank the grounds several hundred yards in the rear. Many of them are in ruins, but those which remain are draped with ivy. Beyond is a rather stiff but majestic avenue of palms. The grave-yard, where several hundred slaves were buried in the old plantation days, was between the house and the negro quarters, and is now ploughed over, and yields heavy crops. It was a short shrift and a hurried burial the poor slave received. The grave-yard was placed there by Captain Kingsley, as tradition states, in order to prevent the slaves, who were excessively superstitious, from leaving their cabins at night to steal corn from the barn. The stocks in which they were sometimes confined still remain in the barn, but the prison-house has been torn down.



Captain Kingsley seems to have been a man of marked originality and force of character, shrewd, canny, a law unto himself, a despot who combined the elemental traits of planter, slaver, and buccaneer, but tempered at least by certain negative virtues; although he died thirty-six years ago, the name of the King of Fort George still survives, and will continue to pique curiosity and give rise to legends in that region for ages to come.

He built and often commanded his own ships, and brought his slaves directly from the coast of Africa. In one of his voyages an African princess twelve years of age was presented to him by her father. He brought her to America, gave her some little educa-

administrator of the estate. One of her daughters was married to a Mr. Sammis, with a dower of some \$30,000, and a grandson of this African princess became a United States consul. At the other end of Fort George, now Batten Island, Kingsley built himself a house of some size, which is now in ruins; there lived Flora, his black mistress. He divided his time about equally between the two places. Her children also received plantations on the St. Johns River, and she seems to have found him a kind master. She churned his butter for him daily in a bottle. Captain Kingsley is described by one who knew him well as a small, spare man, who wore square-toed, silver-buckled shoes to the last, and was



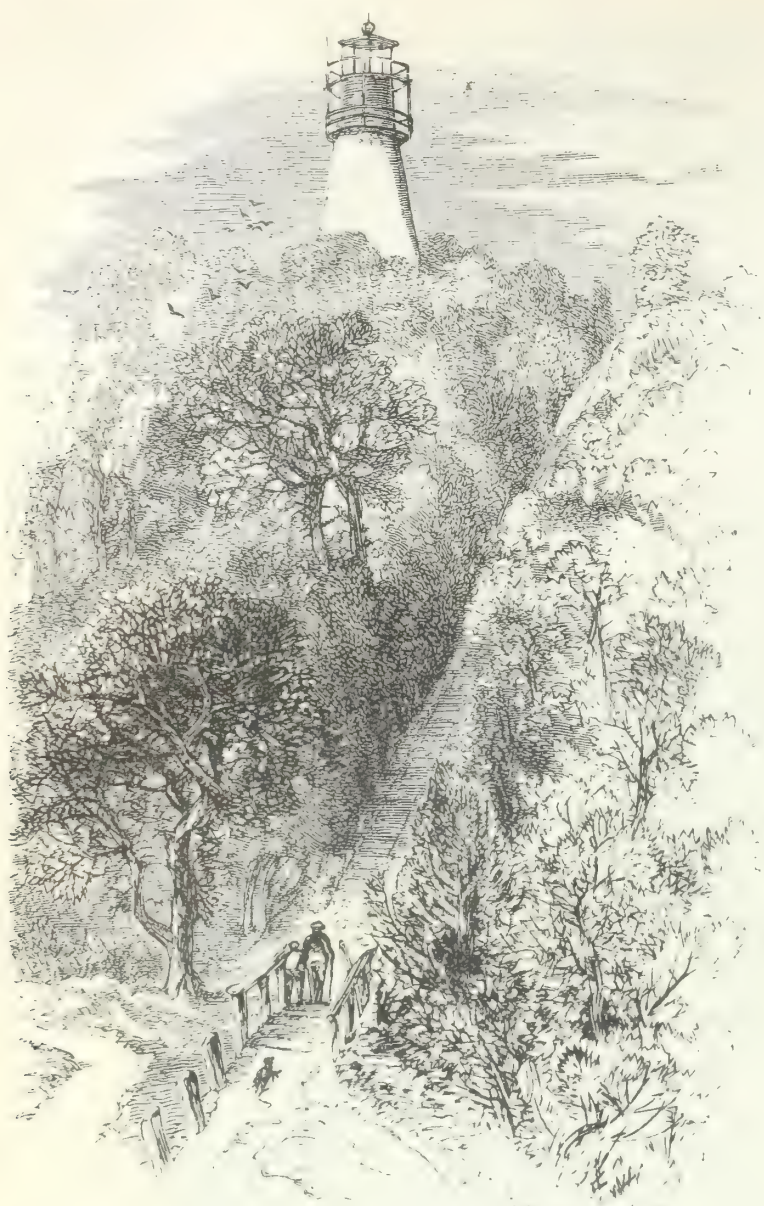
ROAD ON FORT GEORGE ISLAND.

tion, and took her to his bed and board without publication of the banns. At a later period, however, he carried her to Hayti and made her his legal wife. Ma'am Hannah, as she was called, bore him several children. Her son George had a handsome property settled on him in Santo Domingo, and after Kingsley's death became

generally seen about the plantation sporting a Mexican poncho. His usual exclamation was, "Dear God Almighty!" As a planter he was excelled by few. He understood most thoroughly all the mysteries connected with the culture of the best Sea Island cotton.

It was with regret that I found the hour





LIGHT-HOUSE, FERNANDINA.

come when I must leave Fort George Island. Its lovely scenery, and, above all, the salubriousness of its atmosphere, scarcely equalled any where else on our coast, fascinated and urged me to linger. But life is short, and the other Sea Islands present attractions of their own which called me away, and I turned my steps toward Fernandina, on Amelia Island, which is separated from Fort George by Nassau River. It is surprising that two sea islands only thus narrowly divided from each other should be so unlike. Amelia has attractions entirely its own, but seems to belong rather to a northern zone, while Fort George constantly suggests the tropics by the luxuriance of its vegetation and the amenity of its air. Amelia Island is entirely composed of shells and fine coral sand, thinly covered with a sparse soil. On the sea side is a continuous beach fifteen miles long, broad, hard, white, and smooth as a floor. On one side is the ever-rolling surf, on the other are the low, abrupt cliffs, fringed with long salt grass, and here and there a scrubby palmetto. Worm-eaten logs, bits of wreck, and battered hulks

break the monotony of such a stretch of sand, and countless sea-birds, snipe, cranes, curlew, plover, and teal dot the glistening beach. No finer race-course can be found. When the moon rises, at the full, above the sea, the scene is superb. One day, when out driving, we started a brace of ducks. They could only rise against the wind, which was blowing directly in our teeth. Laying on the lash, we gave chase. The race was long and exciting; the ducks kept just within shot, but the galloping horses were finally gaining on them, when a curve in the beach obliged us to swerve, while the birds flew out to sea. Lucky for them that we had no fowling-piece with us. Alligators, deer, and bear are still found in some parts of the island.

Fernandina, a place of some 2500 people, is very charmingly situated at the junction of the Amelia River and Cumberland Sound, at the northern end of the island. The sound is a noble sheet of water, inclosed by Tiger, Amelia, and Cumberland islands and the main-land. Its shores are lined with the thin tracery of slender pines, and on the east it empties into the ocean, which there is white with the foam of several formidable bars. But the channel is

a good one, and affords entrance to large vessels. The town is on a rolling site, which, if never very high, is so broken and abrupt as to be exceedingly picturesque. It is divided into old and new Fernandina. The former, an ancient Spanish settlement, is a curious, sleepy hamlet, occupied chiefly by pilots; near to it is Fort Clinch, a large unfinished brick structure. A wide hollow, floored with a salt-marsh, divides the two places. It is traversed by a most useful wooden walk on trestle-work, which was built by the efforts of the Misses Seyton, two spinsters of Oldtown, who, by great spirit and perseverance, succeeded in getting the inhabitants to contribute now a few planks, now a few pounds of nails, now a day's work, until it was finished.

The new town of Fernandina, called after a Spaniard named Fernandez, although long under European sway, is to all intents and purposes a place of recent growth. Amelia Island was for a long time divided into a few large plantations, and the family of Villalanga held a leading place among its planters. None of that family now remain



there, and the island is cut up into many small freeholds, devoted to the cultivation of oranges and early peas, beans, strawberries, and potatoes for the Northern markets. Two small settlements, Nassau and Harrison, have sprung up along the pretty inner shore, and are attracting immigration from the North. New Fernandina stands on the plantation owned by the noble English house of Egmont, members of which during

thrift, ships and steamers constantly passing in or putting to sea, and heavy trains coming up to the wharves, it is still curious to see the crackers slowly coming to town in the most primitive style, and goats nibbling and capering in the streets, chased by frolicking negro urchins, who ride them like colts. These same sable lads abound like blackberries. Malthusian doctrines have not yet fired the negro heart. Amusing fel-



THE JUVENILE BAND, FERNANDINA.

the last century cultivated indigo there. After them the admirable hotel of Fernandina, the Egmont, is named, which is one of the best hotels in the South. The town is largely owned by ex-Senator Yulee; it is prettily laid out, and although still in a rather raw condition, contains some attractive residences and charming streets. The vivid green of the water oak, a rapidly growing tree, beautifies the streets, and the gardens are brilliant with flowering shrubs, luxuriant masses of roses, and the imperial glory of the pomegranate's scarlet blossoms. The light-house of Fernandina is exceptionally situated, a mile from the sea, on a steep eminence crowned with a most picturesque grove of ancient oaks.

The commercial importance of Fernandina, which is steadily increasing, is chiefly as a point for the exportation of the products of the interior of Florida. It is the eastern terminus of the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, and large quantities of lumber, turpentine, resin, and vegetables are brought there for shipment to home and foreign ports. Two or three whalers are also owned at Fernandina. With such evidences of

lowly are these colored lads, full of serio-comic expression, and early learning to mouth large words that stick in their teeth and threaten to choke them. I was often amused by a rustic musical band which used to come to the hotel of an evening to earn a few pennies by drumming on boxes and blowing on tin trumpets. If there was not much music in the performance, there was certainly a rhythm in the stroke and a prodigious earnestness in the efforts of the young musicians. "Pumpkin," the smallest of them, was a character.

Fernandina is a very pleasant, salubrious resort, and its attractions to the yachtsman or the sportsman are quite unusual. Cumberland Sound and the neighboring inlets offer glorious opportunities for cruising, and there seems to be no limit to the game. It is a very pleasant sail across the sound to Cumberland Island, on the coast of Georgia, which is one of the most attractive of the Sea Islands. Nearly thirty miles long and two to three miles in width, it is covered with magnificent forests of oak, which often spread nearly one hundred and fifty feet, reaching out long, twisted, knotted, time-



wrinkled branches into space, like arms stretching forth to gain a hold on futurity. The solemn folds of Spanish moss and the long snaky coils of the scuppernong vines add to the impressive and funereal aspect of these woods, which in the matter of effect are surpassed by nothing on this side of the Atlantic. Under these trees, hiding in the palmetto jungle that grows about their

and scarce any thing else. The Strafford plantation included the northern part of Cumberland, and contained many thousand acres. The founder of the family was a curious character, who lived on his domains somewhat like Kingsley at Fort George. Since his death the property has been under litigation among the heirs, and this, combined with the war, has completed the ruin



AMELIA ISLAND.

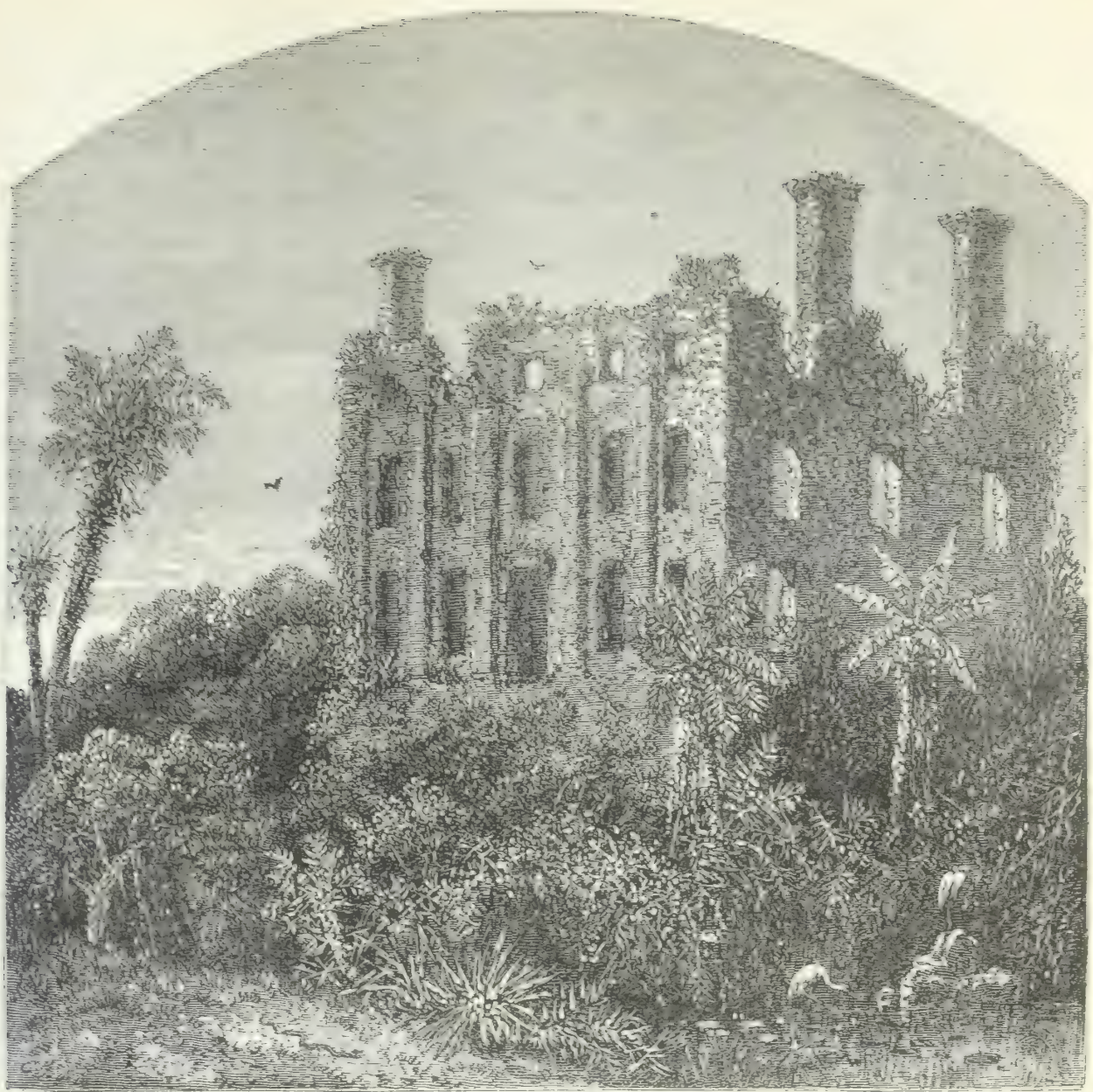
roots, or sporting in the intervalles and glades, are occasional bears, and wild horses and deer whose number is estimated by the thousand. The beach which circles Cumberland Island on the ocean side is every where rendered picturesque and often grand by the sand-hills which overhang it, or the grotesquely intermingled clumps of palmetto, and the forests, coming sometimes to the water's edge, and dripping with the spray of the surf.

Until the opening of the late war Cumberland Island was divided into two cotton-growing plantations, and much Sea Island cotton was raised there, while at present little or no cotton is produced on the island,

of the estate. A fine old house is the family mansion, standing in a clearing near the water.

The other half of Cumberland Island was deeded to General Nathaniel Greene by the State of Georgia as a reward for his distinguished services in aiding the liberation of that State from British dominion. But he died soon after the grant, and it is doubtful if he ever lived there. After his death Mrs. Greene appears to have settled there. At any rate, she married a wealthy English gentleman of the name of Miller, who seems to have appreciated the ownership of such a noble estate, for he built a stately mansion near the southern end of the island,





DUNGENESS, CUMBERLAND ISLAND.

half a mile from the sea, and called it Dungeness, after a place he had inherited in the old country. The house was built of concrete, or coquina, as the Spaniards called it, or tabby, as the natives less elegantly name it. It is in quite common use in that region, and is composed of lime, sand, and oyster-shells. It hardens by exposure, and is almost as durable as brick. The house stood on an artificial mound, was four stories high, and contained forty rooms. The exterior was stuccoed above the first story, the façade was adorned with six stone pilasters rising to the eaves, and the entrance, faced with hewn granite, was approached by a flight of massive steps, which are now gone. The four towering chimneys suggest the comfort and good cheer for which Dungeness was celebrated when Mr. and Mrs. Miller there dispensed a liberal hospitality. Until within a few years the mansion preserved something of its former elegance; but during the war, when abandoned to the negroes, it was set on fire, and the interior was completely burned. The roofless walls,

crumbling and overgrown with ivy, alone remain a majestic ruin, the central object of a picturesque scene of wild wood and pathetic solitude. The place is so full of sentiment, of old-world romance and beauty, that one can hardly believe that what he is gazing on can be in the United States. Exotic palms, gray olive-trees, magnolias and acacias and oleanders and china-trees, interweave their foliage in luxuriant and neglected growth, and blend the fragrance of their massy clusters of flowers with the flowers which still thrive in the neglected garden, while the venerable oak woods close the place in, and increase the almost oppressive seclusion of old Dungeness. In the still air of mid-day the humming-bird darts like a fairy from flower to flower, the murmur of innumerable bees and the drone of the locust blend with the rustle of the tree-tops, and from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year, the all-pervasive moan of the sea steals up from the shore like the tread of the innumerable army which is evermore marching to the grave.





GRAVES OF LEE AND JACKSON, CUMBERLAND ISLAND.

Not far from the mansion, and reached by a winding path through the woods, is the family cemetery, which includes several historic graves. It is close to the sea, and is a very interesting spot. It is suffering from neglect, and the grave-stones will soon be gone, or the inscriptions illegible, unless they receive more attention. Mrs. Miller is buried there. She died in 1814. Curiously enough, the epitaph bears no allusion to her marriage to Mr. Miller. By her side is Mrs. Shaw, her daughter by General Greene, with her husband Mr. Shaw. General Lee, of the Revolution, called Light-horse Harry Lee, and father of the late General Lee, is also buried there, and by his side repose the remains of Mr. Jackson, a graduate of Harvard, and an officer of the Revolution. They both died when on a visit to Dungeness, the former in 1818, the latter in 1801.

Enough has been said to indicate the manifold attractions of Cumberland Island. It is destined to become before long a resort for artists, sportsmen, and tourists. Few spots as interesting are to be found in our country. But when the day shall come when the solitude of its forests and its ruins is broken by the inroad of visitors, it is to be hoped that they will respect the beauty, the picturesqueness, and the associations of Dungeness, and that the venerable pile may remain for ages untouched and unchanged by man. The curse of generations yet to

be should fall on the head of him who first dares to desecrate and despoil Dungeness.

I made the distance between Cumberland Island and Savannah by steamer, passing by what is called the inland route, which pursues a course so devious among the Sea Islands that a distance of little over 100 miles in an air line required the traversing of 200 miles, and took twenty-four hours, including a few short stops. The direct coast-line of Georgia is 128 miles, but it is so cut up with islands as actually to be 480 miles in length. Often several channels meet, and how the pilot in a dark night can distinguish the right

one is quite wonderful. His sight must have been formed like that of a cat or an owl by long practice. Often the channel turns an acute angle where it is so narrow that the wheels crunch the long sedge on the moist banks, or it winds into intricate coils, which one must know well even by daylight. The *David Clark* was advertised as a "first-class" boat. She was an old craft whose appointments did not err on the side of luxury. The furnaces, fed by long logs of pitch-pine, which were piled on the deck directly before the roaring flames, and her high-pressure engine, immediately under my state-room, not only heated the floor, but vividly suggested the probable consequences if the boiler should burst or the vessel catch fire. But my slumbers were sound and refreshing.

During the night it rained; it was a dark, mysterious gloom that rested on the solitude of those vast salt-marshes and low islets, and a wild wind sighed in the sedge, and brought the far-off boom of the sea. We had a party of negroes on board, carrying home the body of a child in a rude coffin. During the night-watches they sang their mournful hymns in a not unmusical tone, with a sort of weird pathos that harmonized with the hour and the scene. It rained also the following day: I regret to say that a part of the sunny South is during the spring-time too liable to be the moist, the rainy,





PLANTATION SCENE—A NEGRO HUT.

the insufferably humid and malarial South. Of water-fowl the number was astonishing—cranes, pelicans, snipe, ducks, and geese of every variety. Minks were seen swimming across the lagoons, and those lazy saurians the alligators couched in the ooze, representing a link which joins this geological period to the one which preceded it. They are an anachronism, and it is difficult to see how any process of selection or evolution can ever induce the alligator to rub his eyes with his unwieldy paws and wake up to a consciousness that he is laboring under a delusion in thinking that the past ages will return, and that he may once more revel in these waters with the delightfully sportive and amiable ichthyosauri and megalosauri which once gambolled on this continent. The alligator is only a galvanized fossil. Perhaps he survives as a type and a warning to show what some men, especially politicians, may become when their minds cease to grow.

We stopped at Brunswick—a somnolent town with a pretense of bustling activity; it is a port for the shipment of lumber. But

Fernandina is stealing its trade. St. Simons Island, beyond Brunswick, is quite large, and covered in parts with fine oak woods. Frederika, on its inland side, is a picturesque but desolate little hamlet on the edge of the forest. The houses and the little church are roofless and forsaken. It was on this island that Fanny Kemble Butler lived when she was resident at the South. But it was years before the war that Mr. Butler failed and was forced to give up his plantation. Darien was reached by doubling on our course. It owes whatever attractions it may possess entirely to a few fine oaks, which relieve a low marshy landscape intersected with creeks. Darien is a sea-port, but I saw only a pilot schooner there. A few black pigs rooting on the shore seemed the most active individuals in Darien. There is a listlessness about many of the townlets I saw which became almost oppressive, because it seemed to suggest that the inhabitants were under the baneful influence of fever and ague.

Dobay is a town consisting of half a dozen houses and wharves on the sea end of a





A SEA ISLAND RICE FIELD.

long spit, and two houses, a store, and a mill at the other end. And yet it is a place of large importance for shipping lumber. There are several saw-mills in the neighboring lagoons, and logs are floated down from the upland forests. Over sixty square-rigged vessels were lying there when I saw it. Most of the islands we passed were unproductive, with here and there a clump of woodland and a cluster of shanties. The loneliness of the sinuous streams was surprising. Sometimes a reach of twenty miles was passed without seeing any boat on the water. On nearing the Savannah River we came to Thunderbolt—a most singular name for a quiet summering place. The rice fields were now entered, which form so important a portion of the wealth and trade of Savannah. They extend on each side up and down the river for many miles, until the limits of brackish or salt water are reached. The best rice lands are those which feel the influence of the tides without, however, being touched by salt-water, which kills the rice. It may not be generally known that the incoming of the tide checks the flow of rivers, and to a degree pushes back the fresh-water until ebb tide sets out again. A rice field should also be below the line of freshets. There are many varieties of rice, and some kinds can be raised on a dry soil, when it is capable of irrigation, but most of the Southern rice requires marsh lands easily overflowed. The

preparation of a rice field requires a large outlay; embankments must be raised, ditches, sometimes large enough to float boats to carry off the crop, must be dug, and flood-gates and bridges must be constructed. The land is ploughed during the winter; it is allowed to dry in March, and in April the seed is sown, sometimes soaked in clay water to keep it from blowing away, and sometimes it is merely covered with a thin layer of earth. Great care is requisite in the selection of the seed. Water is then turned on it for several days, until it sprouts. After five or six weeks it is hoed twice, and then what is called the “long water” is let on, and allowed to remain a fortnight. With the appearance of the first joint in the stalk the rice is hoed again, and is then overflowed for two months by the “joint water.” By that time the grain has matured, and it is harvested with a sickle, and carefully dried by being spread on stubble. When cured, it is stacked.

Formerly most of the Southern rice was threshed in mortars by the slaves on the plantations, and the poorest was retained for their use. But now, with the exception of what is reserved by the negroes, it is all sent to the large mills in the cities to be threshed. The largest of these is to be found at Charleston. In these mills the grain is rubbed between stones until freed from the husk: it is then shaken in revolving sieves or wire screens with perforations



gradually increasing in size. First the flour is sifted; then the different grades of the kernel up to the last and best, ranked as prime, which is swept in a brushing screen and cleaned of all the flour clinging to it. The average yield of rice to the acre is thirty bushels; on the best land sixty bushels are not uncommon, while ninety bushels have occasionally been obtained. The crop from the Southern States reaches an average of 130,000 tons per annum. The rice lands are very unhealthy, and no white man should spend the night in their vicinity after the crop begins to come up. They are infected with the most poisonous malaria. The negroes build their rude shanties on the dikes and hummocks in the midst of the rice swamps, and dance and play on their one-stringed fiddles with infantile security. No doubt they endure malarial exposure and a blazing torrent of sunlight far better than the whites, but even they not rarely succumb. A planter told me that in one deadly summer he lost most of his negroes on a rice plantation.

Savannah's charming old streets, broad and lovely, with stately avenues of oaks, lured me to linger and dream away the hours in the many historic spots rendered attractive by a charming scenery and a delicate atmosphere. Its market-place—a busy scene which strangely contrasted with the general aspect of the city—was picturesquely interesting with its characteristic groups of country folk and its wealth of fruits; and Tybee Island and Hilton Head, on either side the mouth of the river, and Fort Pulaski's battered walls, all presented

interesting points, not to speak of the celebrated moss-grown oaks at the cemetery of Bonaventure. But the sea islands of South Carolina were yet unvisited, and on a pleasant April morning I embarked on the lazy express which creeps toward Yemassee, where I took the train for Beaufort on the new Magnolia Railroad that runs between Augusta and Port Royal.

At Port Royal we reach the centre of a most interesting and attractive group of islands. They first came within the domain of history in 1562, when Jean Ribault led the expedition which discovered the St. Johns River. Sailing thence northward, he entered the spacious haven of Port Royal, to which he gave a name that has enabled us to identify the bay described in his narrative. This episode in American history is, it must be confessed, exceedingly obscure, which has given the good people of Beaufort some color for the speculations they have formed of the early French occupation, in which they have appropriated to Port Royal the events already described as having occurred on the St. Johns River. But the exhaustive investigations of that masterly historical writer Mr. Parkman have conclusively proved that the River of May was the St. Johns, and that the fights of the French and Spaniards were along the banks of that river. I am also fortified in this opinion from my own observations.

But this much may be granted: Ribault states that he threw up a small fort, possibly on Paris Island, which lies across the mouth of the port, where the remains of a fort were traced some years ago. This was



HOEING RICE.





OLD FORT, PORT ROYAL ISLAND.

garrisoned by thirty men, who, after murdering the commandant, who was a tyrant, built a rude vessel and succeeded in getting back to France after incredible hardships, during which they were forced to cast lots and devour one of their number. There are the remains of two other forts farther up the river, on Port Royal Island. One of these is built of coquina. It is much dilapidated, and the tide flows through the lower part, apparently on account of the subsidence of the site on which it stands. This is called the Spanish Fort, or Smith's Fort, because on the old Smith plantation,\* and is more probably the one that was built by Ribault. The other fort is seemingly of later date, but no record of it remains in history, so far as we know. On no rational theory can any of these forts at Port Royal be connected with the war of Menendez and Dominique de Gourgues.

The town of Port Royal is at the southern

end of the island, facing the scene of Dupont's victory in 1862. Until recently it was merely a plantation, with one or two houses, but it has lately become the terminus of a railroad and the outlet of a large lumber and phosphate trade, and it is fast growing into importance.

Beaufort, several miles up the river, was founded in 1665, under Lord Clarendon's grant. In 1715 it was surprised by the Indians, and all of the inhabitants who failed to make their escape on board a man-of-war lying in the port were tomahawked or burned at the stake. The town lies on a tongue of land near the head of the island. It is one of the prettiest and most attractive places south of Mason and Dixon's line, and possesses a climate justly celebrated for its salubrity. After the savages were subdued, Beaufort became an important sea-port, with a large shipping trade, both foreign and coastwise. Wealth accumulated there, and fortunes were "salted down" and invested in plantations and slaves. But steam had upon it the same effect that it produced

\* It was on this plantation that Dr. Nehemiah Adams wrote his visionary *South Side View of Slavery*. A twin oak, in which a seat is fixed, is traditionally the scene where the reverend gentleman noted down his optimistic views of slavery.





PLOUGHING RICE.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPH.]

upon Salem, once our largest port engaged in the East India trade. As Boston drew away the business of Salem, so the more central position of Charleston drew business away from Beaufort after the discovery of steam, and the place subsided from a bustling sea-port to a quiet, easy-going, aristocratic retreat, where wealthy planters could live at their ease, and forget within the choice but limited circle in which they moved that any other place worthy their notice was in existence. It became a town of elegant residences, from whose broad verandas one could gaze on the sea, and steal more comfort than falls to the lot of the most of humanity. Among the most prominent families, many of whom still have representatives residing at Beaufort, were the Haywards, Barnwells, Verdiere, Rhett, Stuarts, Seabrooks, Frippe, Popes, and Hamiltons. They had their library, one of the best in the South, in an elegant building; and the parish church, dedicated to St. Helena, was erected in 1724. It is a very interesting old structure, surrounded by a church-yard containing a number of historic tombs and shaded by a mass of drooping foliage. It quite reminds one of the country church-yards of old England. The present incumbent, the Rev. Dr. Walker, has been rector for fifty-eight years. The draft of the secession movement was drawn up in the house of Barnwell Rhett, at Beaufort, which is now in

the hands of a Northern gentleman, like most of the old residences of that neighborhood.



TWIN OAKS, WHERE DR. ADAMS WROTE THE "SOUTH SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY."



The present population of Beaufort is about 2500, of whom two-thirds are negroes, who occupy their former slave quarters or new and neat shanties or houses. The old mansions are much in their ante-rebellion condition, although they have changed hands. The slave-market building remains, but it is now used as an ordinary town market; the massive iron-grated prison continues to fulfill its intent; and the spacious residence of Mr. Hazewell, who was one of the wealthiest rice and cotton planters of South Carolina, is now occupied as the Sea Island Hotel—a very comfortable and well-kept establishment, overlooking the water, on Bay Street, which is one of the most fascinating promenades I have seen on the continent. Adjoining the hotel is the house where Lafayette was entertained during his last visit to America. Mr. Hazewell, who was a witness of the reception, described to me with enthusiasm the incidents of a scene which must have been very gratifying to Lafayette. His approach was announced by swift horsemen, and the night was so still that the candles held by the young ladies and gen-

tlemen on each side of the road scarcely flickered. Mr. Hazewell was one of the marshals, for which he was well fitted—standing six feet six in his stockings. He is now well past eighty, but retains his height and the gleam of a keen, intelligent eye. Before the war he had charge of eight cotton estates, and was considered an authority on all matters relating to the raising of cotton.

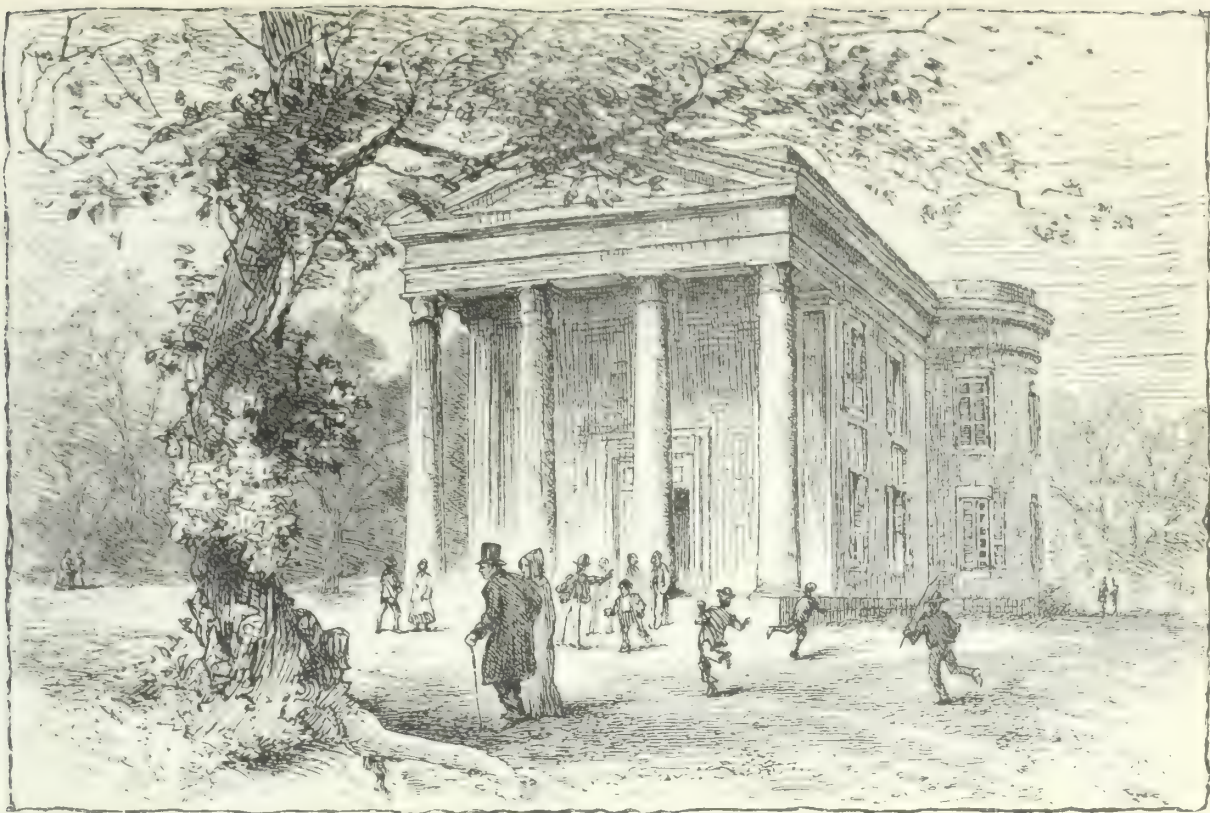
The streets and lanes of Beaufort are everywhere full of quiet, tranquillizing beauty which suggests ease and comfort. The mildness of the climate encourages the most luxuriant growth of flowers. In the garden of Mr. H. G. Judd two hundred varieties of rose-bushes may be seen loaded down with clusters of roses, presenting an astonishing diversity and splendor of color.

Opposite Beaufort is a group of islands famous in former years as producing the finest Sea Island cotton. They form part of an original grant made to Mr. Bull early in the last century. Ladies Island, so called after his daughters, comes first, then St. Helena, and beyond that, directly facing the Atlantic, three or four smaller islands,



BARNWELL RHETT'S HOUSE, BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.





LIBRARY BUILDING, BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

of which Hunting Island is the chief. It was on a lovely morning in May, while the morning star still lingered in the glow of dawn, and cast its quivering radiance on the glassy bay, that I stepped into the ferry-boat to cross over to Ladies Island. The ferryman was a loquacious negro, who talked grandiloquently, but the words were in excess of the ideas. At the other side I found Mr. Nichols waiting for me with his carriage to take me to his charming place on St. Helena Island, six miles away. The ride across Ladies Island was about three miles, over a shell road, sometimes a narrow dike between salt-marshes, where care was needed in turning out for the ox carts we met. These ox, bull, or cow teams are very nondescript-looking objects; familiarity does not lessen their curious appearance. The inane obstinacy of the beasts exceeds that of the mule. We encountered one ox that persisted in standing directly across the road. At another time I met an old negro driving a bull cart. The bull sidled up toward the buggy, and seemed determined to push it over the bank. It became necessary for the drivers of both teams to get out and bodily push and lift bull and cart to the other side of the road before the carriage could pass.

Some cotton is still grown on Ladies Island, and also on St. Helena, but by no means like what was raised there before the war, and only in small quantities. The island is, with the exception of one or two plantations, cut up and divided among the negroes, who raise vegetables chiefly. An estuary divides the two islands, which is

crossed by a bridge. St. Helena was considered the finest of the Sea Islands. It is some twenty miles long, and in its best days was divided into fifty-six plantations, owned chiefly by residents of Beaufort. In the winter, about the time of the holidays or the first frost, they moved over to St. Helena, and remained there until summer. The houses, although with a few exceptions, were generally of moderate dimensions, but they were comfortable, and provided with ample fire-places, of which a good example can be seen at the Coffin plantation, on the eastern shore. It is completely embowered in magnificent oak-trees, and a lovely prospect is enjoyed from the ample veranda. The staples are still to be seen in the trunk of one of these oaks to which the slaves were fastened when they were whipped. At the eastern end of the island stood St. Helenaville, a hamlet occupied entirely by families from Beaufort during the season. It is now all gone, razed to the ground by the freedmen, even to the little church, in order to procure building materials for their own shanties. Another quaint, picturesque little church is St. Helena's chapel of ease, near the centre of the island. It was built early in the last century, and is still in tolerable condition. In the rear is a small grave-yard.

Those were the palmy days of St. Helena. The holidays were celebrated with much festivity, and balls, junketings, and picnics followed in quick succession during the season, where all were members of a haughty landed aristocracy, well acquainted with each other, and representing one of the most





CHAPEL OF EASE, ST. HELENA.

cultured circles of the South. They little dreamed that lotus-eating life would ever have an end. Much sport was also gained cruising in the sounds and lagoons after water-fowl, which were found in myriads; and Hunting Island, which seems to have been reserved as a park for the sporting gentry, was the scene of many a glorious day's sport. The parties generally camped out there. The Hunting Islands—the name is also applied to a neighboring chain of outer islands from St. Helena Sound to Port Royal entrance—were, and continue to be, stocked with deer, and innumerable ducks in the ponds. They are sand islands, formed of sand ridges running parallel with the coast-line, and overgrown with pines. The mode of hunting was for drivers with the hounds to proceed in the hollow between two ridges and beat up the deer. The hunters kept pace on the outer side of the ridges, and as the deer mounted to the crest they blazed away. On the northern end of Hunting Island is an iron light-house, one of the finest on our coast, rising to a height of 136 feet above the sea. Dr. Hazewell, the courteous light-keeper, still keeps well-trained deer hounds, and is an enthusiastic sportsman. The game laws of South Carolina are observed with a certain show of strictness.

St. Helena Island is now almost entirely in the hands of the freedmen. It is said that there are fifteen hundred negro voters on the island. Considering its size, this number does not appear exaggerated. They own small plantations or farms, and show a good degree of thrift. In many cases they have been able to put up small two-story

houses with a porch. What are considered superior marks of prosperity for them are window-panes, which are sometimes seen, and a coat of white paint on the exterior of the dwellings. They raise vegetables for the Northern markets, and some cotton, which is quite inferior to the celebrated long-fibre Sea Island cotton. Whatever may be said about the shiftless business habits of the planters during the slavery period, it is generally conceded that, through long experience and precepts and practice handed down from generation to generation, they had acquired a capacity for growing the best cotton which planters from the North have not yet equalled. In former times the negroes of the Sea Islands were considered the most ignorant and superstitious in the country. This can be no longer alleged against them. I do not propose to discuss an ethnological question here about which there may be a wide but honest difference of opinion among persons of equal intelligence and observation. But it may be at least conceded that freedom and education are certainly producing a gradual improvement in the mental condition of the negroes of St. Helena Island. It is yet too early to say what are its limits. Miss Town, a very enthusiastic instructor, with unlimited faith in the future greatness of the colored race, has, with the assistance of several Northern ladies, done much to instruct the rising generation of the island, and deserves their lasting gratitude; and indeed they are by no means insensible to her generous efforts in their behalf. But the old negroes still retain many of their superstitions. A rath-



er poetical idea is their belief that if an infant is carried away from a house asleep, its spirit will stay behind, and they will look back toward the house and beckon and urge it to follow with endearing epithets, and to re-enter the sleeping body of the child. They never work on Saturdays; but this is a relic of the old plantation times, when Saturday afternoon was devoted to clearing up the farm and the negro cabins. Obeah worship and a terror of sorcerers still exist with some; but those who were born late enough to gain their impressions from events subsequent to the rebellion may be said to walk on the higher plane of skepticism regarding all such things.

Five or six Northern gentlemen also have plantations on St. Helena Island. Of these the most prominent is Mr. Nichols, who is one of the most enterprising and far-seeing men in South Carolina. His residence—one might almost call it his head-quarters—is on the plantation of Rev. Mr. Fuller, one of the planters of old times. A pretty ave-

In another direction close at hand are a steam-mill for grinding corn, a gin-house, the arbor or platform where the negroes in winter collect to assort the cotton of the proprietor—he is a large purchaser as well as producer of that staple—and a newly invented machine for pressing the cotton into bales. Sea Island cotton is pressed into circular bales, and by the old method two bales per day have been the limit of one laborer's ability; but by the new and ingenious process alluded to an active man can now press eight to ten bales a day. It is simple enough. An iron case the size of the bale is lined with the bag, and a circular plate attached to an upright bar is by means of cogs pressed down on the cotton as it is put in by hand. When the bag is packed hard, the iron case which incloses it is opened, being in two parts, and the bale is found inside a hard and perfect cylinder.

But the Sea Islands and the sea-board of South Carolina depend no more, as formerly, on cotton as their chief source of wealth.

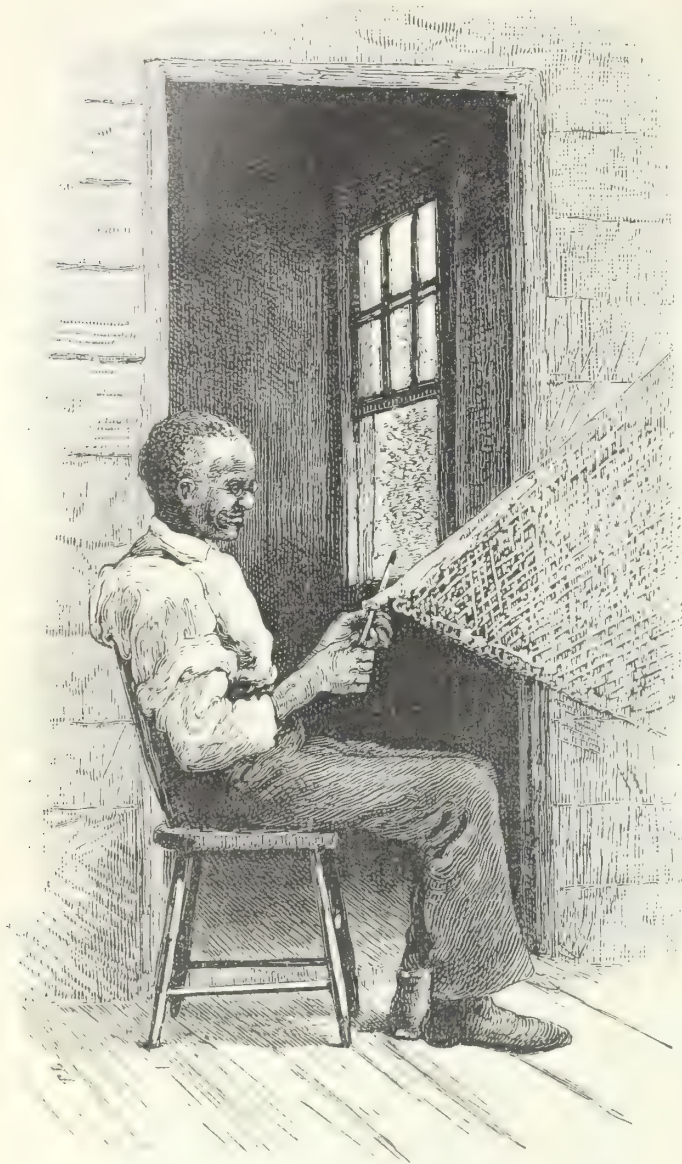


PICKING COTTON.

nue of water oaks and china-trees leads up to the house, which is by a river-like estuary leading into Port Royal. The establishment includes a store containing every variety of goods requisite to the necessities of the islanders, with store-houses—one for grain, another for cotton, another for oils, and another still for miscellaneous goods. These are all by the wharf, where the schooners owned by Mr. Nichols load and unload.

The depressed condition of manufactures aids to keep down the cultivation of this kind of cotton, which is high-priced, and requires unusual attention in its culture. The discovery and utilization of the phosphate beds of South Carolina within the last eight years have therefore been so timely as almost to seem more than a coincidence. It has long been known that the rivers of the State near their outlet are





UNCLE JIMMY, CHAMPION FISHERMAN OF BEAUFORT.

lined with phosphate rock, which is also found in the adjoining marshes. But only recently has the extent or value of these phosphate beds been perceived. Suddenly it dawned on the minds of scientists and agricultural men that this phosphate possesses the fertilizing qualities of guano, while at the same time the supply seems to be inexhaustible.

The nature of the Southern phosphate has given rise to much speculation. It is hard, like any other rock, overlying the river-beds to an average thickness of eight inches to a foot. Sometimes when there is a break in the layer the rift into which it falls gives it a thickness of two or three feet, but this is only occasionally. It is of a dark greenish-brown, and is full of fossil bones of mammoths, "monsters of the slime" of other ages, and oyster-shells of enormous size. A fossil shark's tooth, or a mastodon's vertebra, or the like, is constantly discovered in the blocks of phosphate brought to the surface. Among other speculations to which this circumstance gave rise was the theory that the richness of the phosphate was due altogether to an infinite number of extinct animals which formed the basis

of the rock. A similar idea was suggested, when I was in college, by our old professor in geology, when the origin of the bituminous petroleum of Pennsylvania was still a matter of conjecture. One can imagine the vertebrates, the colossal mammalia, the plantigrades and saurians and bivalves, deliberately resorting to the rivers of South Carolina as they felt their end approaching, and laying their old bones there, moved by the great inspiration of benefiting the sons of Adam in the long, long ages yet to be. But this noble theory, which, if true, might be adduced as an argument in favor of the high order of intelligence and moral feeling of the aforesaid deceased saurians and plantigrades, and also as a possible argument tending to prove the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, seems unfortunately to be overthrown by the latest observations on the subject. Until further discoveries it may be considered that the phosphate is actually only a kind of rock into which, while still in a plastic and formative condition, fossil bones became incidentally imbedded.

Eight years ago the value of the commercial phosphate suddenly flashed on the public. Since then company after company has been formed to dig for it in the rivers emptying into Port Royal, St. Helena Sound, and the harbor of Charleston. The State claimed a royalty of a dollar on every ton exported, adding materially to its revenues, and hundreds and thousands of men have gone into the business. But millions were sunk, and company after company was formed before the capitalists began to reap dividends. But phosphate mining has now lasted long enough to create a lively demand for the article, chiefly from foreign markets, and South Carolina has settled down to the consciousness that a new, a large, and an assured source of wealth for many years to come exists within her borders, full of profit to the State and to the private citizen.

Accompanied by Mr. Judd, a gentleman long identified with the best interests of Beaufort, I visited the works of the Coosa Mining Company on Chisholm Island, on the Coosa River, sixteen miles from Beaufort. We went in a small sail-boat tended by a negro crew. The sail was made amusing and exciting for a while by the company of another boat loaded with a number of colored men and women going apparently to a rustic festival, for they were dressed up in their best finery. Comical in the extreme were the observations, the quips and gibes, flung from boat to boat by the respective



crews. More comical still was the gravity of an old pilot who steered our boat, and who enjoyed a rank among his people which demanded a corresponding dignity. The negroes make good sailors and fishermen. They learn to sail a small sloop with much skill, but they generally have a poor idea of distances by miles, and some give the most absurd answers regarding the distance of one place from another. "Uncle Jimmy," the champion fisherman of Beaufort, deserves mention as a characteristic type of the local fishing class. Gradually we overhauled the chase, and as we merrily went by and left them, they cried out, "Are you going to leave us here?"

Entering St. Helena Sound at last, we glided up to the Coosa River on a flood tide, and landed at the phosphate mills. Here we found an extensive establishment, under the superintendence of Mr. Lopez, who gives employment to 500 men. In the year 1877 over 70,000 tons, representing a value of \$500,000, were exported to Europe, from these mills alone, in 120 vessels.

Our sail back was a dead beat to wind-

ward. We had a stiff breeze in the sound. It is a sheet of water noted for boating disasters. The squalls are liable to be sudden and violent. Two or three winters ago a boat full of negroes was capsized there, and nineteen were drowned. The body of one of them was afterward washed on shore at a point where he had dreamed some days before that his body would be found.

A gorgeous sunset threw a magical splendor over the water as we passed the stately oaks which shade the mansion of the former Cuthbert plantation, and by the starlight of a Southern twilight we at last came in sight of the twinkling lights of Beaufort among the trees. Skirting the dusky shores in the shadow of historic old mansions, and lost in reflection on the past associations which hover over the place, we glided to the wharf, and stepping on shore, found ourselves in the midst of a busy, bustling scene. It was Saturday evening, and the colored inhabitants swarmed in the streets, gossiping, laughing, singing, promenading hand in hand, or spending their weekly earnings in the grogeries and the markets.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."



## BERMOOTHES.

UNDER the eaves of a Southern sky,  
Where the cloud roof bends to the ocean floor,  
Hid in lonely seas, the Bermoothes lie—  
An emerald cluster that Neptune bore  
Away from the covetous earth-gods' sight,  
And placed in a 'setting of sapphire light.

Prospero's realm and Miranda's isles,  
Floating to music of Ariel  
Upon fantasy's billow, that glows and smiles,  
Flushing response to the lovely spell—  
Tremulous color and outline seen  
Lucent as glassed in a life-like dream.

And away and afar as in dreams we drift  
Glimmer the blossoming orange groves;  
And the dolphin tints of the waters shift,  
And the angel-fish through the pure lymph moves  
With the gleam of a rainbow; and soft clouds sweep  
Over isle and wave like the wings of sleep.

Deepens the dream into memory now:  
The straight roads cut through the cedar hills,  
The coral cliffs and the roofs of snow,  
And the crested cardinal-bird, that trills  
A carol clear as the ripple of red  
He made in the air as he flashed overhead.

Through pathways trodden of many feet  
The gray little ground-dove flutters and cooes;  
Yonder blue-throat stirs to a ballad sweet  
As ever was mingled with Northern dews;  
And the boatswain-bird from the calm lagoon  
Lifts his white length into cloudless noon.

See the banana's broad pennons the wind  
Has torn into shreds in his tropical mood!  
Look at the mighty old tamarind  
That bore fruit in Saladin's babyhood!  
See the pomegranates begin to burn,  
And the roses, roses, at every turn!

Into high calms of the sunny air  
The aloe climbs with her golden flower,  
While sentinel yucca and prickly-pear  
With lance and with bayonet guard her bower,  
And the life-leaf creeps by its fibred edge  
To hang out gay bells from the jutting ledge.

A glory of oleander bloom  
Borders every bend of the craggy road:  
The lemon and spice tree with rare perfume  
The lingering cloud fleets heavily load;  
And over the beauty and over the balm  
Rises the crown of the royal palm.

Far into the hill-sides caverns wind:  
Pillar and ceiling of stalactite



Mirrored in lakes the red torches find ;  
Corridors zigzag from light to light ;  
And the long fern swings down the slippery stair  
Over thresholds curtained with maiden-hair.

Outside, with a motion weirdly slow,  
The mangrove walks through secluded coves,  
Leaning on crutch-like boughs, that grow  
To a rooted net-work of thickets and groves,  
Where, sheltered by jagged rock-shelves wide,  
Eeriest sprites of the deep might hide.

Under this headland cliff as you row,  
Follow its bastioned layers down  
Into fathomless crystal far below  
Vision or ken : spite of old renown,  
So massive a wall could Titan erect  
As the little coralline architect ?

Against the dusk arches of surf-worn caves  
In a shimmer of beryl eddies the tide,  
Or brightens to topaz where the waves  
Outlined in foam on the reef subside,  
Or shades into delicate opaline bands  
Dreamily lapsing on pale pink sands.

Wherever you wander the sea is in sight,  
With its changeable turquoise green and blue,  
And its strange transparency of limpid light.  
You can watch the work that the Nereids do  
Down, down, where their purple fans unfurl,  
Planting their coral and sowing their pearl.

Who knows the spot where Atlantis sank ?  
Myths of a lovely drowned continent  
Homeless drift over waters blank :  
What if these reefs were her monument ?  
Isthmus and cavernous cape may be  
Her mountain summits escaped from the sea.

Spirits alone in these islands dwelt  
All the dumb, dim years ere Columbus sailed,  
The old voyagers said ; and it might be spelt  
Into dream-books of legend, if wonders failed,  
They were demons that shipwrecked Atlantis, affrayed  
At the terror of silence themselves had made.

Whatever their burden, the winds have a sound  
As of muffled voices that, moaning, bewail  
An unchronicled sorrow, around and around  
Whispering and hushing a half-told tale—  
A musical mystery, filling the air  
With its endless pathos of vague despair.

And again into fantasy's billowy play  
Ripples memory back with elusive change ;  
For chrysolite oceans, a blank of gray,  
Fringed with the films of a mirage strange—  
A shimmering blur of blossom and gleam :  
Can it be Bermoothes ? or is it a dream ?







## I

**A**T the Judges' feet kneel Gypies seven;  
*"Thieves, ye shall burn in the sight of Heaven!"*  
 In vain they lament and for mercy plead;  
*"We be guiltless all, of this evil deed!"*

## II

**B**ut lightly the words of doom are spoken,—  
 Already the wands before *six* are broken,  
 When the *seventh* arose and turned to the King:  
*"I hear the birds in the clouds that sing!"*

## III

**Y**ou shall not singe me a single hair,—  
*The RED COCK is crowing afar in the air!"*  
 And on the sudden, while yet he spoke,  
 The city was wrapp'd in flames and smoke!

## IV

**T**o the lofty spire the RED COCK flew,  
 Like the one that warn'd *Peter*, he loudly crew;  
 And the Judges in horror and fear repent:  
*"Alas, we have murder'd the innocent!"*

## V

**A**nd, the people crowd him, they kneel & implore:  
*"Conjure the flame, that it rage no more!*  
*Forbid the fiery wind to blow,*  
*And the Judges shall spare thee, & let thee go!"*

## VI

**H**e snatch'd the death-wand, as there they knelt,  
 And wrathful blows on their faces dealt:  
 Then cried he: *"Why shed you this innocent blood?*  
*How shall I stem you this fiery flood?"*

## VII

**F**rom steel the burning spark is thrown,  
 And fire lies hid in the heart of stone;  
*What set you playing with whetted tools?*  
*The RED COCK is sitting above you, and rules!*

## VIII

**B**id thee welcome, thou flaming guest!  
 Restrain thee now, spare all the rest;  
*I conjure thee, fiery storm, by the fear*  
*Of CHRIST, whose Blood flow'd also here!"*

## IX

**B**id thee restrain thy wrath, O flame,  
 In Mother *MARY's* Holy Name;  
*As She kept Holy Maidenhood,*  
*So keep thee pure, thou fiery flood!"*

## X

**T**hen from the spire the RED COCK flew;  
 The burning tempest no longer blew;  
 The fire grew low, the fire grew tame,  
 And the WIZARD strode thro' the dying flame.

FINIS.



## MÉLANIE.

I.

"MAIS oui! je crois bien!"<sup>c</sup> echoed in chorus monsieur l'abbé's listeners.

They were playing, or rather they had been playing, whist. Madame De Beauvais, the charming châtelaine of the quaint, stiff, roomy, entirely pleasant old pile within whose hospitable walls they were gathered, sat opposite the handsome priest, while Monsieur De Beauvais, with unfailing cheerfulness, had trumped his partner's trick, until the placid depths of Baron de Font-Reale's even temper were stirred to annoyance, and he rubbed the few remaining hairs that wandered over his shining head so vigorously to and fro that the distracted locks, not knowing upon which side he wished them finally to repose, had compromised the matter by standing straight up in a silvery tuft, which rose above the old gentleman's pleasant face like a comical little horn, ready for defense if Monsieur De Beauvais's playing went from bad to worse, and, as was not seldom the case, a genuine dispute followed.

Just now there was an *entr'acte* and a calm, while the little party of four regaled itself with cakes and a mild decoction called tea, which Madame De Beauvais, who had once spent a week in London, and had been mildly smitten with Anglomania ever since, fondly prided herself was tea à l'Anglaise.

At precisely ten the sweet faint chime of madame's elegant antique trifle called a clock magically summoned a swift-footed, noiseless slave in spotless attire, who deftly compounded the cheering beverage, apparently after the fashion with which his more accustomed fingers had mixed a salad two or three hours before. Auguste was prodigal of hot water and stingy of tea, liberal with the sugar but discreet as to milk—or rum, an elegant little jug of which latter innocent-looking fluid was an invariable accompaniment to tea at the Château de Beauvais.

When the silent *maitre d'hôtel* had departed, to share with madame's *femme de chambre* whatever scraps of gossip he had managed to collect during his short stay in the salon, Mélanie de Beauvais—a tall, dark-haired young girl, who had been silently musing in a distant corner—came forward, and passed around some delicate little cakes, leaving them finally, after a quick glance at the Abbé Tuvache's handsome face, upon the table just before him. She met her father's look of proud fondness with a charming smile, and then stepping through the open casement—for though the days of September were growing few, summer had forgotten to go away from Normandy—she stood just outside, listening to the gentle plash of

the old fountain and the whispering of the forest trees beyond.

The Abbé Tuvache himself, as if the rum which filled a goodly share of his dainty Sèvres cup were not enough, had added a flavoring of gossip which evidently was deeply interesting to his listeners, the more especially as it chiefly concerned Paul de Font-Reale, who had come with his uncle to make an annual visit at the château, and hunt, or rather shoot, in the De Beauvais forest.

"And so," continued the smiling abbé, sipping with evident satisfaction the mixture Auguste had placed before him—"so I spoke her fair, you know, for old Madame Lafitte has a dangerous tongue. But I said to myself that not a finger would I lift to bring about such a marriage as that. It is very well for Monsieur Paul to hunt André Lafitte's wild boars; but to marry his daughter! Dame! it is another *paire de manches!*"

"Crois bien!" again sung the little chorus, in various keys.

"So," rose Madame De Beauvais's musical solo—"so it was, then, Madame Lafitte! Tiens! tiens! what won't those nouveaux riches aspire to next? 'Barbe bleue!' ma fille calls her, and really not without reason, for the woman has a voice and a beard like a man. So it was the old Lafitte!" madame repeated, gingerly building little rows of card tents as she spoke. "Her grandchild will have a million francs of dot. I wish we could give our Mélanie half as much. But farms that yield a pitiful three per cent. can not vie with cloth manufactories that pay I don't know how much, and—"

"I don't care how much," Monsieur De Beauvais took her up. "Give me," he exclaimed, with the pride of a true Norman, whose chief and satisfying ambition is in adding field to field and farm to farm—"give me my dear fields and forests and—"

"And they are dear," put in madame (who was Parisian), with a light laugh. "It seems to me, mon ami, that all the rent we have yet received from that little farm you bought last year is sixteen chickens, lean and old, and some few pounds of butter—fat and old, too! But a million francs is a *belle dot*," she resumed, building up anew the unsteady card houses, which had fallen en masse. "a *bien belle dot*; and doubtless time will kindly bestow upon the little Julie the additional attraction of a whisker as fascinatingly blue and stiff as that which decorates her grandmamma's wrinkled cheek. Mélanie dear, come in and give me a drop more tea. Not too strong, child, or I shall not sleep a wink all night; and no milk, remember. But where is Monsieur Paul all this time?" questioned madame, suddenly, and





“‘PARDON, MON PÈRE,’ AROSE THE GRAVE AND GIRLISH TONES.”—[SEE PAGE 868.]

of no one in particular, continuing with careful patience her fragile pasteboard architecture, and regarding the while with evident satisfaction the graceful play of her plump white hands.

“Probably gone down to the shore,” an-

swered Monsieur De Beauvais, “whither I will follow him, and just take a look at the sea—it is the high tide, you know—while you others are finishing your tea. I will only be absent a few moments; but should I not be back in time to go on with the



whist—which really,” he interpolated, “is too long and silent, and requires too strict attention, for nous Français—I dare say no one will be inconsolable. And you, my old friend”—smiling at the baron—“and monsieur l’abbé, can finish the evening with a comfortable game at écarté;” and fortifying himself with the mildest of cigarettes, Monsieur De Beauvais departed to meditate by a still and moon-lit sea.

“Or Monsieur De Font-Reale can play with dummy, which will be about the same thing,” laughed madame, as her husband disappeared; “and then he will be responsible for trumping his own tricks. Thanks, mon enfant, the tea is just right.”

“I suppose Paul ought to marry money, poor fellow!” said Monsieur De Font-Reale, dipping a little cake abstractedly into his tea, and going back to the interrupted matrimonial discussion; “his few thousand francs barely suffice to keep a young man in boots and gloves, and my poor brother left the boy nothing but a sword which fought for its country, and an honorable name. But Julie Lafitte, whose father once made my coats! It is really trop fort. Why, it is not many years,” went on the old baron, putting down his cup to attack the pugilistic little horn, which he finally left standing rakishly over his right ear—“not many years since André Lafitte measured me for my last dress-coat—which I must say fitted well, and was made of such good cloth that I wear it still—and now he can count his millions, and would buy the son of Léon de Font-Reale for the little Julie. Dieu! but the world is turning round the wrong way, it seems to me.”

“And money, not love, seems to send it round,” laughed the Abbé Tuvache; “but Paul de Font-Reale, with his proud old name, his rare intelligence, and his charming person, must look for a better partie than the little Lafitte. If he should have to seek a really large dot in the ranks of trade, there is no need to go to the bottom of those ranks, ma foi! And en tout cas,” added this frank man of God, discreetly lowering his voice, “Monsieur Paul can se consoler, you know.”

And then, after a half-whispered and decidedly mundane conversation, the Abbé Tuvache slipped into a minute history of certain consolations which Monsieur De Beauvais père—lately deceased, and for whom the abbé was to say an imposing mass upon the morrow—had allowed himself during the lifetime of a patient invalid wife.

Interested in his own recital, and charmed at the profound impression his revelations were evidently creating, the Abbé Tuvache gradually and unconsciously raised his fine and resonant tones to their normal pitch. He quite forgot the silent girl stand-

ing in the shadows just outside the open window, and when the instant’s pause which followed a more than usually startling chapter in the dead Monsieur De Beauvais’s history was broken by a clear though slightly tremulous young voice, the startled abbé dropped the extra lump of sugar poised above his cup with a splash that sent some large drops of the mild rum punch out over the crisp new crape that trimmed Madame De Beauvais’s tight black sleeve.

“Pardon, mon père,” arose the grave and girlish tones, “but can not the faults of my grandfather—which must have been few, or I had not loved him so—lie with him in the grave where he is hardly cold? And could not monsieur l’abbé have remembered even one of his many virtues instead?”

“Mélanie!” began Madame De Beauvais, in sharp, reproachful amazement—“Mélanie! do you—”

The abbé interrupted. Wincing inwardly, he had swallowed his tea and his humiliation together, and though he could not quite control the dark flush that mounted over cheek and brow, his ready Frankish wit rose equal to the occasion—the unheard of occasion—of being the rebuked instead of the rebuker.

“Mademoiselle is right,” he said, with a calm and gracious smile; “her words are just. I should have remembered that even in the intimacy of the family circle—and monsieur le baron always seems of the family to me—silence is better than speech. I accept the reminder in all humbleness”—the abbé’s humility certainly bore no outward sign—“and I shall make myself more reproaches than even her loyal young heart is heaping upon me. Forgive, dear madame, the noble impulses of unreflecting youth, and do not chide the child. I am sure no disrespect was meant. I beg—nay, I demand—that she be instantly and entirely forgiven;” and the abbé smiled with gentle magnanimity, as he waved his white and shapely hand. “And now, dear madame,” he resumed, rising leisurely, as he brushed a stray crumb from his spotless long black robe, “having a tedious walk before me, I will, with your permission, wish you and monsieur le baron a good-evening. Have the goodness to make my adieux to monsieur votre mari, and let me give myself the pleasure of looking in again to-morrow to make my peace with Mademoiselle Mélanie, who, I see, has fired her shot and fled;” and, laughing carelessly, the Abbé Tuvache took his wide-brimmed hat and made a graceful exit.

His “dear madame” smiled charmingly at her departing guest, but when the abbé’s retreating footsteps were heard no more, she called again, “Mélanie!” in tones which hardly argued well for that “entire” forgiveness he had smilingly demanded.





"SILENTLY THE GIRL'S HOT TEARS DRIPPED DOWN UPON THE MUTE AND YELLOW ORGAN KEYS."—[SEE PAGE 871.]

Baron de Font-Reale, with the freedom of long acquaintance, laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Let the child be, Clarisse," he pleaded; "she had far finer feeling than we who encouraged the priest to forget himself. I tell you, mon amie, she made me ashamed;" and in his excitement the old baron absently swallowed the remainder of his tea in such hot haste that a violent fit of coughing and strangulation ensued. "Ma foi! but she was superb—that enfant là!" he gaspingly went on, his face still purple. "Superb! And, madame, your daughter is growing up a beauty that will rival even her lovely mother. Pity she is not a little older. Let me

see," he added, reflectively, "when will Mélanie be sixteen?"

"Her seventeenth birthday comes in March, my friend, just six months from now; but she will not have enough," laughed Madame De Beauvais, frankly showing that her quick woman's wit had at once divined what thoughts were running in the good old baron's head.

"Dear me! does it, now?" he exclaimed, in pensive astonishment, ignoring the latter half of madame's speech—"does it, now? And it seems only yesterday that we tasted the bonbons at her christening. Well, Clarisse, your little spring bud is blossoming out into a charming human flower. Proud



and shy, but, *ma foi!* brave enough to rebuke even the all-conquering Abbé Tuvache. It was a pretty little scene, *parbleu!* The child's words were quiet, but they must have stung; and, *Dieu!* how her cheek blazed and her soft eyes flashed! You can give her, I suppose," pursued the baron, barely escaping that traditional step from the sublime to the ridiculous, "three hundred thousand francs, or thereabouts? Yes, I thought so. Well, it may be, *mon amie*, the old uncle is, after all, a little better off than the world imagines him, and a heart like Mélanie's is worth the Lafitte's million. Let me tell you, *madame*, it is not picked up every day."

"Which—the money, or the heart, *cher baron?*" laughed Madame De Beauvais, making short quick passes with her handkerchief over the still damp spots upon her sleeve.

"Bah!" laughed the baron in turn: "you understand me; think of it, *Clarisse?*" and Monsieur De Font-Reale stepped through the window, near which they had been sitting, into the dewy, fragrant garden beyond, leaving Madame De Beauvais to turn over, with the combinations of a long and intricate "patience," which she undertook with the two whist packs lying before her, the hint he had imparted.

As for Mélanie, that venturesome maiden heard neither the abbé's graceful intercession nor her mother's reproachful call. With a lip now trembling at its own temerity, now curling with scorn at thought of the priest who, for the pleasure of making a little scene and being the centre of a little astonishment, could recklessly betray a secret of the confessional, even though the penitent he had shrived lay cold and dead, and with eyes misty from unshed tears of indignation, the young girl had hastily lifted a heavy *portière*, and passed into a wide and silent room beyond.

In the olden days, when the De Beauvais counted a shaven priest among his many retainers, this chamber had been a chapel, around whose frescoed ceiling curled the smoke of fragrant incense, and before whose altar knelt many a scion of that noble house. But the château had undergone many changes since, and now the whilom chapel had become a kind of quaint artistic music-room, where, instead of droning priest, Mélanie de Beauvais sent her pure young voice echoing through the panelled walls. The painted angels that once looked down upon a kneeling crowd were faded; the altar, like those whose prayers went up before it, had vanished; and only a tall stained window and an ancient organ remained to tell of glories past and gone.

Yet a vague and soothing hush seemed still to cling around the sombre walls, and a wandering moonbeam which fell, mellow-

ed by the many mingling tints, through the high-arched "*vitrau*," seemed but to fill in and make complete the silent, solemn harmony.

The dim rich light trembled down over the time-stained keys of the old organ, but hardly travelled far enough into the shadows of the chamber to search out the recumbent figure of a youth who had, after a day's hard shooting—and Paul de Font-Reale seldom failed to bag his game—been enjoying a post-prandial nap within the comfortable depths of a huge Louis XIII. arm-chair.

Peacefully unconscious of the matrimonial schemes plotting in his behalf, dreaming, it must be confessed, neither of Mélanie de Beauvais's sweet and serious eyes nor of Julie Lafitte's shining golden francs, had Monsieur Paul slumbered on, awakening only just in time to overhear the particular remark which had so aroused the "shy, proud" Mélanie out of her wonted calm reserve.

Paul, refreshed and rested, had meant to slip quietly out and enjoy his good-night look at the realms of Neptune—for a Norman can scarcely get through the four-and-twenty hours without a good-morn and good-eve to his beloved sea—unsuspected. But Mélanie's sudden entrance frustrated the innocent design, and as he was unwilling to startle her sensitiveness by emerging ghost-like from his shadowy corner, he remained a prisoner perforce.

Swiftly the young girl passed athwart the moonbeam beyond him; to and fro she walked in the rich gloom of the old-time chapel, speaking sobbingly to herself out of the fullness of a passionately rebellious heart.

"How they gossip and laugh, and plot, and buy and sell!" she murmured, bitterly, dashing away the tears that would not be kept back; "and how I loathe and despise it all! Money and beauty, position and lands, and never do they speak of goodness, or of—love;" and the girl blushed even through the red that excited feeling had already burned upon her cheek, as she breathed the short word softly to herself.

"In one more year I too must be offered in the market of marriage; people with sons who need to se ranger will come and politely inspect me, and talk about my air and my looks and my dot, and Heaven knows what. And then the particular son fixed upon will take his turn to come and stare, and arrange what can be done with my poor francs, and then I am bound for life whether I will or no. *Mon Dieu!* but it is horrible!" wailed poor, proud, sensitive Mélanie, with a sob, as she flung open a tiny square of the quaint old window and let the soft evening air tremble in over her hot cheeks.



Some sweet and tender spirit of the night seemed to float in with that faint and fragrant breeze, cooling the fever of the girl's burning cheek, and soothing her quick indignant heart-beats into a calm and even flow.

"After all," she thought, the hopefulness of youth asserting itself, "life is fair and sweet, and if one man forgot himself, the world is not less kind; a whole year of freedom is still before me," and half smiling at the excited Mélanie of a moment since, the young girl turned and sat down before the ancient organ, faithful confidant of all her moods, from grave to gay.

Its slow and solemn tones had been the old Comte de Beauvais's daily solace when his earthly pleasures were growing few, and when the bright and smiling world seemed slipping away from his age-dimmed sight: over its time-stained keys had he and Mélanie spent many an hour together, and now they had laid him on the hill-side between the forest and the sea, and his place would know him no more.

Lovingly the girl's slim hands fell upon those yellow keys which had so often sounded forth tremblingly responsive to her dead grandfather's feeble touch, while slow and plaintive from beneath her firm young fingers swelled out into the silent chamber a prelude to the "Ave Maria" he had loved so much to hear her sing.

And soon from among those slowly swelling chords arose Schubert's "Prayer to the Virgin," in such pure and tender tones that the silent youth who listened in his distant corner felt a sudden, strange, yet not unpleasant shock steal through his heart.

"Madre d'amor! Odi tu—il mio dolor!" pleaded the fresh girlish voice in tender, passionate cry; and here, perhaps overcome by memories of the dead, or the pathos of her own tearful strains, or, it may be—for who can fathom the solemn mysteries of a young girl's heart?—trembling beneath the sudden vibration of some yet subtler chord within, Mélanie stopped as if smitten dumb, and as the organ gave forth a sad discordant wail, she finished the prayer in low and passionate weeping.

Paul de Font-Reale made no sign, but for the first time in his five-and-twenty years he sighed for the Anglo-Saxon freedom which would have let him rise up and try to comfort this poor child, whose sensitive, thousand-stringed harp seemed played upon by every passing breath.

"Poor little Mélanie," he thought, "how far we all have been from understanding her!" and venturing within his friendly shadow to lift a furtive hand, the elegant and not easily moved Paul de Font-Reale discovered, to his own profound surprise, that "poor little Mélanie's" were not the only wet eyes the room contained.

Silently the girl's hot tears dripped down upon the mute and yellow organ keys, and silently an unwonted drop fell upon the faded dragon embroidered on the Louis XIII. chair, until at length a hum of voices in the room beyond startled Mélanie to her feet, and springing lightly down from her perch before the organ, she sped into the large old red-tiled hall and up the winding stairs—a triumph of true Norman architecture—to her own white-draped nest above.

Paul de Font-Reale, stretching his long legs, with half a sigh, slipped noiselessly through that same hall door, and betook himself and his thoughts out into the dewy night.

Not many minutes later he appeared, smiling in at the open window through which his uncle had found a short way to the garden an hour before.

"Here is the truant now!" cried Monsieur De Beauvais. "Your uncle and I have also been to the shore; how was it we missed you?"

"I suppose because you came through the bois," craftily hazarded the innocent-looking youth, leaning indolently against the window. "The sea is wonderful to-night."

"Ah, yes," sighed the baron; "it looks as calm and peaceful as a lake, but it made me shiver to look over those smiling waters and think that one more victim had gone down into their treacherous moon-lit depths. Didst thou hear, Paul, that poor Henri, Monsieur Sainton's faithful valet, fell last night from the falaise, and his body has just been washed ashore? Ah, but it is frightful! I can not—"

"Mélanie should have been there to save him," put in Monsieur De Beauvais; "she swims and dives like a vrai poisson. Why, the child has saved two lives this summer;" and good Monsieur De Beauvais's eyes grew misty as the remembrance of his daughter's fearlessness and the gratitude of those poor fisherwomen whose children she had restored to their despairing hearts came over him.

"Then she will save a third life," said the old baron, with superstitious decision; "every thing goes by threes. But she has the heart of a lion, that slim young girl;" and muttering to himself that she was a treasure which Paul must and should possess, Monsieur De Font-Reale made his slow and careful way up the slippery winding stairs.

## II.

The full moon paled and faded before a rosy morning twilight that stole forth into a blue and cloudless sky, and then from behind the green and dewy hills, swift, sudden, and splendid, the young day sprang up over a glowing purple sea. Half her sphere of lambent flame seemed to pour down into those rosy, waveless depths; Neptune, in soft and tender mood, was whispering and



trembling with pleasure as Aurora's kiss fell lightly down upon his calm and smiling face. Caressingly his limpid tide crept up the pebbly shore, still dotted with its row of tiny bathing-houses—for the mellow, sunny September had lured the little circle of visitors to that sheltered sea-side nook much beyond its wonted stay—or marked an ever-rising line of wet against the tall, steep cliffs on either side.

Between these treacherous heights a charmingly irregular, picturesque little village straggled half-way up a long and gently rising hill, where, as if weary with climbing, it stopped short, and left the hard white road to wander off alone amid fields of waving grain beyond. At the right, looking landward, behind an ancient ruined temple, rose the friendly light-house; while at the left, among the forest trees that stood dark and motionless against the morning sky, looked out the windows of Mélanie de Beauvais's sunny home.

Mélanie arose almost with the day, and, like the day, the girl's first look was at her beloved sea.

"Oh, Justine!" she cried to the maid who entered, "but look! Was that beautiful sea ever so fair before? Quick, Justine! bring my coffee, and get the bathing things ready; we will go at once, so that I can have those wide, cool, blue waters all to myself;" and Mélanie gave a little cry of ecstasy as she turned once more to gaze out over that sparkling liquid plain.

But although the lingering bathers had scarcely opened their sleepy eyes, Mélanie did not have the sea quite to herself, after all. A couple of children with their careful *bonne* were dabbling among the small and slippery stones, while out beyond the floating platform, which was the supposed limit of venturesome swimmers, the gold-brown curls of Paul de Font-Reale rose and dipped among the glancing sunbeams.

"But mademoiselle was right," said Justine, deftly picking her way among the rolling pebbles; "never was there a more lovely sea! I can count eleven distinct shades of beautiful blue-green;" and coming to the twelfth, Justine's quick eye fell upon the human head that broke the "blue-green" line. "Mademoiselle's kingdom has been taken possession of before her," she laughed. "See! Monsieur Paul! how he looks at his ease, and how well he swims!"

"But I can swim as well, Justine, you are going to see;" and with all the delight of a young Newfoundland, Mélanie plunged into the cool and sparkling flood, disporting herself with a four-footed frolicsomeness among the dancing points of gleaming gold.

"What a child she is!" thought Paul de Font-Reale, whose long, keen sight, as he floated lazily to and fro, followed Mélanie's aquatic gambols. Who would dream that

this was the shy, proud Mélanie sitting in some distant corner of the salon, and looking out upon the world with grave, condemning eyes? or the passionate maiden who wept her heart out last night over the old organ? But Monsieur Paul, in the patriarchal maturity of twenty-five, forgot that sweet, capricious sixteen has many moods; that its tears and laughter lie close together as the cloud and sunshine of an April day; that if it weeps at night, its morning smiles are no less bright and gay.

"Yet what a noble, sensitive, true-hearted child!" murmured Paul de Font-Reale, confidently to sea and sky; "and when time and a little mingling with the world wear off her shyness, what a charming woman she will become! And a handsome woman too," he pursued, by no means blind to Mélanie's budding beauty—"a handsomer woman even than her mother. Ah! if I only—I wish—I wonder—" And here Paul's "ifs" and "wishes" and "wonders" were cut short by a sharp and sudden cry of pain; powerless fell his strong young arms; an instant later and the cruel, smiling, "blue-green" waters had closed, glancing and dimpling, above his handsome head.

And Mélanie, the saver of lives, swam gayly toward the shore, where Justine and a screaming *bonne*, calling upon the Virgin and all the saints, wailed and wrung their hands.

"But, my good Justine," cried Mélanie, in laughing impatience as she floated into shallow water, "pray be quiet. You know that I am as much at home in the water as a fish, and you can see with your own eyes that I am safe and sound. Do cease being so frightened. Your screams will arouse the whole village, and *maman* will be so annoyed."

"O that they may!" cried Justine, flinging up her arms. "Fly, Marie, and call for help. It is Monsieur Paul, mademoiselle. The cramp must have seized him, and—Bon Dieu! but he sinks again! Will no one come to save him? But no! mademoiselle shall not—but no! Ah, grand Dieu, she is gone! O bon Dieu, protect her! O Father above, save them!" and Justine, wild with helpless terror, sat down among the wet and shifting pebbles, and with upraised arms cried distractedly to heaven.

"Call Pierre!" rang back a sweet, courageous voice, already yards out into the dimpling sea—"call Pierre!"

For an instant Mélanie's life-blood ceased to flow, her white limbs trembled, and her laughing lips grew pale; then some inspired strength seemed to shoot into her young arms, a strange and sudden calm into her heart.

"Father above, help me, and I shall save him!" she prayed, bounding through the pulsing sea with the swiftness of despair.

And when some matted sun-brown curls



floated a third time among the glancing sunbeams, a white, slim, nervous little hand buried itself clutchingly among their plentiful waves.

Paul de Font-Reale was saved, but almost had he looked his last upon that blue and smiling sky, that limpid laughing sea, the forest and the fields of waving green beyond. Only a young girl's fearless heart had stood between.

And but for Pierre the boatman, who flew responsive to Justine's distracted call, it had even then gone hard with that young girl and the soul she held above those smiling depths. As she reached the platform, Mélanie felt her strength, kept up till then by the excitement of despair, was going, and she could only cling with her unconscious burden against its slippery corner, until, uttering a faint glad cry, she dropped into the friendly boat, and was drawn to Justine's faithful panting bosom, when, instead of fainting quietly away, she burst, between weakness, joy, and excitement, into a perfect storm of tears. She cried and sobbed and clung to Justine like a frightened, grieving child, while warm salt rivulets streamed down the faithful handmaid's face, and good Pierre's cheeks were drenched with quick-falling drops that did not often fill his honest eyes.

"There! there!" said Justine, soothingly, between her own sobs, as she patted her young mistress's wet and shining head—"there! it is all over, and Monsieur Paul is saved. His heart still beats—God forgive the lie, for I perceived it not!" she muttered to herself as they neared the shore, where a crowd seemed magically to have sprung from out the stones.

"Saved!" shouted Pierre, hoarse with excitement, "by the grace of God and our young demoiselle;" and the boatman's lip quivered again as he took Mélanie, too weak to walk, from Justine's arms, and bore her through the hushed and wondering crowd.

"Ah! but that race was always brave," said one stalwart, fair-haired fisherman to a large and sunburned woman who stood beside him; "and our young demoiselle is the bravest of them all. This is the third life she has saved. But what a thing for a slight young girl like that to do! And to think we strong men should all have come too late! It covers us with shame."

"And my little Jean was one, you know," sobbed the woman—"my little Jean was one. May God and the holy Virgin bless her!" and as Pierre passed on, holding his dripping burden, the grateful woman, crossing herself devoutly, kissed with reverent trembling lip the little hand hanging cold and pale over good Pierre's broad shoulder.

"De Beauvais," said Monsieur De Font-Reale, an hour or so later, as they stood to-

gether in the door of the little casino where Paul was being tenderly cared for by the kindly fisher-folk, "I know not"—and the good old baron was not ashamed of the mist that dimmed his eye, or the sob that choked his voice, trembling with emotion—"I know not—how—to speak—that child—but she is even more modest than brave! To think of her doing a thing any man would be proud of all his life, and then to come home and never say one word about it, but quietly pursue her innocent affairs, as if saving a life were the most ordinary thing in the world!" The baron frankly wiped away the tears that trickled down his kind old face. "Friend," he went on, in a broken voice, "I covet that treasure; I want that modest lion heart of gold. Wilt thou let me have the little Mélanie for my Paul?"

Monsieur De Beauvais grasped his old friend's hand. "I could wish for her no happier fate," he said; "but only if she like the boy. I made a marriage of convenience; it was well, as thou knowest, but all are not, and my only child shall wed for love. Yet, friend," and Monsieur De Beauvais, despite his "new departure," was true to his instincts, after all, "Mélanie's fortune will be small, and Paul is poor—"

"Be easy," interrupted the baron, his tears changing into smiles. "I have put by a few francs the world knows not of. Paul will have enough to keep his wife in bathing clothes. If Mélanie like him, the thing is done."

Paul, whose restoration was long and tedious, did not appear at the much-belated mid-day breakfast, at which poor Mélanie sat blushing like a rose beneath the ovations she received. Madame De Beauvais, her mother heart profoundly stirred, covered her with a thousand tender, unwonted caresses; her father, with moist eye and trembling lip, kissed and petted her; the old baron, in uncertain broken voice, blessed her; while Auguste flew with swift, adoring feet to execute his young mistress's slightest wish.

The sleepy, peaceful little village was thrown into a quiver of excitement. Mélanie's name was in every mouth, and the château was besieged with visitors of high and low degree, making kindly, anxious inquiries after the young heroine, who sat, confused and laughing, within. When Madame De Beauvais reluctantly went to receive a visitor of more than usually exalted rank, who had called in person, Mélanie, gladly escaping, wandered out alone into the sunny garden.

Behind her rustled the sombre black-green forest; at her feet, in sweet monotony, splashed the old stone fountain; while before her the boundless sea spread out its ever-changing tints. Long and earnestly Mélanie gazed out over its tremulous ex-



pause, but her cheek paled as the agony of those few despairing moments, that seemed to stretch into eternity, rushed back upon her soul.

Turning at length, with a half sigh, she met the deep and earnest look of Paul de Font-Reale, who stood, white and silent, beside her.

"Mélanie," he began, and the self-possessed Paul's voice was trembling and unsteady—"Mélanie, I can never—"

"Ah! no," cried Mélanie, flushing, and with a quick gesture of graceful impatience, "do not! I will not be thanked any more. But it was nothing; another would have done the same."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Paul, with a kindling look—"nothing! Yet, Mélanie, do not be afraid of an oration of gratitude. I can not thank you; I know not how. All words are poor to say what fills my heart; but will you let the actions of the life you saved try to say what lips fail to express?—will you, Mélanie?" and the young man bent an eager, ardent gaze upon the face beside him.

Scarcely did Mélanie take in the meaning of his speech; half shy and puzzled was the look in her dark eyes.

"Tell me, Mélanie," went on Paul, seeing she did not speak, "will you? You have given me my own life; will you give me yours too, and let me try what man can do to make it bright and happy?"

A rosy tide pulsed over the young girl's cheek and brow; a sudden joy leaped into her eyes, which fell before Paul's fond and

eager look; then her cheek paled again, and the flash vanished quickly as it came.

"Monsieur Paul," she said, looking with earnest wistfulness straight into the young man's face, "would you have asked me that question twenty-four hours ago?"

"You think it is gratitude!" he burst forth, impetuously; "you think it is gratitude! But I tell you, Mélanie, it is not. It is love, which, long unsuspected, has sprung suddenly and full-grown into my heart. And not this morning, Mélanie, but last night, in the music-room, while your tears rained down upon the old organ's yellow keys, did I find my heart. Will you take it, Mélanie?"

Truth rung in the voice, pleading with a fervor that would not be denied; the fire of love's devouring fever burned within the eyes that did not move from Mélanie's confused and blushing face.

"It is yours, Mélanie, to take or leave, but do not desert the life you saved. Your parents give you to me, if you consent. You see"—with an anxious, pleading smile—"you are neither bought nor sold. My dear old uncle wishes it above all earthly things; I wish it more—"

"It shall be, then, as we all wish," put in a sweet low voice, to which a burning blush gave silent emphasis; "but, Paul, never make me a speech of thanks."

"I promise," laughed Paul, in happy triumph. "Mélanie, would you have given me that answer twenty-four hours ago?"

"Yes," said Mélanie, with the truthful simplicity of a child.







RUFUS CHOATE.

### SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF RUFUS CHOATE.

**R**UFUS CHOATE enjoys a peculiar and exceptional fame among American lawyers, statesmen, and orators, because of his unlikeness to any of his celebrated contemporaries. One of his friends bluntly remarked, "Webster is like other folks, only there is more of him; but as to Choate, who ever saw or knew *his* like?" He not only idealized but individualized every thing he touched, and the driest law case, when he was one of the counsel engaged, was converted into a thrilling tragedy or tragic-comedy founded on an actual event. He was a poet at the heart of his nature, and instinctively gave a dramatic or epical character to the leading persons concerned in a jury trial. It was once common for legal pedants, possessed of learning *minus* genius, to denounce as "flummery" the arguments of this advocate, who possessed learning *plus* genius; but it is now universally conceded that he was profound in the knowledge of the law, that he was both an acute and comprehensive reasoner, and that his practical sagacity in the conduct of a case was as marked as the romantic interest with

which he invested it. It is to be feared, however, that this shining ornament of the legal profession will be hereafter known chiefly by the traditions of his splendid successes. My purpose is simply to record a few memories illustrating the force and flexibility of his genius and the geniality of his nature.

My admiration of Mr. Choate was formed a long time before I had the honor and pleasure of making his acquaintance. At the period when he was a young lawyer, practicing in the courts of Essex County, he "pervaded"—if I may use one of his own terms—the Salem bookstores in his leisure hours. He was specially attracted to the store of Mr. John M. Ives, and he never entered it without falling into conversation with some legal or illegal brother interested in letters, and he never left it without leaving in the memory of those who listened some one of the golden sentences which dropped as naturally from his mouth as pearls from the lips of the fabled fairy. There was a circulating library connected with Mr. Ives's bookstore, and I have a vivid remembrance



when, as a boy, I was prowling among the books on the shelves, suspending my decision as to taking out a novel of Richardson, or Fielding, or Miss Porter, or Scott, of listening, with a certain guilty delight, at the chaffing going on among my elders and betters in the front store. I remember perfectly how I was impressed and fascinated by the appearance of Mr. Choate. He was not a Thaddeus of Warsaw, or a hero of the type which Mrs. Radcliffe had stamped on my imagination; but there was something strange, something "Oriental," in him which suggested the Arabian Nights. In after-years I wondered, as I wondered then, that such a remarkable creature should have dropped down, as it were, into Essex County. There seemed to be no connection between the man and his environment. He flashed his meaning in pointed phrase while his interlocutors were arraying facts and preparing arguments, and darted out of the store with a ringing laugh before they had time to send a cross-bow shaft in reply, or retort to the Parthian arrow he had gayly sped at parting.

Boy as I was, I learned then what was characteristic of Mr. Choate through life—his horror of commonplace. Why, he seemed to say, argue about a thing which an intelligent human being should detect at the first glance? He always tried to evade bores, in youth as in age; and to him the most dreadful of bores were well-meaning men, deficient in quickness of apprehension and directness of insight, who were fond of exercising their powers of disputation in the weary work of placing on a logical foundation the indisputable. Godwin once mentioned to Coleridge that he and Mackintosh had been engaged for three hours in an argument without arriving at a definite conclusion. "If there had been a man of genius in the room," Coleridge retorted, "he would have settled the question in five minutes." Choate had this impatience of a man of genius with long-winded controversies.

I may add that, in my boyish remembrances, the beauty of Choate's face and person early caught my fancy. He was an Apollo, though, as he walked the streets of Salem, he was an Apollo with a *slouch*. He had a way of lifting his shoulders, and an angular swinging of his frame, which were as individual as they were inartistic. Yet he was, on the whole, the most beautiful young man I ever saw. Thought, study, care, the contentions of the bar, the wear and tear of an unreposing life, at last broke up the smoothest and comeliest of human faces into weird wrinkles, which he often laughed at himself when he surveyed his countenance as depicted by the photographer. Of one of these likenesses, in which the sun had not spared a single thought-ploughed mark, he said, "It is as ugly as

the devil; but still I must admit it is like—very like." Yet in his youth that face almost realized the ideal of manly beauty. His complexion was brown, but health infused into it a faint red tint which made it singularly charming to the eye. I recollect as if it were yesterday one Sunday afternoon when he entered Dr. Brazer's church in Salem just before the services began. He marched up the aisle—I can hit on no better expression than "marched"—and entered a pew just above that in which I was seated. The sermon was no doubt good—as all the sermons of Dr. Brazer were good—but my attention was fixed on Choate. For an hour I watched his expressive face, noticing every variation of its lines, as they indicated agreement or disagreement with the eloquent clergyman's Unitarian discourse; and all I knew of the sermon was gathered from what I considered its effect on the wonderful creature who seemed to my boyish imagination to have strayed into the pew from some region altogether apart from any civilization heretofore known to Salem. There was something mysterious about him. In glancing over the other pews, occupied by the merchant aristocracy of the town, I was struck by their commonplace character, as contrasted with this stranger, who appeared to belong to another race, and who might, for all I knew, have been imported by these merchants from Calcutta or Singapore, bringing with him the suggestion of

"Gums of Paradise and Eastern air."

He was then in the perfection of his manly beauty—the beauty of robust physical health combined with that indefinable beauty which comes from the palpable presence of intellect and genius in brow, cheek, eye, lip, and the very pose of the head. I was then about ten years old; but the kind of admiring wonder I then felt in looking at him affected me, many years afterward, when I had made his personal acquaintance. There was always in him something "rich and strange," something foreign to our New England "notions," something which distinguished him from all other eminent Americans. A humorous friend of mine once declared that he was originally intended for an inhabitant of Jupiter, but the earth caught him in his passage and hauled him in. Mr. Choate, in some such way, always seemed to me to have been arrested by the insolent gravitating power lodged in the earth, and drawn violently into our prosaic New England while he was joyously speeding on to his appropriate home in some distant Mars or Jupiter.

As regards Mr. Choate's whole nature, I was impressed not so much by any particular faculty as by its central force. He was fundamentally strong at the heart of his nature—strong in personality, strong in



will, strong in mental manhood; and he used his rare powers not merely to please, persuade, astonish, and convince those whom he addressed, but to *overcome* them. He must have been personally conscious of that grand mood which Wordsworth celebrates:

"Such animation often do I find,  
Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind."

In his diary, July, 1844, he indicates what he considers should be the characteristics of a legislator's speech. These are: "Truth for the staple, good taste the form, *persuasion to act*, for the end." It was the "persuasion to act" that was always in his mind, whether he addressed a popular gathering, a jury, or the Senate of the United States.

Indeed, in jury trials his main object was to influence the *wills* of the twelve men before him. He addressed their understandings; he fascinated their imaginations; he stirred their feelings; but, after all, he used all his powers in subordination to that one primal power which dwelt in his magnetic individuality, by which he *subdued* them, bringing on that part of their being which uttered its reluctant "yes" or "no" the pressure of a stronger nature as well as of a larger mind. As an advocate, he thoroughly understood that men in the aggregate are not reasonable beings, but men with the capacity of being occasionally made reasonable, if their prejudices are once blown away by a superior force of blended reason and emotion—in other words, by force of being. His triumphs at the bar were due to the fact that he was a powerful *man*, victorious over other men because he had a stronger manhood, a stronger selfhood, than any body on the jury he addressed. On one occasion I happened to be a witness in a case where a trader was prosecuted for obtaining goods under false pretenses. Mr. Choate took the ground that the seeming knavery of the accused was due to the circumstance that he had a deficient business intelligence—in short, that he unconsciously rated all his geese as swans. He was right in his view. The foreman of the jury, however, was a hard-headed practical man, a model of business intellect and integrity, but with an incapacity of understanding any intellect or conscience radically differing from his own. Mr. Choate's argument, as far as the facts and the law were concerned, was through in an hour. Still he went on speaking. Hour after hour passed, and yet he continued to speak with constantly increasing eloquence, repeating and recapitulating, without any seeming reason, facts which he had already stated and arguments which he had already urged. The truth was, as I gradually learned, that he was engaged in a hand-to-hand—or rather in a brain-to-brain and a heart-to-heart—contest with the foreman, whose

resistance he was determined to break down, but who confronted him for three hours with defiance observable in every rigid line of his honest countenance. "You fool!" was the burden of the advocate's ingenious argument; "you rascal!" was the phrase legibly printed on the foreman's incredulous face. But at last the features of the foreman began to relax, and at the end the stern lines melted into acquiescence with the opinion of the advocate, who had been storming at the defenses of his mind, his heart, and his conscience for five hours, and had now entered as victor. He compelled the foreman to admit the unpleasant fact that there were existing human beings whose mental and moral constitution differed from his own, and who were yet as honest in intention as he was, but lacked his clear perception and sound judgment. The verdict was, "Not guilty." It was a just verdict, but it was mercilessly assailed by merchants who had lost money by the prisoner, and who were hounding him down as an enemy to the human race, as another instance of Choate's lack of mental and moral honesty in the defense of persons accused of crime. The fact that the foreman of the jury that returned the verdict belonged to the class that most vehemently attacked Choate was sufficient of itself to disprove such allegations. As I listened to Choate's argument in this case, I felt assured that he would go on speaking until he dropped dead on the floor rather than have relinquished his clutch on the soul of the one man on the jury whom he knew would control the opinion of the others.

Mr. Choate was well aware of the contemptuous criticisms made on the peculiarities of his manner, both in respect to elocution and rhetoric. Having within himself the proud consciousness of unrecognized power, he notes in his diary, under the date of September, 1844: "If I live, all blockheads *which* are shaken at certain mental peculiarities shall know and feel a reasoner, a lawyer, and a man of business." Now as every blockhead is still entitled to the claim of being "a man and a brother," there is something delicious in this substitution of "which" for "who" in referring to the ceremonious and pompous blockheads of the bar; for, grammatically, this change of the pronoun reduces them from the dignity of persons into "animals and inanimate things."

Mr. Choate of course possessed the art of concealing the art by which he overcame opposition. In his steady pressure on the wills of the jury he appeared to be cozily arguing with them, or lifting them into a region of impassioned sentiment and imagination where he was at home, and where the jury were made to feel that they shared with him all the delights of such a lofty communion with every thing beautiful and



sublime. In the celebrated Tirrell trial, the inhabitants of Boston, constituting themselves into a jury, deciding on the evidence presented in newspaper reports, had declared that the accused was guilty of murder, and should be hanged. The judgment of the most eminent representatives of the bench and the bar was this—that the verdict of “Not guilty” was legally right and just. But the jury had a hard time of it when they returned to their usual avocations, as all their companions and friends jeered at them for being taken in by Choate’s humbug. One of these jurymen defended himself by a statement which has survived: “Oh!” he declared, “we didn’t care a sixpence for that stuff about som-nam-bulism; but then, you know, we couldn’t believe the testimony of them abandoned women. Now could we?” He had yielded to Choate without knowing it, and had yielded on the point where the government’s case was defective—a point which Choate had specially emphasized.

During Mr. Choate’s contests with the leaders of the Suffolk bar he was once opposed by an impudent advocate from another State, imported specially to put him down by sheer force of assurance. Choate described him as perverting the law with “an imperturbable perpendicularity of assertion” which it was difficult to upset. On this occasion the lawyer closed his argument with the remark that he was more confirmed in his view of the law of the case because the distinguished counsel opposed to him had taken the same ground in an argument a few days before at Lowell. Instead of denying the false assertion, which most lawyers would have done, Choate quietly replied, “Yes, and was overruled by the Court.” It seems to me that this is a wonderful example of his quickness in instantly deciding on the right way of meeting before a jury a seemingly crushing appeal to popular prejudice.

On one occasion Mr. Choate was called upon to defend a Roman Catholic priest who was accused of making what appeared to be the first approaches of a criminal assault on a girl he met in one of the side streets of Boston. The advocate took what was in all probability the true view of the situation, that the priest was returning from his church absorbed in his devotions, had accidentally met the girl in his path, and that the abrupt jostling with the fair prosecutor was accidental. But the case was prosecuted with all the animosity of Protestant prejudice, and the foreman of the jury was an orthodox deacon. I remember of the case only this statement: “I have proved to you, gentlemen, that this collision was purely an accident; such an accident, Mr. Foreman, as might have happened to you or to me returning from a Union meet-

ing, or a liberty meeting, or a Jenny Lind concert, or, what is infinitely better, a *monthly concert of prayer*.” If solemnity was ever imaged in a human countenance, it was when Choate, advancing to the deacon, brought his sad, weird, wrinkled face into close proximity with the foreman’s, and in low, deep tones uttered that magical form of words by which orthodox Protestants recognize each other all over New England—the “monthly concert of prayer.” I think he gained his case by that happy display of sympathy with the absorption in divine things which is supposed to follow such a “concert” in all Congregational churches.

In one of Mr. Choate’s contentions at the bar, his opponent, a man distinguished for his high moral character, took it into his head that his learned brother had impugned his honesty; and he made a fervid speech, declaring that such an imputation, during his long professional career, had never been even insinuated before. Mr. Choate, preserving his admirable composure, disclaimed any such imputation, with the preliminary statement that he was quite unprepared “for such a tempestuous outbreak of extraordinary sensibility” on the part of his friend. His power of constructing what may be called architectural sentences like this on the spur of the moment was by no means the least of his gifts. Adjectives, quaint, witty, or resounding, instantly came at his call to describe, illustrate, or qualify any substantive that was uppermost in his mind at the time.

In an insurance trial in which Mr. Choate was engaged he spent a day or more in the cross-examination of a witness who swore positively as to the facts in dispute, but who was compelled by the advocate’s searching questions to admit his general bad character. The testimony of this scamp had to be broken down, or the case must be lost. In addressing the jury, Mr. Choate gave a vivid presentation of the vices and crimes of the witness, whom he represented as the basest and meanest of mankind, and then asked, “Do you suppose, gentlemen, that in this vast violation of all the sentiments and virtues that bind men together in civil society, *veracity* alone would survive in the chaos of such a character?—the ‘last rose of summer’ on *such* a soil?” The emphasis on “*veracity*” and “*such*” was potent enough to kill the witness. The jury disbelieved him, and Mr. Choate gained his case. The rogue may or may not have testified truly as to the point under discussion, but truth could not be reasonably expected from a person who was self-convicted of almost every wickedness but perjury.

In his arguments for persons who had become complicated in seemingly criminal acts of which they were, at least, not so guilty as they were accused of being, his



masterly way of putting himself, by imagination, in the place of his clients, and exhibiting all the pathos that could be elicited from their embarrassments and struggles, often drenched his clients themselves in irrepressible tears. They hardly knew before what heroes and martyrs they were. They wept at the eloquent recapitulation of what they had suffered and done; they became poetic personages, worthy of the pen of Scott or Dickens; indeed, they were so much affected that they considered Lawyer Choate should charge little for presenting them before the community in their true light, and therefore often forgot or neglected to pay him any thing. His dramatic power in exhibiting the interior feelings of the half guilty, the quarter guilty, and the guilty who are perfectly innocent in their own conceit, and therefore regard a prosecution as a persecution, was so wonderful that many of the persons who were acquitted through his exertions never paid him what they would have paid an advocate who had less identified himself with their interests and characters. Indeed, after his work was done he appeared himself to set a modest estimate on its value. The occasions when he obtained large fees were due to his partner, who made the contracts beforehand; for Mr. Choate generally considered the obstacles in the way of getting a verdict for his clients formidable until the case was settled, and was indifferent to the amount of the fee only after he had succeeded.

But he was not only an accomplished lawyer: he was, at times, an eager politician. I will try to recall some sentences in his popular addresses. In a campaign appeal to the Boston Whigs, when Polk, a comparatively unknown man, was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Choate gave full play to his peculiar wit and fancy. "We will," he exclaimed, "return James K. Polk to the Convention that *discovered* him!" In depicting Polk's sure defeat, he declared that he would "disappear like the lost Pleiad, where no telescope could find him!" In reading an "open letter" of the Free-soil Democrats, "surreptitiously" published in the *New York Evening Post*, he paused at the end, as if overcome by surprise. "I find, gentlemen, that this letter is marked 'private and confidential,' and such, I trust, you will consider it!" The idea of confiding a secret of that sort to three thousand people struck every man in the audience with a sense of its humor, and there was a roar of applause, which for some minutes prevented the orator from proceeding. On another occasion he addressed a Union meeting in Faneuil Hall, composed equally of Whigs and Democrats. I wish types could express the wit of one passage by indicating the rise, culmination, and sudden fall of his voice. "You Whig!" he exclaimed, "and YOU DEMOCRAT WHO

ARE JUST AS GOOD AS A WHIG—in your own opinion!" The last clause should be printed in the smallest type which the printer can command. The laughter which succeeded the qualification was deafening, and it came from the representatives of both parties.

When Mr. Sumner's first election to the Senate of the United States was in doubt, Sumner met Choate as he was entering the Court-house. "Ah, Mr. Choate," said Sumner, pleasantly, "marching, I suppose, to another forensic triumph?" Choate had on his old camlet cloak—known to all members of the bar—and drawing it melodramatically up over his weird face, and looking like one of the witches in *Macbeth*, he mockingly answered, in his deepest tones, "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor!" and then disappeared through the door. Sumner was accused of lacking the perception of humor, but he always told this incident as if he had it in a high degree.

A distinguished Free-soiler, after the nomination of Taylor for the Presidency, accosted Mr. Choate in the street, and told him that the Free-soil section of the Whig party was determined to oppose the nomination at the polls. "What can you do?" said Mr. Choate. "Perhaps little," was the reply; "but at least Massachusetts can fire her gun in the air." "Yes," at once retorted Mr. Choate, "and hit her guardian angel in the eye."

When Dr. Webster, the murderer of Parkman, was in prison after his conviction, Mr. Choate met in a street car an eminent clergyman who was inclined to believe that the criminal was innocent, and who visited him frequently. "How do you find the object of your pastoral care?" asked Mr. Choate. "Well," was the reply, "I always find him *in*." "And," returned Mr. Choate, "it will be long, I think, before you find him *out*." Indeed, in repartee he always had the last word. Nobody ever went away from him with the consolation that he had surpassed him in quickness of retort.

In one of his literary lectures Mr. Choate referred to the fact that Marie Antoinette, after her unsuccessful attempt to escape with her husband from France, entered on the evening of that day her new prison-house a beautiful woman, and on the next morning emerged from it with her loveliness all gone. He put it in this way: "The beauty of Austria fell from her brow, like a veil, in a single night." Any body who appreciates the meaning of the word "imagination" can not fail to note the force of "the beauty of *Austria*." It was not merely the queen's individual beauty, but the beauty of her mother, Maria Theresa, and of all the princesses of the Hapsburg house since its foundation, that fell from *her* brow "*like a veil*" in a single night. The hopelessness of the struggle



of all rank and beauty against the ghastly uprising of an oppressed people is also indicated in this grand imaginative generalization. The beauty was a mere "veil," that must be dropped when the fierce passions of a famished and enraged populace overturned all the sentiments which sprung from an aristocratic chivalry, based on a worship of beauty nobly born. What was most curious in this utterance was the lowness of the tone of the orator's voice as he delivered it. I am sure that the words "like a veil" could not have been heard by fifty people among the three thousand who listened to the lecture. I happened to be very near the speaker, and noted how completely he seemed abstracted from the audience when, in a tone of thrilling, tender sadness, he interpolated this statement as a parenthesis between the rush of words which preceded and followed it.

On one hot summer afternoon, a day or two after he had delivered his address on Kossuth before the literary societies of a Vermont College—an address all ablaze with the characteristics of his resplendent rhetoric, but still with a statesman-like judgment and forecast regulating its impassioned eloquence—I met him at the Boston Athenæum, and naturally alluded to the splendid success of his oration. "Ah!" he replied, with an immense yawn, "was it a success? I thought not. By-the-way, didn't you talk to the same societies last year?" I was reluctantly compelled to admit that I was guilty of the offense. "Well, the truth is (between ourselves, mind you!) that I found you had so corrupted the young men with your confounded rhetoric, that my plain common-sense had no effect on them whatever." The impressive seriousness with which this reproof was given was only relieved by a power, which Mr. Choate possessed, of indicating the humor of a remark through a peculiar flash from the white portion of his left eye, while the rest of his countenance remained in immovable and impenetrable gravity. The wink he gave me!—shall I ever forget it?

On another of the occasions when I had the pleasure of meeting him the topic was the relative rank of the great generals of the world. "On the whole," he said, "I think we must take Hannibal as the greatest of them all. For just look at the effrontery of the fellow—scaling the Alps with a lot of Carthaginians—ragamuffins, *niggers*—to fight the *Destiny* of Rome! And then, you know, the scamp, with his rascal rout, nearly succeeded in his purpose of overturning the design even of Divine Providence! You may depend upon it, he is the biggest general of the whole gang of them!"

Choate was never tired of eulogizing Cicero and Burke. "The man," he once said to me, "who will write an article ade-

quately describing, comparing, and contrasting those two men of genius will do a great work." "But," I answered, "that is the very thing that all of us are eager for you to do. You can do it better than any body else." "Oh, of course," he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders; "you may be sure it shall be done." Of course he never did it.

On a transient meeting with him, the conversation turned on the charge that Burke's seeming apostasy to the cause of liberty in his works on the French Revolution was caused by a desire for power and a pension. I alluded to the impossibility that character and passion could be subsidized as well as imagination and genius; that Burke must have been morally honest in writing the works that incidentally gave him some fifteen thousand dollars a year, and that those writers who accused him of being bought by the English court grossly misapprehended him. "Misapprehended him!" exclaimed Choate; "they were *beasts*! BEASTS!" The way he rose from his chair and strode about the room as he uttered this opinion convinced me, at least, that his own political course could never have been influenced by the desire either of power or money.

It was impossible to meet Choate for even half a minute, as he was striding from his dwelling to his daily business, without eliciting from his ever-active mind some quaint remark. A friend of mine greeted him one day just as he was turning from Washington Street into a narrow lane leading to the Court-house. Mr. Choate answered the salutation, and, as he turned to go down the narrow passage, said, with much mock gravity, "Convenient, though ignominious!"

He was once engaged in the great legal controversy between the different owners of water-power on the Blackstone River. The case was one which really rested on nice mathematical computations, and was finally settled by mathematicians. Choate was puzzled by the intricacy of the case, and meeting Mr. Folsom, the librarian of the Boston Athenæum, one morning in a bookstore, he said to him: "Pray, Mr. Folsom, have we in the Athenæum any books relating to the flow of water, the turning of it back, and playing the devil with it generally?"

There was so much intensity in Mr. Choate's nature that I often wondered how he could help tormenting himself in thinking over the cases he lost where the verdict should have been for the side on which he was engaged. One afternoon, after he had made an address to the Legislature, or a committee of the Legislature, of one of the New England States, and had plainly failed of success through a political prejudice excited against him by the opposing counsel, I met him calmly exploring the alcoves of the Athenæum in search of some book. In al-



luding to the palpable injustice of the reception of his legal argument the day before, I expressed my astonishment that he should seem so careless about the result. "Oh!" he answered, "when I have once argued a case, and it is settled, I am done with it. I cast it forcibly out of my mind, and never allow it to trouble my peace. I should go mad," he added, with a sudden lift of his hand through his abundant locks, "if I allowed it to abide in my thoughts. What, by-the-way, do you think of this curious life of Shelley, written by a fellow who calls himself a Jefferson somebody—Hogg?" In an instant the conversation was thus changed to Shelley and his latest biographer. I never met a man whose genius was as sensitive as his who had such a complete control of his mind and sensibility. He was the absolute autocrat of all the thoughts and fancies teeming in his fertile mind, exercised over them a tyrannous dominion, and never allowed them to possess *him*, but always possessed them.

One of the charms of Mr. Choate's conversation was his habit of exaggeration. To attend the performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was like listening, he said, to ten thousand *forests* of birds. He knew that no exaggeration in mere words could adequately express the delight that a sympathetic mind feels in coming into vital acquaintance with a work of transcendent genius in any depart-

who blocked his way to the hearts and understandings of juries. Judge Shaw was specially noted for the gruff way in which he interposed such obstacles, and Shaw's depth of legal learning was not more conspicuous than his force of character. "'Tisn't so, Mr. Choate," was a frequent interruption, when Shaw was on the bench and Choate was arguing a case before him. Choate's side remarks on the judge have passed into the stereotyped jokes of the bar, and are now somewhat venerable. One is, I think, not commonly stated in the exact words. "I always approach Judge Shaw," he said, "as a savage approaches his fetich, knowing that he is ugly, but feeling that he is great." Of Judge Story he once remarked, "I never heard him pronounce a judgment in which he did not argue the case better than the counsel on either side; and for which," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "he might very properly have been impeached." He delighted in gravely joking with a judge. Thus he once asked that a case might be postponed, owing to his engagement in another court. The judge replied that the case was one in which he might write out his argument. With a mock solemnity, which it always seemed to me no other human countenance could so readily assume, he replied, "I write well, your Honor, but *slowly*." As his handwriting resembled the tracks of wild-cats, with their claws

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FAO-SIMILE OF MR. CHOATE'S HANDWRITING.

ment of literature and the fine arts. Ten thousand birds would be a small testimony to the melodies of Mozart; but ten thousand forests of birds is a comparison which indicates the rapture of wonder and admiration which Mozart's masterpiece excites in all souls capable of feeling its beauty. With this tendency to verbal exaggeration Choate had that instantaneous humorous recoil from extravagant assertion characteristic of ardent natures whose sense of the ludicrous is as quick as their sense of the beautiful and the sublime. "Interpret to me the libretto," he said to his daughter, "lest I dilate at the wrong emotion." Sydney Smith never said any thing better than that!

Nobody at the bar ever equalled him in paying ironical compliments to the judges

dipped in ink, madly dashing over the surface of a folio sheet of white paper, the assembled bar could not restrain their laughter. Indeed, it is affirmed that he could not decipher his own handwriting after a case was concluded, and had to call in experts to explain it to himself. He congratulated himself on the fact that if he failed to get a living at the bar, he could still go to China and support himself by his pen; that is, by decorating tea-chests.

At dinner parties he was the most delightful of companions. "That," he remarked of some "Ashburton sherry," which was rather strong than delicate—"that is a very good Faneuil-Hallish drink!" His talk on books was always delightful and discriminating, with an occasional eccentric



deviation from the general judgment on an author, which made it all the more fascinating. The world of books, indeed, was that "real world" in which he lived whenever the pauses of his professional engagements enabled him to indulge in the luxury; and he adroitly dodged every social invitation in order to devote to Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, and Burke—his favorite English authors—the hours which others lose in what is ironically called "Society." In fact, few people in Boston could converse with him unless they met him in his daily walk around the Common, or in the Athenæum, or as he went from his residence to the Court-house. Yet no Bostonian seemed more open to conversation, and certainly no one ever left, in his chance meetings with acquaintances of all grades and pursuits, such an impression of good nature and brilliancy. Boston swarms to-day with admirers of Choate who only met him accidentally, as I did. In a minute's conversation he condensed what could have been obtained from no other celebrities of the city in an hour's discourse. He appeared, flashed on you a remark, and then disappeared to his work. Yet more people knew him and talked about him than knew or talked about any other eminent Bostonian.

Mr. Choate greedily devoured every book relating to ancient Greece, even the most ephemeral. Of one of these he said: "The author seems to know a good deal, but he is too confident as to those mysterious Pelasgians, at the bottom of the whole history; he *Pelasgizes* too much." The English historians of Greece, even Thirlwall and Grote, he thought were more or less biassed by party feelings. In writing about ancient Greece, "they were consciously or unconsciously influenced," he said, "by their opinions as to the personal and political character of Charles James Fox." As to his own method of learning the history of Greece, it may be affirmed that he studied the works of the Greek orators, philosophers, and historians in order to become mentally a citizen of Greece, and thus to look at Greek life through a Greek's eyes. By his realizing imagination he instantly nullified the hard conditions of Time; sent his mind and heart back two thousand or twenty-five hundred years to contemplate a civilization entirely different from ours; and often, while he was striding around Boston Common in the age of Buchanan, he was really making himself a contemporary of the age of Pericles. His imagination was in ancient Athens, while his body was in what is ironically called "the modern Athens." As he pushed rapidly along in his favorite afternoon walk it was plain that he was not regarding the objects before his bodily eyes, but those before his mental vision; that he was attending, perhaps, the performance of

a tragedy of Sophocles or a comedy of Aristophanes; or was indulging in a pleasant game of chaffing with Socrates, in some Athenian mechanic's shop, on the transcendental "good and fair," as contrasted with the descendent bad and mean; or was contesting with Demosthenes a cause before the "fierce democracy" of Athens; or was exhibiting, in a visit to Aspasia, that exquisite courtesy to women in which he excelled all other gentlemen of his time. If I ever crossed him in his walks, and saw the weird eyes gazing into distant time and space, I made it a point of honor not to interrupt his meditations, but to pass on with a simple bow of recognition. Why should I, for the sake of five minutes' delightful conversation, interrupt this hard-worked man of genius in his glorious imaginative communion with the great of old? The temptation was strong, but I always overcame it. When he was in Boston, I ventured to accost him; when he was in Athens, I very properly considered that he was in much better company than any which Boston could afford; and, as an humble denizen of the place, I thought it judicious not to obtrude myself into a select circle of immortals to which I was not invited.

Webster and Choate were strong personal and political friends; when Webster desired to raise money, he sometimes got Choate to indorse his note; when Webster ventured on a daring political move, he got Choate to indorse his policy; and the result was that in either case the indorsement entailed on Choate pecuniary embarrassment or popular obloquy. If one should consult the archives of the Boston Merchants' Bank, there would doubtless appear sufficient reasons why Choate should have been occasionally troubled with a want of money, on account of heedlessly affixing the hieroglyphic which passed for his name on the back of a promise to pay which bore the more flowing and familiar signature of Daniel Webster; and whenever his immense popularity as an orator was at all abated, it was generally found that what he lost in popular estimation was due to his honest and cordial indorsement of his friend's political conduct. The only occasion on which he was ever charged with showing the white feather was in his contest with Clay during the early days of Tyler's Administration. Clay was the champion of a bill for the establishment of a United States Bank. The bill was sure to pass both Houses of Congress. Choate had been probably informed by Webster that the President would veto it unless certain clauses were omitted, and he eagerly urged that such omissions be made, in order to insure its becoming a law. Clay instantly detected that some communication had passed from the Secretary of State to the Senator of Massachusetts, and



pitilessly forced Choate into a corner, whence it was impossible for him to escape. "Why are you so confident that the bill will be vetoed? What right have you to suggest to the Senate of the United States, a co-ordinate branch of the government, that the Executive is opposed to a bill, before it has been presented to him for his signature? What are your private means of information? Tell us the name of the man from whom you received such information." What could be done by dexterity in evading the real point in issue Choate did marvellously well; but his friend Webster had got him into "a fix" from which neither courage nor ingenuity could get him out. Clay was insolent and overbearing, for he was attacked by one of his periodical fits of hatred against his great rival for the prize of the Presidency, who was then Secretary of State, and he lavished on Choate the wrath he intended to fall on Webster. It was sounded all over the country that Choate had quailed before Clay. Even in the State he represented Choate was long considered to have lacked, in this instance, that intrepidity which he had never before failed to show in any contest at the bar or in the Senate. The truth is that Clay, on the next meeting of the Senate, magnanimously apologized for the rudeness of his assault, and shook hands with Choate with all the cordiality that can be expected from a statesman who is immeasurably ambitious. As far as Choate was wrong in this conflict it was owing to his friendship for Webster; and that there was not a taint of cowardice in his nature was soon after shown in his contest with the great fire-eater of the South, the redoubtable Senator M'Duffie, of South Carolina. His reply to M'Duffie's violent and insolent assault on his tariff speech is a masterpiece of argument, edged with every appliance of scorn, sarcasm, and invective which his wit and fancy could command. There was no question as to his courage in *that* encounter. M'Duffie was a duellist debater, whose body was riddled with bullets received in many a quarrel which his effrontery had provoked; but he submitted to Choate's "punishment" without a thought of sending him a challenge. It is doubtful if his contentious and belligerent temper ever before quietly endured such a series of polished insults as Choate heaped upon him.

Still it must be admitted that Choate, in his political connection with Webster, seemed to submit to the control of a master-mind. No two men could be more widely contrasted in their characters, in their mental processes, in their style of expression. They were often brought into conflict in the trial of causes; at times it appeared as if they were mortal enemies, so strenuous was each in supporting his particular side;

and as an advocate, Choate grappled with Webster—mind with mind and man with man—with an intrepid pertinacity which left no doubt on the court and jury that his respect for him did not control the vehement logic and still more vehement rhetoric with which he urged, against Webster's arguments and eloquence, the strong points of the case he was employed to state and defend. On one occasion, while Webster sat gravely listening to the impassioned eloquence of his opponent, he turned to one of the junior counsel and remarked: "Some of our technical brethren of the bar would call all that flimsy humbug; if it be so, which I deny, it is still humbug which stirs men's souls to their inmost depths. It is reason impelled by passion, sustained by legal learning, and adorned by fancy." There were few advocates that Webster feared more than Choate when there was a trial of strength between them. On such occasions it was observed that he studiously refrained from any attempt to rival his opponent in eloquence. He adopted a dry, hard, sensible tone of statement and argument. He ironically complimented the learned counsel opposed to him for his impassioned flights of eloquence, which, as poetry, he had himself enjoyed as much as he supposed the twelve honest and practical men who were to decide on the case had doubtless enjoyed them. Nothing could be better, if questions of fact and law were to be influenced by beautiful displays of wit and imagination, than his learned brother's argument; but, gentlemen—and here Webster assumed all the weight and consequence which his imposing form and penetrating voice naturally gave him—this is a question not of poetry, but of fact. It is purely a matter of commonplace, every-day occurrence. There are no heroes and no heroines in it, no tragedy and no comedy, but plain people like you and me—mere Smiths and Robinsons—and you are called upon to decide between them as you would decide a dispute between your own friends and neighbors. He would then proceed to reduce all the circumstances of the case to the low level of actual life, pitilessly ridicule Choate's high-wrought rhetoric, and exhibit the bare, skeleton facts, stripped of all their coverings, in connection with the law that applied to them, confident that there were twelve solid and sensible Websters in the jury-box who would sustain him in his judgment of the case. He sometimes succeeded, sometimes failed, in this process of disenchantment; but, at any rate, he rarely, in his legal contests with Choate, availed himself of his latent power of overwhelming declamation, in which his logic was made thoroughly red-hot with passion, and, so to speak, burned its way into the minds of the jury. Thus in the famous



"Smith will" case, in Northampton, Choate was opposed to Webster, and made one of the most learned, ingenious, powerful, and impassioned arguments ever addressed to a Massachusetts court. Webster replied by a simple statement of the case, and studiously avoided any rivalry with Choate in respect to eloquence. He obtained the verdict, not so much by the force of his argument as by the singular felicity with which he conducted the examination of the principal witness in the case, who was afflicted by a nervous timidity which, in a jury trial, might have been converted into an indication of insanity, had not Webster extended to him his powerful protection, and prevented the other side from cross-examining him into delirium. As the case really depended on the sanity of this witness, Choate's magnificent argument proved of no avail. It is a pity, however, that his subtle analysis of morbid states of mind which are ever on the point of toppling over into insanity has not been preserved.

But while, as an advocate, Choate boldly confronted Webster in the trial of causes, and at the bar was ever ready to put his individuality as well as his intellect and legal learning into opposition to Webster's, he showed, as has been previously stated, an unmistakable sense of inferiority to him in statesmanship, and in questions of public policy almost always followed his lead. He did it in his own peculiar way, but every body more or less felt that he was a follower and not a leader in matters of the higher politics of the country. There were several occasions—notably that after Webster had made his speech of the 7th of March, 1850—when he might have easily assumed the leadership in Massachusetts of the party which, ten years after, obtained the control of the whole political administration of the country; but he preferred, against all temptations that could be presented to his ambition, to stand by the man whom he had deliberately elected as his chief. There was no servility in this choice; it was rather owing to an inward feeling that in political experience and sagacity he was no match for the great lawyer he had fearlessly enough encountered at the bar.

Perhaps the weight and power of Webster's character were due as much to the hours he spent in the woods and fields and on the ocean, chatting with farmers or sailors as he was engaged in hunting or fishing, as to the hours he spent in his study.

Now Choate, superior to Webster in quickness of apprehension and imagination, was an in-doors man. The larger portion of his mature life was passed in the stifling atmosphere of the courts, or in what Milton calls "the still air of delightful studies;" that is, in his library. He, of course, was not so foolish as to neglect exercise; but his exer-

cise was commonly confined to long walks through the streets or around the Common of Boston. No one ever enjoyed Nature more intensely; but he never sojourned with her. His friend Charles G. Loring, one of his competitors for the leadership of the Suffolk bar, once invited him to pass a summer day at his beautiful residence on the Beverly shore. Mr. Choate was full of enthusiasm as he walked among the woodland paths or gazed at the varying aspects of sky and ocean; he doubtless stored up in his mind images of natural beauty which flashed out afterward in many a popular speech or legal argument; but he exhausted the capacity of the place to feed his eye and imagination in half a dozen hours. "My dear Loring," he said, in parting, "there has not been a twentieth part of a minute since I entered this terrestrial paradise that I have not enjoyed to the top of my bent; but let me tell you that should you confine me here for a week, apart from my work and books, I know that I should die from utter *ennui*. You are fortunate in being able serenely to delight in it day after day." If he had been asked to pass a fortnight with Webster at Marshfield or at his New Hampshire farm, and had accompanied him day after day in his shooting or fishing expeditions, not even Webster's conversation could have saved him from being devoured with an impatient desire to escape from the monotony of such an existence. All the eccentric *originals* of the neighborhood, whom Webster delighted in year after year, he would have delighted in for a day, and then dismissed them from his mind as intolerable bores; the mountain or ocean scenery might have enthralled him for a few days more; but the shooting and fishing, in which Webster took such pleasure, would have seemed to him a scandalous waste of time, which might have been more profitably bestowed on Æschylus and Aristophanes, on Thucydides and Tacitus, on Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, on Bacon and Burke, on Shakspeare and Milton.

In one particular Choate excelled Webster—that of constant high-bred courtesy to men and women of all ranks. While pouring forth the treasures of his mind, he always had the art of disguising his own superiority by graceful subterfuges of expression, indicating that he was only recalling to the attention of his companion things, events, and thoughts which were in the memory of both. "You remember that fine passage in Southey;" "I need not remind you that Burke, on this point, says;" "You, of course, recollect Cicero's statement as to the problem in question;" "You have doubtless often felt the force of De Quincey's remark;" "You need not to be reminded of that grand sentence in Hooker:" such were his ordinary ways of introducing allusions



to authors of note, whose works were lodged as securely in his brain as they were on the shelves of his library; and he always gave you new information by thus amiably intimating that you were already in possession of it. In familiar conversation he never put on the airs of a "superior intelligence;" he had a comic dislike of the grave, portentous, superserviceable bore who approached him with the notion that he was "the great Mr. Choate;" and never appeared more happy than when his companions of a lower intellectual grade thought they were communicating knowledge to him, though they were in fact receiving it. Such entire absence of dogmatism and pretension, such tenderness for the feelings and respect for the opinions of others, I never witnessed in any other man of equal talents and accomplishments. Webster was generally charming when among his intimate friends, and ponderously condescending to comparative strangers, if he happened to be in good health and spirits; but in case he was sick or "disgruntled," or had his autumnal "hay fever," he put on a boorish "God-Almightiness" which had all the offensiveness of dignity without any of its majesty, and made him personally hateful to many politicians who were willing to admit the essential grandeur of his genius and character. Choate, on the other hand, whether in health or out of it, was always courteous; and I do not believe that any man ever met him in the street, in his house, or in his office without being impressed by the sweetness and serenity of his temper, and by that graciousness of manner which was the farthest possible remove from the insolent affability characteristic of the eminent "personage" who condescends to treat with elaborate politeness the humbler creature whom he admits, for the moment, to be a human being. Nothing could abate Choate's chivalric courtesy, not even his horror of bores. On one occasion I was present when a good man propounded to him a self-evident proposition, and, to support it, proceeded to state a considerable number of irrelevant facts, on which he founded a series of inconclusive arguments. The thermometer was 90° in the shade; Choate was physically exhausted by the labors of the forenoon, and required some more stimulating discourse to rouse him into attention; but he listened patiently to the end, and bowed his acquiescence to the foregone conclusion arrived at by an illogical process. When the bore departed, thankful that he had deposited an important truth which would bear fruit in his listener's mind, Mr. Choate turned to me, and remarked: "What an excellent person A. Y. Z. is; but don't you think he would be much better than he is if he could tell in a quarter of half a minute what he has consumed fifteen minutes in telling?" That re-

mark was the only revenge he took for being robbed of his precious time. Webster would have growled the talker into silence at the end of his first sentence, or have contemptuously turned on his heel and left him to talk to himself. Choate was incapable of offending the self-love of a benevolent egotist by any disrespect, even the disrespect of inattention to his tedious discourse. It is difficult to determine how many influential enemies Webster made by his surliness, especially when he had one of his attacks of the "hay fever." I remember one occasion when he came down from Boston to deliver a lecture on the framers of the Constitution to a city in — County, the leading personages of which were disposed to think of themselves as among the elect, the *élite*, perhaps the *effete*, of the earth. In the anteroom of the hall the mayor was busy in introducing the distinguished citizens of the place to the great man, who had an ominous thundercloud on his brow, and shook hands with each prominent citizen as he came forward with a savage expression in his countenance, indicating that he would rather use his hands to inflict mortal injury on each of the persons who came forward than to clasp theirs in a spirit of amity and brotherhood. The cloud on his brow grew blacker and blacker, and the bolt flashed out just as a political opponent, of the reptile race of local politicians, came cringing and smiling toward him to say, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Webster." Webster contemptuously turned on his heel, and, with his back to the purring, crawling, poisonous sycophant, gruffly exclaimed, "Enough of this, Mr. Mayor; let us go in to the hall." Those who witnessed the rebuff can never forget the instant change in the face of the man who was thus disappointed in having the honor to shake hands with the "Defender of the Constitution," the "god-like Dan." Mortification and rage were blended in the tones with which he whispered to another political opponent of Mr. Webster by his side: "Damn him! I always said, you know, that he was an enemy to his country!" Choate could never, under any circumstances, have been provoked into such an incivility. It may be added that Webster further expressed his sense of intolerable boredom by saying to the gentleman who was to follow his speech with the recitation of an original poem, "Are you familiar with this city? In my opinion 'tis the dullest place on God's earth." It is plain that this is not the way by which a prominent statesman can acquire friends or conciliate enemies. Webster himself could never have been guilty of such manners to a farmer, or fisherman, or body-servant; but in his ugly moods he was capable of heaping any insult on a politician.

Mr. Choate, as the great Whig orator of Boston, was always called upon to address



the monster meetings of the Boston Whigs when an important election was pending. Unless inflamed with the passion of the time, unless the question up for settlement was one which spontaneously inspired him, he considered this demand on the little leisure which his professional engagements allowed him as an intolerable bore. On one occasion, when he was suffering from one of his attacks of bilious headache, he was almost dragged out of his bed and practically forced to go down to Faneuil Hall and make a speech. I was among the crowd, and noticed, as he pressed through the seething, sweltering mass of citizens which obstructed his way to his allotted position on the platform, that his face looked weary and haggard, and that a strong odor of camphor followed him in his progress; but I also noticed, as he passed, that there was a humorously wicked look in his eyes, which indicated that he intended mischief to the chairman of the meeting, who had invaded the privacy of his chamber and insisted on his making a speech though he was palpably suffering from physical pain. My anticipation proved true. Nothing could be more splendid and inspiring than the oration as a whole; but he took every opportunity, in the pauses of his declamatory argument, to give a sly thrust at the chairman. The first sentence apprised all who were familiar with Choate's moods that mischief was brewing. "You, Mr. Chairman," he began, "called upon me last Thursday, and demanded that I should address the Whigs of Boston to-night. I respectfully informed you that, owing to ill health and the pressure of my professional engagements, it was utterly impossible for me to be present on this occasion, and *accordingly here I am.*" This delicious *non sequitur* elicited roars of laughter and applause from three or four thousand people, and prepared them for what was to follow. Choate was determined to punish the chairman—one of the ablest men of business that Boston ever produced, but who knew as little of Latin as of Cherokee—for forcing him into his irksome position. With this end in view, he took a malicious delight in hurling every now and then at the chairman long resounding sentences from Cicero, always prefacing them with an inimitable mock deference to the good merchant in the chair, as though, in familiarity with Latin learning, the able business man was infinitely superior to such a poor scholar as himself. The chairman had to smile blandly and nod his head in approval as every quotation from Cicero was shot at him in the most penetrating tones of the orator's magnetic voice. The mass of the audience did not at first take the joke. Indeed, the most ignorant people like to hear Latin, as the father of

er, liked to hear Greek, for, he said, "It comes so thundering as 'twould waken devils." The mere noise of the unintelligible language has an effect on the ear, though it conveys no sense to the mind; and Choate's citations from Cicero passed muster for about fifteen minutes before his pushing, swaying, clamorous, and delighted mob of auditors became aware of the exquisite pleasantry of prefacing every rolling, resounding Latin sentence with such remarks as these: "As you, Mr. Chairman, will remember;" "As you, Mr. Chairman, can not forget;" "As you, Mr. Chairman, must have often recalled to your memory in the present strife of irreconcilable factions in this terrible crisis of our country;" but at last the full malicious fun of the orator they were applauding became evident to their sense of humor. They knew that the chairman was as ignorant of the language of Cicero as they were, and they delighted in seeing him helplessly bending under the pitiless peltings of this linguistic storm. The shouts and acclamations with which they welcomed every point which Mr. Choate made in the English tongue were redoubled on every occasion when he solemnly turned to the chairman and capped his climax in magnificent Ciceronian Latin. The fun waxed more and more fast and furious, and when Mr. Choate, utterly exhausted, sat down, it seemed as if Faneuil Hall would rock to its foundations with the clappings of hands and the stampings of feet. The orator who had raised all this uproarious hubbub, declining all compliments, proceeded quietly to do what he always did after making a great effort—that is, to invest his throat and lungs with voluminous wrappings, in order to protect them against the night air—and then stalked out at a rapid pace to the peaceful chamber from which he had been unwarrantably drawn to serve a transient purpose of his party. The chairman of the meeting doubtless never afterward compelled Mr. Choate to make a speech against his will, unless he had previously devoted days and nights to the study of Cicero in Cicero's native tongue.

On the morning after Charles Sumner's Fourth-of-July oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," there naturally gathered at his office in Court Street a crowd of approvers and disapprovers of his extreme views of the policy and duty of peace. Professor Lieber, among others, was there, and I remember the earnestness with which he assailed Sumner on the ground that his abstract principles degraded from their intrinsic dignity all the great battle-fields of freedom. Sumner was evidently annoyed, but could only get in here and there a palliating word in the rush of Lieber's indignant eloquence. "Do you tell me, my dear Sumner," he shouted, "that I must give up



Thermopylæ and Marathon and Sempach?" Then Choate, whose office was on the same floor, suddenly dashed into the room, adding: "And Waterloo! Come, Lieber, to my den; don't bother Sumner any more. I have something to discuss with you; and we'll fight it out, yard-arm to yard-arm, to your heart's content. Our dear Charles will be sufficiently punished for his heresies on military glory by less redoubtable antagonists than you. Come along, I say." And he half coaxed, half dragged, the impassioned Lieber from Sumner's office into his own, though the great publicist had only begun the harangue he intended to address to his friend. I never witnessed a more comical scene. Even Sumner, irritated and harassed as he was, joined in the general laughter at the success of Choate's flank movement to protect him from the disastrous effects of Lieber's direct assault.

There are so many traditions of Choate's wit and humor that the task of selection is difficult. Thus, on his first election to the national House of Representatives he was once asked by a lady why Mrs. Choate did not accompany him to Washington. "I assure you, madam," he replied, "that I have spared no pains to induce her to come. I have even offered to pay half her expenses." Then there is his remark on John Quincy Adams's relentlessness as a debater. "He had," said Choate, "an instinct for the jugular and the carotid artery as unerring as that of any carnivorous animal." Of a lawyer who was known to be as contentious as he was dull-witted he said, "He's a bulldog with confused ideas." While arguing a case he assumed a position which appeared to be equitable; but the court demanded that he should find a precedent for it. "I will look, your honor, and endeavor to find a precedent, if you require it, though it should seem to be a pity that the court should lose the honor of being the first to establish so just a rule." Of an ugly artist who had painted a portrait of himself he declared, as though he were paying a compliment to the skill of the painter, that "it was a *flagrant* likeness." When he met the Rev. Mr. W. R. Alger, shortly after the latter had sent him a copy of his *Poetry of the East*, he remarked, with a felicitous combination of wit and wisdom: "The Orientals seem to be amply competent to metaphysics, wonderfully competent to poetry, scarcely competent to virtue, utterly incompetent to liberty." He was once engaged as leading counsel in an important mercantile case. The jury was composed mostly of farmers and drovers drawn from the western part of Massachusetts, and it was feared that they would hardly be capable of doing justice to the merits of a complicated commercial transaction, the very phrases and figures of which they were necessarily incom-

petent to comprehend. His anxious client, just before the trial began, asked him what he thought would be the verdict. "Oh," he replied, "the law on our side is as strong as thunder, but"—with a slight shrug of his shoulders—"what those bovine and bucolical gentlemen from Berkshire may say, God only knows!" It is my impression, however, that, in spite of the difficulties he encountered, he won the verdict.

Mr. Choate, in his published writings, suffers much from the necessary divorce between his style and the inflections of his voice. His Dartmouth oration on Webster is among the manuscripts in the Boston Public Library, and it appears to the eye a mere chaos of indecipherable words, sprinkled with semicolons and colons, relieved here and there by fierce dashes of the pen, indicating a pause between the comma and the semicolon. It contains also the longest sentence ever written by man since Cadmus invented letters. His penmanship was so bad that, when he wrote an important note to Daniel Webster, touching the refusal of the Boston city government to grant Faneuil Hall for a meeting of the supporters of the 7th of March speech, Mr. Webster could not make out the meaning of a single word. "Tell Choate," said Webster to Mr. Harvey, "that his handwriting is barbarous, that he should go to a writing-school and take a quarter's lessons. He gives me advice as to what it is proper for me to do, and I can not understand one of his infernal hieroglyphics."

The peculiarity of Choate's written style was this, that it required the inflections of his voice to make it as clear and flowing as it came from his own mind. I would venture to undertake the reading of the most formidable sentence in his eulogy on Webster, and by merely imitating his tones prove that the style was as lucid and exact as it was kindling and expansive. In view of the number of his adjectives as contrasted with the meagreness of his nouns, it was said of him that he "drove a substantive and six." Yet he put meaning into every one of his adjectives, and was really the least verbose of impassioned orators. His epithets always stood for things, each adjective describing, qualifying, modifying, or emphasizing the main idea he desired to convey. In Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen," Arcite says:

"We felt our fiery horses  
Like proud seas under us."

In driving his perilous team of "a substantive and six," Mr. Choate partook in this grand elation of conscious genius, gloried in urging on his fiery steeds in headlong haste to their appointed goal, and came in at the end of the race flushed, it may be, and breathless, but still victorious over all competitors. He never met at the bar any



body who could match him in fearlessly driving that "substantive and six" in the legal "Olympian games." In his case Pindar directed the chariot as well as sung the triumphs of the race.

It is to be remarked that Choate's real emphasis was in the lower note of his flexible voice. His substantive came in quietly after an ascending scale of adjectives, the last uttered in the loudest tone he could command. Thus, in the well-known caricature of his method in a supposed legal controversy as to whether the second-hand harness of his client was worth a sixpence, he is reported as saying: "To be sure, gentlemen of the jury, this was not a harness distinguishable by the meretricious gloss and glitter calculated to catch the eye of the vulgar crowd; but I will put it to you as citizens and as men whether it wasn't a *safe, sound, SUBSTANTIAL, SECOND-HAND* harness." The substantive "harness" in this connection was, as it were, dropped in as a seemingly unimportant word; but as he pronounced it, without any physical emphasis, it became all the more mentally emphatic. This peculiarity pervaded all his spoken eloquence; the high, the almost screaming, tone with which he uttered his last smiting adjective subsided in a second to the deep, intense, quiet utterance of the noun.

I am strongly tempted, in conclusion, to imitate one of his long sentences in summing up my impression of his intellectual character. Suppose I put it in this way: "He was endowed by nature with a will singularly vigorous and a mind eminently plastic; and this combination of force and fluency, this combination by which self-direction is never lost in all the fervors of seeming self-abandonment, the flexible intellect flowing into all the multitudinous moulds which the various exigencies of the case may demand; now this, now that; homely, if need be, clad in the 'russet gray' of the peasant, and anon doffing the imperial robes and putting on the regal crown; every where and in every situation equal—just equal—to the claims of the occasion; never faltering in any of the Protean shapes it pleased him to assume, but always strong, always earnest, always determined to carry to its ultimate the uppermost conception glowing in his ever-fertile brain; now jesting, now reasoning, but, whether jesting or reasoning, never losing sight of his purpose to persuade, to convince, to *overpower*, the persons he was to influence; contracting or expanding his mind with equal ease, so that it resembled the fabled tent of the Oriental prince, which might be so condensed as to become a mere toy for a lady's finger, and then again so spread out that armies might repose under its grateful shade; gifted with

understanding; immensely acquisitive as well as inquisitive of knowledge; tireless in industry, so that it could be said of him, as Coke said of Raleigh, that he could 'toil terribly;' facing the most abstruse problems of law with an intrepidity of intellect which no difficulties could daunt and no obscurity perplex; fearless in grappling with opposition, whether the opposition came in the substance of a man or in the spectre of an idea; so imperturbably serene at the centre of his being that in the very tempest and whirlwind of his eloquence he never lost the admirable poise of his nature, nor the fine discretion which makes eloquence efficient for its intended purpose: this man stands before us a wonderful example of the impulses and capacities of genius—of genius ever attended by that reason which looks before and after, by that learning without which reasoning is but an idle exercise, an abundant agitation of wit on matter so slight as to do no justice to the powers it so sparsely feeds with facts—facts without which the logic of Aristotle himself would be but an ingenious delusion and a pleasing snare, something that the poet has indicated in that fine line,

'Ne subtler web Arachne can not spin;—

and, yet more, with Reason and Learning having for their constant companion Imagination, with 'his garland and singing robes about him,' decorating, enlivening, penetrating, vitalizing, the argument and the facts so that the logic becomes as beautiful as 'a golden exhalation of the dawn,' and we watch its processes as we would that of an army marching to assured victory with all its banners flaming in the consenting and joyous air; with all these powers working in glad harmony together, each assisting the other, each knowing its place, each instinctively conscious when it should be master or servant, and each seemingly unfettered in its own spontaneous movement; to all these powers and accomplishments, I say, he added the great tidal wave of passion, impelling, hurrying, every thing onward that it caught in its tyrannous sweep, and leaving but wrecks on the opposing shore, where it broke in iridescent spray and foam."

This is, of course, little better than a caricature of the way in which Mr. Choate grappled with the difficulties of the long sentence—the sentence of Hooker, Milton, Clarendon, and De Quincey; but still, if it were read by any body who could imitate the inflections of Mr. Choate's voice, and thus indicate the natural way in which every stated thought or fact suggests something which modifies or enforces it, and the accumulating process goes on to the point where it rhythmically closes, I think my feeble imitation would present little to puzzle the grammarian or perplex the minds



of ordinary men. The fact that juries and popular audiences had no trouble in getting at his meaning proves that his long sentences were lucid, however obscure they may appear to the eye as read in the mangled reproductions of reporters. Oh, if the inflections of his voice could be printed! Then it would be shown that the soul of the man threaded every intricacy of the complicated sentence, delicately noting each variation of the dominant thought, and vitalizing the whole with its kindling inspiration. I have listened to some of the

arguments and addresses in which he exhibited this mastery of the resources of the English language, making words his "servile instruments," and forcing every thing to bend to his will—syntax, it may be said, among the rest—when he inevitably brought to my mind the glorious image in which Charles Lamb celebrates the rising of the sun:

"To see the sun to bed, and to arise,  
Like some hot amonist, with glowing eyes,  
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,  
With all his fires and travelling glories round him."

## MACLEOD OF DARE.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### THE NEW TRAGEDY.

**H**IS generous large nature fought hard to find excuses for her. He strove to convince himself that this strange coldness, this evasion, this half-repellent attitude, was but a form of maiden coyness. It was her natural fear of so great a change. It was the result, perhaps, of some last lingering look back to the scene of her artistic triumphs. It did not even occur to him as a possibility that this woman, with her unstable sympathies and her fatally facile imagination, should have taken up what was now the very end and aim of his life, and have played with the pretty dream until she grew tired of the toy, and was ready to let her wandering fancy turn to something other and new.

He dared not even think of that; but all the same, as he stood at this open window, alone, an unknown fear had come over him. It was a fear altogether vague and undefined; but it seemed to have the power of darkening the daylight around him. Here was the very picture he had so often desired that she should see—the wind-swept Atlantic, the glad blue skies with their drifting clouds of summer white, the Erisgeir rocks, the green shores of Ulva, and Colonsay and Gometra and Staffa all shining in the sunlight; with the sea-birds calling; and the waves breaking, and the soft west wind stirring the fuchsia bushes below the windows of Castle Dare. And it was all dark now; and the sea was a lonely thing—more lonely than ever it had been even during that long winter that he had said was like a grave.

And she?—at this moment she was down at the small bridge that crossed the burn. She had gone out to seek her father; had found him coming up through the larch wood; and was now accompanying him back. They had rested here; he sitting on the weather-worn parapet of the bridge; she leaning over it, and idly dropping bits

of velvet-green moss into the whirl of clear brown water below.

"I suppose we must be thinking of getting away from Castle Dare, Gerty," said he.

"I shall not be sorry," she answered.

But even Mr. White was somewhat taken aback by the cool promptitude of this reply.

"Well, you know your own business best," he said to her. "It is not for me to interfere. I said from the beginning I would not interfere. But still, I wish you would be a little more explicit, Gerty, and let one understand what you mean—whether, in fact, you do mean, or do not mean, to marry Macleod."

"And who said that I proposed not to marry him?" said she, but she still leaned over the rough stones and looked at the water. "The first thing that would make me decline would be the driving me into a corner—the continual goading, and reminding me of the duty I had to perform. There has been just a little too much of that here"—and at this point she raised herself so that she could regard her father when she wished—"and I really must say that I do not like to be taking a holiday with the feeling hanging over you that certain things are expected of you every other moment, and that you run the risk of being considered a very heartless and ungrateful person unless you do and say certain things you would perhaps rather not do and say. I should like to be let alone. I hate being goaded. And I certainly did not expect that you too, papa, would try to drive me into a corner."

She spoke with some little warmth. Mr. White smiled.

"I was quite unaware, Gerty," said he, "that you were suffering this fearful persecution."

"You may laugh, but it is true," said she, and there was a trifle of color in her cheeks. "The serious interests I am supposed to be concerned about! Such profound topics of conversation! Will the steamer come by the south to-morrow, or round by the north? The Gometra men have had a good take of



lobsters yesterday. Will the head-man at the Something light-house be transferred to some other light-house; and how will his wife and family like the change? They are doing very well with the subscription for a bell for the Free Church at Iona. The deer have been down at John Maclean's barley again. Would I like to visit the weaver at Iona who has such a wonderful turn for mathematics, and would I like to know the man at Salen who has the biographies of all the great men of the time in his head?"

Miss White had worked herself up to a pretty pitch of contemptuous indignation; her father was almost beginning to believe that it was real.

"It is all very well for the Macleods to interest themselves with these trumpery little local matters. They play the part of grand patron; the people are proud to honor them; it is a condescension when they remember the name of the crofter's youngest boy. But as for me—when I am taken about—well, I do not like being stared at as if they thought I was wearing too fine clothes. I don't like being continually placed in a position of inferiority through my ignorance—an old fool of a boatman saying, 'Bless me!' when I have to admit that I don't know the difference between a sole and a flounder. I don't want to know. I don't want to be continually told. I wish these people would meet me on my own ground. I wish the Macleods would begin to talk after dinner about the Lord Chamberlain's interference with the politics of burlesques; and then perhaps they would not be so glib. I am tired of hearing about John Maclean's boat, and Donald Maclean's horse, and Sandy Maclean's refusal to pay the road tax. And as for the drinking of whiskey that these sailors get through—well, it seems to me that the ordinary condition of things is reversed here altogether, and if they ever put up an asylum in Mull, it will be a lunatic asylum for incurable abstainers."

"Now, now, Gerty," said her father; but all the same he rather liked to see his daughter get on her high horse, for she talked with spirit, and it amused him. "You must remember that Macleod looks on this as a holiday-time, and perhaps he may be a little lax in his regulations. I have no doubt it is because he is so proud to have you on board his yacht that he occasionally gives the men an extra glass; and I am sure it does them no harm, for they seem to me to be as much in the water as out of it."

She paid no heed to this protest. She was determined to give free speech to her sense of wrong, and humiliation, and disappointment.

"What has been the great event since ever we came here—the wildest excitement the island can afford?" she said. "The ar-

rival of the peddler! A snuffy old man comes into the room with a huge bundle wrapped up in dirty water-proof. Then there is a wild clatter of Gaelic. But suddenly, don't you know? there are one or two glances at me, and the Gaelic stops; and Duncan, or John, or whatever they call him, begins to stammer in English, and I am shown coarse stockings, and bundles of wool, and druggie petticoats, and cotton handkerchiefs. And then Miss Macleod buys a number of things which I know she does not want; and I am looked on as a strange creature because I do not purchase a bundle of wool or a pair of stockings fit for a farmer. The Autolycus of Mull is not impressive, pappy. Oh, but I forgot the dramatic surprise—that also was to be an event, I have no doubt. I was suddenly introduced to a child dressed in a kilt; and I was to speak to him; and I suppose I was to be profoundly moved when I heard him speak to me in my own tongue in this out-of-the-world place. My own tongue! The horrid little wretch has not an *h*."

"Well, there's no pleasing you, Gerty," said he.

"I don't want to be pleased; I want to be let alone," said she.

But she said this with just a little too much sharpness; for her father was, after all, a human being; and it did seem to him to be too bad that he should be taunted in this fashion, when he had done his best to preserve a wholly neutral attitude.

"Let me tell you this, madam," said he, in a playful manner, but with some decision in his tone, "that you may live to have the pride taken out of you. You have had a good deal of flattery and spoiling; and you may find out you have been expecting too much. As for these Macleods here, I will say this—although I came here very much against my own inclination—that I defy any one to have been more kind, and courteous, and attentive than they have been to you. I don't care. It is not my business, as I tell you. But I must say, Gerty, that when you make a string of complaints as the only return for all their hospitality—their excessive and almost burdensome hospitality—I think that even I am bound to say a word. You forget how you come here. You, a perfect stranger, come here as engaged to marry the old lady's only son—to dispossess her—very probably to make impossible a match that she had set her heart on. And both she and her niece—you understand what I mean—instead of being cold, or at least formal, to you, seem to me to think of nothing from morning till night but how to surround you with kindness, in a way that Englishwomen would never think of. And this you call persecution; and you are vexed with them because they won't talk to you about theatres—why, bless my soul, how long is it



since you were yourself talking about theatres as if the very word choked you!"

"Well, at least, pappy, I never thought you would turn against me," said she, as she put her head partly aside, and made a mouth as if she were about to cry; "and when mamma made you promise to look after Carry and me, I am sure she never thought—"

Now this was too much for Mr. White. In the small eyes behind the big gold spectacles there was a quick flash of fire.

"Don't be a fool, Gerty," said he, in downright anger. "You know it is no use your trying to humbug me. If you think the ways of this house are too poor and mean for your grand notions of state; if you think he has not enough money, and you are not likely to have fine dinners and entertainments for your friends; if you are determined to break off the match—why, then, do it; but, I tell you, don't try to humbug me."

Miss White's pathetic attitude suddenly vanished. She drew herself up with much dignity and composure, and said,

"At all events, Sir, I have been taught my duty to you; and I think it better not to answer you."

With that she moved off toward the house; and Mr. White, taking to whistling, began to do as she had been doing—idly throwing bits of moss into the rushing burn. After all, it was none of his business.

But that evening, some little time before dinner, it was proposed they should go for a stroll down to the shore; and then it was that Miss White thought she would seize the occasion to let Macleod know of her arrangements for the coming autumn and winter. Ordinarily, on such excursions, she managed to walk with Janet Macleod—the old lady of Castle Dare seldom joined them—leaving Macleod to follow with her father; but this time she so managed it that Macleod and she left the house together. Was he greatly overjoyed? There was a constrained and anxious look on his face that had been there too much of late.

"I suppose Oscar is more at home here than in Bury Street, St. James's?" said she, as the handsome collie went down the path before them.

"No doubt," said he, absently: he was not thinking of any collie.

"What beautiful weather we are having!" said she, to this silent companion. "It is always changing, but always beautiful. There is only one other aspect I should like to see—the snow-time."

"We have not much snow here," said he. "It seldom lies in the winter."

This was a strange conversation for two engaged lovers: it was not much more interesting than their talk—how many ages ago?—at Charing Cross station. But then, when she had said to him, "*Ought we to take*

*tickets?*" she had looked into his face with those appealing, innocent, beautiful eyes. Now her eyes never met his. She was afraid.

She managed to lead up to her announcement skillfully enough. By the time they reached the shore an extraordinarily beautiful sunset was shining over the sea and the land—something so bewildering and wonderful that they all four stopped to look at it. The Atlantic was a broad expanse of the palest and most brilliant green, with the pathway of the sun a flashing line of gold coming right across until it met the rocks, and these were a jet-black against the glow. Then the distant islands of Colonsay, and Staffa, and Lunga, and Fladda, lying on this shining green sea, appeared to be of a perfectly transparent bronze; while nearer at hand the long ranges of cliffs were becoming a pale rose red under the darkening blue-gray sky. It was a blaze of color such as she had never even dreamed of as being possible in nature; nothing she had as yet seen in these northern latitudes had at all approached it. And as she stood there, and looked at those transparent islands of bronze on the green sea, she said to him:

"Do you know, Keith, this is not at all like the place I had imagined as the scene of the gloomy stories you used to tell me about the revenges of the clans. I have been frightened once or twice since I came here, no doubt—by the wild sea and the darkness of the cathedral, and so forth; but the longer I stay, the less I see to suggest those awful stories. How could you associate such an evening as this with a frightful tragedy? Do you think those people ever existed who were supposed to have suffocated, or slaughtered, or starved to death any one who opposed their wishes?"

"And I do not suppose they troubled themselves much about fine sunsets," said he. "That was not what they had to think about in those days."

"Perhaps not," said she, lightly; "but, you know, I had expected to find a place from which I could gain some inspiration for tragedy; for I should like to try, once for all—if I *should* have to give up the stage—whether I had the stuff of a tragic actress in me. And, you know, in that case, I ought to dress in black velvet, and carry a taper through dungeons, and get accustomed to storms and gloom, and thunder and lightning."

"We have no appliances here for the education of an actress—I am very sorry," said he.

"Now, Keith, that is hardly fair," said she, with a smile. "You know it is only a trial. And you saw what they said of my Juliet. Oh, did I tell you about the new tragedy that is coming out?"

"No, I do not think you did," said he.



"Ah, well, it is a great secret as yet; but there is no reason why you should not hear of it."

"I am not anxious to hear of it," said he, without any rudeness.

"But it concerns me," she said, "and so I must tell you. It is written by a brother of Mr. Lemuel, the artist I have often spoken to you about. He is by profession an architect; but if this play should turn out to be as fine as some people say it is, he ought to take to dramatic writing. In fact, all the Lemuels (there are three brothers of them, you know) are like Michael Angelo and Leonardo, artists to the finger-tips, in

"Generous to you?" said he. "You know I would give you my life if that would serve you. But this is worse than taking my life from me."

"Keith! Keith!" said she, in gentle protest, "I don't know what you mean. You should not take things so seriously. What is it, after all? It was as an actress that you knew me first. What is the difference of a few months more or less? If I had not been an actress, you would never have known me—do you recollect that? By-the-way, has Major Stuart's wife got a piano?"

He turned and stared at her for a second, in a bewildered way.



"HE TURNED TO HER. THE GLOW OF THE SUNSET CAUGHT HIS FACE. THERE WAS A STRANGE, HOPELESS SADNESS IN HIS EYES."

every direction—poets, painters, sculptors, and all the rest of it. And I do think I ought to feel flattered by their choice in asking me to play the heroine; for so much depends on the choice of the actress—"

"And you are still to act?" said he, quickly, though he spoke in a low voice, so that those behind should not hear.

"Surely I explained to you?" said she, in a pleasant manner. "After all, life-long habits are not so easily cast aside; and I knew you would be generous, and bear with me a little bit, Keith."

He turned to her. The glow of the sunset caught his face. There was a strange, hopeless sadness in his eyes.

"Oh yes," said he, with a laugh, "Mrs. Stuart has got a piano. She has got a very good piano. And what is the song you would sing now, sweetheart? Shall we finish up and have done with it, with a song at the end? That is the way in the theatre, you know—a dance and a song as the people go. And what shall our song be now? There was one that Norman Ogilvie used to sing."

"I don't know why you should talk to me like that, Keith," said she, though she seemed somewhat frightened by this fierce gaiety. "I was going to tell you that, if Mrs. Stuart had a piano, I would very gladly sing one or two songs for your mother and Miss



Macleod when we went over there to-morrow. You have frequently asked me. Indeed, I have brought with me the very songs I sung to you the first time I saw you—at Mrs. Ross's."

Instantly his memory flew back to that day—to the hushed little room over the sunlit gardens, to the beautiful, gentle, sensitive girl who seemed to have so strange an interest in the Highlands, to the wonderful thrill that went through him when she began to sing with an exquisite pathos "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door," and to the prouder enthusiasm that stirred him when she sang "I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them." These were fine, and tender, and proud songs. There was no gloom about them—nothing about a grave, and the dark winter-time, and a faithless lost love. This song of Norman Ogilvie's that he had gayly proposed they should sing now? What had Major Stuart, or his wife, or any one in Mull to do with "Death's black wine?"

"I meant to tell you, Keith," said she, somewhat nervously, "that I had signed an engagement to remain at the Piccadilly Theatre till Christmas next. I knew you wouldn't mind—I mean, you would be considerate, and you would understand how difficult it is for one to break away all at once from one's old associations. And then, you know, Keith," said she, shyly, "though you may not like the theatre, you ought to be proud of my success, as even my friends and acquaintances are. And as they are all anxious to see me make another appearance in tragedy, I really should like to try it; so that when my portrait appears in the Academy next year, people may not be saying, 'Look at the impertinence of that girl appearing as a tragic actress, when she can do nothing beyond the familiar modern comedy!' I should have told you all about it before, Keith, but I know you hate to hear any talk about the theatre; and I sha'n't bore you again, you may depend on that. Isn't it time to go back now? See! the rose-color is away from Ulva now; it is quite a dark purple."

He turned in silence and led the way back. Behind them he could faintly hear Mr. White discoursing to Janet Macleod about the manner in which the old artists mixed their own pigments.

Then Macleod said, with a great gentleness and restraint:

"And when you go away from here, Gertrude, I suppose I must say good-by to you; and no one knows when we shall see each other again. You are returning to the theatre. If that is your wish, I would not try to thwart it. You know best what is the highest prize the world can give you. And how can I warn you against failure and disappointment? I know you will be successful. I know the people will applaud you,

and your head will be filled with their praises. You are going forward to a new triumph, Gerty; and the first step you will take—will be on my heart."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### AN UNDERSTANDING.

"PAPPY dear," said Miss White to her father, in a playful way, although it was a serious sort of playfulness, "I have a vague feeling that there is a little too much electricity in the atmosphere of this place just at present. I am afraid there may be an explosion, and you know my nerves can't stand much of a shock. I should be glad to get away."

By this time she had quite made up that little difference with her father—she did not choose to be left alone at a somewhat awkward crisis. She had told him she was sure he had not meant what he said about her; and she had expressed her sorrow for having provoked him; and there an end. And if Mr. White had been driven by his anger to be for the moment the ally of Macleod, he was not disinclined to take the other side now and let Miss White have her own will. The vast amount of training he had bestowed on her through many long years was not to be thrown away, after all.

"I told him last night," said she, "of my having signed an engagement till Christmas next."

"Oh, indeed," said her father, quickly, looking at her over his spectacles.

"Yes," said she, thoughtfully, "and he was not so disturbed or angry as I had expected. Not at all. He was very kind about it. But I don't understand him."

"What do you not understand?"

"He has grown so strange of late—so sombre. Once, you know, he was the lightest-hearted young man—enjoying every minute of his life, you know; and really, pappy, I think—"

And here Miss White stopped.

"At all events," said she, quickly, "I want to be in a less dangerously excited atmosphere, where I can sit down and consider matters calmly. It was much better when he and I corresponded; then we could fairly learn what each other thought. Now I am almost afraid of him—I mean, I am afraid to ask him a question. I have to keep out of his way. And if it comes to that, pappy, you know, I feel now as if I was called on to act a part from morning till night, whereas I was always assured that if I left the stage and married him, it was to be my natural self, and I should have no more need to pose and sham. However, that is an old quarrel between you and me, pappy, and we will put it aside.



What's more to the purpose is this—it was half understood that when we left Castle Dare he was to come with us through at least a part of the Highlands."

"There was a talk of it."

"Don't you think," said Miss White, with some little hesitation, and with her eyes cast down—"don't you think that would be—a little inconvenient?"

"I should say that was for you to decide," he answered, somewhat coldly; for it was too bad that she should be continually asking his advice and then openly disregarding it.

"I should think it would be a little uncomfortable," she said, demurely. "I fancy he has taken that engagement till Christmas a little more to heart than he chooses to reveal. That is natural; I knew it would be a disappointment; but then, you know, pappy, the temptation was very great, and I had almost promised the Lemuels to do what I could for the piece. And if I am to give up the stage, wouldn't it be fine to wind up with a blaze of fire-works to astonish the public?"

"Are you so certain you will astonish the public?" her father said.

"I have the courage to try," she answered, readily. "And you are not going to throw cold water on my endeavors, are you, pappy? Well, as I was saying, it is perhaps natural for Sir Keith Macleod to feel a bit annoyed; and I am afraid, if he went travelling with us, we should be continually skating on the edge of a quarrel. Besides, to tell you the truth, pappy, with all his kindness and gentleness, there is sometimes about him a sort of intensity that I scarcely like; it makes me afraid of him. If it were on the stage, I should say it was a splendid piece of acting—of the suppressed vehement kind, you know; but really, during a holiday-time, when one naturally wishes to enjoy the fine weather and gather strength for one's work—well, I do think he ought not to come with us, pappy."

"Very well, you can hint as much without being rude."

"I was thinking," said she, "of the Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin who were in that Newcastle company, and who went to Aberdeen. Do you remember them, pappy?"

"The low comedian, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, at all events, they would be glad to see us. And so—don't you think?—we could let Macleod understand that we were going to see some friends in the North? Then he would not think of coming with us."

"The representation would scarcely be justifiable," observed Mr. White, with a profound air, "in ordinary circumstances. But, as you say, it would be neither for his comfort nor for yours that he should go with us."

"Comfort!" she exclaimed. "Much com-

fort I have had since I came here! Comfort I call quiet, and being let alone. Another fortnight in this place would give me brain-fever: your life continually in danger either on the sea or by the cliffs; your feelings supposed to be always up at passion pitch—it is all a whirl of secret or declared emotions that don't give you a moment's rest. Oh, pappy, won't it be nice to have a day or two's quiet in our own home, with Carry and Marie! And you know Mr. Lemuel will be in town all the summer and winter. The material for *his* work he finds within himself. He doesn't need to scamper off like the rest of them to hunt out picturesque peasants and studies of water-falls—trotting about the country with a note-book in hand—"

"Gerty, Gerty," said her father, with a smile, "your notions are unformed on that subject. What have I told you often?—that the artist is only a reporter. Whether he uses the pencil, or the pen, or his own face and voice to express the highest thoughts and emotions of which he is conscious, he is only a reporter—a penny-a-liner whose words are written in fire. And you—don't you carry your note-book too?"

"I was not comparing myself with an artist like Mr. Lemuel, pappy. No, no. Of course I have to keep my eyes open, and pick up things that may be useful. His work is the work of intense spiritual contemplation—it is inspiration—"

"No doubt," the father said, "the inspiration of Botticelli."

"Papa!"

Mr. White chuckled to himself. He was not given to joking: an epigram was not in consonance with his high sententiousness. But instantly he resumed his solemn deportment.

"A picture is as much a part of the world as a human face: why should I not take my inspiration from a picture as well as from a human face?"

"You mean to say he is only a copyist—a plagiarist!" she said, with some indignation.

"Not at all," said he. "All artists have their methods founded more or less on the methods of those who have gone before them. You don't expect an artist to discover for himself an entirely new principle of art, any more than you expect him to paint in pigments of his own invention. Mr. Lemuel has been a diligent student of Botticelli—that is all."

This strange talk amid the awful loneliness and grandeur of Glen Sloich! They were idly walking along the rough road: far above them rose the giant slopes of the mountains retreating into heavy masses of cloud that were moved by the currents of the morning wind. It was a gray day; and the fresh-water lake here was of a



leaden hue, and the browns and greens of the mountain-side were dark and intense. There was no sign of human life or habitation; there was no bird singing; the deer were far away in the unknown valleys above them, hidden by the mystic cloud phantoms. There was an odor of sweet-gale in the air. The only sound was the murmuring of the streams that were pouring down through these vast solitudes to the sea.

And now they reached a spot from whence, on turning, they caught sight of the broad plain of the Atlantic—all wind-swept and white. And the sky was dark and low down; though at one place the clouds had parted, and there was a glimmer of blue as narrow and keen as the edge of a knife. But there were showers about; for Iona was invisible, and Staffa was faintly gray through the passing rain, and Ulva was almost black as the storm approached in its gloom. Botticelli! Those men now in that small lug-sailed boat, far away off the point of Gometra—a tiny dark thing apparently lost every second or so amid the white Atlantic surge, and wrestling hard with the driving wind and sea to reach the thundering and foam-filled caverns of Staffa—they were not thinking much of Botticelli. Keith Macleod was in that boat. The evening before, Miss White had expressed some light wish about some trifle or other; but had laughingly said that she must wait till she got back to the region of shops. Unknown to her, Macleod had set off to intercept the steamer: and he would go on board and get hold of the steward; and would the steward be so kind as to hunt about in Oban to see if that trifle could not be found? Macleod would not intrust so important a message to any one else: he would himself go out to meet the *Pioneer*.

"The sky is becoming very dark," Mr. White said; "we had better go back, Gerty."

But before they had gone far the first heavy drops were beginning to fall, and they were glad to run for refuge to some great gray bowlders which lay in the moist moorland at the foot of the mountain slopes. In the lee of these rocks they were in comparative safety, and they waited patiently until the gale of wind and rain should pass over. And what were these strange objects that appeared in the gray mists far along the valley? She touched her father's arm—she did not speak; it was her first sight of a herd of red deer, and as the deer had doubtless been startled by a shepherd or his dog, they were making across the glen at a good speed. First came the hinds, running almost in Indian file, and then with a longer stride came one or two stags, their antlered heads high in the air, as though they were listening for sounds behind them and sniffing the wind in front of them at the

same time. But so far away were they that they were only blurred objects passing through the rain mists; they passed across like swift ghosts; there was no sound heard at all. And then the rain ceased, and the air grew warm around them. They came out from the shadow of the rock—behold! a blaze of hot sun on the moist moors, with a sudden odor of bracken, and young heather, and sweet-gale all about them. And the sandy road quickly grew dry again, and the heavens opened, and there was a flood of sunlight falling on that rushing and breezy Atlantic. They walked back to Dare.

"Tuesday, then, shall we say, pappy?" she remarked, just before entering.

"Very well."

"And we are going to see some friends in Aberdeen."

"Very well."

After this Miss White became a great deal more cheerful, and she was very complaisant to them all at luncheon. And quite by accident she asked Macleod, who had returned by this time, whether they talked Scotch in Aberdeen.

"Because, you know," said she, "one should always be learning on one's travels; and many a time I have heard people disputing about the pronunciation of the Scotch; and one ought to be able to read Burns with a proper accent. Now you have no Scotch at all here; you don't say 'my dawtie,' and 'ben the hoose,' and 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk.'"

"Oh no," said he, "we have none of the Scotch at all, except among those who have been for a time to Glasgow or Greenock; and our own language, the Gaelic, is unknown to strangers; and our way of speaking English—that is only made a thing to laugh at. And yet I do not laugh at all at the blunders of our poor people in a strange tongue. You may laugh at us for our way of speaking English—the accent of it; but it is not fair to laugh at the poor people when they will be making mistakes among the verbs. Did you ever hear of the poor Highlander who was asked how he had been employing himself, and, after a long time, he said, 'I wass for tree years a her-ring-fish, and I wass for four months or tree months a broke stone on the road?' Perhaps the Highlanders are not very clever at picking up another language; but all the same that did not prevent their going to all parts of the world and fighting the battles of other people. And do you know that in Canada there are descendants of the Highlanders who went there in the last century—and they are proud of their name and their history, and they have swords that were used at Falkirk and Culloden—but these Macnabs and Mackays and Camerons, they speak only French! But I think, if they have Highland blood in them, and



if they were to hear the 'Failte Phrionsal' played on the pipes, they would recognize that language. And why were you asking about Aberdeen?"

"That is not a Highland but a Scotch way of answering my question," said she, smiling.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he, hastily; "but indeed I have never been to Aberdeen, and I do not know what it is they speak there, but I should say it was likely to be a mixture of Scotch and English such as all the big towns have. I do not think it is a Highland place, like Inverness."

"Now I will answer your question," said she. "I asked you because papa and I propose to go there before returning to England—"

How quickly the light fell from his face!

"—The fact is, we have some friends there."

There was silence. They all felt that it was for Macleod to speak; and they may have been guessing as to what was passing in his mind. But to their surprise he said, in almost a gay fashion,

"Ah, well, you know they accuse us Highland folk of being rather too importunate as hosts; but we will try not to harass you; and if you have friends in Aberdeen, it would not be fair to beg of you to leave them aside this time. But surely you are not thinking of going to Aberdeen yet, when it is many a place you have yet to see about here. I was to take you in the *Umpire* to Skye; and we had many a talk about the Lewis too."

"Thank you very much," said she, demurely. "I am sure you have been most kind to us; but—the fact is—I think we must leave on Tuesday."

"On Tuesday!" said he; but it was only for an instant that he winced. Again he roused himself—for he was talking in the presence of his mother and the cousin Janet. "You have not been quite fair to us," said he, cheerfully; "you have not given yourself time to make our acquaintance. Are you determined to go away as you came, the Fionaghal? But then, you know, Fionaghal came and staid among us, before she began to write her songs about the western isles; and the next time you come, that must be for a longer time, and you will get to know us all better, and we will not frighten you any more by taking you on the sea at night, or into the cathedral ruins. Ah!" said he, with a smile lighting up his face—but it was a constrained gayety altogether—"do I know now why you are hurrying away so soon? You want to avoid that trip in the *Umpire* to the island where I used to think I would like my grave to be—"

"Keith!" said Lady Macleod, with a frown. "How can you repeat that non-

sense! Miss White will think you are mad."

"It was only an old fancy, mother," said he, gently. "And we were thinking of going out to one of the Treshanish islands, anyway. Surely it is a harmless thing that a man should choose out the place of his own grave, so long as he does not want to be put into it too soon."

"It will be time for you to speak of such things thirty years hence," said Lady Macleod.

"Thirty years is a long time," said he; and then he added, lightly, "but if we do not go out to the Treshanish islands, we must go somewhere else before the Tuesday; and would you go round to Loch Sunart now? or shall we drive you to-morrow to see Glen More and Loch Buy? and you must not leave Mull without visiting our beautiful town—and capital—that is, Tobermory."

Every one was quite surprised and pleased to find Macleod taking the sudden departure of his sweetheart in this fashion; it showed that he had abundant confidence in the future. And if Miss White had her own thoughts about the matter, it was at all events satisfactory to her that outwardly Macleod and she were parting on good terms.

But that evening he happened to find her alone for a few moments; and all the forced cheerfulness had left his eyes, and there was a dark look there—of hopeless anxiety and pain.

"I do not wish to force you, Gerty—to persecute you," said he. "You are our guest. But before you go away, can not you give me one definite word of promise and hope—only one word?"

"I am quite sure you don't want to persecute me, Keith," said she, "but you should remember there is a long time of waiting before us, and there will be plenty of opportunity for explaining and arranging every thing when we have leisure to write—"

"To write!" he exclaimed. "But I am coming to see you, Gerty. Do you think I could go through another series of long months with only those letters, and letters, and letters, to break one's heart over? I could not do it again, Gerty. And when you have visited your friends in Aberdeen, I am coming to London."

"Why, Keith, there is the shooting."

"I do not think I shall try the shooting this year—it is an anxiety—I can not have patience with it. I am coming to London, Gerty."

"Oh, very well, Keith," said she, with an affectation of cheerful content, "then there is no use in our taking a solemn good-by just now—is there? You know how I hate scenes. And we shall part very good friends,



shall we not? And when you come to London we shall make up all our little differences, and have every thing on a clear understanding. Is it a bargain? Here comes your cousin Janet—now show her that we are good friends, Keith. And for goodness' sake don't say that you mean to give up your shooting this year, or she will wonder what I have made of you. Give up your shooting! Why, a woman would as soon give up her right of being incomprehensible and whimsical and capricious—her right of teasing people, as I very much fear I have been teasing you, Keith. But it will be all set right when you come to London."

And from that moment to the moment of her departure Miss White seemed to breathe more freely, and she took less care to avoid Keith Macleod in her daily walks and ways. There was at last quite a good understanding between them, as the people around imagined.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### AFRAID.

BUT the very first thing she did on reaching home again was to write to Macleod begging him to postpone his visit to London. What was the use? The company of which she formed a part was most probably going on an autumn tour; she was personally very busy. Surely it would not much interest him to be present at the production of a new piece in Liverpool?

And then she pointed out to him that, as she had her duties and occupations, so ought he to have. It was monstrous his thought of foregoing the shooting that year. Why, if he wanted some additional motive, what did he say to preserving as much grouse plumage as would trim a cloak for her? It was a great pity that the skins of so beautiful a bird should be thrown away. And she desired him to present her kind regards to Lady Macleod and to Miss Macleod, and to thank them both for their great kindness.

Immediately after writing that letter Miss White seemed to grow very light-hearted indeed, and she laughed and chatted with Carry, and was exceedingly affectionate toward her sister.

"And what do you think of your own home now, Gerty?" said Miss Carry, who had been making some small experiments in arrangement.

"You mean, after my being among the savages?" said she. "Ah, it is too true, Carry. I have seen them in their war-paint, and I have shuddered at their spears, and I have made voyages in their canoes. But it is worth while going any where and doing any thing in order to come back and experience such a sense of relief and quiet. Oh,

what a delicious cushion! Where did you get it, Carry?"

She sank back in the rocking-chair out on this shaded veranda. It was the slumbering noontide of a July day; the foliage above and about the Regent's Canal hung motionless in the still sunlight; and there was a perfume of roses in the air. Here at last was repose. She had said that her notion of happiness was to be let alone; and—now that she had dispatched that forbidding letter—she would be able to enjoy a quiet and languor free from care.

"Aha, Gerty, don't you know?" said the younger sister. "Well, I suppose, you poor creature, you don't know—you have been among the tigers and crocodiles so long. That cushion is a present from Mr. Lemuel to me—to me, mind, not to you—and he brought it all the way from Damascus some years ago. Oh, Gerty, if I was only three years older, shouldn't I like to be your rival, and have a fight with you for him!"

"I don't know what you mean," said the elder sister, sharply.

"Oh, don't you? Poor innocent thing! Well, I am not going to quarrel with you this time, for at last you are showing some sense. How you ever could have thought of Mr. Howson, or Mr. Brook, or—you know whom—I never could imagine; but here is some one now whom people have heard of—some one with fame like yourself—who will understand you. Oh, Gerty, hasn't he lovely eyes?"

"Like a gazelle," said the other. "You know what Mr. — said?—that he never met the appealing look of Mr. Lemuel's eyes without feeling in his pocket for a biscuit."

"He wouldn't say any thing like that about you, Gerty," Carry said, reproachfully.

"Who wouldn't?"

"Mr. Lemuel."

"Oh, Carry, don't you understand that I am so glad to be allowed to talk nonsense? I have been all strung up lately, like the string of a violin. Every thing *au grand sérieux*. I want to be idle, and to chat, and to talk nonsense. Where did you get that bunch of stephanotis?"

"Mr. Lemuel brought it last evening. He knew you were coming home to-day. Oh, Gerty, do you know I have seen your portrait, though it isn't finished yet, and you look—you look like an inspired prophetess. I never saw any thing so lovely."

"Indeed," said Miss White, with a smile; but she was pleased.

"When the public see that, they will know what you are really like, Gerty, instead of buying your photograph in a shop from a collection of ballet-dancers and circus women. That is where you ought to be—in the Royal Academy: not in a shop window with any mountebank. Oh, Gerty, do you know who is your latest rival in the sta-



tioners' windows? The woman who dresses herself as a mermaid and swims in a transparent tank below water. Fin-fin they call her. I suppose you have not been reading the newspapers?"

"Not much."

"There is a fine collection for you up stairs. And there is an article about you in the *Islington Young Men's Improvement Association*. It is signed 'Trismegistus.' Oh, it is beautiful, Gerty—quite full of poetry. It says you are an enchantress striking the rockiest heart, and a well of pure emotion springs up. It says you have the beauty of Mrs. Siddons and the genius of Rachel."

"Dear me!"

"Ah, you don't half believe in yourself, Gerty," said the younger sister, with a critical air. "It is the weak point about you. You depreciate yourself, and you make light of other people's belief in you. However, you can't go against your own genius. That is too strong for you. As soon as you get on the stage, then you forget to laugh at yourself."

"Really, Carry, has papa been giving you a lecture about me?"

"Oh, laugh away; but you know it is true. And a woman like you—you were going to throw yourself away on a—"

"Carry! There are some things that are better not talked about," said Gertrude White, curtly, as she rose and went in-doors.

Miss White betook herself to her professional and domestic duties with much alacrity and content, for she believed that by her skill as a letter-writer she could easily ward off the importunities of her too passionate lover. It is true that at times, and in despite of her playful evasion, she was visited by a strange dread. However far away, the cry of a strong man in his agony has something terrible in it. And what was this he wrote to her in simple and calm words?

"Are our paths diverging, Gerty? and, if that is so, what will be the end of it for me and for you? Are you going away from me? After all that has passed, are we to be separated in the future, and you will go one way, and I must go the other way, with all the world between us, so that I shall never see you again? Why will you not speak? You hint of lingering doubts and hesitations. Why have you not the courage to be true to yourself—to be true to your woman's heart—to take your life in your own hands and shape it so that it shall be worthy of you?"

Well, she did speak, in answer to this piteous prayer. She was a skillful letter-writer.

"It may seem very ungrateful in an actress, you know, dear Keith, to contest the truth of any thing said by Shakspeare; but I don't think, with all humility, there ever

was so much nonsense put into so small a space as there is in these lines that every body quotes at your head:

'To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

'Be true to yourself,' people say to you. But surely every one who is conscious of failings, and deceitfulness, and unworthy instincts would rather try to be a little better than himself? Where else would there be any improvement, in an individual or in society? You have to fight against yourself, instead of blindly yielding to your wish of the moment. I know I, for one, should not like to trust myself. I wish to be better than I am—to be other than I am—and I naturally look around for help and guidance. Then you find people recommending you absolutely diverse ways of life, and with all show of authority and reason too; and in such an important matter ought not one to consider before making a final choice?"

Miss White's studies in mental and moral science, as will readily be perceived, had not been of a profound character. But he did not stay to detect the obvious fallacy of her argument. It was all a maze of words to him. The drowning man does not hear questions addressed to him. He only knows that the waters are closing over him, and that there is no arm stretched out to save.

"I do not know myself for two minutes together," she wrote. "What is my present mood, for example? Why, one of absolute and ungovernable hatred—hatred of the woman who would take my place if I were to retire from the stage. I have been thinking of it all the morning—picturing myself as an unknown nonentity, vanished from the eyes of the public, in a social grave. And I have to listen to people praising the new actress, and I have to read columns about her in the papers, and I am unable to say, 'Why, all that and more was written and said about me.' What has an actress to show for herself if once she leaves the stage? People forget her the next day; no record is kept of her triumphs. A painter, now, who spends years of his life in earnest study—it does not matter to him whether the public applaud or not, whether they forget or not. He has always before him these evidences of his genius; and among his friends he can choose his fit audience. Even when he is an old man, and listening to the praises of all the young fellows who have caught the taste of the public, he can at all events show something of his work as testimony of what he was. But an actress, the moment she leaves the stage, is a snuffed-out candle. She has her stage dresses to prove that she acted certain parts; and she may have a scrap-book with cuttings of criticisms from the provincial papers. You know, dear Keith, all this is very heart-sickening; and



I am quite aware that it will trouble you—as it troubles me, and sometimes makes me ashamed of myself—but then it is true, and it is better for both of us that it should be known. I could not undertake to be a hypocrite all my life. I must confess to you, whatever be the consequences, that I distinctly made a mistake when I thought it was such an easy thing to adopt a whole new set of opinions and tastes and habits. The old Adam, as your Scotch ministers would say, keeps coming back to jog my elbow as an old familiar friend. And you would not have me conceal the fact from you? I know how difficult it will be for you to understand or sympathize with me. You have never been brought up to a profession every inch of your progress in which you have to contest against rivals; and you don't know how jealous one is of one's position when it is gained. I think I would rather be made an old woman of sixty to-morrow morning than get up and go out and find my name printed in small letters in the theatre bills. And if I try to imagine what my feelings would be if I were to retire from the stage, surely that is in your interest as well as mine. How would you like to be tied for life to a person who was continually looking back to her past career with regret, and who was continually looking around her for objects of jealous and envious anger? Really, I try to do my duty by every body. All the time I was at Castle Dare I tried to picture myself living there, and taking an interest in the fishing and the farms, and so on; and if I was haunted by the dread that, instead of thinking about the fishing and the farms, I should be thinking of the triumphs of the actress who had taken my place in the attention of the public, I had to recognize the fact. It is wretched and pitiable, no doubt; but look at my training. If you tell me to be true to myself, that is myself. And at all events I feel more contented that I have made a frank confession."

Surely it was a fair and reasonable letter? But the answer that came to it had none of its pleasant common-sense. It was all a wild appeal—a calling on her not to fall away from the resolves she had made—not to yield to those despondent moods. There was but the one way to get rid of her doubts and hesitations; let her at once cast aside the theatre and all its associations and malign influences, and become his wife, and he would take her by the hand, and lead her away from that besetting temptation. Could she forget the day on which she gave him the red rose? She was a woman; she could not forget.

She folded up the letter, and held it in her hand, and went into her father's room. There was a certain petulant and irritated look on her face.

"He says he is coming up to London, papa," said she, abruptly.

"I suppose you mean Sir Keith Macleod," said he.

"Well, of course. And can you imagine any thing more provoking—just at present, when we are rehearsing this new play, and when all the time I can afford Mr. Lemuel wants for the portrait? I declare the only time I feel quiet, secure, safe from the interference of any body—and more especially the worry of the postman—is when I am having that portrait painted; the intense stillness of the studio is delightful, and you have beautiful things all around you. As soon as I open the door I come out into the world again, with constant vexations and apprehensions all around. Why, I don't know but that at any minute Sir Keith Macleod may come walking up to the gate!"

"And why should that possibility keep you in terror?" said her father, calmly.

"Well, not in terror," said she, looking down, "but—but anxiety, at least; and a very great deal of anxiety. Because I know he will want explanations and promises, and I don't know what—just at the time I am most worried and unsettled about every thing I mean to do."

Her father regarded her for a second or two.

"Well?" said he.

"Isn't that enough?" she said, with some indignation.

"Oh," said he, coldly, "you have merely come to me to pour out your tale of wrongs. You don't want me to interfere, I suppose. Am I to condole with you?"

"I don't know why you should speak to me like that, at all events," said she.

"Well, I will tell you," he responded, in the same cool, matter-of-fact way. "When you told me you meant to give up the theatre and marry Sir Keith Macleod, my answer was that you were likely to make a mistake. I thought you were a fool to throw away your position as an actress; but I did not urge the point. I merely left the matter in your own hands. Well, you went your own way. For a time your head was filled with romance—Highland chieftains, and gillies, and red deer, and baronial halls, and all that stuff; and no doubt you persuaded that young man that you believed in the whole thing fervently, and there was no end to the names you called theatres and every body connected with them. Not only that, but you must needs drag me up to the Highlands to pay a visit to a number of strangers with whom both you and I lived on terms of apparent hospitality and good-will, but in reality on terms of very great restraint. Very well. You begin to discover that your romance was a little bit removed from the actual state of affairs—at least you say so—"



"I say so!" she exclaimed.

"Hear me out," the father said, patiently. "I don't want to offend you, Gerty, but I wish to speak plainly. You have an amazing faculty for making yourself believe any thing that suits you. I have not the least doubt but that you have persuaded yourself that the change in your manner toward Keith Macleod was owing to your discovering that their way of life was different from what you expected; or perhaps that you still had a lingering fancy for the stage—any thing you like. I say you could make yourself believe any thing. But I must point out to you that any acquaintance of yours—an outsider—would probably look on the marked attentions Mr. Lemuel has been paying you, and on your sudden conversion to the art theories of himself and his friends, and on the revival of your ambitious notions about tragedy—"

"You need say no more," said she, with her face grown quickly red, and with a certain proud impatience in her look.

"Oh yes, but I mean to say more," her father said, quietly, "unless you wish to leave the room. I mean to say this—that when you have persuaded yourself somehow that you would rather reconsider your promise to Sir Keith Macleod—am I right?—that it does seem rather hard that you should grow ill-tempered with him and accuse him of being the author of your troubles and vexations. I am no great friend of his—I disliked his coming here at the outset; but I will say he is a manly young fellow, and I know he would not try to throw the blame of any change in his own sentiments on to some one else. And another thing I mean to say is—that your playing the part of the injured Griselda is not quite becoming, Gerty: at all events, I have no sympathy with it. If you come and tell me frankly that you have grown tired of Macleod, and wish somehow to break your promise to him, then I can advise you."

"And what would you advise, then," said she, with equal calmness, "supposing that you choose to throw all the blame on me?"

"I would say that it is a woman's privilege to be allowed to change her mind; and that the sooner you told him so the better."

"Very simple!" she said, with a flavor of sarcasm in her tone. "Perhaps you don't know that man as I know him."

"Then you *are* afraid of him?"

She was silent.

"These are certainly strange relations between two people who talk of getting married. But, in any case, he can not suffocate you in a cave, for you live in London; and in London it is only an occasional young man about Shoreditch who smashes his sweetheart with a poker when she proposes to marry somebody else. He might, it is true, summon you for breach of promise;

but he would prefer not to be laughed at. Come, come, Gerty, get rid of all this nonsense. Tell him frankly the position; and don't come bothering me with pretended wrongs and injuries."

"Do you think I ought to tell him?" said she, slowly.

"Certainly."

She went away and wrote to Macleod; but she did not wholly explain her position. She only begged once more for time to consider her own feelings. It would be better that he should not come just now to London. And if she were convinced, after honest and earnest questioning of herself, that she had not the courage and strength of mind necessary for the great change in her life she had proposed, would it not be better for his happiness and hers that the confession should be made?

Macleod did not answer that letter; and she grew alarmed. Several days elapsed. One afternoon, coming home from rehearsal, she saw a card lying on the tray on the hall table.

"Papa," said she, with her face somewhat paler than usual, "Sir Keith Macleod is in London!"

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### A CLIMAX.

SHE was alone in the drawing-room. She heard the bell ring, and the sound of some one being let in by the front-door. Then there was a man's step in the passage outside. The craven heart grew still with dread.

But it was with a great gentleness that he came forward to her, and took both of her trembling hands, and said,

"Gerty, you do not think that I have come to be angry with you—not that!"

He could not but see with those anxious, pained, tender eyes of his that she was very pale; and her heart was now beating so fast—after the first shock of fright—that for a second or two she could not answer him. She withdrew her hands. And all this time he was regarding her face with an eager, wistful intensity.

"It is—so strange—for me to see you again," said he, almost in a bewildered way. "The days have been very long without you—I had almost forgotten what you were like—and now—and now—oh, Gerty, you are not angry with me for troubling you?"

She withdrew a step and sat down.

"There is a chair," said she: he did not seem to understand what she meant. He was trying to read her thoughts in her eyes, in her manner, in the pale face; and his earnest gaze did not leave her for a moment.

"I know you must be greatly troubled and worried, Gerty, and—and I tried not to



come; but your last letter was like the end of the world for me. I thought every thing might go then. But then I said, 'Are you a man, and to be cast down by that? She is bewildered by some passing doubt; her mind is sick for the moment; you must go to her, and recall her, and awake her to herself; and you will see her laugh again.' And so I am here, Gerty; and if I am troubling you at a bad time—well, it is only for a moment or two; and you will not mind that? You and I are so different, Gerty! You are all-perfect. You do not want the sympathy of any one. You are satisfied with your own thinkings; you are a world to yourself. But I can not live without being in sympathy with you. It is a craving; it is like a fire— Well, I did not come here to talk about myself."

"I am sorry you took so much trouble," she said, in a low voice, and there was a nervous restraint in her manner. "You might have answered my letter instead."

"Your letter!" he exclaimed. "Why, Gerty, I could not talk to the letter. It was not yourself. It was no more part of yourself than a glove. You will forget that letter, and all the letters that ever you wrote; let them go away like the leaves of former autumns that are quite forgotten; and instead of the letters be yourself, as I see you now—proud-spirited and noble—my beautiful Gerty—my wife!"

He made a step forward, and caught her hand. She did not see that there were sudden tears in the imploring eyes. She only knew that this vehemence seemed to suffocate her.

"Keith," said she, and she gently disengaged her hand, "will you sit down—and we can talk over this matter calmly, if you please; but I think it would have been better if you left us both to explain ourselves in writing. It is difficult to say certain things without giving pain, and you know I don't wish to do that—"

"I know," said he, with an absent look on his face; and he took the chair she had indicated, and sat down beside her; and now he was no longer regarding her eyes.

"It is quite true that you and I are different," said she, with a certain resolution in her tone, as if she was determined to get through with a painful task, "very seriously different in every thing—in our natures, and habits, and opinions, and all the rest of it. How we ever became acquainted I don't know; I am afraid it was not a fortunate accident for either of us. Well—"

Here she stopped. She had not prepared any speech, and she suddenly found herself without a word to say, when words, words, words, were all she eagerly wanted in order to cover her retreat. And as for him, he gave her no help. He sat silent, his eyes downcast, a tired and haggard look on his face.

"Well," she resumed, with a violent effort, "I was saying, perhaps we made a mistake in our estimates of each other. That is a very common thing; and sometimes people find out in time, and sometimes they don't. I am sure you agree with me, Keith?"

"Oh yes, Gerty," he answered, absently.

"And then—and then I am quite ready to confess that I may have been mistaken about myself; and I am afraid you encouraged the mistake. You know, I am quite sure I am not the heroic person you tried to make me believe I was. I have found myself out, Keith; and just in time before making a terrible blunder. I am very glad that it is myself I have to blame. I have got very little resolution. 'Unstable as water'—that is the phrase: perhaps I should not like other people to apply it to me; but I am quite ready to apply it to myself, for I know it to be true; and it would be a great pity if any one's life were made miserable through my fault. Of course I thought for a time that I was a very courageous and resolute person; you flattered me into believing it; but I have found myself out since. Don't you understand, Keith?"

He gave a sign of assent; his silence was more embarrassing than any protest or any appeal.

"Oh, I could choose such a wife for you, Keith—a wife worthy of you—a woman as womanly as you are manly; and I can think of her being proud to be your wife, and how all the people who came to your house would admire her and love her—"

He looked up in a bewildered way.

"Gerty," he said, "I don't quite know what it is you are speaking about. You are speaking as if some strange thing had come between us, and I was to go one way and you another through all the years to come. Why, that is all nonsense! See! I can take your hand—that is the hand that gave me the red rose. You said you loved me then; you can not have changed already. I have not changed. What is there that would try to separate us? Only words, Gerty!—a cloud of words, humming round the ears and confusing one. Oh, I have grown heart-sick of them in your letters, Gerty; until I put the letters away altogether, and I said, 'They are no more than the leaves of last autumn: when I see Gerty, and take her hand, all the words will disappear then.' Your hand is not made of words, Gerty; it is warm, and kind, and gentle—it is a woman's hand. Do you think words are able to make me let go my grasp of it? I put them away. I do not hear any more of them. I only know that you are beside me, Gerty; and I hold your hand."

He was now no longer the imploring lover: there was a strange elation—a sort of triumph—in his tone.



"Why, Gerty, do you know why I have come to London? It is to carry you off—not with the pipes yelling to drown your screams, as Flora Macdonald's mother was carried off by her lover—but taking you by the hand, and waiting for the smile on your face. That is the way out of all our troubles, Gerty: we shall be plagued with no more words then. Oh, I understand it all, sweetheart—your doubts of yourself, and your thinking about the stage: it is all a return of the old and evil influences that you and I thought had been shaken off forever. Perhaps that was a little mistake; but no matter. You will shake them off now, Gerty. You will show yourself to have the courage of a woman. It is but one step—and you are free! Gerty," said he, with a smile on his face, "do you know what that is?"

He took from his pocket a printed document, and opened it. Certain words there that caught her eye caused her to turn even paler than she had been; and she would not even touch the paper. He put it back.

"Are you frightened, sweetheart? No! You will take this one step, and you will see how all those fancies and doubts will disappear forever. Oh, Gerty, when I got this paper into my pocket to-day, and came out into the street, I was laughing to myself; and a poor woman said, 'You are very merry, Sir; will you give a poor old woman a copper?' 'Well,' I said, 'here is a sovereign for you, and perhaps you will be merry too?'—and I would have given every one a sovereign if I had had it to give. But do you know what I was laughing at?—I was laughing to think what Captain Macallum would do when you went on board as my wife. For he put up the flags for you when you were only a visitor coming to Dare; but when I take you by the hand, Gerty, as you are going along the gangway, and when we get on to the paddle-box, and Captain Macallum comes forward, and when I tell him that you are now my wife, why, he will not know what to do to welcome you! And Hamish, too—I think Hamish will go mad that day. And then, sweetheart, you will go along to Erraidh, and you will go up to the signal-house on the rocks, and we will fire a cannon to tell the men at Dubh Artach to look out. And what will be the message you will signal to them, Gerty, with the great white boards? Will you send them your compliments, which is the English way? Ah, but I know what they will answer to you. They will answer in the Gaelic; and this will be the answer that will come to you from the light-house—'*A hundred thousand welcomes to the young bride!*' And you will soon learn the Gaelic, too; and you will get used to our rough ways; and you will no longer have any fear

of the sea. Some day you will get so used to us that you will think the very sea-birds to be your friends, and that they know when you are going away and when you are coming back, and that they know you will not allow any one to shoot at them or steal their eggs in the spring-time. But if you would rather not have our rough ways, Gerty, I will go with you wherever you please—did I not say that to you, sweetheart? There are many fine houses in Essex—I saw them when I went down to Woodford with Major Stuart. And for your sake I would give up the sea altogether; and I would think no more about boats; and I would go to Essex with you if I was never to see one of the sea-birds again. That is what I will do for your sake, Gerty, if you wish—though I thought you would be kind to the poor people around us at Dare, and be proud of their love for you, and get used to our homely ways. But I will go into Essex, if you like, Gerty—so that the sea shall not frighten you; and you will never be asked to go into one of our rough boats any more. It shall be just as you wish, Gerty; whether you want to go away into Essex, or whether you will come away with me to the North, that I will say to Captain Macallum, 'Captain Macallum, what will you do now?—that the English lady has been brave enough to leave her home and her friends to live with us; and what are we to do now to show that we are proud and glad of her coming?'"

Well, tears did gather in her eyes as she listened to this wild, despairing cry, and her hands were working nervously with a book she had taken from the table; but what answer could she make? In self-defense against this vehemence she adopted an injured air.

"Really, Keith," said she, in a low voice, "you do not seem to pay any attention to any thing I say or write. Surely I have prepared you to understand that my consent to what you propose is quite impossible—for the present, at least? I asked for time to consider."

"I know—I know," said he. "You would wait, and let those doubts close in upon you. But here is a way to defeat them all. Sweetheart, why do you not rise, and give me your hand, and say, 'Yes?' There would be no more doubts at all."

"But surely, Keith, you must understand me when I say that rushing into a marriage in this mad way is a very dangerous thing. You won't look or listen to any thing I suggest. And really—well, I think you should have some little consideration for me."

He regarded her for a moment—with a look almost of wonder; and then he said, hastily:

"Perhaps you are right, Gerty; I should



not have been so selfish. But—but you can not tell how I have suffered; all through the night-time thinking and thinking, and saying to myself that surely you could not be going away from me; and in the morning, oh! the emptiness of all the sea and the sky, and you not there to be asked whether you would go out to Colonsay, or round to Loch Scridain, or go to see the rock-pigeons fly out of the caves. It is not a long time since you were with us, Gerty; but to me it seems longer than half a dozen of winters; for in the winter I said to myself, 'Ah, well, she is now working off the term of her imprisonment in the theatre; and when the days get long again, and the blue skies come again, she will use the first of her freedom to come and see the sea-birds about Dare.' But this last time, Gerty—well, I had strange doubts and misgivings; and sometimes I dreamed in the night-time that you were going away from me altogether—on board a ship—and I called to you, and you would not even turn your head. Oh, Gerty, I can see you now as you were then—your head turned partly aside; and strangers round you; and the ship was going farther and farther away; and if I jumped into the sea, how could I overtake you? But at least the waves would come over me, and I should have forgetfulness."

"Yes, but you seem to think that my letters to you had no meaning whatever," said she, almost petulantly. "Surely I tried to explain clearly enough what our relative positions were?"

"You had got back to the influence of the theatre, Gerty—I would not believe the things you wrote. I said, 'You will go now and rescue her from herself. She is only a girl; she is timid; she believes the foolish things that are said by the people around her.' And then, do you know, sweetheart," said he, with a sad smile on his face, "I thought if I were to go and get this paper, and suddenly show it to you—well, it is not the old romantic way, but I thought you would frankly say 'Yes,' and have an end of all this pain. Why, Gerty, you have been many a romantic heroine in the theatre; and you know they are not long in making up their minds. And the heroines in our old songs, too: do you know the song of Lizzie Lindsay, who 'kilted her coats o' green satin,' and was off to the Highlands before any one could interfere with her? That is the way to put an end to doubts. Gerty, be a brave woman. Be worthy of yourself. Sweetheart, have you the courage now to 'kilt your coats o' green satin?' And I know that in the Highlands you will have as proud a welcome as ever Lord Ronald Macdonald gave his bride from the South."

Then the strange smile went away from his face.

"I am tiring you, Gerty," said he.

"Well, you are very much excited, Keith," said she; "and you won't listen to what I have to say. I think your coming to London was a mistake. You are giving both of us a great deal of pain; and, as far as I can see, to no purpose. We could much better have arrived at a proper notion of each other's feelings by writing; and the matter is so serious as to require consideration. If it is the business of a heroine to plunge two people into life-long misery without thinking twice about it, then I am not a heroine. Her 'coats o' green satin'—I should like to know what was the end of that story. Now really, dear Keith, you must bear with me if I say that I have a little more prudence than you; and I must put a check on your headstrong wishes. Now I know there is no use in our continuing this conversation: you are too anxious and eager to mind anything I say. I will write to you."

"Gerty," said he, slowly, "I know you are not a selfish or cruel woman; and I do not think you would willingly pain any one. But if you came to me and said, 'Answer my question, for it is a question of life or death to me,' I should not answer that I would write a letter to you."

"You may call me selfish if you like," said she, with some show of temper, "but I tell you once for all that I can not bear the fatigue of interviews such as this, and I think it was very inconsiderate of you to force it on me. And as for answering a question, the position we are in is not to be explained with a 'Yes' or a 'No,' it is mere romance and folly to speak of people running away and getting married; for I suppose that is what you mean. I will write to you, if you like, and give you every explanation in my power. But I don't think we shall arrive at any better understanding by your accusing me of selfishness or cruelty."

"Gerty!"

"And if it comes to that," she continued, with a flush of angry daring in her face, "perhaps I could bring a similar charge against you, with some better show of reason."

"That I was ever selfish or cruel as regards you?" said he, with a vague wonder, as if he had not heard aright.

"Shall I tell you, then," said she, "as you seem bent on recriminations? Perhaps you thought I did not understand—that I was too frightened to understand. Oh, I knew very well!"

"I don't know what you mean," said he, in absolute bewilderment.

"What! not the night we were caught in the storm in crossing to Iona?—and when I clung to your arm, you shook me off, so that you should be free to strike out for yourself if we were thrown into the water. Oh, I don't blame you! It was only natu-



ral. But I think you should be cautious in accusing others of selfishness."

For a moment he stood looking at her, with something like fear in his eyes—fear and horror and a doubt as to whether this thing was possible; and then came the hopeless cry of a breaking heart:

"Oh God, Gerty! I thought you loved me—and you believed *that*!"

### ANGÉLIQUE'S NOVITIATE.

"IT is a hundred years since I saw it!" exclaimed M. De Marçaye, as he paused, with one hand on the gate, to glance down the broad avenue, with its gray château glimmering at the end through the falling autumn leaves. In spite of this remark, however, Gaston de Marçaye did not look precisely like a centenarian, as he walked lightly on with the firm elastic step of five-and-twenty. But it grew slower as, reaching the lawn, he passed, one by one, the prim flower beds cut in hearts and diamonds and lozenges, gorgeous with the scarlet and yellow of the year's last blossoms under the broad light of an autumn afternoon. They seemed to recall many an old memory, for a half smile came to his lip as he loitered by them, while a flight of pigeons, disturbed by his approach, wheeled above his head and settled again heavily, and an enormous white cat, lying on the step, blinked one eye open in the sunshine, and closed it again, too lazy even for fear.

"Lili, can it indeed be thou?" murmured the young man, stopping. "This is, then, really the enchanted palace, where nothing ever changes? Ah! but," he broke off abruptly, a light of half-amused expectancy in his eyes, "if there should chance to be a sleeping princess within, I have well the right—" He smiled again as he pressed forward through the corridor, but, advancing to a room on his left, stopped short, with the open door in his hand, for the sleeping princess was before him.

Curled up in a great soft chair reclined a slender figure, with face turned toward the door, a fair, almost childish rounded face, a little flushed now with slumber. It could not have been the new-comer's step that disturbed her, for he had entered so noiselessly as scarcely to frighten away the fly buzzing on the panel; perhaps it was the magnetism of his continued gaze, for, after he had watched her thus for a minute, she opened her eyes all at once and fixed them on his. Thus they remained for a brief space gazing silently at each other, till the first bewilderment of sleep beginning to pass, as she realized the fact of a handsome stranger staring at her from the open doorway, she raised herself up, with the evident intention of putting an end to the situation. Then the young man came forward.

"Pray do not be frightened away, mademoiselle," he said. "However appearances may be against me, I am not an ogre, nor even a robber, but some one very commonplace indeed. I dare say you can guess who?"

A sudden light came into her wondering eyes. "Ah, yes; M. De Marçaye, I suppose," she answered, simply.

"Truly. You expected me, then?"

"Oh yes, but not so early. I am sorry they are gone out; but they will be back directly, I am sure."

"Are you so sure?" said the young man, gazing at her with a smile in his deep blue eyes, beneath which her own fell. "I do not believe in their existence myself. Do you not know, then, mademoiselle the sleeper, that this is an enchanted place, and there is nothing stirring in it save ourselves—and Lili out in the sun there?"

"Oh, is Lili outside, then? That is not well, for the neighbors' Mimi might fly at her, and then madame would blame me," said the girl, availing herself of the excuse to escape the embarrassment of their *tête-à-tête*. But as she moved forward, bowing before him with an exaggerated courtesy, he accompanied her until they reached the entrance, before which he placed himself so as to bar her passage.

"Have the kindness not to detain me, monsieur," she said, with a sudden assumption of dignity that oddly became the flushed childish face, almost ready to break into tears of vexation.

"I beg a thousand pardons; but have I, then, no claim upon you, mademoiselle?" he returned, smiling down into the perplexed angry eyes upturned to his.

"No, monsieur, assuredly. It is—it is an impertinence, and you have no right—none!" with a little stamp of the foot.

"Surely you forget, mademoiselle. Are you not, then, the promised bride—"

"You are right," exclaimed the girl, her anger melting in sudden contrition; "and I have been in—Holy Virgin!—what a passion! Indeed, indeed, monsieur, I forgot."

"Lest you forget again, permit me to remind you—thus," he said, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips, while he still gazed audaciously into the startled eyes that wavered between confusion and resentment. "And now, mademoiselle," he added, hastily, as a sound from outside reached his ears, "since you insist, I will myself go and admit Queen Lili."

"Rather admit me, rogue!" said a laughing voice; and the door was pushed open by a lady fair and forty, with a face and figure alike moulded to mirth and good humor. "Come, then, Cécile," she called through the hall; "it is but that good-for-nothing Gaston. Ah! she is away to her chamber. It is not Mademoiselle Cécile to be taken unawares, I promise you!"



"Cécile!" repeated the young man, in astonishment, as he returned the new-comer's warm welcome. "But Mademoiselle Cécile is here, madame."

"What, the little Sœur Angélique?" cried Madame De Varennes, following his glance to the embrasure of the window into which the young girl had withdrawn. "And have you really taken our little nun for your betrothed? No, no, Monsieur Gaston," she added, mockingly; "Angélique will be the bride of heaven, not of earth!"

"Ah!" murmured the young man, biting his lip; "I comprehend the mistake. You remember, madame, I had never seen Mademoiselle De Beaumont."

"Yes, truly. You shall soon judge if I have chosen well for you," she continued, complacently. "Cécile is quite another creature than that little simpleton of an Angélique. Figure to yourself that I have taken the child from her convent for the farewell season, you know, just to let her see the world before renouncing it. *Bien!* for any result, I might as well have left her in her cell; she would never know the difference, she is such a visionary. Of course, under the circumstances, it is fortunate for her; one would not want her head turned for nothing; but, all the same, a creature with milk in her veins is very provoking. But Cécile—ah! there is a woman to her finger-tips! Only make her madame la marquise, she will do credit to your choice," nodded madame, wisely, as she chattered on.

Angélique meanwhile had stepped through the window out upon the lawn, where she went wandering among the prim garden beds, touching the tallest flower heads familiarly as she passed, as if in friendly communion with them. All at once she stopped short, looking up fixedly at a window above, then, with several quick nods, stooped down and began gathering here a blossom and there a spray, with which she vanished into the house. Madame De Varennes followed the direction of her nephew's glance, and smiled.

"Ah, the coquette! you can guess where those flowers are going, and for whose benefit, by-and-by. That is Cécile exactly, you will see. But you must really rejoin your friend now? Well, well; come back to dinner, and be sure you bring M. St. Estevan: he comes of a good stock. Tell him I knew his uncle the deputy once, not so long ago, *va!*"

"They are not much alike," said De Marçaye, smiling. "Eugène has rather a talent for silence."

"*Là, là,* we will cure him of the bad habit," responded madame, with a laughing nod, departing to make her toilet, while De Marçaye passed out upon the lawn again, from which the sunset light was fading rapidly, leaving a cold crude tint on the rainbow

flower beds that had flaunted so gaudily half an hour before.

The young man walked along with a slow and abstracted step. He would perhaps have carried himself more consciously had he known of the bright eyes following his movements. Cécile, on learning his departure, had rushed from her mirror to peep at this unknown betrothed, with eyes full of wonder and speculation. Not, indeed, concerning the strangeness of their relations, which seemed quite a matter of course to one of her nationality. That two fortunes should be affianced before their respective owners had met, or that, in order to preserve intact the dowry which will secure one sister a good marriage, the other should be consigned to the peaceful shades of the cloister, was nothing surprising to a French mind. Cécile's curiosity was of a more universal human kind, for, as girls are still girls even in France, she felt a natural interest in the looks and ways of one who had become all-important now, and she was immensely relieved to find that his bearing was graceful and distinguished, and his hair of the color she liked. Angélique, looking shyly over her shoulder, wondered why he walked so slowly and looked neither to the right nor left; but of this she said not a word to Cécile, of whom she stood too much in awe to risk taking the initiative.

The two sisters, indeed, were such only in name, so slight had been their acquaintance. There was neither sisterly confidence nor sympathy between them—a fact due not so much to the three years' difference in their ages as to the life-long difference in their destinies. It would have been otherwise, no doubt, if Angélique had said a final good-by to the convent, and entered upon an existence involving the same interests and pursuits as her sister's; but this was rather that good-by to the world authorized by the singular custom which sends its elect from their cloister for one brief season of pleasures thenceforth to be forbidden, like a savor of the wine one may not swallow. Since a few weeks would exchange the white muslins and flower wreaths of the *débutante* for the nun's straight garb and veil, it seemed perhaps hardly worth Cécile's while to commence that girlish intimacy which must die on the threshold of the convent cell.

So, without a word to each other on the all-engrossing subject, the two girls turned away from the window, Cécile back to the toilet that was to dazzle two pairs of eyes at dinner, and Angélique to stifle the apathetic Lili with caresses, until the completion of her sister's toilet should leave old Marthe free to attend to the simpler robing of "the little ma'm'selle."

De Marçaye found ample opportunity to make his betrothed's acquaintance that evening, as Madame De Varennes devoted



herself to the entertainment of M. St. Estevan, for the sake, perhaps, of "his uncle the deputy," who had apparently been a lover of madame's in that by-gone *once* of which she cherished a tender recollection. If so, he had been but one of many, for madame, besides her beauty, had had a dowry that more than excused her want of birth, and made M. De Varennes, for all his long line, esteem himself lucky to find favor with the daughter of the great manufacturer Martigny. It was whispered that Colonel De Beaumont himself had not been insensible to the charms of Thérèse Martigny before his marriage; but at any rate, when, years after, Madame De Varennes, widowed and without children, proposed to take charge of his motherless Cécile, her own goddaughter, whose girlish grace and beauty had completely captivated her, and to marry her to her nephew Gaston de Marçaye, no wounded vanity on the colonel's part prevented his accepting the offer. Her dowry, he knew, hardly warranted so brilliant a match; and with Cécile well married and Angélique safe in a convent, the old soldier would feel himself relieved of the sole solicitude that troubled his distant Algerian life. Things certainly looked well for his peace of mind now, for here was the long-affianced pair rapidly growing acquainted, while the little Sœur Angélique in a brief season would return to the convent to complete her novitiate with the final black veil. Meantime she sat opposite M. St. Estevan, listening very dutifully to madame's chatter, her head bent over her embroidery, and her thoughts apparently as busy as her fingers. Still, when handsome five-and-twenty looks admiringly at sixteen, one can hardly expect the latter to remain wholly unconscious, so no wonder if a mortified color flushed her cheek when madame rose with very little ceremony, exclaiming, "But you have wasted enough time on an old woman and a baby." Gaston, exchange places with M. St. Estevan before we bore him quite to death."

De Marçaye, deprived of his seat beside Cécile, as he turned round observed Angélique's mortification. "She is annoyed at the change," he thought; but he sat down beside her, as in duty bound, and talked on of one thing and another until the arrival of the tea-tray.

By that time their acquaintance had made considerable progress. Those demure eyes had not been fastened to the embroidery pattern as with St. Estevan just now. But then that was probably because he himself was merely a commonplace brother-in-law, thought Gaston, and bit his lip. For if Sœur Angélique was, as madame said, a stock herself, she was not calculated to make stocks of others. After the young men had taken their leave that night, Gas-

ton wondered if he ought not to tell St. Estevan that she was destined for a conventual life, but decided that his own observation would teach him that, so left the matter where it was.

Perhaps, however, it might have been as well to give the hint, for the most intimate relations were soon established between the young people—more so, it may be, than would have been permitted by a chaperon of the *vieille roche*. The one fault with which such ladies allowed themselves to reproach madame was a certain carelessness of small ceremonies, which, not inbred with the *roturier's* daughter, she had never been able—possibly had never sought—to practice in their extreme rigor. The two young men, with her sanction, came and went at will in the house every day, and all day long; the very pigeons grew to know them, and no longer troubled themselves to do more than lazily move aside from the path of these mustached intruders, before whose step at first they had used to scatter in disorder.

Meanwhile the time of Angélique's *début* was drawing on, and madame announced that she intended to open her season with a taste of the best provincial society, before going to Paris. To this end a flutter of preparation pervaded the house; and one day, finding the other rooms empty, Gaston, with St. Estevan in his wake, penetrated to his aunt's boudoir, where, from the open doorway, against a delicate background of silk and lace and muslin, he saw an absorbed group of five: Angélique on a chair in the centre of the room, with her great plaits of hair all unbound; madame and Cécile behind, regarding her with their heads critically on one side; and old Marthe, with firmly compressed lips expressive of silent wrath and scorn, standing in front handing hair-pins to her rival Aglaé, the fine new maid who had come express from Paris to supersede her in this critical time. It was Marthe's wag of the head at sight of the young men that aroused the ladies to their presence, and startled Aglaé, who had just gathered Mlle. Angélique's hair into one thick shining bunch between her two hands, into letting it fall again over the chair back, where it spread itself out, and dropped down in a great glossy sweep to the floor.

"Ah! ah!" cried madame, with a good-natured "pooh, child!" forcing Angélique back into her seat, and signing to Aglaé to make an end of her work; "so you are prying, are you, good-for-nothings? Well, well, you are pardoned; come in."

"It is a little your own fault, after all, madame," said Gaston. "You should not tempt curious eyes thus indiscreetly."

"Truly! I warrant you will not often see such a sight," said madame, following his involuntary glance. "Almost a pity,



humanly speaking, is it not, to deliver such hair to the convent shears? Ah, well, the greater the sacrifice, the more acceptable! But since the little one must lose it, I wish it were Cécile's."

"For to him that hath shall more be given," murmured Angélique, fixing her liquid gray eyes, brilliant with a strange feverish fire, on the opposite wall.

"Only hear the little Sœur Angélique how apt she is with her texts!" laughed madame. "Well, child, you unworldly women have at least this advantage over us worldly ones, that you never seem to grow old."

"No," said Cécile, who was rather inclined to pout over the implied slight to her own raven tresses. "It is their holiness preserves them, no doubt, but it seems to me nuns stay the same forever, like flies in honey."

"Or like Lili here," said Gaston, to divert the conversation, bending down to stroke the great white cat lying lazily on her cushion. "She has not changed by so much as a hair since I saw her seven years ago, and she was even then no longer young, as cats reckon. Has Lili, then, really discovered the elixir of life, madame?"

"Fie, then, monsieur the diplomate," cried his aunt, triumphantly, "what a successful counterfeit it must be, that you have not divined it! Figure to yourself, Gaston, that five years ago next month—never, never shall I forget that day!—my poor Lili, Queen Lili the first, as you used to call her, had the bad taste to die and leave me quite despairing."

"Not quite, it seems, since here is Queen Lili the second," put in Gaston, smiling, as he stroked the great white creature. "The queen is dead—long live the queen!"

"Yes, but if you would consider the trouble I had to duplicate her! It cost me all the pains in the world to find another so large, so perfect, and, above all, so entirely white. You remember, my poor dead Lili had not a dark hair on her whole body? Well, you would not believe how many so-called white cats have colored patches here and there: it is positively incredible. Eh, I must have rejected scores of cats, when at last arrives my princess here, the picture of Lili in her best days. Fancy my delight! only—I tell you this as a profound secret," she added, lowering her voice to an impressive whisper—"somewhere upon her she has three black hairs, exactly three, but I defy any one to suspect where! And how I am ever to supply her place when she is taken from me—for I suppose she, too, must one day go, alas!"

"Le temps emporte sur son aile  
Et la chatte et l'hirondelle!"

burlesqued De Marçaye, laughing at his aunt's solemnity, while Cécile exclaimed,

"Come, M. St. Estevan, I wager—stop, let me consider—"

"That flower in your hair, mademoiselle."

"*Bien!*—to a box of chocolates, then—that you will never discover the three famous black hairs."

"I accept the challenge, mademoiselle;" and he lifted Lili on his knee.

"No, no, Cécile; you know I will not have it!" cried madame, interrupting the progress of his hands over the great white cat. "Pardon me, monsieur, but Lili is my spoiled child, and I can not have her vexed. Gaston, be so good as to relieve monsieur of her weight."

In obedience to this command, De Marçaye removed Lili from his friend's knee, and placed her laughingly in the lap of Angélique, while St. Estevan, exchanging a rueful smile with Cécile, murmured, "We will consider our wager deferred, mademoiselle."

"Yes, she may stay there," remarked madame, happily deaf to this ominous speech, as she watched the cat's bristling tail and temper settle down into tranquillity again. "The little one suits her, somehow; Lili never gets cross with her."

De Marçaye assented mechanically, absorbed in his own thoughts. Regarding Angélique's bent head, he had seen her, fancying herself unseen, as if obeying a sudden, irresistible impulse, press a passionate kiss on Lili's neck, then, with a quick guilty start raise her eyes, and, meeting his own, blush a burning blush that gave place directly to a pallor as extreme.

Remembering how St. Estevan a moment before had been caressing Lili, this little episode, unnoticed by the others, confirmed a suspicion which from time to time had recurred to Gaston.

"She really does care for him, then," he said to himself, knitting his brows over the thought; for what save misery could come to Angélique from such an attachment, since St. Estevan was hardly likely to marry a dowerless girl? De Marçaye resolved to warn him at once, but a glance at his friend's unconscious face, as he sat talking lightly with madame and Cécile, made the young man question if he would not thus be bringing about the very evil he feared. At any rate, this daily association must soon cease; until that time matters might, perhaps, as well take their course. So the words still remained unspoken.

Meantime the evening of Angélique's first appearance was close at hand. It was at a ball at the préfecture, and most of the people of any note in the neighborhood were present. An excellent occasion for *demoiselles à marier*; but although neither of the De Beaumont sisters belonged to this class, their beauty made them remarked. Cécile was already known in this society, and her brunette brilliancy produced all its usual effect. As for Angélique, to madame's exceeding surprise, she was quite the sensa-



tion of the evening. This slender, shadowy girl, in the hot-house atmosphere of excitement, of light and sound and fragrance, flashed forth into intense beauty, feverish and fragile, of the peculiar type admired by her nation. Her large gray eyes—true French eyes under their dark lashes—deepened and darkened till the dilated pupil and outer violet circle made the colorless iris between look like pure light; her lips glowed as red as wine in the pallor of her face; and the masses of her magnificent fair hair, so disposed as to display their abundance, gave her a sort of ethereal moonbeam radiance. People turned to look after her; and many were the questions asked, and many the pretenders to her hand, even after they had learned who and what she was. A dowerless girl, when she was as beautiful as this one, was very well for an evening's amusement, provided it went no farther. So the little novice had almost an embarrassment of partners, and listened to much language not of a kind set down in any convent manual.

"You have had a *succès fou*, Sœur Angélique," said madame, when they were rolling homeward in the early morning. "Who would have thought it was in you, you little nun? If you only had a dowry, now!"

Out of the darkness De Marçaye heard a long, shivering sigh. Angélique was cold, perhaps, in her corner.

"Can not you get on faster, Pierre?" he said, impatiently, looking out at the coachman, who was guiding his horses at a strange uneven jog along the dusky road. "*Mon Dieu!* the fellow has been drinking!" he exclaimed, springing up and forcing open the door of the carriage, which at the moment, with one final lurch, tumbled over the slope among the brambles below.

First an utter blank, then a sharp sting of pain, and then De Marçaye found himself half sitting up, with his head resting against his friend's shoulder, and his right arm doubled helpless, where he had fallen on it. The glimmering lamps of the second carriage, which had contained Cécile, her chap-eron, and St. Estevan, from the road above, where it had halted, uncertainly illumined the spot, bringing out, like so many shadows, the scattered groups—the two servants near the bank busy with the fallen carriage; in the background madame and her friend Madame Duchêsne, with Angélique, white and still, and Cécile weeping hysterically.

"For Heaven's sake, Cécile, save thy tears for a more convenient time!" said madame, almost sharply. Then, passing behind St. Estevan, she whispered in his ear, "Say nothing, but help me to get Angélique home quickly. I fear some internal injury, though she says nothing. If you can hasten those snails yonder with the carriage, I will support Gaston."

Acting on madame's suggestion, the young man yielded his place beside De Marçaye, not yet fully restored to consciousness, and presently, urged on by St. Estevan; the conveyance, singularly little the worse for its mishap, stood ready. The ladies were packed together in one carriage, with Madame Duchêsne's coachman on the box, while Gaston was placed in the other, with Pierre, considerably sobered by the fright, for support, St. Estevan having volunteered to take the reins. In such fashion ended Angélique's first ball.

But, alas! poor Angélique, that was not the end for her. Madame's fears had proved true, and for weeks Angélique lay in the grasp of a violent fever, her delirious fancy constantly retracing the scene, with always the same heart-breaking moan. Madame, with a devotion astonishing to those who knew the sufferer's slight claim upon her, gave up every thing else to nurse Angélique, from whose chamber she rigidly excluded every disturbing influence, until reason had returned and the girl was pronounced out of danger. Then madame dawned upon the outer world again, which was pronounced to have been going generally wrong since her eclipse. Gaston, notwithstanding that his arm seemed to have been doing well, looked pale and thin; Cécile was peevish and inclined to be hysterical when contradicted; while St. Estevan came and went, with a dismal face that, madame averred, dealt upon her nerves. Altogether she declared that it was a cheerless house, and that she had half a mind to run away and leave the sixes and sevens to sort themselves. "And positively the only reason why I do not," she continued, "is that sick child yonder; and Cécile, little ungrateful! whose future I charged myself with, and who now repays me by bristling like Lili at a word. Ah, well, marriage will do much, *va!* and, *à propos* of that, Gaston, I desire a little serious conversation with you."

"Serious conversation is the bane of life," retorted her nephew, laughing; "and if you are the adorable little aunt I think you, you will spare me business at present. But, pardon me, there is Eugène, with whom I have an engagement." And with a hurried salutation he left the room. Madame looked after the two young men, and nodded with compressed lips.

"We will see," she muttered; "all in good time, monsieur my nephew!"

But Gaston's serious conversation was but transferred to St. Estevan, who, indeed, had come to seek him for the purpose of announcing his immediate departure. When pressed on the subject, he said, suddenly,

"Well, yes, you are right; there is something behind. I am going away, then, because I am passionately, hopelessly, in love with Mlle. De Beaumont—do you understand?"



Gaston's face turned a shade paler, but he only said, quietly, after a moment, "Why do you call her Mlle. De Beaumont, my friend?"

"Why," retorted St. Estevan, bitterly, "you do not exact the surrender even of her name before the time, I suppose?"

De Marçaye stopped short, grasping his friend's arm as if just then he needed its support. "One moment," he said. "Which Mlle. De Beaumont do you mean?"

St. Estevan stared at him. "Which should I mean but Mlle. Cécile?" he said. "Is not the other a little novice?"

"True," said Gaston, with a laugh—"the bride of heaven; I had forgotten. Well, then, listen to me, Eugène; I have much to say to you." And arm in arm the two young men walked on, absorbed in the conversation that followed.

An hour later Gaston re-appeared in his aunt's presence. "Madame," he said, "behold me very much at the service of your serious conversation."

"*À la bonne heure!*" cried madame; then, as she turned round, "But how strange you look, Gaston! Nothing has happened?"

"Something very decidedly has happened, begging your pardon, madame," replied Gaston, with a cool smile in spite of his pallor. "My friend M. St. Estevan has the honor to demand the hand of Mlle. De Beaumont in marriage."

"I do not appreciate the nature of your jest, monsieur," said madame, sharply, "since it is of course impossible that you can speak in earnest."

"Perfectly possible, madame. Why not? M. St. Estevan is an excellent *parti*—in point of wealth better than myself, for example."

"But Cécile is *your* betrothed," cried madame, in angry bewilderment. "Is she to be coolly transferred like a bale of goods?"

"Her heart, it seems, is already transferred. St. Estevan has been making full confession. Best take it philosophically, aunt. 'When the cat's away,' you know; forgive the homeliness of the adage. They were much thrown together during my disablement and your watch in the sick-room."

"How was I to suspect?" said madame, with an impatient gesture. "This, then, was the meaning of Mademoiselle Cécile's nerves lately!"

"Do not be too hard," interposed De Marçaye, smiling. "They have not meant it, I am sure; but nature is strong. What would you have? And, after all, the important thing, the marriage, is made. I resign; he succeeds: it is the same thing."

"Not at all," said madame, passionately. "You are too resigned by half. It was for *you* I wanted to make the marriage, not for the first-comer—do you hear?"

"Then let me still claim your services," said Gaston, rising and coming to her side.

"My dear aunt, will you kindly make a marriage for me—with Mlle. Angélique?"

"Angélique!" Madame threw herself back with a movement of impatient amusement. "This is too much. You did not know that the child herself is the victim of a romantic passion?"

De Marçaye bit his lip. "I had fancied so sometimes," he answered, in a constrained voice. "But she is so young. After the marriage she would not see St. Estevan, and then—"

"St. Estevan?" interrupted madame. "But it is you—you!"

De Marçaye started, turning visibly paler. "You tell me, madame," he stammered, "that Mlle. Angélique is—that it is for me—"

"Yourself, and no other. I have known it since the night of our overturn. You were half out of the carriage, you remember, and were thrown beneath it. When Angélique saw you lying so white and still—and truly you looked like the dead," shuddered madame—"the poor child gives a cry—such a cry!—and away like a mad thing, and has lifted that heavy weight before I know. Why, I could not have stirred it to save my life. It was that ailed her. And all through her fever she has done nothing but go over it again—always that same cry, 'Are you hurt? are you hurt?' so that it was pitiful to hear. But, my faith! I never left her side, and kept the others away, so that I saved her secret, or so at least I fancied," laughed madame. "Ah, well, love and murder will out, they say."

During this recital De Marçaye's thoughts had gone back over the past, and by this fresh light were reading its events anew. What he had supposed indications of Angélique's fancy for another were, then, only so many evidences of her love for himself. It was at his glance that she had blushed, the touch of his fingers that her lips had caressed: she had loved him and suffered for him all this while that he had never guessed it. When his aunt's voice ceased he raised his face from the hand which had covered it. "You have known this so long, and never hinted it to me that have been the cause almost of her death?" he said.

"To what good?" replied madame, shrugging her shoulders. "I would not run the risk. Could I tell what foolery a young man might be capable of?"

De Marçaye regarded his aunt in silence, unpleasantly struck, as he had occasionally been before, by the touch of coarseness which Thérèse Martigny had bequeathed to Madame la Comtesse de Varennes.

"At all events," he said, somewhat coldly, after a moment, "since there is no question of foolery at present, may I count on your support? I intend to propose for Mlle. Angélique's hand at the earliest time you think fitting."



"Two love-matches in the family!" laughed madame, quite unconscious of having revolted her nephew's fastidious perceptions. "You know she has no dowry? But that, perhaps, *I* could manage, since it is for you."

"I do not want you to manage it," interrupted Gaston. "I should prefer to have her without a dowry; I want only herself."

"You care so much for the child, then?" said madame, half incredulously.

"I have loved her from the first day I saw her, when I fancied her my betrothed," answered the young man, passionately. "But that my hands were tied—"

"Ah, well, they are untied now," said madame, sympathetically, from her warm heart. "Just a little more patience. I will write at once to the colonel in your name. Of course it is a mere matter of form."

So it proved. Speedily came a reply from Colonel De Beaumont, expressing his satisfaction in the two brilliant alliances proposed to him, and his perfect readiness to leave the direction of his family affairs to Madame De Varennes, as a second and rather more reliable providence.

Upon which madame, nothing loath, set to work at once. She went to her boudoir, now given up to Angélique's use; for the girl, though convalescent, was still a prisoner to her room. Here madame's airs of mystery and importance soon roused Angélique's curiosity.

"Has any thing happened?" she asked.

"To be sure," answered madame. "The doctor says you may come down stairs to-morrow, and even take a little drive, if you are very good."

"Oh, is that all?" sighed Angélique, leaning her head wearily back again.

"All? Why, what more would you have? You know you must get well as fast as you can, or you will not be in time for the wedding next Christmas."

"Ah, yes, the wedding," said Angélique, rousing herself, and speaking in a hard, matter-of-fact tone. "Has Cécile decided yet whether she will go to Paris or Rome for the winter?"

"Oh, to Paris, as some affairs of M. St. Estevan's require his presence in France during the winter."

"M. St. Estevan!" repeated Angélique, opening her eyes in wonder. "But what has M. St. Estevan to do with where Cécile will live?"

"Every thing, since he will be her husband," and then, as Angélique looked at her in speechless amazement, "Ah!" she continued, laughing, "I had forgotten that was since your illness. Well, it is all changed. M. St. Estevan is to marry Cécile—actually a love-match! Very foolish, but what was I to do with two headstrong young people?"

There was a long pause. "And M. De

Marçaye?" said Angélique, at last, in a low voice.

"M. De Marçaye? Oh!—Gaston," opening the door behind her, and beckoning in her nephew, "tell Sœur Angélique whom you are to marry."

"You, if you will—you, Angélique," said Gaston, stooping over her, and looking down with eyes full of unutterable tenderness at the little wan, wasted face.

Angélique had started up at his entrance, as if uncertain whither to turn, but now stood still, looking up with her great pathetic gray eyes as if fascinated by his voice. "But how can it be?" she said at last, in a whisper. "You loved Cécile—"

"I have loved you, and you only, from the first hour we met," answered Gaston. "Trust me, Angélique, and love me a little, can you not?"

"Courage, child," laughingly interposed madame, seeing Angélique tremble. "As I tell your future lord and master, you will marry earth instead of heaven, that is the only difference"—with a malicious nod at De Marçaye.

"Since it is I that will marry heaven," said Gaston, in a low voice, never taking his eyes off Angélique's face.

The girl trembled more and more—trembled at length so violently that she put out her hands as if to steady herself. The young man made a movement to support her.

"Oh! your arm!" stammered Angélique, reproachfully. "Take care—it is not strong yet."

"It will always be strong enough to hold you," said Gaston. Then taking her hands in his, and looking in her eyes, he murmured, "Angélique, tell me, art thou content?"

Madame caught up the great white cat pressing close against Angélique's robe, and exclaiming, "Lili, my treasure, thou art indiscreet," turned away and smiled out of the window. "We can afford to shut our eyes now, my jewel," she murmured, burying her face in Lili's warm fur, "since this is the end of the little Sœur Angélique's novitiate."

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### STAR, ROSE, AND THORN.

I BREATHED a song to the silent night;  
It died in ether beyond my sight.  
I sighed a name in a garden fair;  
'Twas lost 'mid clustering roses there.  
In azure heavens serene and far  
There glowed a radiant golden star;  
A fresh bud bloomed on my red rose-tree;  
Both star and flower were my thought of thee.

All night the star through my window gleams;  
I weave its light into golden dreams.  
The red, red rose to my heart I pressed;  
Its thorn, its fragrance are in my breast.  
The star grows dim with the dawning day:  
My dream is only a dream away.  
The rose is faded, so fair to see:  
A thorn is all that is left to me.



## THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

## BOOK FIFTH.

Contains the natural effects of the foregoing misadventure, namely, contrition in one quarter; in another, an awakening to harrowing discoveries; hasty action thereupon; and what ensued before milder intentions could take effect.

## CHAPTER I.

"WHEREFORE IS LIGHT GIVEN TO HIM  
THAT IS IN MISERY?"

ONE evening, about three weeks after the funeral of Mrs. Yeobright, when the silver face of the moon sent a bundle of beams directly upon the door of Clym's house at Alderworth, a woman came forth from within. She reclined over the garden gate as if to refresh herself a while. The pale lunar touches, which make beauties of hags, lent divinity to this face, already beautiful.

She had not long been there when a man came up the road, and with some hesitation said to her, "How is he to-night, ma'am, if you please?"

"He is better, though still very unwell, Humphrey," replied Eustacia.

"Is he light-headed, ma'am?"

"No. He is quite sensible now."

"Do he rave about his mother just the same, poor fellow?" continued Humphrey.

"Just as much, though not quite so wildly," she said, in a low voice.

"It was very unfortunate that the boy Johnny should ever ha' told him his mother's dying words, about her being broken-hearted and cast off by her son. 'Twas enough to upset any man alive."

Eustacia made no reply beyond that of a slight catch in her breath, as of one who fain would speak but could not; and Humphrey, finding that she was disinclined to say more, went homeward again.

Eustacia turned, entered the house, and ascended to the front bedroom, where a shaded light was burning. In the bed lay Clym, pale, haggard, wide-awake, tossing to one side and to the other, his eyes lit by a hot light, as if the fire in their pupils were burning up their substance.

"Is it you, Eustacia?" he said, as she sat down.

"Yes, Clym. I have been down to the gate. The moon is shining beautifully, and there is not a leaf stirring."

"Shining, is it? What's the moon to a man like me? Let it shine—let any thing be, so that I never see another day. . . . Eustacia, I don't know where to look: my thoughts go through me like swords. Oh, if any man wants to make himself immortal by painting a picture of wretchedness, let him come here!"

"Why do you say so?"

"I can not help feeling still that I did my best to kill her."

"No, Clym."

"Yes, it was so: it is useless to excuse me. My conduct to her was too hideous—I made no advances; and she could not bring herself to forgive me. Now she is dead! If I had only shown myself willing to make it up with her sooner, and we had been friends, and then she had died, it wouldn't be so hard to bear. But I never went near her house, so she never came near mine, and didn't know how welcome she would have been—that's what troubles me. She did not know I was going to her house that very night, for she was too insensible to understand me. If she had only come to see me!—I longed that she would. But it was not to be."

There escaped from Eustacia one of those shivering sighs which used to shake her like a pestilent blast. She had not yet told.

But Yeobright was too deeply absorbed in the ramblings incidental to his remorseful state to notice her. During his illness he had been continually talking thus. Despair had been added to his original grief by the unfortunate disclosure of the boy who had received the last words of Mrs. Yeobright—words too bitterly uttered in an hour of misapprehension. Then his distress had overwhelmed him, and he longed for death as a field laborer longs for the shade. It was the pitiful sight of a man standing in the very focus of sorrow. He continually bewailed his tardy journey to his mother's house, because it was an error which could never be rectified, and insisted that he must have been horribly perverted by some fiend, not to have thought before that it was his duty to go to her, since she did not come to him. He would ask Eustacia to agree with him in his self-condemnation; and when she, seared inwardly by a secret she dared not tell, declared that she could not give an opinion, he would say, "That's because you didn't know my mother's nature. She was always ready to forgive if asked to do so; but I seemed to her to be as an obstinate child, and that made her unyielding. Yet not unyielding: she was proud and reserved, no more. . . . Yes, I can understand why she held out against me so long. She was waiting for me. I dare say she said a hundred times in her sorrow, 'What a return he makes for all the sacrifices I have made for him!' I never



went to her! When I set out to visit her it was too late. To think of that is nearly intolerable."

Sometimes his condition had been one of utter remorse, unsoftened by a single tear of pure sorrow; and then he writhed as he lay, fevered far more by thought than by physical ills. "If I could only get one assurance that she did not die in a belief that I was resentful," he said one day when in this mood, "it would be better to think of than a hope of heaven. But that I can not do."

"You give yourself up too much to this wearying despair," said Eustacia. "Other men's mothers have died."

"That doesn't make the loss of mine less. Yet it is less the loss than the circumstances of the loss. I sinned against her, and on that account there is no light for me."

"She sinned against you, I think."

"No: she did not. I committed the guilt; and may the whole burden be upon my head!"

"I think you might consider twice before you say that," Eustacia replied. "Single men have, no doubt, a right to curse themselves as much as they please; but men with wives involve two in the doom they pray down."

"I am in too sorry a state to understand what you are refining on," said the wretched man. "Day and night shout at me, 'You have helped to kill her.' But in loathing myself I may, I own, be unjust to you, my poor wife. Forgive me for it, Eustacia, for I scarcely know what I do."

Eustacia was always anxious to avoid the sight of her husband in such a state as this, which had become as dreadful to her as the trial scene was to Judas Iscariot. It brought before her eyes the spectre of a worn-out woman knocking at a door which she would not open, and she shrank from contemplating it. Yet it was better for Yeobright himself when he spoke openly of his sharp regret, for in silence he endured infinitely more, and would sometimes remain so long in a tense, brooding mood, consuming himself by the gnawing of his thought, that it was imperatively necessary to make him talk aloud, that his grief might in some degree expend itself in the effort.

Eustacia had not long been in-doors after her look at the moonlight, when a soft footstep came up to the house, and Thomasin was announced by the woman down stairs.

"Ah, Thomasin! Thank you for coming to-night," said Clym, when she entered the room. "Here am I, you see. Such a wretched spectacle am I, that I shrink from being seen by a single friend; and almost from you."

"You must not shrink from me, dear Clym," said Thomasin, earnestly, in that sweet voice of hers which came to a sufferer

like fresh air into a Black Hole. "Nothing in you can ever shock me or drive me away. I have been here before, but you don't remember it."

"Yes, I do. I am not delirious, Thomasin, nor have I been so at all. Don't you believe that if they say so. I am only in great misery at what I have done; and that, with the weakness, makes me seem mad. But it has not upset my reason. Do you think I should remember all about my mother's death if I were out of my mind? No such good luck. Two months and a half, Thomasin, the last of her life, did my poor mother live alone, distracted and mourning because of me; yet she was unvisited by me, though I was living only five miles off. Two months and a half—seventy-five days did the sun rise and set upon her in that deserted state which a dog didn't deserve. Poor people, who had nothing in common with her, would have cared for her, and visited her had they known her sickness and loneliness; but I, who should have been all to her, staid away like a cur. If there is any justice in God, let him kill me now. He has nearly blinded me, but that is not enough. If he would only strike me with more pain, I would believe in him forever."

"Hush, hush! Oh, pray, Clym, don't, don't say it!" implored Thomasin, affrighted into sobs and tears; while Eustacia, at the other side of the room, though her pale face remained calm, writhed in her chair. Clym went on without heeding his cousin.

"But I am not worth receiving further proof even of Heaven's reprobation. Do you think, Thomasin, that she knew me—that she did not die in that horrid mistaken notion about my not forgiving her, which I can't tell you how she acquired? If you could only assure me of that! Do you think so, Eustacia? Do speak to me."

"I think I can assure you that she knew better at last," said Thomasin. The pallid Eustacia said nothing.

"Why didn't she come to my house? I would have taken her in, and showed her how I loved her in spite of all. But she never came; and I didn't go to her, and she died on the heath like an animal kicked out, nobody to help her till it was too late. If you could have seen her, Thomasin, as I saw her—a poor dying woman, lying in the dark upon the bare ground, moaning, nobody near, believing she was utterly deserted by all the world—it would have moved you to anguish, it would have moved a brute. And this poor woman, my mother! No wonder she said to the child, 'You have seen a broken-hearted woman.' What a state she must have been brought to, to say that! and who can have done it but I? It is too dreadful to think of, and I wish I could be punished more heavily than I am.



—How long was I what they called out of my senses?"

"A week, I think."

"And then I became calm?"

"Yes, for four days."

"And now I have left off being calm?"

"But try to be quiet; please do, and you will soon be strong. If you could remove that impression from your mind—"

"Yes, yes," he said, impatiently. "But I don't want to get strong. What's the use of my getting well? It would be better for me if I die, and it would certainly be better for Eustacia. Is Eustacia there?"

"Yes."

"It would be better for you, Eustacia, if I were to die?"

"Don't press such a question, dear Clym."

"Well, it really is but a shadowy supposition, for unfortunately I am going to live. I feel myself getting better. Thomasin, how long are you going to stay at the inn, now that all this money has come to your husband?"

"Another month, probably; until my illness is over. We can not get off till then. I think it will be a month or more."

"Yes, yes. Of course. Ah, Cousin Tam-sie, you will get over your trouble—one little month will take you through it, and bring something to console you; but I shall never get over mine, and no consolation will come."

"Clym, you are unjust to yourself. Depend upon it, aunt thought kindly of you. I know that, had she lived, you would have been reconciled with her."

"But she didn't come to see me, though I asked her, before I married, if she would come. Had she come, or had I gone there, she would never have died saying, 'I am a broken-hearted woman, cast off by my son.' My door has always been open to her—a welcome here has always awaited her. But that she never came to see."

"You had better not talk any more now, Clym," said Eustacia, faintly, from the other part of the room, for the scene was growing intolerable to her.

"Let me talk to you instead, for the little time I shall be here," Thomasin said, soothingly. "Consider what a one-sided way you have of looking at the matter, Clym. When she said that to the little boy, you had not found her and taken her into your arms; and it might have been uttered in a moment of bitterness. It was rather like aunt to say things in haste. She sometimes used to speak so to me. Though she did not come, I am convinced that she thought of coming to see you. Do you suppose a man's mother could live two or three months without one forgiving thought? She forgave me; and why should she not have forgiven you?"

"You labored to win her round: I did

nothing. I, who was going to teach people the higher secrets of happiness, did not know how to keep out of that gross misery which the most untaught are wise enough to avoid."

"How did you get here to-night, Thomasin?" said Eustacia.

"Damon set me down at the end of the lane. He has driven into the village on business, and he will come and pick me up by-and-by."

Accordingly they soon after heard the noise of wheels. Wildeve had come, and was waiting outside in his horse and gig.

"Send out and tell him I will be down in two minutes," said Thomasin.

"I will run down myself," said Eustacia.

She went down. Wildeve had alighted, and was standing before the horse's head when Eustacia opened the door. He did not turn for a moment, thinking the comer Thomasin. Then he looked, started ever so little, and said one word: "Well?"

"I have not yet told him," she replied, in a whisper.

"Then don't do so till he is well—it will be fatal. You are ill yourself."

"I am wretched. . . . Oh, Damon," she said, bursting into tears, "I—I can't tell you how unhappy I am. I can hardly bear this. I can tell nobody of my trouble—nobody knows it but you."

"Poor girl," said Wildeve, visibly affected at her distress, and at last led on so far as to take her hand. "It is hard, when you have done nothing to deserve it, that you should have got involved in such a web as this. You were not made for these sad scenes. I am to blame most. If I could only have saved you from it all!"

"But Damon, please, pray tell me what I must do! To sit by him hour after hour, and hear him reproach himself as being the cause of her death, and to know that I am the sinner, if any human being is at all, drives me into cold despair. I don't know what to do. Should I tell him, or should I not tell him? I always am asking myself that. Oh, I want to tell him, and yet I am afraid. If he finds it out, he must surely kill me, for nothing less will be in proportion to his feelings now. 'Beware the fury of a patient man!' sounds day by day in my ears as I watch him."

"Well, wait till he is better, and trust to chance. And when you tell, you must only tell part—for his own sake."

"Which part should I reserve?"

Wildeve paused. "That I was in the house at the time," he said, in a low tone,

"Yes; it must be concealed, seeing what has been whispered. How much easier are hasty actions than speeches that will excuse them!"

"If he were only to die—" Wildeve murmured.



"Do not think of it. I would not buy a hope of immunity by so cowardly a desire even if I hated him. Now I am going up to him again. Thomasin bade me tell you she would be down in a few minutes. Good-by."

She returned; and Thomasin soon appeared. When she was seated in the gig with her husband, and the horse was turning to go off, Wildeve lifted his eyes to the bedroom windows. Looking from one of them he could discern a pale tragical face, watching him drive away. It was Eustacia's.

## CHAPTER II.

### A LURID LIGHT BREAKS IN UPON A DARKENED UNDERSTANDING.

CLYM'S grief became mitigated by wearing itself out. His strength returned, and a month after the visit of Thomasin he might have been seen walking about the garden. Hope and despair, brightness and gloom, the tints of health and the pallor of death, mingled weirdly in his face. He was now unnaturally silent upon all of the past that related to his mother; and though Eustacia knew that he was thinking of it none the less, she was only too glad to escape the topic ever to bring it up anew. When his mind had been weaker, his heart had led him to speak out; but reason having now somewhat recovered itself, he sank into taciturnity.

One evening when he was thus standing in the garden, abstractedly spudding up a weed with his stick, a bony figure turned the corner of the house and came up to him.

"Christian, isn't it?" said Clym. "I am glad you have found me out. I shall soon want you to go to Blooms End and assist me in putting the house in order. I suppose it is all locked up as I left it?"

"Yes, Mister Clym."

"Have you dug up the potatoes and roots?"

"Yes, without a drop o' rain, thank God. But I was coming to tell 'ee of something else which is quite different from what we have lately had in the family. I be sent by the rich gentleman at the Woman, that we used to call the landlord, to tell 'ee that Mrs. Wildeve is doing well of a girl, which was born punctually at one of the clock at noon, or a few minutes more or less; and 'tis said that expecting of this increase is what have kept 'em there since they came into their money."

"And she is getting on well, you say?"

"Yes, Sir. Only Mr. Wildeve is twanky because 'tisn't a boy—that's what they say in the kitchen, but I was not supposed to notice that."

"Christian, now listen to me."

"Yes, sure, Mister Yeobright."

"Did you see my mother the day before she died?"

"No; I did not."

Yeobright's face expressed disappointment.

"But I saw her the morning of the same day she died."

Clym's look lighted up. "That's nearer still to my meaning," he said.

"Yes, I know 'twas the same day; for she said, 'I am going to see him, Christian, so I shall not want any vegetables brought in for dinner.'"

"See who?"

"See you. She was going to your house, you understand."

Yeobright regarded Christian with intense surprise. "Why did you never mention this?" he said. "Are you sure it was my house she was coming to?"

"Oh yes. I didn't mention it because I've never seed you lately. And as she didn't get there, it was all naught, and nothing to tell."

"And I have been wondering why she should have walked in the heath on that hot day! Well—did she say what she was coming for? It is a thing, Christian, I am very anxious to know."

"Yes, Mister Clym. She didn't say it to me, though I think she did to one here and there."

"Do you know one person to whom she spoke of it?"

"There is one man, please Sir, but I hope you won't mention my name to him, as I have seen him in strange places, particularly in dreams. One night last summer he glared at me like Famine and Sword, and it made me feel so low that I didn't comb out my few hairs for two days. He was standing, as it might be, Mr. Yeobright, in the middle of the path to Mistover, and your mother came up, looking as pale—"

"Yes; when was that?"

"Last summer, in my dream."

"Pooh!—who's the man?"

"Diggory, the reddleman. He called upon her and sat with her the evening before she set out to see you. I hadn't gone home from work when he came up to the gate."

"I must see Venn—I wish I had known it before," said Clym, anxiously. "I wonder why he has not come to tell me?"

"He went out of Egdon Heath the next day, so would not be likely to know you wanted him."

Christian," said Clym, "you must go and find Venn. I am otherwise engaged, or I would go myself. Find him at once, and tell him I want to speak to him."

"I am a good hand at hunting up folk by day," said Christian, looking dubiously round at the declining light; "but as to



night-time, never is such a bad hand as I, Mister Yeobright."

"Search the heath when you will, so that you bring him soon. Bring him to-morrow, if you can."

Christian then departed. The morrow came, but no Venn. In the evening Christian arrived, looking very weary. He had been searching all day, and had heard nothing of the reddleman.

"Inquire as much as you can to-morrow without neglecting your work," said Yeobright. "Don't come again till you have found him."

The next day Yeobright set out for the old house at Blooms End, which, with the garden, was now his own. His severe illness had hindered all preparations for his removal thither; but it had now become necessary that he should go and overlook its contents, as administrator to his mother's little property; for which purpose he decided to pass the next night on the premises.

He journeyed onward, not quickly or decisively, but in the slow walk of one who has been awakened from a stupefying sleep. It was early afternoon when he reached the valley. The expression of the place, the tone of the hour, were precisely those of many such occasions in days gone by; and these antecedent similarities fostered the illusion that she, who was there no longer, would come out to welcome him. The garden gate was locked, and the shutters were closed, just as he himself had left them on the evening after the funeral. He unlocked the gate, and found that a spider had already constructed a large web, tying the door to the lintel, on the supposition that it was never to be opened again. When he had entered the house, and flung back the shutters, he set about his task of overhauling the cupboards and closets, burning papers, and considering how best to arrange the place for Eustacia's reception, until such time as he might be in a position to carry out his long-delayed scheme, should that time ever arrive.

As he surveyed the rooms, he felt strongly disinclined for the alterations which would have to be made in the time-honored furnishing of his parents and grandparents, to suit Eustacia's modern ideas. The gaunt oak-cased clock, with the picture of the Ascension on the door panel and the Miraculous Draught of Fishes on the base; his grandmother's corner cupboard with the glass door, through which the spotted china was visible; the dumb-waiter; the wooden tea-trays; the hanging fountain with the brass tap—whither would these venerable articles have to be banished?

He noticed that the flowers in the window had died for want of water, and he placed them out upon the ledge that they

might be taken away. While thus engaged he heard footsteps on the gravel without, and somebody knocked at the door.

Yeobright opened it, and Venn was standing before him.

"Good-morning," said the reddleman. "Is Mrs. Yeobright at home?"

Yeobright looked upon the ground. "Then you have not seen Christian, or any of Egdon folks?" he said.

"No. I have only just returned after a long stay away. I called here the day before I left."

"And you have heard nothing?"

"Nothing."

"My mother is—dead."

"Dead!" said Venn, mechanically.

"Her home now is where I shouldn't mind having mine."

Venn regarded him, and then said, "If I didn't see your face, I could never believe your words. Have you been ill?"

"I had an illness."

"Well, the change! When I parted from her a month ago, every thing seemed to say that she was going to begin a new life."

"And what seemed, came true."

"You say right, no doubt. Trouble has taught you a deeper vein of talk than mine. All I meant was regarding her life here. She has died too soon."

"Perhaps through my living too long. I have had a bitter experience on that score, this last month, Diggory. But come in; I have been wanting to see you."

He conducted the reddleman into the large room where the dancing had taken place the previous Christmas; and they sat down in the settle together. "There's the cold fire-place, you see," said Clym. "When that half-burned log and those cinders were alight, she was alive. Little has been changed here yet. I can do nothing. My life creeps like a snail."

"How came she to die?" said Venn.

Yeobright gave him some particulars of her illness and death, and continued: "After this, no kind of pain will ever seem more than an indisposition to me.—I began saying that I wanted to ask you something, but I stray from subjects like a drunken man. I am anxious to know what my mother said to you when she last saw you. You talked with her a long time, I think?"

"I talked with her more than half an hour."

"About me?"

"Yes. And it must have been on account of what we said that she was on the heath. Without question she was coming to see you."

"But why should she come to see me if she felt so bitterly against me? There's the mystery."

"Yet I know she quite forgave 'ee."

"But, Diggory, would a woman who had



quite forgiven her son say, when she felt herself ill on the way to his house, that she was broken-hearted because of his ill usage? Never!"

"What I know is, that she didn't blame you at all. She blamed herself for what had happened, and only herself. I had it from her own lips."

"You had it from her lips that I had *not* ill-treated her; and at the same time another had it from her lips that I *had* ill-treated her. My mother was no impulsive woman who changed her opinion every hour without reason. How can it be, Venn, that she should have told such different stories in close succession?"

"I can not say. It is certainly odd, when she had forgiven you, and had forgiven your wife, and was going to see ye on purpose to make friends."

"If there was one thing wanting to stupefy me, it was this incomprehensible thing. . . . Diggory, if we, who remain alive, were only allowed to hold conversation with the dead—just once, a bare minute, even through bars, as with persons in prison—what we might learn! How many who now ride smiling would hide their heads! And this mystery—I should then be at the bottom of it at once. But the grave has shut her in; and how shall it be found out now?"

No reply was returned by his companion, since none could be given; and when Venn left, a few minutes later, Clym had passed from the dullness of sorrow to the fluctuation of carking incertitude.

He continued in the same state all the afternoon. A bed was made up for him in the same house, by a neighbor, that he might not have to return again the next day; and when he retired to rest in the deserted place, it was only to remain awake hour after hour thinking the same thoughts. How to discover a solution to this riddle of death seemed a query of more importance than highest problems of the living. There was housed in his memory a vivid picture of the face of the little boy as he entered the hovel where Clym's mother lay. The round eyes, eager gaze, the piping voice which enunciated the words, had operated like stilettos on his brain.

A visit to the boy suggested itself as a means of gleaning new particulars, though it might be quite unproductive. To probe a child's mind after the lapse of six weeks, not for facts which the child had seen and understood, but to get at those which were in their nature beyond him, did not promise much; yet when every obvious channel is blocked, we grope toward the small and obscure. There was nothing else left to do; after that he would allow the enigma to drop into the abyss of undiscoverable things.

It was about daybreak when he had reached this decision, and he at once arose. He

locked up the house and went out into the green patch which merged in heather farther on. Beyond the gate the path branched into three like a broad-arrow. The road to the right led to the Quiet Woman and its neighborhood; the middle track led to Mistover Knap; the left-hand track led over the hill to another part of Mistover, where the child lived. On inclining into the latter path Yeobright felt a creeping chilliness, familiar enough to most people, and probably caused by the unsunned morning air. In after-days he thought of it as a thing of singular significance.

When Yeobright reached the cottage of Susan Nunsuch, the mother of the boy he sought, he found that the inmates were not yet astir. But in upland hamlets the transition from abed to abroad is surprisingly swift and easy. There no dense partition of yawns and toilets divides humanity by night from humanity by day. Yeobright tapped at the upper window-sill, which he could reach with his walking-stick; and in three or four minutes the woman came down.

It was not till this moment that Clym recollected her to be the person who had behaved so barbarously to Eustacia. It partly explained the insuavity with which the woman greeted him. Moreover, the boy had been ailing, and Susan, now, as ever since the night when he had been pressed into Eustacia's service at the bonfire, attributed his indisposition to Eustacia's influence as a witch, though she kept her opinion to herself. It was one of those sentiments which lurk like moles underneath the visible surface of manners.

Yeobright overcame his repugnance, and asked kindly for the boy; but her manner did not improve.

"I wish to see him," continued Yeobright, with some hesitation; "to ask him if he remembers any thing more of his walk with my mother than what he has previously told."

She regarded him in a peculiar and criticising manner. To any body but a half-blind man it would have said, "You want another of the knocks which have already laid you so low."

She called the boy down stairs, asked Clym to sit down on a stool, and remarked: "Now, Johnny, tell Mr. Yeobright any thing you can call to mind."

"You have not forgotten how you walked with the poor lady on that hot day?" said Clym.

"No," said the boy.

"And what she said to you?"

The boy repeated the exact words he had used on entering the hut. Yeobright rested his elbow on the table, and shaded his face with his hand; and the mother looked as if she wondered how a man could want more of what had stung him so deeply.



"She was going to Alderworth when you first met her?"

"No; she was coming away."

"That can't be."

"Yes; she walked along with me. I was coming away too."

"Then where did you first see her?"

"At your house."

"Attend, and speak the truth!" said Clym, sternly.

"Yes, Sir; at your house was where I seed her first."

Clym started up, and Susan smiled in an expectant way, which did not embellish her face; it seemed to mean, "Something sinister is coming."

"What did she do at my house?"

"She went and sat under the trees at the Devil's Bellows."

"Good God! this is all news to me."

"You never told me this before?" said Susan.

"No, mother, because I didn't like to tell 'ee I had been so far. I was picking black-hearts, and they don't grow nearer."

"What did she do then?" said Yeobright.

"Looked at a man who came up and went into your house."

"That was myself—a furze-cutter, with brambles in his hand?"

"No; 'twas not you. 'Twas a gentleman. You had gone in afore."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know."

"Now tell me what happened next."

"The poor lady went and knocked at your door, and the lady with black hair looked out of the side window at her."

The boy's mother turned to Clym and said, "This seems to be something you didn't expect?"

Yeobright took no more notice of her than if he had been of stone. "Go on, go on," he said, hoarsely, to the boy.

"And when she saw the young lady look out of the window, the old lady knocked again, and when nobody came she took up the furze hook and looked at it, and put it down again, and then she looked at the fagot bonds, and then she went away, and walked across to me, and blowed her breath very hard, like this. We walked on together, she and I, and I talked to her and she talked to me a bit, but not much, because she couldn't blow her breath."

"Oh!" murmured Clym, in a low tone, and bowed his head. "Let's have more," he said.

"She couldn't talk much, and she couldn't walk, and her face was, oh! so queer."

"How was her face?"

"Like yours is now."

The woman looked at Yeobright, and beheld him colorless. "Isn't there meaning in it?" she said, stealthily. "What do you think of her now?"

"Silence!" said Clym, fiercely. And turning to the boy: "And then you left her to die."

"No," said the woman, quickly and angrily. "He did not leave her to die. She sent him away. Whoever says he forsook her says what's not true."

"Trouble no more about that," answered Clym, with a quivering mouth. "What he did is a trifle in comparison with what he saw. Door kept shut, did you say? Kept shut, she looking out of window? Good heart of God! what does it mean?"

The child shrank away from the gaze of his questioner.

"He said so," answered the mother, "and Johny's a God-fearing boy, and tells no lies."

"Cast off by my son!"—No, by my best life, dear mother, it is not so! But by your son's—your son's— May all murderesses get the torment they deserve!"

With these words Yeobright went forth from the little dwelling. The pupils of his eyes, fixed steadfastly on blankness, were vaguely lit with an icy shine; his mouth had passed into the phase more or less imaginatively rendered in studies of Laocoon. The strangest deeds were possible to his mood. But they were not possible to his situation. Instead of there being before him the pale face of Eustacia, and a masculine shape unknown, there was only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which, having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man.

### CHAPTER III.

#### EUSTACIA DRESSES HERSELF UNDER SAD CIRCUMSTANCES.

A CONSCIOUSNESS of the vast impassivity of all which lay around him took possession even of Yeobright in his wild walk toward Alderworth. He had once before felt in his own person this overpowering of the fervid by the inanimate; but then it had tended to enervate a passion far sweeter than that which at present pervaded him. It was once when he stood parting from Eustacia in the moist still levels beyond the hills.

But dismissing all this, he went onward again, and came to the front of his house. The blinds of Eustacia's bedroom were still closely drawn, for she was no early riser. All the life visible was in the shape of a solitary thrush cracking a small snail upon the door-stone for his breakfast, and his tapping seemed a loud noise in the general silence which prevailed; but on going to the door Clym found it unfastened, the young girl who attended upon Eustacia be-



ing astir in the back part of the premises. Yeobright entered and went straight to his wife's room.

The noise of his arrival must have aroused her, for when he opened the door she was standing before the looking-glass in her night dress, the ends of the hair gathered into one hand, with which she was coiling the whole mass round her head, previous to commencing toilet operations. She was not a woman given to speaking first at a meeting, and she allowed Clym to walk across in silence without turning her head. He came behind her, and she saw his face in the glass. It was ashy, haggard, and terrible. Instead of starting toward him in sorrowful surprise, as even Eustacia, undemonstrative wife as she was, would have done in days before she burdened herself with a secret, she remained motionless, looking at him in the glass. And while she looked, the carmine flush with which warmth and sound sleep had suffused her cheeks and neck dissolved from view, and the death-like pallor in his face flew across into hers. He was close enough to see this, and the sight instigated his tongue.

"You know what is the matter," he said, hastily. "I see it in your face."

Her hand relinquished the rope of hair, and dropped to her side, and the pile of tresses, no longer supported, fell from the crown of her head about her shoulders and over the white night-gown in inky streams. She made no reply.

"Speak to me," said Yeobright, peremptorily.

The blanching process did not cease in her, and her lips now became as white as her face. One familiar with the Stoic philosophy would have fancied that he saw the delicate tissue of her soul extricating itself from her body, and leaving it a simple heap of cold clay. She turned to him and said, "Yes, Clym, I'll speak to you. Why do you return so early—can I do any thing for you?"

"Yes; you can listen to me. It seems that my wife is not very well."

"Why?"

"Your face, my dear; your face. Or perhaps it is the pale morning light which takes your color away? Now I am going to reveal a secret to you. Ha! ha!"

"Oh, that is ghastly!"

"What?"

"Your laugh."

"There's reason for ghastliness.—Eustacia, you have held my happiness in the hollow of your hand, and like a devil you have dashed it down!"

She started back from the dressing-table, retreated a few steps from him, and looked him in the face. "Ah! you think to frighten me," she said, with a slight laugh. "Is it worth while? I am undefended and alone."

"How extraordinary!"

"What do you mean?"

"As there is ample time, I will tell you, though you know well enough. I mean that it is extraordinary that you should be alone in my absence. Tell me, now, where is he who was with you on the afternoon of the 31st of August? Under the bed? Up the chimney?"

A shudder overcame her and shook the delicate fabric of her night dress throughout. "I do not remember dates so exactly," she said. "I can not recollect that any body was with me besides yourself."

"The day I mean," said Yeobright, his voice growing louder and harsher, "was the day you shut the door against my mother, and killed her. Oh, it is too much—too bad!" He leaned over the foot piece of the bedstead for a few moments, with his back toward her. Then rising again: "Tell me! tell me! tell me!—do you hear?" he cried, rushing up to her and seizing her by the loose folds of her sleeve.

The superstratum of timidity which often overlies those who are daring and defiant at heart had been passed through, and the mettlesome substance of the woman was reached. The red blood inundated her face, previously so pale.

"What are you going to do?" she said, in a low voice, regarding him with a proud smile. "You will not alarm me by holding on so; but it would be a pity to tear my sleeve."

Instead of letting go he drew her closer to him. "Tell me the particulars of—my mother's death," he said, in a hard, panting whisper; "or—I'll—I'll—"

"Clym," she answered, slowly, "do you think you dare do any thing to me that I dare not bear? But before you strike me, listen. You will get nothing from me by a blow, even though it should kill me, as it probably will. But perhaps you do not wish me to speak—killing may be all you mean."

"Kill you. Do you expect it?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"No less degree of rage against me will match your previous grief for her."

"Phew!—I shall not kill you," he said, contemptuously. "That would be making a martyr of you, and sending you to where she is; and I would keep you away from her till heaven and hell come to an end if I could."

"I almost wish you would kill me," said she, with gloomy bitterness. "It is with no strong desire, I assure you, that I play the part I have lately played on earth. You are no blessing, my husband."

"You shut the door—you looked out of the window upon her—you had a man in the house with you—you sent her away to



die. The inhumanity—the treachery—I will not touch you—stand away from me—and confess every word!”

“Never. I’ll hold my tongue like the very death that I don’t mind meeting, even though I can clear myself of half you believe by speaking. Yes, I will! Who of any dignity would take the trouble to clear cobwebs from a wild man’s mind after such language as this? No; let him go on, and think his narrow thoughts, and run his head into the mire. I have other cares.”

“’Tis too much—but I must spare you.”

“Poor charity!”

“By my wretched soul you sting me, Eustacia. I can keep it up, and hotly too. Now then, madam, tell me his name!”

“Never, I am resolved.”

“How often does he write to you? Where does he put his letters—when does he meet you? Ah, his letters! Do you tell me his name?”

“I do not.”

“Then I’ll find it myself.” His eye had fallen upon a small desk that stood near, on which she was accustomed to write her letters. He went to it. It was locked.

“Unlock this.”

“You have no right to say it. That’s mine.”

Without another word he seized the desk and dashed it to the floor. The hinge burst open, and a number of letters tumbled out.

“Stay!” said Eustacia, stepping before him with more excitement than she had hitherto shown.

“Come, come! stand away! I must see them.”

She looked at the letters as they lay, checked her feeling, and moved indifferently aside; when he gathered them up and examined them.

By no stretch of meaning could any but a harmless construction be placed upon a single one of the letters themselves. The solitary exception was an empty envelope directed to her, and the handwriting was Wildeve’s. Yeobright held it up. Eustacia was doggedly silent.

“Can you read, madam? Look at this envelope. Doubtless we shall find more soon, and what was inside them. I shall no doubt be gratified by learning in good time what a well-finished and full-blown adept in a certain trade my lady is.”

“Do you say it to me—do you?” she gasped.

He searched further; but found nothing more. “What was in this letter?” he said.

“Ask the writer. Am I your hound, that you should talk to me in this way?”

“Do you brave me? do you stand me out, mistress? Answer. Don’t look at me with those eyes, as if you would bewitch me again. Sooner than that, I’d die. You refuse to answer?”

“I wouldn’t tell you, after this, if I were as innocent as the sweetest babe in heaven.”

“Which you are not.”

“Certainly I am not,” she repeated. “If to have done no harm at all is the only innocence recognized, I am beyond forgiveness. But I require no help from your conscience.”

“You can resist, and resist again. Instead of hating you, I could, I think, mourn for and pity you, if you were contrite, and would confess all. Forgive you I never can. I don’t speak of your lover—I will give you the benefit of the doubt in that matter, for it only affects me personally. But the other: had you half killed *me*; had it been that you willfully took the sight away from these feeble eyes of mine; I could have forgiven you. But *that’s* too much for nature.”

“Say no more. I will do without your pity. But I would have saved you from uttering what you will regret.”

“I am going away now. I shall leave you.”

“You need not go, as I am going myself. You will keep just as far away from me by staying here.”

“Call her to mind—think of her—what goodness there was in her: it showed in every line of her face. Most women, even when but slightly annoyed, show a flicker of evil in some curl of the mouth or some corner of the cheek; but as for her, never in her angriest moments was there any thing malicious in her look. She was angered quickly, but she forgave just as readily, and underneath her pride there was the meekness of a child. What came of it?—what cared you? You hated her just as she was learning to love you. Oh, couldn’t you see what was best for you, but must bring a curse upon me, and agony and death upon her, by doing that cruel deed! What was the devil’s name who was keeping you company and causing you to add cruelty to her to your wrong to me? Was it Wildeve? Was it poor Thomasin’s husband? Heaven, what wickedness! Lost your voice, have you? It is natural after detection of that most noble trick. . . . Eustacia, didn’t any tender thought of your own mother lead you to think of being gentle to mine at such a time of weariness? Did not one grain of pity enter your heart as she turned away? Think what a vast opportunity was then lost of beginning a forgiving and honest course. Why did not you kick him out, and let her in, and say, I’ll be an honest wife and a noble woman from this hour. Had I told you to go and quench eternally our last flickering chance of happiness here, you could have done no worse.—Well, she’s asleep now; and have you a hundred gal-lants, neither they nor you can insult her any more.”



"You exaggerate fearfully," she said, in a faint, weary voice; "but I can not enter into my defense—it is not worth doing. You are nothing to me in future, and the other side of the story may as well remain untold. I have lost all through you, but I have not complained. Your blunders and misfortunes may have been a sorrow to you, but they have been a wrong to me. All persons of refinement have been scared away from me since I sank into the mire of marriage. Is this your cherishing—to put me into a hut like this, and keep me like the wife of a hind? You deceived me—not by words, but by appearances, which are—less seen through than words. But the place will serve as well as any other—as somewhere to pass from—into my grave." Her words were choked in her throat, and her head drooped down.

"I don't know what you mean by that. Am I the cause of your sin? . . . What, you can begin to shed tears, and offer me your hand? Good God, can you? No, not I. I'll not commit the fault of taking that." The hand she had offered dropped nervelessly, but the tears continued flowing. "Well, yes, I'll take it, if only for the sake of my own foolish kisses that were wasted there before I knew what I cherished. How bewitched I was! How could there be any good in a woman that every body spoke ill of?"

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried, breaking into shaking sobs which choked her, and sinking on her knees. "Will you have done! Oh, you are too relentless—there's a limit to the cruelty of savages! I have held out long, but you crush me down. I beg for mercy—I can not bear this any longer—it is inhuman to go farther with this! If I had—killed your—mother with my own hand—I should not deserve such a scourging to the bone as this! Oh! oh! God have mercy upon a miserable woman! . . . You have beaten me in this game: I beg you to stay your hand in pity. . . . I confess that I—willfully did not undo the door the first time she knocked—but—I—should have unfastened it the second—if I had not thought you had gone to do it yourself. When I found you had not, I opened it, but she was gone. That's the extent of my crime. Best natures commit bad faults sometimes, don't they?—I think they do. Now I will leave you—for ever and ever."

"Tell all, and I *will* pity you. Was the man in the house with you Wildevé?"

"I can not tell," she said, desperately, through her sobbing. "Don't insist further—I can not tell. I am going from this house. We can not both stay here."

"You need not go: I will go. You can stay here."

"No, I will dress, and then I will go."

"Where?"

"Where I came from, or *elsewhere*."

She hastily dressed herself, Yeobright moodily walking up and down the room the whole of the time. At last all her things were on. Her poor little hands quivered so violently as she held them to her chin to fasten her bonnet that she could not tie the strings, and after a few moments she relinquished the attempt. Seeing this, he moved forward and said, "Let me tie them."

She assented in silence, and lifted her chin. For once at least in her life she was totally oblivious of the charm of her attitude. But he was not, and he turned his eyes aside that he might not be tempted to softness.

The strings were tied; she turned from him. "Do you still prefer going away yourself to my leaving you?" he inquired again.

"I do."

She flung her shawl about her and went down stairs, leaving him standing in the room.

Eustacia had not long been gone when there came a knock at the door of the bedroom, and Yeobright said, "Well?"

It was the servant; and she replied: "Somebody from Mrs. Wildevé's have called to tell 'ee that the mis'ess and the baby are getting on wonderful well; and the baby's name is to be Eustacia Clymentine." And the girl retired.

"What a mockery!" said Clym. "That this unhappy marriage should be perpetuated in that child's name!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MINISTRATIONS OF A HALF-FORGOTTEN ONE.

EUSTACIA'S journey was at first as vague in direction as that of thistle-down in the wind. She did not know what to do. She wished it had been night instead of morning, that she might at least have borne her misery without the possibility of being seen. At length she turned her steps toward her grandfather's house. On reaching it she found the front-door closed and locked. Mechanically she went round to the end, where the stable was, and on looking in at the stable door she saw Charley standing within.

"Captain Drew is not at home?" she said.

"No, ma'am," said the lad, in a flutter of feeling; "he's gone to Southerton, and won't be home till night. And the servant is gone home for a holiday. So the house is locked up."

Eustacia's face was not visible to Charley as she stood at the doorway, her back being to the sky, and the stable but indifferently lighted; but the wildness of her



manner arrested his attention at once. She turned and walked away across the inclosure to the gate, and was hidden by the bank.

When she had disappeared, Charley, with misgiving in his eyes, slowly came from the stable door, and going to another point in the bank, he looked over. Eustacia was leaning against it on the outside, her face covered with her hands, and her head pressing the dewy heather which bearded the bank's outer side. She appeared to be utterly indifferent to the circumstance that her bonnet, hair, and garments were becoming wetted and disarranged by the moisture of her cold, harsh pillow. Clearly something was wrong.

Charley had always regarded Eustacia as Eustacia had regarded Clym when she first beheld him—as a romantic and sweet vision, scarcely incarnate. He had been so shut off from her by the dignity of her look and the pride of her speech, except at that one blissful interval when he was allowed to hold her hand, that he had hardly deemed her a woman, wingless and earthly, subject to household conditions and domestic jars. The inner details of her life he had only conjectured. She had been a lovely wonder, predestined to an orbit in which the whole of his own was but a point; and this sight of her, leaning like a helpless, despairing creature against a wild wet bank, filled him with an amazed horror. He could no longer remain where he was. Leaping over, he came up, touched her with his finger, and said, tenderly, "You are poorly, ma'am. What can I do?"

Eustacia started up, and said, "Ah, Charley—you have followed me. You did not think when I left home in the summer that I should come back like this?"

"I did not, dear ma'am. Can I help you now?"

"I am afraid not. I wish I could get into the house. I feel giddy—that's all."

"Lean on my arm, ma'am, till we get to the porch, and I will try to open the door."

He supported her to the porch, and there depositing her on a seat, hastened to the back, climbed to a window by the help of a ladder, and descending inside, opened the door. Next he assisted her into the room, where there was an old-fashioned horse-hair settee as large as a donkey wagon. She lay down here, and Charley covered her with a cloak he found in the hall.

"Shall I get you something to eat and drink?" he said.

"If you please, Charley. But I suppose there is no fire."

"I can light it, ma'am."

He vanished, and she heard a splitting of wood and a blowing of bellows; and presently he returned, saying, "I have lighted a fire in the kitchen, and now I'll light one here."

He lit the fire, Eustacia dreamily observing him from her couch. When it was blazing up he said, "Shall I wheel you round in front of it, ma'am, as the morning is chilly?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Shall I go and bring the breakfast now?"

"Yes, do," she murmured, languidly.

When he had gone, and the dull sounds occasionally reached her ears of his movements in the kitchen, she forgot where she was, and had for a moment to consider by an effort what the sounds meant. After an interval which seemed short to her whose thoughts were elsewhere, he came in with a tray, on which steamed tea and toast.

"Place it on the table," she said. "I shall be ready soon."

He did so, and retired to the door: when, however, he perceived that she did not move, he came back a few steps.

"Let me hold it to you, if you don't wish to get up," said Charley. He brought the tray to the front of the couch, where he knelt down, adding, "I will hold it for you."

Eustacia sat up and poured out a cup of tea. "You are very kind to me, Charley," she murmured, as she sipped.

"Well, I ought to be," said he, diffidently, taking great trouble not to rest his eyes upon her, though this was their only natural position, Eustacia being immediately before him. "You have been kind to me."

"How have I?" said Eustacia.

"You let me hold your hand when you were a maiden at home."

"Ah, so I did. Why did I do that? My mind is lost—it had to do with the mummification, had it not?"

"Yes, you wanted to go in my place."

"I remember. I do indeed remember too well!"

She again became utterly downcast, and Charley, seeing that she was not going to eat or drink any more, took away the tray.

Afterward he occasionally came in to see if the fire was burning, to ask her if she wanted any thing, to tell her that the wind had shifted from south to west, to ask her if she would like him to gather her some blackberries; to all which inquiries she replied in the negative, or with indifference.

She remained on the settee some time longer, when she aroused herself and went up stairs. The room in which she had formerly slept still remained much as she had left it, and the recollection that this forced upon her of her own greatly changed and infinitely worsened situation again set on her face the undetermined and formless misery which it had worn on her first arrival. She peeped into her grandfather's room, through which the fresh autumn air was blowing from the open windows. Her eye was arrested by what was a familiar



sight enough, though it broke upon her now with a new significance.

It was a brace of pistols, hanging near the head of her grandfather's bed, which he always kept there loaded as a precaution against possible burglars, the house being very lonely. Eustacia regarded them long, as if they were the page of a book in which she read a new and a strange matter. Quickly, like one afraid of herself, she returned down stairs, and stood in deep thought.

"If I could only do it," she said. "It would be doing much good to myself and all connected with me; and no harm to a single one."

The idea seemed to gather force within her, and she remained in a fixed attitude nearly ten minutes, when a certain finality was expressed in her gaze, and no longer the blankness of indecision.

She turned and went up the second time—softly and stealthily now—and entered her grandfather's room, her eyes at once seeking the head of the bed. The pistols were gone.

The instant nullification of her accumulated purpose by their absence affected her brain as a sudden vacuum affects the body; she nearly fainted. Who had done this? There was only one person on the premises besides herself. Eustacia involuntarily turned to the open window which overlooked the garden as far as the bank which bounded it. On the summit of the latter stood Charley, sufficiently elevated by its height to see into the room. His gaze was directed eagerly and solicitously upon her.

She went down stairs to the door, and beckoned to him.

"You have taken them away."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why did you do it?"

"I saw you looking at them too long."

"What has that to do with it?"

"You have been heart-broken all the morning, as if you did not want to live."

"Well?"

"And I could not bear to leave them in your way. There was meaning in your look at them."

"Where are they now?"

"Locked up."

"Where?"

"In the stable."

"Give them to me."

"No, ma'am."

"You refuse?"

"I do. I care too much for you to give 'em up."

She turned aside, her face for the first time softening from the stony immobility of the earlier day, and the corners of her mouth resuming something of that delicacy of cut which was always lost in her moments of despair. At last she confronted him again.

"Why should I not die if I wished?" she said, tremulously. "I have made a bad bargain with life, and I am weary of it, weary. And now you have hindered my escape. Oh, why did you, Charley! What makes death painful, except the thought of others' grief?—and that is absent in my case, for not a sigh would follow me!"

"Ah, it is trouble that has done this! I wish in my very soul that he who brought it about might die and rot, even if 'tis transportation to say it!"

"Charley, no more of that. What do you mean to do about this you have seen?"

"Keep it close as night, if you promise not to think of it again."

"You need not fear. The moment has passed. I promise." She then went away, entered the house, and lay down.

Later in the afternoon her grandfather returned. He was about to question her categorically; but on looking at her he withheld his words.

"Yes; it is too bad to talk of," she slowly returned, in answer to his glance. "Can my old room be got ready for me to-night, grandfather? I shall want to occupy it again."

He did not ask what it all meant, or why she had left her husband; but ordered the room to be prepared.

### THE THOUSAND-AND-THIRD NIGHT.

ALL fiction born of genius is but an image of the true. The one is the mirror's reflection, the other is the living face of beauty. The one is the shadow trembling on the water, the other is the mountain peak rising up toward heaven. Nowhere, perhaps, does this simple proposition find proof so signal as in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. There the philosopher, in deep study of the morals and manners of the Orient, finds an almost breathing picture of the actual life of nations whose historic periods stretch backward to the very dawn of time. All the gorgeousness of the royal and great; all the shifts of the poor and mean to meet the demands of an enslaved and wretched life; all the strange freaks of human fortune; and all the superstitions that people the universe with beings monstrous and beneficent, whose conflicting influences are ever affecting and controlling the destinies of men—all this, and more, is there. On every page the wildest of romances; on every page the most vivid of literal histories.

But the reader is not to be misled; above all must he not be disgusted with what he might regard as a twaddling critique upon a book placed by the voice of centuries above the reach either of praise or blame. So, after one or two brief preliminaries, the



introduction shall give way to the story. First, the *kinship* of the subject suggested the title. Secondly, the number one thousand and three was affixed because the author knew that the late Edgar Allan Poe had written the one-thousand-and-second night, but did not know whether any subsequent pen had produced a one-thousand-and-third. If there be any such addition to the immortal one thousand and one, the present writer begs that his humble chapter may be duly numbered according to its order in the series, and indulges the hope that it may not be the last, should events equally remarkable continue to occur in this strangely ordered world.

## I.

During the second half of the last century there lived in the city of Constantinople two young men, bearing respectively the names of Yohannes and Ibrahim. As the names import, the former was a Greek, the latter a Moslem. Yohannes was a bread-seller, Ibrahim a tobacconist. Their stalls were directly opposite each other at the end of the Egyptian Bazar. At that time the old fierceness between the Crescent and the Cross had not much abated, and there was consequently very little friendly intercourse between the Moslems and Christians of the city. Contrary to the general rule, however, these two young men became first acquainted, then friendly, and in course of time the mutual regard ripened into an ardent attachment. Perhaps they were too young to be bigots, or too dull to see the fine points of opinion on which human hearts have so often been divided and impaled; or natural taste and congeniality may have drawn them together; or it may be that they were born philosophers, and therefore either too proud or too tolerant to permit speculative differences to keep them asunder. Be this as it may, it is certain that their friendship was so marked and beautiful that it became a theme for comment throughout their entire circle of acquaintance, and was the means of exciting a similar sentiment toward them in the bosoms of their neighbors, who but for this might have passed them by with indifference. At all events, it is safe to affirm that nowhere in all the teeming, crowded labyrinths of Old Stamboul were two young men to be found enjoying an equal degree of the popular esteem. Meanwhile the profits of their business not only supplied their wants, but procured for them the pleasures suited to their age and adapted to their station in life. They ought to have been contented and happy, but they were not. He who is born for greatness, though forewarned that he is leaving happiness forever, must go forward and accomplish his destiny. One of these two young friends had thus been

predoomed. After long years of toil and solicitude he was first to reach the dazzling summit, and then to make his friend partaker of his fortunes. Obscure as was his birth and station, there slumbered in the heart of Ibrahim a great ambition. As time progressed, the passion awoke, and day by day he discussed with his friend the ways and means for its gratification. Changes were constantly taking place in the appointments of the imperial government, and it so happened, at the juncture to which this part of our story belongs, that a new governor had been ordered to one of the distant provinces of the empire. Ibrahim, apprised of the fact, after making many inquiries, reached the conclusion that his time had come. With prudent secrecy he proceeded to make the necessary arrangements, and when all had been completed he stepped over to the stall of his friend, and said to him, "Yohannes, I am going away."

"Where are you going, and what for?" was the surprised and eager reply.

"I am going in the train of the new Pasha of Bagdad to seek my fortune. I have an impression that I shall succeed. If I do, I will surely remember you."

The scene that followed was tender and affecting. Neither of them wishing to prolong the pain of separation, they silently embraced and parted, Ibrahim promising to write to his friend.

The young adventurer had merely received permission to attach himself to the pasha's household. There was to be no salary. Conveyance and food were to be provided, and, as there might be occasion, he was to make himself useful in return for these favors. Now in a Turkish household, especially that of a high official, opportunity can not long be wanting, especially if it be apparent that the person waiting for service has both talent and integrity. Ibrahim was richly endowed with these qualifications. Scarcely, therefore, had the train set out from the capital when the resources and skill of the young tobacconist were perceived by the manner in which he suggested improvements for the comfort of the journey, and devised means for its unexpected emergencies. Every day some new occasion called for his assistance, and by one and another the value of his services and the obvious excellence of his character were duly reported. Recognition came sooner than he expected. Before the journey was concluded he was assigned to one of the subordinate posts in the household. Therein he acquitted himself so satisfactorily that on the arrival of the pasha at the seat of his government Ibrahim was appointed his private secretary. Here again he exhibited capacity corresponding to the increased difficulties and responsibilities of the station, and from this was raised to the



rank of *Kehiya Bey*, or Deputy Pasha, becoming, in fact, the real governor of the province; for whenever a Turkish pasha can find a proper person for this high trust, he resigns to him with it all the cares of state, takes to the softest apartments of his palace, steals all the money he safely can, and appropriates to himself the honors of the administration. Thus fortunately did it happen for the new Pasha of Bagdad. And in justice to the fame of Ibrahim the fact should not be omitted here that of all the provinces of the Ottoman Empire the pashalic of Bagdad was the most difficult to govern. Its territory was very extensive, including the whole of ancient Assyria proper, Mesopotamia, Babylonia, and Chaldaea. Then its long frontier was the dividing line between Turkey and Persia, and had to be guarded with courage that would never falter, and vigilance that would never sleep. Besides all this, the native chiefs had long enjoyed a degree of independence similar to that of the Mamelukes of Egypt, were sensitive, captious, and insolent, and seldom refused a favorable pretext for rebellion and civil war. Despite these grave difficulties, however—thanks to the just rule, good judgment, and tact of the deputy—the country was preserved in peace, the revenues were duly collected, and the people experienced a degree of satisfaction unknown in any former period. This happy state of affairs was prolonged through several years, when the cholera came sweeping down the banks of the Tigris, and upon its baleful wings wafted the soul of the pasha away to that paradise of his Prophet which is to reward the faith and fidelity of every true Moslem. Over this sad event there was general lamentation in the city and provinces; and when the burial rites had been suitably performed, a petition was forwarded to his Majesty the Sultan praying that Ibrahim, the *Kehiya Bey*, might be appointed Pasha of Bagdad. This document being signed by all the rich merchants and men of consequence in the pashalic, the request was promptly granted. The authority Ibrahim had exercised in fact he was now clothed with in form, amid the joyous acclamations of all classes of the people. Results advantageous to himself as well as beneficial to the people naturally followed. As the responsible head of the administration, his great talents for affairs became more manifest, and his popularity increased from year to year. By this time his name began to be frequently mentioned in the imperial divan; and, upon the occurrence of serious discontents and outbreaks in the pashalic of Syria, the Pasha of Bagdad was transferred by imperial decree to that province, of which Damascus was the capital. In this new jurisdiction the sway of Ibrahim extended from the western limits of

Asia Minor to the shores of the Indian Ocean and the cataracts of the Nile. The holy cities of Medina, Mecca, and Jerusalem were included within his jurisdiction. The tobacconist of Stamboul was a successor of the Arabian caliphs, and a great king in every thing except the name. And even now his fortunes had not reached their utmost height. A rich and vast section of the empire acknowledged his authority, but the whole was soon to feel and sway to the magic influence of his skillful and mighty hand. From Damascus he was ordered to repair to Constantinople that he might assume the office of *Grand Vizier*. A subject could ascend no higher. In official dignity he was next the Sultan; in real power he was on the throne. The sword and the sceptre of Mohammed the Second might be combined to stimulate the conceptions of his genius and enforce the mandates of his will.

And now, from the supreme altitude and splendor of his exaltation, will he ever deign to think of Yohannes, the bread-seller, in his humble stall at the end of the Egyptian Bazar? Verily he has succeeded beyond his own wildest anticipations. Will he keep the promise made when he parted from his friend? "I have an impression that I shall succeed. If I do, I will surely remember you." Twenty-five years have elapsed. That is a space of time long enough and having forces strong enough to work marvellous changes; and truly in the circumstances of one of the friends it has wrought events upon which superstition might well affix the stamp of miracle, and which any rational faith might well attribute to the interposition of an almighty God. Yohannes is still a poor bread-seller. Ibrahim is *Grand Vizier*, and controls the empire of the Ottomans. Will he remember? We shall see.

One day, shortly after getting himself fairly settled in his new dignity, he summoned two of his *mabasheres*—officers of his household—and said to them, "Go down to the end of the Egyptian Bazar; inquire there for a Greco-Armenian bread-seller named Yohannes, and if you find him, bring him to me." The officers instantly proceeded upon their mission. As they passed along the bazar their uniforms were recognized, and the busy vendors paused in their trafficking to greet them with profound salutations. Inquiring of a neighbor as they approached, they were directed to the door of the bread stall, in which they found Yohannes seated, waiting to accommodate the wishes of his customers. When the usual compliments had been exchanged, the officers said to him, with that directness and brevity which is characteristic of absolute authority, "The *Grand Vizier* wants you." One not familiar with the secrecy of



allegations and the summary enforcement of penalties which mark the administration of government in the old despotic nations of the East can not conceive the terrible consternation which instantly seized the humble bread-seller's mind. "The Grand Vizier wants you" was a summons which he naturally regarded as equivalent to his death-warrant. "What," he excitedly exclaimed, "can the Grand Vizier want with me? I am nothing but a poor bread-seller. I have worked hard these many years to support my wife and children. This one care has wholly occupied my time. I take no interest in state affairs. I know nothing about such things, nor have ever given to them a thought in all my life. Who can have been so wicked and cruel as to accuse me of participating in intrigues against the government?" He knew that the authorities loved repose, that they were not inclined to trouble themselves about matters of a private nature, and hence the only reason he could think of for being summoned was that something directly or indirectly treasonable had been charged to his account before the divan. And he well knew how the divan dealt with offenders of that class. The officials, however, knew nothing, and in reply to all his inquiries and protestations merely said, "We know nothing beyond our order, which is to take you to the Grand Vizier. Have the goodness to make ready. We must not be delayed." The bread-seller was an old resident and greatly beloved, and by this time there was a scene in front of his door. His family hung upon his neck, weeping and lamenting his fate and their own. His neighbors were looking on in tearful silence, or exchanging whispers as to the mysterious summons; and as he went away with the officers their eyes followed him with that despairing look which is felt to be the last in this world. The Moslems of Stamboul are accustomed to call any one Satan who is particularly distinguished either for wisdom or wickedness. So, as the form of Yohannes disappeared from the bazar, the universal exclamation was, "What grand Satan can it be who has preferred accusations against that good man?" On arriving at the palace, Yohannes was obliged to wait for admission several hours. Among the crowd in the antechamber he recognized certain of his own neighbors, and, going up to them, inquired if they knew why he had been ordered to appear. But they did not, and, moreover, treated him with something of the coldness which the prudent and timid always evince toward one who has fallen under the frown of power. Finally his turn came, and he was ushered into the presence of the great Prime Minister, whose fame in the East had preceded him to the capital. Deeply agitated and bewildered, he fell upon his face and began protesting his innocence,

declaring that he was nothing but a poor bread-seller, whose days and nights had been occupied with the care of supporting his family, that he knew nothing of state affairs, and had never in his life spent a thought upon such subjects, requesting to be informed as to the nature of the accusation, desiring that he might be permitted to confront his accusers, and begging that his neighbors, who had known him all his life long, might be allowed to testify to his good character. Meanwhile the Grand Vizier had been endeavoring to correct his mistake. "Don't be alarmed, my good man," said he. "You misapprehend the design of my summons. No complaint has been made against you. No one intends you harm. Rise up and compose yourself." Thus kindly the bread-seller was made to apprehend his error, and rising up, assumed a respectful attitude, and waited the official explanation. But, to his surprise, for some moments not a word was spoken. The agitation had passed out of his own and entered into the minister's bosom. Now in turn the Grand Vizier appeared so deeply moved that he could scarcely restrain his feelings. With a yearning similar to that with which Joseph is said to have regarded his brethren, he continued to survey his humble auditor from head to foot. At last, having regained his composure, he turned slightly upon his cushions, and said, "Are you Yohannes Giras, the bread-seller, from the top of the Egyptian Bazar in Old Stamboul?"

"The same, my lord," was the respectful and subdued reply.

"Do you remember one Ibrahim, a Moslem tobacconist, whose stall was directly in front of your own?"

"Remember him! Certainly, my lord. I have good reason to remember him. He was my bosom-friend. The happiest hours of my early life were passed in his companionship. He left Stamboul in the train of the Pasha of Bagdad, saying that he was going to seek his fortune, that he had an impression that he should succeed, that, if not disappointed, he would surely remember me, and promised to inform me by letter of the state of his affairs. But from that day to this I have never heard of him, and suppose he must have died at the opening of his career. He was my best-beloved friend, and in all things honorable and faithful. These many years I have numbered him with the dead, and shall not cease to mourn my loss till I rejoin him at the gates of paradise."

"Do I resemble him?" continued the minister.

"Why, no, my lord, not that I can perceive in the least."

"Well, you are not to be blamed. Time works wondrous changes in men and things. I know you to be Yohannes Giras, the bread-



seller, and I now assure you that I am Ibrahim, the tobacconist;" and rising from the divan, the Grand Vizier fell upon the neck of his humble friend, kissing him, and sobbing like a child. When the feelings which followed the disclosure had in a measure subsided, the Vizier said to the bread-seller: "You have alluded to the promise I gave you the day we parted, and I sent for you to-day that it might be fulfilled. Henceforth you are the *Saraff of the Sadrazam*" (Treasurer of the Grand Vizier). The bread-seller was astounded at this extraordinary mark of confidence, and protested his unfitness for so great a place. But his friend knew him better than he knew himself, and, to encourage him, said, "You have naturally good sense, and I know you to be honest, which is even more important to my purpose. What you do not know you will soon learn. I will explain to you the whole manner of keeping the accounts at the beginning. If, as you proceed, any thing should seem intricate, don't trouble any one else to instruct you, but come straight to me, and in a little while all will be plain and easy." Then taking him to the apartment where the treasures were kept, the Vizier added: "Here's so much gold. Here's so much silver. Here's so much copper. Here are the books. Here is the key. You are to receive and disburse all the revenues, official and personal, that pass through my hands. We have been strangely reunited, and henceforth we are never to part."

The evening of that day witnessed a singular scene of excitement and rejoicing in the Egyptian Bazar of Old Stamboul. The good people of that bazar had seen their beloved neighbor led away in the morning, believing that he would receive the "bowstring," and that his dead body would that night be plunged to the bottom of the Bosphorus. Such was the probable fate of all political offenders. Judge, therefore, of their surprise and exultation! The Vizier had taken his measures expressly in view of these very effects. Accordingly, when they left the Treasury, Ibrahim returned to the divan, committing Yohannes to an officer who had received instructions. So, being conducted to a private room in the palace, he found all the preparations complete, and was desired at once to array himself in the appropriate uniform of his office. Thence he was guided by his escort to an open court, where an Arabian charger, splendidly caparisoned, awaited his pleasure, and a groom and pipe-bearer were found ready to attend upon his motions. Thus mounted and attended, it was Yohannes, no longer the bread-seller, but Saraff of the Sadrazam, who was seen returning at the close of the day to announce to his family and friends the wonderful change that had taken place in his fortunes. In proportion to the grief

of the morning was the tumultuous joy of the evening. And verily there was good reason for the change. The lamp of Aladdin had worked miracles upon a larger scale, but none of them was more marvellous than the series of events they had just witnessed with their own eyes.

The family of Yohannes was removed to apartments in the palace of his friend that were furnished in a style suited to its new dignity. He quickly mastered the duties of his position. The old friendship was renewed and never impaired. When death came to Ibrahim, Yohannes was present to close the eyes of his friend and benefactor. The bereavement he sustained did not occasion the loss of his position. He continued to be Saraff to succeeding Grand Viziers, accumulated a large fortune, and died, at an advanced age, crowned with honors, and leaving a name embalmed alike in the grateful recollections of Moslems and Christians.

## II.

Yohannes had two sons. The elder was called after his father, and the younger received the name of Yorghios, that is, plain George, in the English tongue. Their father, feeling that his end was approaching, sent for his sons, that he might impart to them his dying counsels and benediction. After referring to the strange vicissitudes that had so happily resulted in his own elevation, he paused, and, with a look that bespoke unutterable affection and solicitude, then feebly resumed, saying, "My strength fails me, and it is well, for all that I desire to say may be comprehended in one short sentence: *Never give a bribe, and never take one.*" These were the last words of the man who had so amply proved himself worthy of the friendship of the faithful and illustrious Ibrahim.

The elder son Yohannes established himself in business as a banker, and in the progress of time became enormously rich. But even the largest legitimate gains were insufficient to satisfy the cravings of his avarice. Disregarding the dying counsel of his father, he took bribes, engaged in intrigues against the government, was condemned to death by the bowstring, and the whole of his immense estate was confiscated. In justice to his memory, however, it must be added that there were not wanting those who regarded the charge of conspiracy as a mere pretext intended to justify his destruction, with a view to the appropriation of his immense estate. At all events, such was his untimely and terrible fate.

The younger son, Yorghios, was of a different temperament from his brother. A wise moderation seems to have been the ruling law of his nature. From the period of his youth, when he first began to mingle in the society of the capital, he was known fa-



miliarly as *Cheleby Yorghaki*, that is, George the Gentleman. The interest of his father with the divan sufficed to procure for him the appointment of *chokhagi*, or merchant of the palace. At that time there were as many as ten thousand persons attached to the court; and it was the business of the *chokhagi* to supply all the jewels and costly stuffs that were needed either for the adornment of the palace or the proper celebration of its ceremonies. His position was therefore very responsible and lucrative, at the same time it was no less dangerous. All its functions were to be performed amid the jealousies of rival courtiers and under the immediate eye of an absolute master, whose smile was life, and whose frown might be death at any moment. According to the custom of that country, George was affianced in boyhood, and upon arriving at a suitable age was married to a young Armenian lady of distinguished family, of excellent understanding and moral qualities, and of great personal beauty. For twelve or fifteen years the stream of their married life flowed gently along. But one thing was wanting to render their felicity complete. They were childless. Had they known the abyss of anxiety and sorrow around which the God of the Christians was guiding their footsteps, they would not have repined at their loneliness. They were as happy as they could be in each other. Prosperity filled their cup to overflowing. They had an elegant home in the city, and a beautiful summer residence on the banks of the Bosphorus. Trains of servants waited to do their bidding. Reluctant eyes followed their outgoing, grateful voices welcomed their return. Still the old vacuum remained, but even this was in a measure about to be supplied. Early one Sabbath morning, as was his custom, Yorghaki went to the Greek Church to perform his devotions. As he was about to enter the door he discovered a basket filled with something, and upon lifting the cloth a female infant, handsomely dressed, looked up into his face and smiled. Never, perhaps, did the remembrance of his childless condition strike him with so deep a sense of pain. As he stood gazing into its face the helpless little stranger seemed to appeal to him for protection, and he decided to take it to his home, and, upon his wife's concurrence, that it should be adopted as their own. The sight of the husband's frail burden kindled anew the feeling of maternity in the childless woman's heart, and from that moment the unknown infant took the place that would have been filled by her own child. As years passed on the adopted one grew into a fresh, healthy, intelligent girl; and then into a full, matured, beautiful, and joyous woman. All the advantages wealth could purchase in the great cosmopolitan capital of the Moslem Empire were con-

ferred by the parents upon their adopted daughter. Besides her native dialects—Turkish and Armenian—she attained complete mastery of English, French, and Italian, and even such command of ancient Greek as enabled her to become familiar with the poems, tragedies, and histories that have descended to modern times as the richest inheritance of the past. To all these stores of modern *belles-lettres* and old classic erudition were added the lighter accomplishments of embroidery, drawing, painting, music, and dancing. She was an apt scholar. The occupation of her life was to learn, to amuse herself, and to entertain her fond father and mother. And now the supreme wish of the doting parents was that their daughter might be a happy wife and mother.

In accordance, therefore, with Oriental usage, they set about the delicate and important task of selecting for her a husband. After many observations and inquiries, and many anxious consultations between themselves, the fortunate person on whom their choice fell was a handsome young Greek of good education, family, and character, who already held the honorable post of interpreter to the Russian embassy, and whose prospects of further advancement were promising and well assured. When their conclusion was announced to their daughter she expressed no repugnance, but accepted it as though it had been the result of her own judgment and affection. Parental authority in all those countries is paramount, and opposition or reluctance in such a case would be regarded as an act of filial impiety never to be anticipated in any respectable family. As their fortune was ample, and the daughter their only child, the question of expense was but little regarded, and the preparations for the wedding were made upon a corresponding scale of profusion and magnificence. The richest stuffs and the most precious jewels were purchased for the adornment of the bride. A feast was celebrated for seven successive days, to which the friends of the family were invited each day in the order of their social rank and station. On Sabbath evening the ceremony was to be performed by the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, in the presence of an assembly composed of the chief ministers of the Sultan, the foreign ambassadors, and the most distinguished officers of the army and navy. The Sabbath dawned brightly, and a tranquil evening closed the brilliant day. At the appointed time the guests arrived in a splendor of attire and with a pomp of attendance befitting the grand and auspicious occasion. Their hosts received them with all the graciousness for which they were famed in the highest circles of the capital. The spacious rooms were filled with a splendid throng. In groups and single pairs they laughed and chatted together as the even-



ing darkened into deeper night. Servants in gay attire distributed refreshments. Music breathed upon the scene her sweetest strains. And now the hour had come. But, strange to tell, there was no descending footsteps upon the stairs. The Primate, in full pontificals, had taken his position, and, with book of service in hand, waited the appearance of the groom and bride. Silence reigned. Still they did not come. The assembly, by mutual interchange of glances, gave sign that the suspense was becoming painful. The mother, first to feel the slightest jar in the general harmony, quickly but quietly disengaging herself from the company, ascended to the apartments from which the bridal train was expected. The groom stood waiting at the door. Being asked for his bride, he bowed, and pointed to the adjoining room. The mother entered, but the room was empty and silent. First she said to herself, "She means to play some little trick upon me." Then, turning to her toilet, she found the casket open and all her jewels gone. In an instant the whole dread truth flashed upon her mind, and uttering one long despairing cry, fell senseless to the floor. Soon the expected *dénouement* came. The daughter had indulged a secret attachment, against which it seems she had struggled in vain, and at that late hour had fled from her home in company with the man whom she really loved. The catastrophe was fearful. The guests for the moment were spell-bound and speechless. The instinct of good-breeding came to their relief. Feeling in their hearts that words could in such circumstances be of no avail, they lingered not to express their sympathy, profoundly painful though it was, but silently withdrew from the now desolate mansion, and sorrowfully returned to their homes.

Upon inquiry it was ascertained that two persons in apparent disguise had gone down the river in a boat that was rowed very rapidly. The absconding lovers, hoping they might obtain forgiveness and permission to consummate their nuptials in a proper manner, took refuge in a Greek convent located on one of the islands in the harbor. But their fond persuasion was never to be realized. Next morning the parents assembled their servants and strictly enjoined them that, in the event of the daughter's return, she should not be admitted. Meanwhile the government authorities instituted a search, and the parties were found. The young man was banished from the city, the young woman ordered back to her home. She obeyed, knocked at the gate, and was refused. She returned again and again, and met the same reception. Homeless and friendless, she knew not where to turn. Yet, fortunately for the erring, they are seldom wholly deserted. Moved with compassion,

a Greek family of the city received her into their house. From this refuge she watched for opportunities, and several times when her parents came into Pera she threw herself at their feet, and begged for pardon and reconciliation. But they silently passed on. She had outraged them beyond forgiveness. She had alike betrayed their love and their honor, and seeing there was no hope—that they would never speak to nor notice her again—she accepted the addresses of and was married to a young Greek, whose education and social rank were greatly inferior to her own. So far as is known she was faithful to her husband. As the wife of a poor man, and the mother of a poor man's children, she toiled like a slave to rear her family. Such is the hard lot of all poor women in the East. Her varied accomplishments were, in her altered circumstances, of little value, and indeed may be said to have augmented the bitterness of her fate. Her health was soon broken, and her early beauty gradually vanished. Some years after her marriage she renewed the attempt at reconciliation with her parents, even going so far as to offer to be their slave if they would permit her to return to their roof; but they were immovable. And yet what they felt to be their honor was only thus steadfastly cherished at the expense of their own as well as their daughter's peace. All the consequences of the one fatal step were inexpressibly mournful. The husband who had been chosen for her never became interested in another, and at the age of forty years died unmarried. The lover for whom she sacrificed all was never heard of subsequent to his banishment. Her mother never entirely recovered from the shock produced by the elopement. In fact, her heart was broken. At the end of three years she was struck down by paralysis, and remained a helpless and suffering invalid the rest of her life.

### III.

It now remains only to trace the fortunes of the afflicted husband and father to the close of his eventful life. Blighted in his domestic affections, his home, once so happy, had become little else than a refuge where undisturbed he might nurse his sacred griefs. Instead, however, of abandoning himself to repining, he endeavored to accept his deep personal sorrows in a spirit of gentle resignation, striving meanwhile to be more than ever conscientious and earnest in the discharge of his personal and official obligations.

And it behooved him to be thus faithful to his trust. The times were growing troublous. Great changes, and with them probably great calamities, were felt to be impending. After various indications of discontent, about midsummer of the year



18— a storm broke out that shook the foundations of the state from its centre in the capital to the bounds of its remotest provinces. Selim the Third was dethroned and imprisoned. Mustapha assumed the sceptre. The severities of the usurper soon provoked a counter-revolution. The general of the forces at Salonica headed the revolt. So secretly was the movement planned and executed that the shouts of the assailants as they advanced upon the gates of the Seraglio first apprised the palace of its danger. The first thought of Mustapha was to dispatch Selim, and the first thought of the insurgent general was to revenge the death of his friend. General slaughter and pillage succeeded the capture of the palace. When the assault began, Yorghaki was engaged in transacting some business with the chief eunuch. This functionary, attempting flight, was detected and cut down. Through the slow hours of the terrible afternoon Yorghaki could distinctly hear all that was passing, and waited in momentary expectation of being discovered and put to death. But for some unknown reason the thoughts of the victors were not turned toward his position. With night came cessation of the work of blood, and under cover of the darkness he stole quietly from the palace, crossed the garden to the sea-shore, and taking a boat, was rowed over to the same convent in which his unhappy daughter had taken refuge. But his place of retreat was suspected, and so about midnight of the following day a loud rapping was heard at the convent gates. Yorghaki knew its meaning. The soldiers had come for him. Arising quickly he dressed himself, sent for his confessor, received the sacrament, and thus prepared for death was led away. The soldiers conducted him to the Seraglio, and kept him under guard during the night. In the morning he was taken to one of the principal apartments of the palace, where he found assembled the new masters of the empire. They all knew him, and he knew them all. After the customary salutations, one of them said: "Yorghaki, you are doubtless aware of the late events. As the result of them we have here certain articles for distribution, upon the value of which we desire your judgment. We know that in matters of this kind there is no one so well informed as yourself, and hence we have deemed it best to avail ourselves of your assistance."

There was a large accumulation of precious stuffs, jewels, and gold, once the property of persons connected with the late government whom the revolutionists had put to death or driven into banishment. Yorghaki was only too glad to be able to render a service to men occupying the seats of supreme power, and accordingly set himself at

once to the work of assorting and appraisement. All that day and the next he was thus employed. On the morning of the third day he was ordered to the assistance of a pasha whom he knew to be famed for his imperious and cruel disposition; this was the dread official who generally presided over criminal trials, and superintended the execution of the victims. In their work of appraisement and appropriation the previous day a diamond of rare excellence had been awarded to this pasha at Yorghaki's particular request, who, knowing his passion for precious stones, hoped thus to conciliate him and secure his favor. So when he went to the pasha's office, he carried the diamond with him as a means of propitiation. Drawing it carefully from his bosom, he presented it, with the remark that there was not such another stone in the whole city or empire. The pasha received the gift with evident satisfaction. Taking it daintily between his thumb and finger, he held it up to the light, and as it gave forth its flashes his dark eyes kindled with an intense pleasure. After surveying it thus for several minutes, he returned the precious trifle to its casket, saying, "Yorghaki, I believe you; there is not another such stone as that in all Islam." The moment now seemed propitious. Yorghaki, regarding himself as a doomed man, and believing that he would be dispatched the moment there should be no further need of his services, began to appeal to the pasha for his protection.

"You have known me," said he, "long and well. You know I speak the truth when I say that in the political strifes of the empire I have taken no part. My transactions with the government have been of a purely commercial character, and in these I have not knowingly wronged any man, living or dead. Now I have done you what you are pleased to regard as a great favor. Let me therefore appeal to you for protection, and entreat your Highness to save my life."

"Your life!" exclaimed the pasha, with real or affected surprise. "No one has ever thought of doing harm to you, Yorghaki."

With this assurance they proceeded to business. When their work was finished at this office, they went to another, where there was a large amount of less valuable plunder. Having appropriated this, the pasha said,

"Now, Yorghaki, what would you like to have?"

"I want nothing," he replied, "but my life."

"That," continued the pasha, "is in no danger. No one has dreamed of taking your life. You have rendered us valuable service, and what we desire is to make you a suitable compensation. There are three houses in Pera to be assigned to some one. Which one of the three will you accept?"



Yorghaki declined to take either, or to receive any reward whatever. But the pasha insisted, saying,

"You are excited and crazy. If your neighbors were to learn of your conduct, they would think you had lost your head. Go home and rest; get yourself calm; then come back and make your choice."

But on this point Yorghaki was immovable. The rule of his life had been never to receive a gift, and he would not violate it, though it were to save his life.

"Well, well," replied the stern pasha, smiling, "have it your own way this time. If I had not undoubted proof to the contrary, I should think you had lost your senses. Go to your home in peace, and the blessing of Allah and his Prophet go with you."

Yorghaki's family, on hearing of his arrest, gave him up for lost, and when he returned they received him as one raised from the dead. For three days and nights death had been constantly before his eyes. He was not conscious during that time of having eaten or slept. With his safe return came a devouring sense of hunger, and when this had been appeased he sank into a profound sleep of twenty continuous hours.

When Selim's old friend the Biractar had overthrown the usurping Mustapha, he found after an anxious search the legitimate heir to the throne, whose nurse had concealed him in a bake-oven, and he was immediately proclaimed Sultan of the empire. This was Mahmoud, who subsequently became so famous for his utter destruction of the Janizaries—a corps of foreign troops which had for many years overawed the throne and enslaved the country. This decisive step was taken toward the close of his reign. Under the rule of this accomplished and strong-handed prince Yorghaki continued in the post he had so long and faithfully occupied. But perils constantly surrounded him. The *Aga* of the Janizaries, Halet Effendi, was jealous of his influence, and hated him for his honesty. The soldiers of that red-handed tyrant came three times and pillaged his house, bringing each time from their dreaded master this message: "Your life is in my hands. Be quiet or I will take it!" Each time that he was robbed he refurnished his house, fearing if the robbers returned and found nothing that the bloody threat would be executed. In the mean time he thought it better to submit to the outrages than to incur the danger of making formal complaint against an enemy so unrelenting and powerful. The Sultan had assured him of his protection, but he knew there were many ways in which his life could be taken without exposing to suspicion the author of the deed. Long impunity was at last the means of bringing the *Aga* to justice. His presumption and violence increased beyond endurance, and became so notorious as to at-

tract the attention of the divan. Inquiries were instituted. The various enormities of the offender were exposed. By royal decree Halet was deposed from command and exiled to Broussa, with the promise, it is said, that his life should be spared; but he was beheaded immediately upon his arrival in that city. Thus Yorghaki was relieved from the malicious designs and cruel exactions of the only enemy he seems to have had during a long and checkered life.

The persecutions of the *Aga*, losses sustained by the Greek revolution, the destruction of several of his houses by fire, and the unfortunate issue of certain business experiments largely reduced the estate of Yorghaki. These reverses obliged him to sell his country residence. Upon the proceeds of this, with the interest of some small investments, he was enabled to spend his last years in quiet comfort; and after a life so frequently imperilled and so marked by extraordinary vicissitudes, he died in his bed in the year 1848, cherishing the hope of a Christian, and regretted by all who had ever known his name.

And now for the verification of our story. The incidents embraced in it were given to the writer when he was in the East in 1867 by Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. The doctor is a cousin of ex-Vice-President Hamlin, was missionary in Turkey many years under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and is now well known in this country as the president of Robert College, Constantinople. He was intimately acquainted with Yorghaki and his unfortunate daughter, and from their lips received many times the particulars as herein related. When Robert College was organized, as a temporary accommodation for the school, Dr. Hamlin purchased of Yorghaki his country residence at Bebek. The writer there first made the excellent doctor's acquaintance, and in the identical parlor where the daughter's marriage ceremony was to have been performed he had the pleasure of smoking a pipe with him and drinking a cup of coffee. From the second branch of the story the Scotch author, Macfarlane, drew the materials for his novel entitled *The Armenian*. The story in all its parts illustrates the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction.

## TO ROSES BLOOMING AMID THE SNOW.

Why let, O Seigneur, those pale roses bloom.  
When all is shivering 'neath the winter gloom?  
Hélas! thou shouldst have blossomed months ago.  
Poor flowers, shut up your leaves beneath the snow!

But no! bloom on—within the human heart  
Sunshine and tears are never far apart;  
Beside those cold white flakes the flowers have yet  
more charm,  
And near the flowers the hoar-frost less alarm.



## THE POWER AND PATHOS OF EURIPIDES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the disparaging representations of Aristophanes, proving their injustice by the excessive malevolence they exhibit, Euripides had a high place assigned to him by the ancient critics. In the popular estimation he was even regarded as chief of the great trio. What most contributed to this was, doubtless, his power of pathetic painting. According to the scale, as commonly expressed, Æschylus was the most sublime and religious, Sophocles the most correct in diction and skillful in his plots, Euripides the great master of all the Greek poets in calling out the tender emotions. This, however, is not mere word-painting or a display of artificial sentimentality. The effect is produced in the use of the plainest language, and sometimes by what may be regarded as the homeliest style. The power is in the selection of the moving subject, the exquisite material of the picture. Of this the freshness and vividness are preserved in the simplest representation, free, in the main, from any marring rhetorical artifice, such as Euripides is fond of in his moralizing strains, and on account of which he was sometimes called the oratorical poet. In his deeply pathetic pictures there is nothing which the reader detects as unimpassioned art, designed to call his attention to the skill of the painter, and thus betraying itself by its chilling interruption of the flow of tender emotion. Tennyson and Joaquin Miller may do this, but such "May Queen" sentimentalities or tender prettinesses are foreign to the sober Muse of the great Greek tragedian.

Among masterpieces of this kind may be reckoned the dying speech of Iphigeneia at the sacrifice in Aulis, the farewell address of Makaria in the *Heraclidæ*, as she yields herself in like manner a sacrificial offering for her land and kin. Medea's frantic wailing over the children she is about to slay might be cited as a still more striking example, were it not that, in that case, the pathetic, most moving as it is, is overpowered by the other fell passions that fill us with awe and terror. So in the other dramas referred to—the *Alcestis*, the *Iphigeneia*, and the *Heraclidæ*—the melting tenderness which would otherwise be predominant is overshadowed by the great idea of self-sacrifice—such a favorite in Grecian poetry, epic and dramatic. The Greek presentations of this, like the Hebrew in the pathetic story of Jephthah's daughter, would seem like a type of that ineffable doctrine which forms the central truth of Christianity. The thought affects us as we read the dying words of Makaria (*blessed one*) as she "pours out her soul unto death"

(*Heraclidæ*, 80). The case differs from that of the *Iphigeneia* in its purer voluntariness, and from that of the *Alcestis* in the tragic accompaniment of a bloody death.

Ye see me, in my maiden purity,  
Giving myself to die for this dear band  
Of brothers, and of kindred most beloved.  
Now fare ye well, and be ye richly blest  
With all that good for which my heart is pierced.

Put *ἐκκλησία* for *ὄμιλία*, and how holy as well as touching is the suggestion to which it gives rise! It is the shadow of a greater truth. It is no far-fetched semblance that brings to mind the words, "Remember me—my body broken—broken for you—for the forgiveness of sins."

But the pathetic itself, and aside from any accompanying ideas of heroism or sacrifice, may be sublime, as Longinus holds in his treatise *Περὶ Ὑψους*. It is *elevating* as well as refining. To a similar effect speaks Aristotle in his famous definition of tragedy as a representation designed "to purify the soul through the passion of fear and pity," though the more modern analysis would separate them as in some respects inharmonious if not alien elements.

In the passage translated and made the chief subject of this article it is all pity, all tender and melting compassion, without room for any other emotion. Homer frequently uses the apparently paradoxical phrase, *ἔμερος γόου*—the "*desire of grief*"—the indulgence of grief, as though there were something like a joy in it, or a sadness we did not wish to lose. It is a strange mystery of the human soul, one of those dualities which prove its supernatural origin as distinguished from the merely animal nature. He is more or less than man who knows not the luxury of tears. It may be said, however, that in some of the pathetic representations of Euripides the intensity of tender emotion becomes actually painful, though still retaining its strange fascination. The bare story is enough to melt the flintiest heart, and in its plain recital—the simplest possible in style and diction, and with just enough of rhythm to raise the subjective interest—every word may be said to be dripping with pathos. Its mournful effect is truly characterized in the words of that stern man of business, the Grecian herald, Talthybius: *Πολλῶν ἐμοὶ δακρύων ἀγωγός* ("From mine eyes, even, wringing many tears").

The Troades, or Trojan Women, may, as a whole, be called the most pathetic of the Euripidean dramas. On this account we may venture to say it ought to be more read in our colleges; and some of our excellent American scholars, who have well served the public in this way, ought to make a text-book of it, with suitable annotations. It would furnish an admirable sequel to the Homeric story, calling up its most mournful



incidents, such as the lamentations at the funeral of Hector, the wailing of the aged Hecuba at the sight of his fall, and that exquisite scene—than which there is nothing more deeply moving in poetry, ancient or modern—the Trojan chief's farewell interview with his wife and child. Euripides, though he falls far below the elder poet in the heroic sublime, has truly caught the Homeric spirit in its deep tenderness, as exhibited in these passages, and one benefit of such a text-book would be the awakened desire to read them again with a new and more intelligent interest.

Though there is but little effort at pictorial representation, the scenery and action of this mournful drama most vividly present themselves. The long fighting is over. Troy is taken and sacked. Its walls are dismantled, though still standing. Its streets are filled with carnage. The city lies wholly devastated, though not yet given over to the final conflagration. Fathers, sons, brothers, husbands—all are slain. Mothers, daughters, wives, are reserved for servitude or a still more cruel doom. The bereaved women, of all ranks, are gathered on the seashore, where the Greeks are making preparations and putting their ships in order for a speedy departure. The wretched captives—the queen, the princesses, females of all ranks that form the wailing chorus—have been assigned, by lot, to their respective masters. Andromache has fallen to the ownership of the fierce Neoptolemus, son of the man who slew her noble husband. News of a revolt in Phthia, and of the dethronement of his grandfather, the aged Peleus, hurries the departure of "Achilles' heir." Andromache goes with him, and this gives rise to the most mournful scene of all. The Greeks, either warned by some oracle or influenced by their own fears of the well-remembered Hector, have ordered the death of his young son Astyanax, whom his mother had hoped to carry with her to her foreign home. He is most barbarously killed by being thrown from the walls. Andromache begs in vain of Neoptolemus that he would grant her the poor boon of burying the murdered child before her final departure. The only concession he will make, and that a reluctant one, is that he may be entombed in his father's shield. This brings into the drama one of the noblest characters that figure in the Grecian host. Homer frequently mentions him, but in a formal and official way, as a secondary or merely ministerial actor amid the great hero-warriors. The picture given by Euripides is very different, and most strongly calls out our admiration for the man. It is Talthybius, the Grecian legate, one of that sacred class called *Κήρυκες*, or heralds, *Διὸς ἄγγελοι ἢ δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν* ("messengers of gods and men"), as Homer styles them. He was, in this sense,

a priest as well as warrior, for the ambassadorial office had ever a religious character in the ancient world. It is this which gives him more of the cosmopolitan aspect than was acknowledged in those days of fierce national and ethnological distinction. He expresses humanitarian ideas which seem far beyond the thinking of the rude chieftains by whom he is surrounded. He is, too, the finished gentleman, most courteous and kind. This is exhibited as his native disposition, though cherished, doubtless, by the required habits of his high office. It is especially shown in the marked respect he pays to Hecuba, the fallen queen, whom he had known before in his ambassadorial visits to Troy. He enters deeply into the sufferings of those wretched Trojan women. He is touched by the sad fate of the murdered boy, and of the poor mother who is compelled to leave him in such piteous circumstances. He is the faithful bearer of her message to the aged queen, who, though crushed by her own sorrows, is yet permitted to keep up some little show of courtly attendance. She is still acknowledged as their sovereign by the other female captives that compose the chorus, and await with her the final departure of the Grecian fleet. With consummate skill the poet brings out here another trait in the character of Talthybius. The gentleman, the hero, the courtier, and the priestly herald is also the man of business. He has tears for the wretched, but the times demand urgency. As a military man, too, he must obey orders. These traits of character are presented in most touching contrast with the misery on the one side appealing to his feelings as a man, and the reckless riot on the other, with which, in his priestly and official character, he has to deal. It is the simplest exhibition of this, as given with the utmost plainness and conciseness of speech, that most affects the critical reader. The slightest emotion shown by such a character has more pathos in it than torrents of exclamatory tenderness. Though deeply feeling, he has no time for its indulgence. Much has to be done, to be done decently and soothingly, yet with promptness and speed:

So be it ours,

When thou the corpse hast dressed, to place around  
Its robe of earth. And then we hoist the sail.

Kindness certainly, sympathy for the wretched, respect for fallen rank, religious reverence for the princely dead—all this is heartily acknowledged as belonging to his high heraldic office; but then the riotous army is to be disposed of, its embarkment is to be cared for, the aspect of the sea is to be watched, and the winds admit of no delay. Such a combination of qualities places Talthybius before us as one of the most attractive characters in the Grecian drama. It has, perhaps, a greater charm for the mod-



ern than the ancient reader. He is beyond his times, whether the poet so meant to represent him or not. It is as Homer, without intention, it may be, draws the character of Hector in such a way as to make us admire him more than Achilles, though the latter was so evidently the favorite of the bard that the Achilleid, as some of the old critics said, would have been the more appropriate name of the epic. The picture has an unmistakable air of reality. It seems drawn from the life, or from reliable traditions preserved with a vivid truthfulness corresponding to some deep impression made upon contemporary minds. We must either adopt this view, or regard both Euripides and Homer as having possessed a skill of invention unsurpassed in our own day, though the art of fictitious writing, it is claimed, has only reached its highest perfection in modern times. What is equally remarkable in this life-like presentation is its conciseness. Duty, promptness, economy of time, and yet most tender feeling. We see them all in those few words addressed to poor old Hecuba on the delivery of his mournful message:

One trouble have I saved thee: as I crossed  
Scamander's stream I washed the dead and cleansed  
Its gory wounds. And now must I depart  
To break the ground, and deeply sink the grave,  
That thus our mutual duty quickly done  
May give us leave to bend the oar for home.

The other events exhibited in the extract explain themselves—the enrobing of the dead with such poor adornings as their fallen means allow; the placing of the body in the hollow of the shield; and then the lamentation of the aged grandmother, given with all the pathos that characterizes the similar scene in the Iliad (xxii.), of Hecuba mourning over Hector. It is, indeed, most queenly. The very depth of her grief is seen in its calmness and the subdued temper of her submission to adversity. She knows the laws of war. It is not her captive lot that calls forth the deepest feeling. Husbands and sons have fallen, but their deaths were heroic, and in accordance with the same stern rules by which all were bound who drew the sword, whether for attack or defense. But this foul murder, this “monstrous slaughter,” as she styles it; it is hard to suppress indignation here, or to refrain from the most passionate reproach of the cruel conquerors. It is the unmanliness, the cowardice, of the act that adds to its atrociousness.

O Greeks, in armor heavier than in mind!

....This little one

Did ye so greatly dread?

And then the cruel manner of its accomplishment. It is the thought of this that gives in one place an awful fierceness, as we may style it, to her otherwise queenly wailing. The picture of the child's mangled head, with the white brain oozing from it,

is given in language that seems so revolting in its terrible literalness that she immediately apologizes for it:

Poor mangled head, where gory murder *laughs*  
From the crashed gaping bones—though I would shun  
To use *unseemly* words.

The strange expression she thus characterizes is the one we have placed in italics:

....ἔνθεν ἐκγελαῖ  
ὅστέων ραγέντων φόνος, ἵν' αἰσχρὰ μὴ λέγω.

Böthe and other critics have missed the strong point of the passage. They regard the retraction as having reference to the word *φόνος*, used as a sort of euphemism for *ἐγκέφαλος*, the brain, a term which they absurdly say, and on the poor authority of Apollodorus, the ancients repudiated or shunned to speak, as though offensive or obscene. It is the horrid image of the seeming *laughter* from which she turns away—the gaping “grinning wound” that mocks, as it were, or derides the cruel hands by which it was perpetrated; for such, in truth, is the literal meaning of the somewhat unusual compound.

The whole passage subjoined is given in a version most literal, and yet at the same time most faithful to the Greek, being generally line for line, and often word for word.

The scene is on the shore of the Hellespont. The Grecian ships are preparing for their departure. The heralds and priests are examining the sacrifices for favorable omens. Pyrrhus and Andromache are already gone. Talthybius, bearing to Hecuba the dead body of the murdered child Astyanax, delivers the message he has received from the bereaved and exiled mother.

(From the Troades of Euripides—1069.)

#### ANDROMACHE AND ASTYANAX.

TALTHYBIUS TO HECUBA.

Still, Hecuba, remains one dip of oar  
To bear to Phthia's coasts what may be left  
Of spoils allotted to Achilles' heir.  
For he himself has sailed, news having come  
Of strange reverse to aged Peleus,  
By Pelias' son, Akastus, driven forth;  
Wherefore with haste outweighing all delay  
He is gone, and with him sad Andromache,  
From mine eyes, even, wringing many tears,  
As, setting forth, she wails her ruined land,  
And bids a last farewell to Hector's tomb.  
She asked him but to bury the poor dead,  
Thy Hector's child, who, falling from the walls,  
Breathed out his life. The brazen-plated shield,  
The Achæan's dread, which oft before his breast  
His sire had thrown, this, too, she begged of him,  
Not to transport it to his halls, nor in  
The very chamber-place to pain her eyes—  
Where she, the mother of this murdered boy,  
Should meet the female captive's shameful doom—  
But that, instead of stone and cedar folds,  
It might remain a coffin for her child.  
And then she bade me give him to thine arms,  
That thou with robes and crowns, as thy poor means  
Could best afford, mightst fondly wrap the dead.  
For she is gone, and now her every hope  
To give him to the tomb, her master's haste  
Hath taken quite away. So be it ours,  
When thou the corpse hast dressed, to place around



Its robe of earth. And then we hoist the sail.  
Now quickly do what she hath thus enjoined.  
One trouble have I saved thee: as I crossed  
Scamander's stream I washed the dead, and cleansed  
Its gory wounds. And now must I depart  
To break the ground, and deeply sink the grave,  
That thus our mutual duty quickly done  
May give us leave to bend the oar for home.

## HECUBA.

Place the round shield of Hector on the earth—  
A mournful sight, and painful to mine eyes.  
O Greeks, in armor heavier than in mind!  
What dread possessed you of this child, that ye  
Should do this monstrous slaughter? Did ye fear  
That he might raise again our fallen Troy?  
Then surely were ye naught. For even then,  
When Hector bravely fought, and thousands more,  
We met our doom. And now, the city sacked,  
The Phrygian force destroyed, this little one  
Did ye so greatly dread? I must condemn  
Such fear as this, of reason so devoid:  
O most beloved, how hard thy hapless death!  
Hadst thou to manhood's blooming strength attained,  
To wedded state, to godlike royalty,  
And then for country died, thou hadst been blessed,  
If aught on earth is blessed. But now of these  
Bare sight hadst thou, some feeling in thy soul,  
But didst not know, nor use, though all was thine.  
Alas! poor mangled head, how cruelly  
Thy native walls, the towers Apollo built,  
Have torn those locks that like a garden bed  
Thy mother kept, and gave them many a kiss!  
Poor mangled head, where gory murder laughs  
From the crushed gaping bones—though I would shun

To use unseemly words. Those hands that bear  
So sweet the father's semblance, how they lie  
Before me all relaxed! And that dear mouth  
With all its pretty words—so silent now!  
Illusion all when, falling on my robes,  
"Grandmother dear," thou saidst, "for thee some day  
Will I cut off these locks, and to thy tomb  
With my companions bear them, giving thee  
The salutations of the dead." Alas!  
Not thus, but thee, the younger dead, do I,  
Old, childless, homeless, carry to the grave.  
Ah me, those many fondlings, nursing cares,  
Those infant slumbers—gone, for me—all gone.  
Over thy grave what shall the poet write?  
THIS CHILD THE ARGIVES IN THEIR TERROR SLEW—  
An ignominious epigram for Greece.  
O of thy father's heritage bereft!  
His brazen-plated shield thou still shalt have,  
Wherein to lie entombed. And thou, O shield!  
Savior of Hector's sinewy arm, thou too  
Hast lost thy noblest guardian. How sweet  
Upon its holder the arm-print lies!  
And on its rim's smooth turn dear Hector's sweat,  
That from his brow oft dropt, as near his face  
He brought it, in the battle sorely pressed.  
But haste ye, bring it forth, for this poor dead  
Th' adorning such as our scant means afford.  
Not for magnificence, our fortunes now  
Doth Heaven appoint: receive of what we have.  
Of mortals most infatuate is he  
Who, when he deems that all is going well,  
Rejoices as secure. For in her turns  
Delirious Fortune leaps—now here, now there—  
Like one with madness struck. There is no man  
That in himself is ever truly blest.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

DR. JOHNSON said that the death of Garrick eclipsed the gayety of nations. But there were still great actors left. New York is a great metropolis, but she has lost Theodore Thomas; and although there are most excellent musicians left, no community is rich enough in leaders to spare easily such a man. He has done his work very quietly and honestly, beginning as "a violin" in the old Jenny Lind orchestras, we believe, until he is by common consent the most admirable of conductors. Nor is it a mere mechanical function with him, a happy tact, a fortunate faculty. It is the leadership of an artist, a true musician, who believes in his art with all his might, and reverences its masters with all his heart. It is this faith and devotion which give him his electrical command of the orchestra, and compel the respectful attention of the audience. Thomas is the only conductor we have had who dared to rebuke the common vulgar disturbance of a concert by late arrival and bustle and conversation; and although the Easy Chair has told the story before, it delights to repeat it. The scene was Washington, we believe. The advertised hour for the concert had passed, and the music had already begun, when a party of persons came in, and pushed forward through the hall, disturbing the audience and insulting the orchestra, and, seating themselves, kept up an audible conversation. Suddenly Thomas, in the midst of a noble passage, rapped the astonished orchestra into silence. The audience looked at him in amazement, and, turning to them, Thomas quietly said, "I am afraid that the music interrupts conversation." The hearty applause of the audience saluted the stinging rebuke, and, resuming

the symphony, the orchestra was disturbed no more.

No doubt the vulgar party of tattlers thought the conductor a very impudent fellow, and it is quite possible that they had no sense of their own misconduct. But they and all who hear the story will have a very vivid sense of it hereafter, and concert audiences and orchestras will owe to Mr. Thomas the undisturbed attention which is as necessary and becoming to the occasion as of a theatre or a lecture. It was a striking lesson in the somewhat neglected department of public good manners, which ranges all the way from the conduct of guests in a hotel to that of statesmen in Parliament. Nothing more surely marks a gentleman than his public manners. It is, for instance, impossible not to feel that a man who arrives at a hotel late at night, and goes noisily, talking and laughing, along the corridor to his room, flinging his boots down heavily, and slamming the door, though an upright and excellent person, yet lacks the finer qualities of the gentleman. The essence of courtesy is moral. It is a sympathetic regard for the feelings of others which spares them unnecessary annoyance. When it is instinctive, it is called tact. But it is, at bottom, humanity. So when a public man vituperates another, however "smart" the abuse may be, there is an instant perception of the want of true gentlemanly feeling. However polished the invective, it is nothing more than the style of the stews. When Lord Beaconsfield spoke of Mr. Gladstone in the strain that we quoted last month, it was instantly felt that he had made a mistake; and although he might be, as his admirers assert, the last unmingled representative



of the Sephardim, or those Hebrews who can trace their pedigree unbroken through interminable generations of ancestors always of gentle blood, he was yet not quite a gentleman. When a member of a public assembly had been berated by an opponent with every kind of offensive epithet, and was asked to reply, he said, "But there is no reply to a slop pail." If a guest disturbed from sleep by the noisy comer that we mentioned should open his door, and, by way of reprisal, "shy his boot-jack" at the door of his noisy neighbor when he had fallen asleep, it might be what was called, when one scientific man spat in the face of another who had questioned his assertion, "the wild justice of expectoration," but it would not be gentlemanly.

Perhaps, then, it is better sometimes not to be gentlemanly? That is undoubtedly the practical conclusion of those who feel uncomfortable when they have been covered with mud, until they can throw mud in return. But the self-restraint which good manners imposes is always better than "letting yourself go." Mephistopheles is never a good counsellor, and largely because he is not a gentleman. The real Sephardim may or may not trace continuous gentle blood through interminable generations of ancestry. But they do not slam their boots nor their doors, nor bustle in late at concerts and talk during the performance, nor occupy more seats in a railroad car than they pay for, nor keep their seats in a street car, compelling a woman to stand. They may, indeed, reprove and rebuke, but without heat or personality, like Thomas when he feared that the music interrupted the conversation, or like that true gentleman whom the older Berkshire knew, and who said to the young woman to whom he had given his place in the car, and who asked him what he was waiting for, "Only to hear you say, 'thank you,' my dear."

How naturally a parting word to Mr. Thomas becomes a little sermon upon gentlemanly conduct! The winter will be more wintry without him. But we may thank him not only for the great service of introducing us more closely through the finest orchestral interpretation to the noblest music, but for showing us how much of the effect of an orchestra depends upon the conductor. We see that it is an instrument, like any other. He alone reveals its power. We perceive in a new sense how

"The silent organ loudest chants  
The master's requiem."

It is a delightful portrait gallery through which we are led in the "English Men of Letters," a series of brief biographies of the most eminent literary Englishmen which is now publishing. The charm of these men for Americans is absolutely unique. We are of their race and language; their traditions are ours; our historic glories are common; we think and feel and act much as they did; and we instinctively comprehend them as we can not the men of other countries. Yet, for all this, they too have a certain remoteness. They are almost ourselves, but not ourselves. They have just the glamour of strangeness which gives them an inexplicable attraction, and one which their own countrymen can not feel. How like, yet how unlike! Is it merely the enchanting perspective of an old society? Is it only the romance of rich association? Our two purely liter-

ary men—Irving and Hawthorne—lived one near New York, the other near Boston, and each in the best and most intimate literary companionship of his country and time. The *Life of Irving* has been written, and well written, by his nephew. Has it the kind of charm for us that we feel in the *Life of Scott*? When we read that of Hawthorne, which has been too long delayed, shall we perceive the kind of pleasure that we feel in the uneventful life of Gibbon?

Much, of course, lies in the skill of the storyteller. But in the series of which we speak, two of the earlier volumes are mainly cabinet copies of the two most interesting literary biographies in any literature—Boswell's *Johnson* and Lockhart's *Scott*. Yet the smaller works have very much the spell of the larger. It would be remarkable that the skill of the later writer should in both cases be as great as that of the original author. We must believe, therefore, that the secret is in the story itself, so attractive that it can hardly be mistold, and that the explanation of the mystery lies in the greater romantic capabilities of the setting of a biography in a country full of poetic association to the reader—the remoteness itself being an element of the romance.

For instance, Mr. Hutton, in his contribution to the series, the *Life of Scott*, well calls Lockhart's description of a mounting for the hunt at Abbotsford an idyl. It is a fresh, blithe September morning, and Sir Walter, on his Sybil Grey, marshals the cavalcade. And who are the motley hunters but Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, Henry Mackenzie ("the man of feeling"), with a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, while Rose, the famous angler, and his "Waltonians" wait to see the departure. It is a cheery and beautiful picture, which Lockhart says should have been painted by Wilkie and Landseer in concert. Would a companion piece of a party marshalling at Sunnyside on a bright September morning, to be led by Irving through Sleepy Hollow, be equally enchanting? And if not, excepting the greater or less skill of the narrator, would not the explanation lie in the difference of "local color," the costume, *patois*, and customs of the country, and above all in the subtle romance of distance and association? Irving himself is the inventor of the romance of Sleepy Hollow and the legend of the Catskills. But it was not Scott who invented the heather and the Yarrow, nor the moonlight Melrose, nor all the wild, dark, stormy, tender Scotland. As we read his story the mind is full of the beseeching murmur of a thousand ballads, of shadowy tragedy, of Queen Mary and Prince Charlie, of Bruce and the Douglas, of a vast and teeming past that gives the tone to the modern picture, as the humming insects of an autumn night touch with pensive spell the musing of the wayfarer.

It is delightful to have the great, hearty, manly figure of Sir Walter recalled again in this day of introspective literature. Mr. Hutton is in full sympathy with his hero, but not bewildered or dazzled by him. The reading of Scott by men of his own time who lived into ours was a kind of religious *culte*. There never was and never could be so great a storyteller. The assertion of the rival charm of others was actual heresy. Shakespeare and Scott were the two names in English literature. "Who is this Dickens?" said one of the Waverley idolaters: "I must find out



something about him." Scott's popularity in his time was a kind of drunkenness. It is pleasant to think of the contrast of Dr. Johnson waiting his turn among parasites and slaves in Lord Chesterfield's anteroom, and the British government offering Scott a public ship to take him to Italy. He died, overborne in his noble endeavor to save others from loss, not yet an old man, and there was a reaction of feeling. He was the "last minstrel" of feudalism, and when the modern spirit spurned feudalism, it contemned its minstrel. As Mr. Hutton truly says, Carlyle's article upon Scott marks the force of the reaction. Its tone is mainly that of immense pity—the sympathetic pity of one sturdy, stalwart soul for another gone astray and befogged in foolish and unmanly aims. There was, indeed, something pitiful and tragical in that tremendous struggle of Scott to force his genius to atone for the mistakes of his life, and in the final catastrophe. The simple entry in his diary, as he confronted the contest after the total ruin of his fortune and the death of his wife, is as pathetic as the words of Lear. Yet, as Mr. Hutton justly says, the want of the finer spiritual element in Scott made his unbroken prosperity wanting in true grandeur. But when the prosperity vanished, when youth, joy, love, and enthusiasm were gone, and even the magician himself confessed that his "magic wand" was broken, then the great struggle, continued to the last, "without bitterness, without defiance, without murmuring, but not without such sudden flashes of subduing sweetness as melted away the anger of the teacher of his childhood," ceases to be pitiful only, and becomes pathetic and ennobling. "How much greater the man was than his ends!"

THE pestilence of yellow fever which has desolated the Southern cities this year will be known as one of the most fearful in their annals. It began so early and so violently, and the hope of relief from the frost was therefore so remote, that a spell of terror apparently settled over the region, and the daily accounts were pitiful. They were like those of the worst plagues in Europe. Business was stopped. Political discussion was suspended. The appalled people fled from towns and cities, so that smaller places were deserted. The fugitives formed camps in the fields. Food failed, and the aid of the national government was invoked. The dead lay unburied, the bells tolled incessantly, and the land seemed cursed. It was inspiring, on the other hand, to observe the universal sympathy. Within a month New York alone sent a hundred thousand dollars to the sufferers. Editors and clergymen in all parts of the country received gifts and forwarded them. Collections were taken up in churches. Boxes for contributions were put up in public places. Good Samaritans every where volunteered their personal services, and hastened to the scene to aid the Howard and the Christian associations. Even the life-insurance companies, when appealed to, permitted their clients to risk the mortal peril that they might help save the sick and console the dying. The daily bulletin of human suffering was relieved by the daily record of human heroism. The year will be known as the year of sorrow, but it will be remembered also as a year of the courage and devotion which ennoble human nature.

The pestilence seems to have been most virulent at New Orleans, Grenada, Vicksburg, and Memphis, and the most graphic and touching records were the brief telegraphic dispatches. One from a priest of the Roman Catholic Church in Memphis is in itself a history:

"I appeal to all Catholic societies for aid. Three priests alone remain; all the others are dead or sick. Three hundred lives have been saved at the Father Mathew Camp. Arrangements are being made to provide for the orphans."

Another from the Colored Preachers' Aid Society in the same place is most pathetic:

*"To the Colored People of the United States, especially of the North:*

"Our people are suffering, dying, and destitute. For Heaven's sake, relieve us all you can by sending us means! We are not able to bury our dead, or to nurse and feed the sick and destitute. The most of us have no employment, as all business is suspended. Send us contributions of money or provisions speedily."

Meanwhile the response was instant and efficient. We have described it in general. But the papers of a single day in New York contained accounts of meetings and collections of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of the Seventh Regiment, of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Cotton Exchange, of the proprietor of the Starin steamboat line to Bay Ridge (who, having devoted half the gross receipts of the line for the day to the relief of the sufferers, was disappointed in the sum, which he more than doubled), of the banks, of the Stock Exchange, of the Produce Exchange, of the Stationers' Board of Trade, and of newspaper offices. The Secretary of War ordered rations to be regularly issued, relying upon Congress to condone his action, which is without law. The whole community was stirred as in the bitter days of sixteen and seventeen years ago, but with what a different emotion! This, at least, must be one of the great consolations of so melancholy a situation. It rebukes factitious fury and confronts us with realities. It alleviates that sectional hostility which is carefully fostered not for patriotic ends, and it tends to confirm the union of hearts, without which that of hands is fruitless.

It is singular that the knowledge both of the nature and proper treatment of the yellow fever advances so slowly. The disease is apparently taken for granted as an element in the chances of life in the region affected, like the chills and fever and mosquitoes and sand-flies of other sections. Yet a mortality so certainly periodical from a cause so apparently remediless might well paralyze the growth and development of the country subject to it. But it seems hardly to be thought of until it comes. Then amid the consternation and sorrow there are speculations as to its probable origin and frantic experiments of treatment, but the next return of the plague seems to be as resistless as ever. It will be interesting to observe whether, after the appalling calamity of this year, there will be any vigorous and thorough scientific investigation leading to a sanitary system which will promise relief hereafter.

THOSE of us whose early African romance was written in the books of Denham and Clapperton and Mungo Park and Bruce and the Landers, may well be grateful that we have lived to push



through the *Dark Continent* with Stanley, from the east coast to the west, circumnavigating the great Lake N'yanza, determining finally the source of the Nile, and revealing to the world and history for the first time the secrets of the Congo. The contrast is prodigious between the chance wanderings, the inadequate knowledge, the limited exploration of the earlier travellers, which left the African mystery more mysterious than ever, and the complete preparation, the knowledge, the steady persistence, the ample resources, and the immense achievements of the later men. The list of them and the story of their heroism, from the time that Livingstone buried himself in mid-Africa until Stanley emerged at the mouth of the Congo, are long and illustrious. But with all the knowledge, the romance of later travel is not less; the exposures are as great, and the courage as indomitable. These are all illustrated in the book of Stanley, which is, upon the whole, the most fascinating of all the African books.

The difference between the Mungo Park period of African travel and Stanley's is most strikingly illustrated by a single incident in the story of the latter. Stanley began his great journey on the African coast opposite Zanzibar. Through every kind of trial and exposure and peril he pushed on with his large company of about two hundred and thirty persons, and after travelling seven hundred and twenty miles in one hundred and three days, he reached the southern shore of the great Victoria or N'yanza Lake. Upon this vast inland sea, after a short rest for preparation, he embarks, the first white man to circumnavigate it. For more than a month he follows the winding shore, surmounting every danger, and reaches a mid-African empire. The fascinated reader feels as if he had now penetrated a new and vast world of undeveloped humanity, and the sense of remoteness from familiar civilization and the happy world we know is most profound at the very moment when, in this mid-African imperial court, this sole white man, "Stamlee," suddenly encounters—M. Linant de Bellefonds coming south from Cairo! And M. De Bellefonds and Mr. Stanley, one going north from Zanzibar, and the other south from Grand Cairo, meet at a point which, until within a very few years, had eluded all human endeavor of discovery, as a New Yorker meets a Bostonian on the platform of the station at Springfield, and nods and passes on. Nothing in the whole book is a more impressive assurance that Africa is now "opened to trade and travel," and that one of the most jealously cherished secrets of time is at last fully told.

Another of the common impressions—that the single African communities or states are insignificant—is also disturbed by Stanley's story. One of the striking incidents that he describes is a war of the Emperor of Uganda, at whose court he met the Frenchman. He is called Mtesa, and was described by Captain Speke as a wild youth, but, as Stanley sees him in his maturity, he is a remarkable man for an African monarch—a man, indeed, whom Mr. Stanley, in his capacity of Christian missionary, evidently holds that he converted to the true faith. Having made acquaintance with the emperor, and finished the circumnavigation of the lake, which occupied two months of constant travel, Stanley returned to the imperial court of Uganda on his way to the Lake Albert N'yanza. But he found the emperor at war with

some refractory subjects who refused to pay tribute, and as it is the custom of the country that nobody can be permitted to pass through upon his travels while the emperor is at war, Stanley repaired to the camp of his illustrious imperial friend. Instead of finding a few hundred men with spears, which is the common idea of a mid-African army, he found a host of one hundred and fifty thousand warriors, and about fifty thousand women, with as many children and slaves, so that he estimated the number of persons in Mtesa's camp at two hundred and fifty thousand—a mass which, considering the nature and extent of the African's authority, Mr. Stanley thinks not disproportioned to the five and a quarter millions with which Xerxes invaded Greece. We should trust Mr. Stanley's estimates, of which he gives us the grounds, rather than the traditions of Xerxes, and this immense host at once dissipates the common idea of the scanty forces of African kings.

The story of the war which the traveller tarried to see is very amusing. The imperial camp of thirty thousand dome-like huts was pitched upon a cape which was only seven hundred yards from an island on which the insurgents, only twenty thousand strong, were posted. But this enemy was very brave and used to the water, so that they drove back the imperial forces when their navy appeared, and were full of insolent defiance, which sorely tried the soul of the imperial Mtesa, who, with all his enormous force, could apparently do nothing against the insurgents, quick and stinging as wasps. The monarch applied to "Stamlee" for counsel. Stanley, in his capacity of general and shrewd white man, advised him to build a stone dike from the cape to the island, and march his army over. Mtesa was delighted, and forty thousand men were instantly at work. But they began a causeway of a hundred feet in width instead of ten, and when Stamlee remonstrated, the Prime Minister smiled, and continued to build a hundred feet wide. In five days one hundred and thirty yards of the seven hundred had been made practicable, and the emperor thought that he would try a parley. Stamlee told him it would be fatal, and it was so. The poor envoys were at once murdered. Meanwhile interest in the causeway had declined, and in a few days there were but a hundred men languidly at work, and Stamlee, as missionary, began the conversion of Mtesa to Christianity. But having unsuccessfully tried another naval engagement, the emperor paused in the process of conversion to the gospel of peace and good-will long enough to announce that he should try fighting again, and that during the battle he should watch for the coward, and that the coward he would burn alive over a slow fire. This notification served as a prodigious stimulant. The imperial forces, indeed, were again beaten, but they fought so well that their master was not obliged to roast any of the generals. The rebellion was an exceedingly hard nut to crack, until Stamlee thought of a raft of canoes, upon which a kind of wooden wall was made of laced and twisted trees. Within this a garrison was placed, and the floating fort was moved toward the isle of rebels. A mysterious voice from the interior of the fort then demanded their surrender, under pain of an explosion of the island and general destruction. This was too awful for the



insurgents to endure. They surrendered, and the war was over.

The story of the descent of the Lualaba, or Livingstone, or Congo River from the point beyond which the expeditions from Zanzibar have never penetrated is the most exciting part of the book. It reveals the human life of the hitherto sealed interior of Africa. Stanley followed the river closely, making no expeditions from its banks, and the journey was one of the most desperate and perilous ever known. The river is a huge stream flowing through vast jungles and forests and hills, dashing down rocky slopes in impassable cataracts and rapids, and passing through the lands of cannibals and the lowest grades of humanity. It was one long contest with savage man and nature. Cataract after cataract, fierce tribe after tribe, constantly confronted the voyagers, and at last of the four white men Stanley alone was left. The voyage upon the river lasted from the 22d of November, 1876, to the 9th of August, 1877. The entire journey across the continent occupied two years and nine months, or about a thousand days, and the distance traversed, which was of course not a direct line, was seven thousand one hundred and fifty-eight (7158) miles. The expedition contained about two hundred and thirty persons when it started from the east coast. One hundred and fourteen died by disease, or violence, or mishap upon the way, and eighty-nine only survived to return to Zanzibar.

Mr. Stanley is the sole historian, and the wonderful tale rests entirely upon his authority. There was, however, no need of exaggeration or misrepresentation, and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the narrative. His journey was one of the great historic feats of human courage and endurance. The fidelity of his companions was repaid by his care of them upon the way, and when the end was triumphantly achieved, he accompanied the survivors back to their homes at Zanzibar, as he had promised, before setting his face toward Europe. There is no "Nile problem" longer. The heart of the African mystery is plucked out.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S remarkable political career, and its culmination in the Treaty of Berlin, with his triumphal return to England, have naturally renewed attention to his literary works. This is the more natural as the politician is always evident in the novelist. This is true also of Bulwer, but not of Dickens or Thackeray, nor, in the same sense, of George Eliot. It is the humane aspect of politics, not the political contention itself, which interests these last. But Disraeli and Bulwer both show the keen interest of gamblers in the game. In their case, also, it was mingled with love of applause and a taste for spectacular display, so that their political careers suggest the French vaudevilles of politics, where the important thing is the glamour of official life, the embassy, or the cabinet. In Disraeli's stories there is a willfulness and dash and satiric wit, often a flashing cut and thrust, which Bulwer does not reach, and which make them very sparkling and entertaining. In all of them, however, the love of glitter, and naturally of rank, as rank, of luxury and riches and social splendor, is constantly apparent.

Disraeli's novels, with all their cleverness, were

especially novels for snobs. The vast and exhaustless British delight in the *Court Circular*, the taste for the announcement that the Princess Geraldine walked yesterday afternoon upon the slopes attended by the Honorable Lady Caroline Ponsonby and Colonel Sir Reginald de Mowbray, and that the Earl and Countess of Bounce had the honor of entertaining H. R. H. the Grand Duke of Barataria at dinner last evening, was immensely gratified by the skillful hand of the new novelist. *Vivian Grey*, Disraeli's first story, published when he was twenty-one years old, with all its unquestionable talent, is a transfigured *Court Circular*, full of the humorous vivacity and interest which are popularly imagined to belong to high life. It is crowded with characters whose descriptive names coarsely express the author's estimate of them. Lord Brougham figures as Mr. Foaming Fudge; Mr. Canning—alas! and alack! for the eloquent minister, who evidently has Canning always in his eye—as Mr. Charlatan Gas; Lady Caroline Lamb is Mrs. Felix Lorraine, one of the most felicitous names of a novelist who is very felicitous in names. Thus in *Henrietta Temple*, one of the cold, statuesque, colorless English beauties is Lady Ionia Colonnade. Indeed, it was at once so apparent that the characters in *Vivian Grey* were studies from life, portraits or caricatures, that "a key" was published, and the delighted club world knew precisely who was served up in the ragout.

The recent papers upon the "Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield," which treat Vivian Grey in his own style, mention this same tendency to admiration of title and social splendor, and the trappings of riches and rank, in the dedication of the letters of Runnymede to Sir Robert Peel, and Thackeray hits it off delightfully in "Codlingsby," the parody of Disraeli's style in *Punch's* "Prize Novelists." Godfrey de Bouillon, Marquis of Codlingsby, enters Holywell Street musingly, and as he watches the denizens of the London Ghetto, and thinks how beautiful they are in the sunset, a voice at his ear whispers, "D'you want to look at a nische coat?" It proves to be Rafael Mendoza in disguise. They passed under an awning of old clothes, tawdry fripperies, greasy spangles, and battered masks, into a shop as black and hideous as the entrance was foul. "This your home, Rafael?" said Lord Codlingsby. "Why not?" Rafael answered. "I am tired of Schloss Schinkenstein; the Rhine bores me after a while. It is too hot for Florence; besides, they have not completed the picture-gallery, and my palace smells of putty. You wouldn't have a man, *mon cher*, bury himself in his chateau in Normandy out of the hunting season? The Rugantino Palace stupefies me. Those Titians are so gloomy, I shall have my Hobbimas and Teniers, I think, from my house at the Hague, hung over them." This is hardly burlesque. Thackeray's sure finger touches the essential barbaric love of spangles of every kind in the Disraeli novels. The taste was apparent also in the personality of the author. He was, in all the contemporary accounts, a jewelled dandy, and with all his superfine graces there was an unmistakable air of Holywell Street. Disraeli "loved a lord," and it is the key-note of his stories. Bret Harte sees it in *Lothair*, and he caricatures the latest work with all the zest with which Thackeray handles the earlier one.



Perception of the universality of this taste, and sincere sympathy with it, combined with perfect confidence in his perception, explain both the literary and political career of Lord Beaconsfield. He is like an extremely clever man who sees that people really love gossip, although they are ashamed to own it and affect to despise it, and who, by making himself the most sprightly and skillful of Jenkinases, secures a place at the best tables. It may be true that Lord Beaconsfield is the grandson of a Venetian Hebrew, and that he is by race and tradition an alien in England. But it is equally true that his respect for an aristocratic class and society is fervent and fanatical, and that his devotion to them is unflinching. Moreover, his genius for affairs is the clear perception that he is the representative of an immense and controlling sentiment. As the great British public likes to read clever and superb tales of riches and rank, associated with vast political power and intrigues that hold Europe in a web and move emperors and courts and governments like puppets, so it likes a political programme which is dazzling and daring, which sneers at a Quaker policy of peace and calico and Sunday-schools, which haughtily gives the White Bear frown for frown, makes the map of Europe to suit itself, and will willingly ask England to pay the piper for the entertainment. The Treaty of Berlin and all Jingo statesmanship are Vivian Grey in politics. Disraeli put himself both into the novel and the treaty, and he knew that the quality which made one popular would secure enthusiasm for the other. It was not

condescension to something that he disdained but saw the wisdom of tolerating and fostering; it was sincere delight in that which equally delighted others.

Those who now take up Disraeli's novels for the first time are sure to be amused and pleased. They are obviously the work of a consummately clever man, and they are the best possible illustration of that quality and spirit in modern English society the extent of which reacted in the satire of Thackeray. Thackeray is the essential antagonist of Disraeli. He personifies that sturdy, simple, upright, humorous, moral character which is the best British quality, while Disraeli stands for the subtle snobbery which the political and social system of England is sure to generate. He takes "the city," and the clubs, and the country gentlemen, and the mob by storm, and they are the vast majority. No man, indeed, except one of singular cleverness could do this, and no career in English history, therefore, is more unique and picturesque. It is undeniable that this "Jew novelist," this "dainty dandy," as we have heard him called in former years, has made himself complete master of England for the nonce, that he has aroused the pride and enthusiasm of the nob and the mob as no other man has done since Chatham, and that, even in the presence of Bismarck, he is the most conspicuous political figure in Europe. It is certainly "magnificent." But it is no less true of the Prime Minister than of the author of *Vivian Grey* and the *Young Duke*, that there is about him still the unmistakable air of Holywell Street.

## Editor's Literary Record.

MR. NATHANIEL HILLYER EGGLESTON, the author of *Villages and Village Life, with Hints for their Improvement* (Harper and Brothers), is admirably qualified for the work which he has undertaken, and which greatly needs to be done. He is a pioneer in the village-improvement campaign; his residence is among the Berkshire hills; and in no part of the country has village improvement been carried on more successfully, nowhere have the lessons been better taught in the school of experience, than in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Mr. Eggleston covers in his treatise a broader ground than one would anticipate from its title. He points out the double evils that ensue from the overcrowding of cities—feverish, frivolous, and sometimes ferocious life in the great centres; a sparse population, inadequately supplied with schools and churches, dwarfed and stunted in its social life, and degenerating into ignorance and semi-barbarism in the country. He gives emphasis to one of the causes of overpopulating of towns which political economists and sociologists have too little regarded—social dullness in the country. He places first in the order of necessary village improvements the cultivation of social life by various gatherings—fairs, festivals, farmers' clubs, glee clubs, and the like. He gives a sketch, illustrated from his own observation, of what has been done in Berkshire County by a relatively modern village-improvement society. And having thus led on to his true subject, he

gives in the remainder of his book (four-fifths of it) practical instructions for village improvement: tree-planting; the cultivation of vines and climbing plants, and of fruits and flowers; the principles that should underlie the structure of country dwelling-houses; the relative advantages of fences and hedges; how to make a lawn; how to get and use water; sanitary conditions, such as drainage, ventilation, and the like; the care of cemeteries; the making of roads and bridges; and finally—for he does not forget the intellectual, and even spiritual—the true ideal of the school-house, the church, and the village library. Such a book is, as we have said, greatly needed, and we trust that this one may prove a valuable factor in guiding us back to a wiser rural life, and in stimulating for that purpose an appetite for rural enjoyments. In England the city is regarded as a dire necessity; the Englishman's ambition is to have a country home. In France city existence is regarded as alone beatific; the country is barely tolerated; and it is not too much to say that the national difference between England and France is both typified and preserved by this difference in the taste and habits of the two peoples. In the United States there is as yet a struggle going on between the French feverish life and the English more quiet and sober life—between the city and the country. He who looks forward to a remote future can not but welcome whatever gives impulse or guidance toward making the country and country life at-



tractive, enjoyable, and socially, intellectually, and æsthetically stimulating.

*Tent Work in Palestine*, by CLAUDE REIGNIER CONDER (D. Appleton and Co.), will take its place in the libraries of the students of the Holy Land with Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* and Robinson's *Researches*, though it is less attractive in style than the former, and, considering Mr. Conder's peculiar advantages, less valuable as a book of reference than the latter. Mr. Conder was the officer in command of the Palestinian Survey Expedition which has just completed the trigonometrical survey of Western Palestine. He went out in the summer of 1872, and returned in September, 1875, remaining in Palestine during all the intervening time, save for an absence of four months in 1874. He supervised the survey of 4700 square miles, and brought back with him a mass of notes, special surveys, observations, and drawings, in the arrangement of which he has been principally occupied since his return. In order to give in a popular way the results of the survey, this *Tent Work in Palestine* has been written. It is "intended to give as accurate and general description as possible of Palestine." For such a work Mr. Conder certainly has possessed peculiar advantages. He claims for the survey that the new discoveries made are almost as numerous as all those of former travellers put together. He has evidently spared no pains in his investigations, and his views respecting the value of tradition and the method of making one tradition correct another are eminently sound, and, in some sense, novel. Yet it must be confessed that his book does not fulfill the expectations held out to the reader by the promise. It is not an "accurate general description of Palestine;" it is a series of sketches, in which the author's adventures and his explorations are woven together. There is no broad, bird's-eye view of the Holy Land, little or no attempt to group together the results or to arrange them in a classified order in the book itself. There is almost nothing of Galilee but a discussion respecting the true site of Capernaum and that of Cana. There is little respecting Jerusalem which will be new to one who has studied Barclay's *City of the Great King* or Wilson's *Jerusalem Recovered*. But, despite its defects, his *Tent Work in Palestine* will be almost indispensable to any one who does not expect to possess the larger work, and yet desires to have some account of the more important results of this survey. The last five chapters of Mr. Conder's work on the present land and its modern inhabitants are the most interesting, if not the most valuable, in the book. The work is well illustrated by Mr. Whympers's pencil.

We have already given in the pages of this Magazine some account of Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY's African adventures as narrated by himself in *Through the Dark Continent* (Harper and Brothers). No record of travel, ancient or modern, surpasses in romantic interest that of this remarkable adventurer, who has accomplished the extraordinary task of crossing Equatorial Africa from east to west, completing Livingstone's unfinished discoveries, perfecting the exploration of Lakes Victoria N'yanza and Tanganika, and following down the Congo River through a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids to the sea. The thoroughness of his work is indicated by the fact that as preparation for it he collected and studied

about 130 volumes on Africa. The privations and perils endured are strikingly illustrated by a comparison of the two portraits, one from a photograph taken in England just before his departure to Africa, the other from a photograph taken at the Cape of Good Hope after he reached the mouth of the Congo. The volumes are written with modesty and with delicacy. Mr. Stanley is singularly free from egotism or self-conceit, and in giving his picture of barbaric life wisely avoids some details which would be revolting to the pure-minded, but which all African travellers have not been equally ready to pass by in silence. The work is, in all its external characteristics, a magnificent specimen of book-making. It has 150 wood-cuts, ten maps, two of them pocket maps about three feet square, one showing the eastern, the other the western, part of Equatorial Africa, and giving the results of previous explorations as well as those of Mr. Stanley himself. Each volume has a full index. Inasmuch as some piratic and imperfect copies of Stanley's work are, it is rumored, to be put upon the American market, the public will do well to remember that this is the only authorized and complete edition.

Harpers add to their "Franklin Square Library" two volumes—for though pamphlets, they are really entitled to this designation—of permanent importance and value. *The Russians of To-Day*, by the author of *The Member for Paris*, gives rather a pictorial than a philosophical description of modern Russia. The author, instead of presenting broad generalizations, gives a series of illustrative pictures. He shows us what the Russian prince is by a portrait of Prince Wiskoff and his country-seat; what Russian methods of doing business are by his account of the ingenious and successful frauds perpetrated by Simon Iscariotivitch. He illustrates Russian methods of justice by his account of the extraordinary and semi-tragic experiences of Herr Dicker. His account of Siberia leaves it very questionable whether the abolition of capital punishment is any indication of Russian clemency. The author, however, is a good Russian hater, and he leaves on the mind a little impression of untrustworthiness, such as is always more or less apt to be produced by somewhat excessively smart writing. *Twenty Years' Residence among the People of Turkey*, by a Consul's Daughter, edited by STANLEY LANE POOLE, is a very different book. The author gives the result of long and familiar acquaintance with the various peoples of Turkey—Bulgarians, Albanians, Turks, and Armenians. She enters into no discussions respecting the Eastern question or any of its aspects; she simply describes what she has seen and knows, and apparently describes it with singular impartiality. She first sketches the general characteristics of the various races of Turkey; next describes the tenure of land, the condition of the peasantry, and the character of the houses, from the meanest hovel to the most superb seraglio of the Sultan. She then gives an account of the social customs and manners of the people, and finally characterizes their education and their religion. She has small respect for the official class among the Turks, though she speaks favorably of the possibilities of the Turkish peasant, the evils of whose character are largely the results of his religious education. She credits the Bulgarians with being honest and industrious, and acquits



them from all charge of ferocity, and even accounts them as too docile and submissive. Evidently she regards the Greeks as the superior race, and their vices the fruit of their past servitude rather than of their inherent national character. The book may almost be described as in substance doing for Turkey what Mr. Wallace has done in his larger and more comprehensive work for Russia.

JAMES ALBERT HARRISON'S *Greek Vignettes* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.) is a book of pleasant reading, but gives not much new information respecting a people concerning whom all students of contemporaneous European politics desire to know much more than is now known. Mr. Harrison spent a summer in sailing through the Greek seas and wandering among the Greek isles, and gives here the results of his observations. But his observing faculties are better than his insight, and his pictures of external scenery and the external habits of the people are much more satisfactory than his analysis of Greek character. Indeed, of such analysis he attempts but little. His work may be profitably read with Mahaffy's *Rambles and Studies in Greece*, which it excels in artistic qualities, but does not equal in intellectual power or scholarship.

"Henry Greville" is decidedly the most entertaining of modern French novelists, and *Sonia* (T. B. Peterson and Co.) is one of the most entertaining of her novels. If somewhat less vivacious than *Dosia*, it is a more satisfactory, and it seems to us a more finished, work. Sonia is not as unique a character as *Dosia*, but one far more worthy to be portrayed. The plot is a simple one, and the interest of the story turns upon the development of the three principal characters concerned—Sonia, Boris Ivanovitch, and Lydie Goréline.—PAUL HEYSE is now the popular novelist in Germany, as the references to his novels in the works of his contemporaries show. We can not, however, think, after reading *In Paradise* (D. Appleton and Co.), which is said to be one of his best works, that he would be equally popular in this country. Paradise is the name of a company of Munich artists, and the story itself is an account of the loves, friendships, and adventures of a set of Bohemians, whose ideas on social subjects are utterly unconventional, and hardly moral, though, perhaps, not positively vicious or impure. The scene of the story is the Munich of to-day; the time of its action, the Franco-German war; the interest, its photographic descriptions of art life and character. In its moral tone it is not to be altogether commended, though it certainly does not deserve to be severely condemned.—*Squire Paul*, one of the "Half-hour Series" (Harper and Brothers), by HANS WARRING, is also a translation from the German, but a very different sort of book. The time is the period immediately following the Prussian war; the story is short, and the characters are few, but the threads of their lives are marvellously snarled together and skillfully disentangled. The labor question is effectively introduced as a background to the romance of love.—*Mollie Bawn*, by the author of *Phyllis* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is simply a love story, but with a decidedly ingenious plot. The marriage of Cecil and Sir Penthony Stafford, in utter ignorance of each other, and its final *dénouement*, though only a side play, would of itself afford a capital plot for a short story.—

Of the same general description is CHRISTIAN REID'S *Summer Idyl* (D. Appleton and Co.), a story of matching and mismatching which comes to an abrupt termination with the suggestion that it may prove, after all, to be nothing but a preface to a future idyl. The greatest defect of the book is its untimely and unsatisfactory ending.—*Old Slip Warehouse* (No. 8 of "Harper's Library of American Fiction") is sufficiently rapid in action and abounding in incidents to gratify the taste and keep alive the interest of the most intense novel-reader. But in attempting, after the pattern of Dickens in *Bleak House*, to introduce more than one person as the story-teller, the author has gone beyond her ability. It is always difficult to sustain such a double personality. The story has vigor, but it lacks in finish.—Like coming to a quiet, peaceful village from a bustling, noisy, and somewhat vicious city is the relief which such a story as *Bonnie Lesley*, by Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN (No. 15 of the "Franklin Square Library," Harper and Brothers), gives after the ordinary novels of the day. There is no villainy, no tragedy. The people are such as our neighbors, having the sorrows and the joys which come to ordinary mortals. They are English gentlefolks, and the simple story is full of honest affection. The sorrows are brightened by the light of love; even the sadness of Helen Thornely's death is relieved by the love that surrounds her and the sweet memory she leaves. The restoration of Mr. Fielding's sight and the three marriages—Margery to her curate, Lionel to his Frederica (a good though second choice), and, best of all, Lesley and Mr. Fielding—make every body happy, including the reader.—*Blush Roses*, by CLARA FRANCIS MORSE (No. 7 of "Harper's Library of American Fiction"), is a story of a small party of school-girls gathered from various countries in a French boarding-school near Paris. To young American girls the description of this school will be entertaining. The three girls, Thekla Van Zandt, Mattie Harmon, and Julia Osgood—German, American, and English—are the heroines, of whom Thekla is chief. The second part of the book, "Out of School," takes them into a little traveling and considerable romance, and all ends well.—*Tritons*, by EDWIN LASSETER BYNNER (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.), differs very much from the author's previous book, *Nimpoit*, although some characteristics are common to both. Idiosyncrasies of character rather than incidents or action are the noticeable features. The odd and kindly Truman Blue and his wife Pamela are well drawn, and add life to an otherwise rather sombre story. Mr. Samuel Curley with his pottery craze is a happy hit on the times. The wickedness through which the thread of the story runs is not pleasant, and might have been omitted.

To the admirable and now well-recognized standard histories, "The Student's Series," is added *The Student's Ecclesiastical History* (Harper and Brothers), by PHILIP SMITH, the author of *The Old Testament History* and *The New Testament History* of the same series. It covers the first ten centuries of the Christian Church, and a conditional promise is made of two companion volumes, *The History of the Mediæval Church* and *The History of the Reformation*. The present history opens with two introductory chapters on the relation of Christ's ministry to the Christian Church as an organization, and on the Apostolic Church,



as its history and constitution are indicated in the Book of Acts and the Epistles of the Apostles. Mr. Smith makes no attempt after a pictorial style. His work is rhetorically the antipodes of such histories as those of Dean Stanley, for example. But it is a model of compact and clear statement, and though not entertaining to the general reader, is full of interest to the student, and will be almost indispensable in the ecclesiastical library as a book of reference.

It is not our province here to discuss or even to attempt to describe the politico-economical theories which underlie J. B. HOWE'S *Political Economy in the Use of Money* (Houghton, Osgood, and Co.). If we understand the drift of his work aright, it is a philosophical and scientific presentation and defense of the doctrine of inconvertible paper money. Mr. Howe does not, indeed, directly engage in the present politico-financial discussions. His object is not to serve a party, but to illustrate and maintain what he regards as a sound financial principle. The author is familiar both with the history of finance and the literature of political economy, and writes as a philosopher, not as an advocate, still less as a partisan.

MR. W. A. BAILLIE GROHMAN'S *Gaddings with a Primitive People* (Henry Holt and Co.), No. 98 of the "Leisure-hour Series," is a volume of sketches of a people living in the heart of Europe yet little known to European tourists—the Tyrolese. Mr. Grohman has lived for many years in the Tyrol, and his book is the result of a familiarity with the subject and its customs such as no brief summer residence could possibly give. He is, however, thoroughly English in his national characteristics, and thoroughly Protestant in his religious doctrines. He has little patience (perhaps too little) with the Tyrolese priesthood, but very hearty sympathy with the Tyrolese people. The book is not only interesting as a picture of a comparatively unvisited portion of Europe, but also as the picture of a people whose past life and character are rapidly disappearing under the influence of modern civilization, and under

the educative influences of increasing modern travel.

*A Year of American Travel*, by JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, one of "Harper's Half-hour Series," carries the reader back to the extraordinary experiences of the emigrants to California at the first discovery of gold. Mrs. Fremont made the passage in the second steamer from Panama to San Francisco, and had full experiences of the dangerous discomforts of those pioneer voyagers. It required all the courage of a true daughter of Thomas H. Benton to go through. Mrs. Fremont possesses a peculiarly attractive style, and her story is exceedingly well told, and well worth the telling. Indeed, we can hardly imagine a more striking evidence of the growth of this country during the past thirty years than is afforded by the extraordinary contrast between her experiences in getting to California in the spring of 1849, and those of an ordinary tourist in a hotel Pullman car over the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads to-day.—A very valuable little practical guide is ALFRED WALKER'S *Hints to Women on the care of Property*, also one of the "Harper's Half-hour Series." The book is, as its title indicates, one of "hints," but it is considerably broader than its title, in that the hints would, for the most part, be quite as useful to men as to women. Notes, interest, bonds, stocks, loaning and borrowing money, mortgages, indorsements, buying, selling, and renting, insurance and will-making, are among the matters treated of and explained.—*The Ferns of Kentucky*, by JOHN WILLIAMSON (J. P. Morton and Co.), is a little treatise of 150 pages, with sixty full-page etchings and six wood-cuts drawn by the author. These, though very good, are not equal in execution and finish to those of Professor Robinson's *Ferns in their Homes and Ours*, and they are not printed in colors. The book contains some brief introductory matter respecting the structure, cultivation, fertilization, collecting, and drying of ferns, but is mainly devoted to a description of particular species. To the fern lover and student it will be a valuable book, especially in enabling him to identify new specimens.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

*Astronomy.*—From such newspaper reports of the results of observation of the total solar eclipse as have been published, the following abstract has been made. This is, no doubt, erroneous in many particulars, and can only be corrected from the final reports, which, in most cases, are not yet written. The name of the chief of party is here given, followed by a short note of the work attempted or accomplished by his party, unless the specific work of each individual member is known. S. W. Burnham: examination of the corona; search for Vulcan (unsuccessful), etc. Professor C. A. Young: observed reversal of Fraunhofer lines; no ultra red or violet lines seen;—Dr. Schuster, new lines near "B";—Mr. Bennett: 1474 and F seen in coronal spectrum; Edison's tasimeter failed, but results for heat of the corona were obtained with a thermopile. A. C. Ranyard: two photographs of the corona with a lens of 13-inch aperture. Professors S. W. and J. W. Langley: photometric, etc., observations of the corona

at Pike's Peak. Professor A. Hall: search for Vulcan (unsuccessful);—O. B. Wheeler: same. Professor A. W. Wright: radial polarization of corona, and measures with a polarimeter. J. A. Rogers: six admirable photographs of the corona. Professor E. S. Holden: unsuccessful search for Vulcan;—Professor S. Newcomb: same;—Dr. C. S. Hastings: tangential polarization of the corona;—Professor W. Harkness: radial polarization; four photographs of the corona on a large scale;—Professor J. R. Eastman: line 1474 and continuous spectrum of corona;—H. M. Paul: drawings of corona on a new plan. Dr. Draper: photograph of continuous spectrum of the corona;—Professor G. Barker: confirmation of above by visual observations (Edison's tasimeter employed). J. N. Lockyer: photographs. Dr. Thorpe: polarization(?); photographs(?). D. P. Todd: unsuccessful search for Vulcan.

Hundreds of drawings and photographs of the corona were made by various observers, and many



valuable observations of contacts, etc., were also made. The things calling peculiarly for notice now are:—1. Professor J. C. Watson: discovery of two new stars not on Naval Observatory chart, one of which may be Vulcan. From the latest data it appears that one of Watson's stars satisfies the conditions laid down by Leverrier from observations of transit, except that the inclination (about  $12^\circ$ ) assigned by Leverrier to Vulcan is greatly diminished; so much diminished that it is difficult to explain why the planet is not often seen in transit. 2. A similar discovery by Professor Lewis Swift. 3. Professor Abbe's careful eye-drawing of the corona on Pike's Peak, in which a streamer not seen by most other observers, and not on the photographs, is laid down, and marked as certainly seen. Professor Abbe explains these streamers as meteoric swarms seen in perspective. 4. Dr. Hastings's observation of tangential polarization of the corona very strong near the moon's limb, and evident  $50'$  from it. When the methods used by Dr. Hastings are known, this conclusion, although entirely different from previous ones, will command serious attention.

Professor Hall, of the Naval Observatory, has completed the computation of the mass of Mars, work upon which he began in November, 1877, soon after his discovery of the satellites. The mass of this planet has hitherto been ascertained by means of the perturbations which it exerts. The discovery of the satellites, with their motions and distances from the planet, rendered it possible for the first time to make an exact computation of the mass. Taking the mass of the sun as the unit, Laplace assumed the mass of Mars to be  $\frac{1846082}{2546320}$ . De Lambre reduced this estimate to  $\frac{1846082}{2546320}$ . Buckardt in 1816 diminished this still further to  $\frac{1846082}{2546320}$ . By Hansen and Olufsen, of Sweden, in their solar tables, the estimate is  $\frac{1846082}{2546320}$ . Leverrier got  $\frac{1846082}{2546320}$ . The accurate computation of Professor Hall gives  $\frac{1846082}{2546320}$ ; this being within a small fraction of that of the Swedish astronomers.

This elaborate work will be published by the Naval Observatory.

*Meteorology.*—Our meteorological summary includes July and August, and is properly begun with a record of some severe tornadoes that occurred as follows: July 21, at Northampton, Massachusetts, and North Albany, New York; July 26, Washington County, New York, and eastward into Vermont; August 7 and 10, Washington, D. C.; August 12, Wallingford, Connecticut. This last was a short but remarkably large and severe tornado. An unusual number of destructive thunder-storms and hail-storms have been reported, but no violent general storm or hurricane has encroached upon our territory. The oppressive moisture, light winds, and intense heat have combined to induce an unusual number of cases of sunstroke, and have culminated in an outbreak of what promises to be one of the most serious visitations of yellow fever that the United States has ever experienced.

Hildebrandson has published an investigation into the thunder-storms of Sweden, based on observations at about 250 stations, from 1871 to 1875. He distinguishes between the thunder-storms that attend the advancing sides of extensive storms (the *Wirbelgewitter*) and those that originate in overheated districts (the *Wärmege-witter*). Similar classifications have been made

by Mohn in Norway and Fron in France, and are frequently alluded to in the weather reviews of the Army Signal Office. Scarcely a single instance was recorded in the five years in which it could not be shown that the so-called "heat" or "sheet" lightning was simply the reflection of lightning so far distant that the thunder was inaudible, or possibly refracted above the observer's ear.

Cornu has communicated to the Paris Academy some remarks upon photographs of the ultra violet portion of the solar spectrum which go far to supplement the views we have often expressed on the importance of the spectroscope as an instrument for ascertaining the quantity of aqueous vapor present in the atmosphere. The purest sky of summer cuts out much more of the ultra violet rays than the purest sky of winter does. The absorption at the violet end is general, or in broad bands, while at the red end it is selective, or in narrow bands; the absorption by vapor which is but just beginning to condense affects the violet end, while the red end is specially affected by vapor in a state approaching that of fog or cloud; the smaller the particles, the less do they affect the red end of the spectrum. Such are some of the principles deduced or suggested by recent investigations.

A modified form of hygrometer, in which the quantity of aqueous vapor is directly determined by a volumetric process, has been constructed by Schwackhöfer for Dr. Lorenz and the Agricultural High School at Vienna. This "volume hygrometer" has of late been employed in a series of hourly observations, for which it proves to be very convenient. The accuracy attained by it is one one-hundredth of one per cent. of the volume of vapor. The apparatus is equally accurate at all temperatures, and in high winds or in calms. It can also be used to determine the quantity of moisture present as fog or cloud. Its price, however, is about \$100.

The magnetic and aurora observations of the Austro-Hungarian Arctic Expedition, 1872-74, under Weyprecht, have just come to hand as printed in full by the Imperial Academy at Vienna. A valuable analysis of the observations is given. The magnetic observations also accompany the aurora, and are given in full.

Dr. B. A. Gould has published Vol. I. of the *Annals of the Meteorological Office of the Argentine Republic*. He gives a large amount of data from a wholly new meteorological field, and has subjected it to an elaborate study, with many curious results.

In *Physics*, a noteworthy occurrence is the address delivered at Glasgow, by Dr. C. W. Siemens, "On the Utilization of Heat and other natural Forces," because he discusses in it the available sources of power when the supply of coal shall fail. Using at some central station water or wind power to drive dynamo-electric machines, the current generated could easily be reconverted into power where it is wanted, either for mechanical or other purposes. For light, for example, from 100 horse-power 125,000 candle-lights would be obtained, equivalent to 6250 Argand burners of 20 candles each, consuming six feet per hour, or 37,500 cubic feet for all. To produce this amount of gas,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  tons of coal are required, while to produce the 100 horse-power only as many hundred-weights are necessary. In the case of Niagara, he computes that 190,000,000



tons of water fall every hour through a vertical height of 150 feet, giving 16,800,000 horse-powers, the only result being an elevation of the temperature of the water by one-fifth of a degree Centigrade. To pump back the water would require an annual expenditure of 266,000,000 tons of coal (at four pounds coal per horse-power per hour)—an amount equal to the total coal consumption of the world. Since, by electric means, one-half the energy supplied at the central station may be recovered at the distant one, the economy is greater than in the steam-engine. Greater care in the use of water and wind power is now possible, and the intermittent character of wind-power may be made permanent by using it to raise water into a reservoir. Moreover, the force of falling water in its descent from reservoirs and lakes, to supply our large cities, might be utilized on the way by driving turbines, thus supplying light and mechanical power as well as the water.

Muirhead communicates to *Nature* the results of some experiments, undertaken at his request by Whitley, to afford additional data in answering the question whether matter in the solid state will float upon the same matter in the liquid condition, with reference to the solidification of the earth. In the first experiments metals were used, various copper and zinc alloys being employed in the earlier, and cast iron in the later, experiments. When the solid fragment was placed on the liquid surface, a portion of the liquid metal was at first chilled by it, and coated the mass; but this soon re-fused, and the floating solid mass gradually melted, beginning at the lower surface. The result was more marked in the case of the iron than the brass: a small piece of cold, dry iron, when dropped endwise on to the liquid metal, bounded back to the surface, and melted in that position. Subsequently experiments were tried with melted rock, in the first case whin-stone being placed on melted furnace cinder, and then solid cinder being put into the furnace containing the liquid mass. Pieces of five or six pounds weight were employed. They at first sank, but soon came to the surface, and floated about until they were melted.

Blake has devised and practically applied a very ingenious method of recording articulate vibrations by means of photography, and has obtained some very interesting results. The apparatus consists of a mirror of steel capable of oscillating about a diametral axis, to the back of which is attached a lever, by which it is attached to the centre of a telephone disk, arranged with the usual mouth-piece contrived by Peirce. Whenever the disk is caused to vibrate, the mirror oscillates with it, and a beam of sunlight thrown on the mirror from a heliostat describes lines of light on a suitably placed screen. If this screen be movable at right angles to these lines of light, and carry a sensitive collodion film, the light oscillation is recorded upon the prepared surface as a more or less complex curve having the peculiarities of the sound wave which caused it. Representations of the curves of various sounds accompany the paper.

Ellis has communicated to *Nature* a correspondence he has had with Cavaillé-Coll, the celebrated organ-builder of Paris, on the general question of musical pitch. He has in his possession one of Scheibler's tonometers—a series of

fifty-six forks, varying from A 220 to A 440 double vibrations, by four beats. Their extreme accuracy is shown by the fact that the 400-vibration fork was found to be in unison with Foucault's mirror, determined by him to rotate exactly 400 times a second. With reference to the Cagniard de Latour siren, the present usefulness of it depends upon two improvements of Cavaillé-Coll—first, the regulator by which the wind pressure is preserved constant, and, second, the automatic counter. On comparing the French normal diapason with Scheibler's forks, it is found that the former gives 435.875 double vibrations per second, or nearly one vibration more than is assigned to it by the report of the commission. Lissajous determined this pitch by means of the improved Latour siren.

Gordon has proposed an extremely simple form of phoneidoscope, free from the defects of the ordinary instrument. All the apparatus required is the hand and some soap-suds. The forefinger and thumb being bent so as to form a circle, a soap film is drawn across them with the other hand. By turning the wrist the angle made with the direction of the light may be readily adjusted, a motion of the elbow alters the distance from the mouth, and the tension of the film can be exactly regulated by moving the thumb and finger. On singing or speaking to the film when in proper tension, beautiful figures appear, which may be reflected from the film directly on a screen.

Less has measured the conductivity for heat of seventeen varieties of stone and several kinds of wood, the method employed being in general that of Hopkins, though with some modifications of his own. He finds that density and compactness favor conductivity, other things being equal. Crystalline rocks conduct better than sedimentary, and fine-grained better than coarse-grained stone. He tabulates his results by placing Pyrenees marble as 1000. Then Saxon granite follows at 804; Carrara marble, 769, etc., to ordinary clay, 275. He corroborates Tyndall's statement that the conductivity in wood is different, parallel and perpendicular to the fibre, but finds the difference much less than Tyndall gives. Since the ratios of the galvanometer deflections are greater in the better than in the poorer conducting woods, it would appear that the deflections are proportional not to the conductivities themselves, but to a somewhat higher power of them.

Gernez has studied the phenomenon of supersaturation in salt solutions, and finds that other liquids beside water—such as carbon disulphide, the hydrocarbons, phenols, and especially the alcohols—show this property. A salt which does not give supersaturated solutions with one solvent never yields them with another, nor is the result attained by adding a substance such as dextrin to increase the viscosity. Sodium carbonate, calcium nitrate, magnesium sulphate, lead acetate, and alum yield supersaturated solutions most easily. In the case of all five, however, crystallization ensues only on the introduction of crystals of an isomorphous substance, and the latter lose this property if heated above a certain temperature, 98°, for example, for alum. Gernez gives a list of 120 substances which possess the property of yielding supersaturated solutions.

Herschel has proposed a simple form of scale for pocket spectroscopes. The slit plate is removed, and in its place is placed a disk of copper



foil having a fine slit cut through it on one side of the centre, crossing which obliquely is a row of twenty holes, one-eightieth of an inch apart, five being on one side of the slit and fifteen on the other, perforated in the copper, the upper and lower holes being level with the top and bottom of the slit. Viewed by sodium light the slit appears bright, and the punctures appear as a series of yellow dots. They are placed obliquely, so that their spectra in white light may not overlap and confuse their images. The curve corresponding to the spectroscope is then obtained in the usual way, and the value of the points obtained in wave lengths.

Lippmann has contrived an ingenious method of detecting minute quantities of a metal in solution, founded on the principle that when an electrode made of a given metal is placed in a solution, it will be depolarized only if a salt of that metal exists in the solution. Hence, for example, if a copper wire conveying a weak current be made the negative electrode in any solution, it will be polarized if there is no copper dissolved in this solution, but it will not be polarized if the liquid contain one five-thousandth of copper sulphate. The polarization is easily detected by closing the circuit through a galvanometer, the battery being left out. A contrary deflection indicates polarization. For silver, the sensibility seems somewhat greater.

Edison described, at the St. Louis meeting of the American Association, a new form of voltameter. Into a suitable vessel of acidulated water two electrodes are placed, one of which consists of platinum wire covered with gutta-percha, and perforated with a fine needle near its lower extremity. This electrode is made negative. The evolved hydrogen escapes in bubbles from the minute opening with a sound like the ticking of a watch, audible at the distance of several feet. By placing a rheostat in circuit, and regulating the bubbles to one a second, a constant current is obtained, and by calibrating the instrument by this means, the strength of any given current flowing through the instrument is known in terms of the number of gas bubbles evolved per minute. Should this number rise above sixteen per second, a musical note is produced, by the pitch of which the current strength may be determined. To obtain accurate results with the apparatus, corrections for temperature and pressure must be applied.

In *Chemistry*, Gilm has shown that a regularly tinted and beautiful green boric acid flame is best obtained by passing the vapor of boric ether through a kind of Bunsen burner, made by inclosing a small narrow glass tube in a vertical one, so that the gas may mix with air previous to ignition at the upper end of the tube. An ordinary Bunsen burner may be used for the experiment, if only care be taken to heat the tube previously to prevent condensation. In qualitative testing it is most convenient to use a small flask provided with a cork, through which passes a short glass jet drawn out to a point, a wider tube being placed over the latter, and the gas ignited at the top. After the addition of hydrochloric acid, very small quantities of boric acid may be detected by this means.

Riche has published a memoir upon the electrolytic determination of manganese, lead, copper, zinc, and nickel, and on the analysis of alloys of

these metals. The decomposition requires the use of two or three Bunsen cells. The decomposing cell is a platinum crucible connected with the carbon pole. Within this is suspended, without contact, either an open cone of platinum foil or a spiral of platinum wire connected with the zinc pole. The manganese is separated at the positive electrode as dioxide, which becomes saline oxide on calcination, and is weighed as such. Lead, in an acid solution, kept at  $60^{\circ}$  to  $90^{\circ}$ , is all precipitated on the positive electrode as dioxide, which is dried at  $105^{\circ}$  to  $120^{\circ}$  and weighed. Zinc is precipitated from the ammonio-sulphate slightly acid. The results are accurate. The author has ingeniously applied these methods to the rapid analysis of alloys.

Muter has proposed a method of detecting the addition of glycerin to milk for the purpose of maintaining its normal specific gravity when it is watered. The residue after evaporation is treated with a mixture of alcohol and ether, and the residue of the evaporation of these solvents is examined for glycerin. If found, its amount must be determined by making a complete analysis of the milk.

*Anthropology*.—The annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science took place in St. Louis from the 21st to the 27th of August. A paper by Hon. John G. Henderson, of Winchester, Illinois, on "Ancient Names, Geographical, Tribal, and Personal, in the Mississippi Valley," exhibited a great deal of research into ancient authorities, and will become a record of permanent value. A noteworthy feature of the occasion was an exhibition of implements, ornaments, pottery, and skulls in the collections of Dr. John J. R. Patrick, of Belleville, Dr. George Engelmann, Mr. Alban J. Conant, and Mr. Fred Hilder, of St. Louis.

The Journal of the Anthropological Institute of London for May contains an important paper on "The Implements of the Andamanese and Nicobarese." It is accompanied by plates, and one conversant with North American ethnology would need very little stretch of the imagination to suppose himself to be examining a set of objects from the California and Oregon coast Indians. The objects of most especial interest are the pottery, beads, hafted adzes, ornamented bows, pronged fish-spears or bird-spears, and, above all, the darts, arrows, and harpoons with a movable head attached by a thong. Formerly this would be looked upon as an evidence of the Malay origin of our Indians, but the fashion nowadays is to consider that man works uniformly when the conditions of culture and environment are similar, and that, therefore, the same form may arise independently in widely separated areas.

The third number of *Revue d'Anthropologie* is also prompt in arriving, and has for its leading article a paper of 112 pages, by M. Broca, entitled "Anatomie comparée des Circonvolutions cérébrales, le Grand Lobe limbique et la Scissure limbique dans la Série des Mammifères." The references to authorities in this paper constitute an additional element of great value.

*Zoology*.—It is now known that numerous marine animals occur in inland lakes and rivers. Several species of *Blennius* are found in the freshwaters of Southern Europe, says Professor Duncan in a *résumé* of this subject. *Gobius* is a freshwater East Indian fish. *Palæmon jamaicensis* is



a fresh-water shrimp; another small shrimp, allied to certain marine ones, occurs in the fresh-waters of Italy, and another shrimp lives in the Mississippi as far north as Cairo, Illinois. The blind fish of Mammoth Cave are probably descendants of marine forms. The *Monolista* of the Adelsberg caves is a fresh-water representative of a *Sphaeroma* which lives in the Pontine Marshes. Again, several families which are marine in the Mediterranean Sea, such as the scomberoids, skates, and rays, are represented in the tropics by fresh-water forms. *Monocinus polyacanthus*, Haeckel, inhabits the Rio Negro. *Carcharias gangeticus* is found sixty leagues from the sea; *Pristis perroteti* lives in the Senegal. *Raia fluviatilis* has been taken near Rampur, nearly 1000 miles above tide reach, and Schomburgk found a *Trygon* in the river Magdalena. The land-crab of the West Indies is represented in fresh-water by a *Telphusa*, though all the other crabs (*Brachyura*) are marine. Certain mollusks, usually marine in their habits, are known to live in streams or lakes. Among *Polyzoa*, *Hislopia* lives in fresh-water, and the hydroid *Cordylophora* is a fresh-water form. In the lakes of Sweden, Switzerland, and North America are marine species which have survived the gradual change from salt to fresh water, while it may be regarded as a general rule that all terrestrial and fresh-water life has originated from marine forms, though this rule may have had its exceptions.

From his studies of the nautilus and its fossil allies, Barrande infers that the type has undergone no modifications from the Silurian period to the present day, and that the facts elicited do not favor the evolution theory.

It is stated that cabbages may be saved from the attacks of cut-worms by planting dill among them. A steward of an estate in Hanover having observed that one bed of cabbages was left untouched by caterpillars, while others were infested with them, found that the healthy bed had a quantity of dill growing on it, the smell of which apparently was obnoxious to the caterpillars. As dill may be raised in almost any soil, it will be well for gardeners in this country to experiment with it. Another English paper states that the common green currant worm may be kept off by planting broad beans close to the bushes. The pyrethrum, a strong-smelling weed which is cultivated as a garden border flower, is said to protect vines from the ravages of the phylloxera. These remedies, if they should prove to be such, are certainly easy of application, and are worth trial.

Dr. Coues's "Field Notes on Birds observed in Dakota and Montana along the Forty-ninth Parallel during the Seasons of 1873 and 1874" appears in Hayden's Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey. Dr. Coues found that the bird fauna of the Red River region is decidedly Eastern in character, but on crossing the Coteau into the Missouri region, or the great watershed of the Upper Missouri and Milk rivers, the whole aspect of the country changes, and the assemblage of birds is different, and few if any distinctively Eastern birds extend across or even into this region. This extends to the very base of the Rocky Mountains, rising gradually to them. The Rocky Mountain region is strongly marked not only by "Western" species, but by Alpine forms, by exclusively arboreal species, and by the abrupt disappearance of the prairie birds.

The recent discovery of the fossil remains of a mammal belonging to the *Manis* group near Paris affords evidence, says Professor Duncan, in his recent anniversary address before the Geological Society of London, of the existence of the *Edentata* in Europe during the eocene period. A *Manis*-like mammal (*Macrotherium*), with evident affinities with the recent *Manidae*, has been found in the upper miocene of Greece and Eppelsheim, and in the Faluns.

The American manatee now on exhibition at the Westminster Aquarium in London was captured at the mouth of the Essequibo, in British Guiana. It is healthy at present, and it is hoped its life will be prolonged beyond that of the Floridan manatee of the same species which died last year in the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia. The London individual eats about two stone-weight of lettuce, cabbages, water-cresses, zosteræ, ulva, etc., every day. It sleeps in what seems a most uncomfortable posture, arched like a half-bent bow, but still resting on its tail. The last of its tribe to inhabit European waters was the *Halitherium* of the crags.

*Botany*.—Alphonse de Candolle, wearied at length with the load which his father and himself had borne for fifty years in carrying on the *Prodromus of the Vegetable Kingdom*, stopped the publication in 1873, at the end of the Exogens or Dicotyledons, or rather a little before the end, owing to the delinquency of a collaborator, who could not in any way be brought to time. A De Candolle of the third generation (Casimir) now coming into the ranks as editor, a first volume of *Monographs of the Phanerogams, in Continuation or Revision of the Prodromus*, is now issued (June, 1878. Paris: Masson), of nearly 800 pages, and with nine plates. The page is larger and the style unlike that of the *Prodromus*. The portion which continues the former work consists of the *Smilacaceæ*, by Alphonse de Candolle, and the *Restiacæ*, by Dr. Masters; the revision is that of the *Meliaceæ*, by Casimir de Candolle.

Eichler (recently translated from Kiel to Berlin, in succession to the late Alexander Braun) has now brought out the second and concluding part of his *Flower Diagrams (Blüthendiagramme)*, constructed and illustrated, learnedly and well, in a rather large octavo volume, with over 400 wood-cuts (Leipsic: Englemann). It is the most important contribution of the day to the morphology of phanerogams, and it ought to be made more widely useful by an English translation.

Asa Gray has printed in the *American Journal of Science* a lecture delivered last spring in Cambridge on forest geography and archæology. It briefly sketches the leading characteristics of the forests of the northern temperate zone and of the climates under which they flourish, specially contrasting the North American Pacific with the Atlantic States forest, and these with the European and with that of Japan; he finds the original source of them all in the arctic tree vegetation of the miocene age, and endeavors to account for the present marked differences through conditions of the glacial epoch, which carried the whole southward to and below their present latitudes, and which operated most destructively upon the arboreal flora of Europe, and in a different way and less degree upon that of California and Oregon.



Sereno Watson's *Bibliographical Index to North American Botany*, published by the Smithsonian Institution, is received by botanists at home and abroad with enthusiasm, the journals all pronouncing it to be a wonderful monument of persevering industry and well-directed learning, and praying for an early continuation.

Bentham, venerable in years, but apparently un-failing in vigor, has completed the great Australian flora (*Flora Australiensis*. London: Reeve and Co.) by the publication of the seventh volume. Sooth to say, Australia has a completed flora before North America, or even Europe.

Hooker makes progress with another of the great British colonial floras, the flora of British India, having just brought out the first part of the second volume. His first assistant at Kew, Oliver, has issued the third volume of the *Flora of Tropical Africa*; his second, Boker, a *Flora of the Mauritius and the Seychelles*, the latter islands famous as alone having the palm which bears the double cocoa-nuts—the *coco de mer*.

Charles Darwin was elected into the Institute of France, Academy of Sciences, August 8, in place of H. Neddell.

In *Engineering*, it will be of interest to report the following information relating to the scheme for connecting the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays by a ship-canal, to which we have heretofore made several references. It appears that the last Congress ordered a survey for the purpose to be made, in accordance with which order Major Hutton, a civil engineer of the Baltimore Harbor Board, has been appointed general superintendent, under the direct charge of Colonel Craighill, chief of the Engineer Corps, stationed in Baltimore. The survey of the route will be commenced at once.

It may also be of interest to report, in connection with another project, to which previous reference has been made, that the Baratania Ship-canal Company, which proposes to construct a ship-canal from New Orleans to the Gulf of Mexico, has secured the necessary legislative authorization for the work.

The following statements, credited to Captain Eads, and relating to the condition of the works of improvement at the mouth of the Mississippi, have appeared since our last: "The jetty channel is now almost as good as the entrance to New York Harbor. Larger ships and steamers visit the port of New Orleans than ever before. Ocean freights have been so greatly lowered in consequence that the saving on cotton alone from the port of New Orleans the past season was over \$1,600,000. Every intelligent man in Missouri knows that a revolution has been wrought in the grain trade as a result of this deep water."

The trial tests of steam road wagons in competition for the award of \$10,000 offered by the Legislature of Wisconsin took place some weeks ago. Two machines appeared as contestants, but only one was able to go through the prescribed conditions of performance. This wagon made the trip from Green Bay, by way of Beloit, to Madison, over the common high-road, a distance of 201 miles, at an average speed of six miles an hour, drawing a heavy load over all grades met, hauling a wagon weighing 3500 pounds, loaded. The running time for the 201 miles was thirty-three hours, and at one point it made twenty-one miles in two hours and ten minutes, recording one mile

in four minutes, thirty-six seconds. In their report to the Governor the commissioners say: "The wagon has hauled loads, ploughed, and otherwise accomplished in a successful manner every test mentioned in the law or suggested by the commission. They are not, however, satisfied that this machine is, in the language and spirit of the law, a cheap and practical substitute for the use of horses and other animals on the highways and farms." The chief objection of the commissioners is understood to relate to the cost of operating the machine. The experimental trial, nevertheless, is universally conceded to have demonstrated a very decided advance in this field of invention.

M. Mouchot, who, like Captain Ericsson, has devoted his time for several years to the solution of the problem of utilizing the solar heat as a motive power, has lately reported some interesting results of the trial of his sun-engine in various parts of Algeria. In that country he claims to have demonstrated that the solar heat can be utilized for cooking food and baking bread, besides furnishing the motive power for machinery.

In *Technology*, we note a recent invention in gas manufacture, by Mr. H. W. Adams, that promises well. The purpose of the invention is to utilize for lighting purposes the tarry and other condensible hydrocarbons, which are very rich in illuminating properties, and which are lost by the process in common use. This he proposes to effect by employing a system of reciprocating or alternately charged retorts, so connected that the gases and vapors from the freshly charged retort shall be forced through the second, which has delivered most of its gas, and is nearly exhausted. By the passage of these vapors over the incandescent coke of the second retort the inventor expects to convert the condensible products therein into permanent gases of high illuminating value. So soon as the charge of the second retort is spent, that of the first will be well advanced, and connection between the two being shut off, the spent charge of the second is withdrawn, a fresh charge introduced, and its gaseous product passed into the first, thus reversing the previous operation, and by such alternation the operation is made continuous, so that the product passed into the holder at all steps of the operation shall be nearly uniform in quality.

Dr. John Day recommends for use in hospitals a new self-generating disinfectant consisting of one part of rectified oil of turpentine and seven parts of benzene, with the addition of five drops of the oil of verbena to each ounce. Each of these ingredients, it appears, possesses the property of absorbing atmospheric oxygen, and of converting it into hydrogen peroxide, or into ozone, and upon this its efficacy depends. It can be applied directly to articles of clothing, furniture, carpets, wall-paper, papers, etc., without injury, and its activity is claimed to persist for a long time.

Closely bearing on the above, we may report the fact that the Italian chemist Dr. Palli (whose experiments in cremation will be familiar to most of our readers) has presented a paper to the Academy of Sciences of Lombardy, in which he attaches extraordinary value to the antiseptic properties of borax and boracic acid.



## Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of September.—State political Conventions have been held as follows: Connecticut Temperance, at Saybrook, August 28, nominating Jesse G. Baldwin for Governor; New Jersey Greenback, at Elizabeth, August 28, organizing and adopting a platform; Kansas Republican, at Topeka, August 30, nominating J. P. St. John for Governor; Kansas Democratic, at Leavenworth, September 4, nominating John R. Godin for Governor; Tennessee Greenback, at Nashville, September 4, nominating Judge E. H. East for Governor; Minnesota Republican, at St. Paul, September 4, renominating several State officers; New Hampshire National, at Manchester, September 5, nominating Warren G. Brown for Governor; New Hampshire Republican, at Concord, September 10, nominating Natt Head for Governor; Massachusetts Greenback, at Boston, September 11, nominating Benjamin F. Butler for Governor; Connecticut Democratic, at New Haven, September 17, renominating R. D. Hubbard for Governor; Massachusetts Republican, at Worcester, September 18, nominating Thomas Talbot for Governor; Connecticut Republican, at Hartford, September 24, nominating Charles B. Andrews for Governor; Nevada Democratic, September 24, renominating L. R. Bradley for Governor; Massachusetts Democratic, at Boston, September 25, nominating Judge Josiah G. Abbott for Governor; New York Republican, at Saratoga, September 26, nominating George F. Danforth for Judge of the Court of Appeals; New York Democratic, at Syracuse, September 26, nominating George B. Bradley for Judge of the Court of Appeals.

The yellow fever in Louisiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi appears to be abating. In the States visited by the scourge there have been altogether nearly 7000 deaths. The number of cases has been largely over 20,000.

The election in Vermont, September 3, resulted in the election of Proctor, the Republican candidate for Governor, by a majority of 17,000.

The election in Maine, September 9, resulted in a failure to elect by the people. Connor, the Republican candidate for Governor, received 58,000 votes, Garcelon (Democrat), 29,000, and Smith (Greenback), 37,000. The Republicans failed also of a majority in the Legislature.

On September 1 an edict went into effect abolishing the Free Zone, except as to Matamoros and New Laredo, and prohibiting commercial intercourse at other points.

The elections in Canada, September 17, resulted in the defeat of the present administration and the success of the protectionist policy.

Mehemet Ali, one of the Turkish delegates to the Berlin Congress, with twenty of his suite, was assassinated in Albania early in September.—A later report says that his retinue was not assassinated, but that in a fight between his defenders and the insurgents there was a loss, on both sides, of 400 men.

The British mission to Afghanistan, intended to counteract the influence of Russian counsels at the Ameer's court, has met with a repulse; the ambassadors have been prevented by force from entering that country. This repulse has occasioned intense excitement in India. A Bom-

bay dispatch reports that a special meeting of the Viceroy's Council has been held at Simla. General Roberts, commandant of the frontier forces, has started for Peshawur with secret orders. A large force is ordered to be in readiness on the frontier, where 12,000 men are already massed. Indian newspapers universally demand an apology from the Ameer, or occupation of Afghanistan. A dispatch from St. Petersburg says, "The supposition that an understanding exists between Russia and Afghanistan is declared in well-informed quarters to be purely imaginary, as far as known here."

The German Reichstag was opened, September 9, by a speech from the Emperor, who expressed the hope that the Anti-Socialist Bill would be adopted.—The Anti-Socialist Bill has been referred to a select committee, and has been shorn of its most offensive features.

The assassin Nobiling died at Berlin September 10, from the effect of his wound.

The Austrian army in Bosnia, after many reverses, has at length made a simultaneous and successful advance against the allied position in the southeastern part of the province. The Bosnian occupation, the brunt of battle being mainly borne by Hungarian troops, is very unpopular in Hungary.

In Holland a new educational law has been adopted by the Chambers and signed by the King, which excludes the Bible and religious teaching from the primary schools.

The International Monetary Conference at Paris adjourned *sine die* August 29. The delegates seem to have reached no agreement except in the following positions, viz., that it is necessary to maintain the monetary use of both silver and gold, and that each state must be left free to use either or both, and to allow or disallow the free coinage of silver.

Lord Colin Campbell, a Liberal, and son of the Duke of Argyll, has been elected to the House of Commons, to replace his brother, the Marquis of Lorne, recently appointed Governor-General of Canada.

The Paris Exposition is to remain open until November 20.

### DISASTERS.

August 30.—The Hungarian town of Miskolcz was almost entirely destroyed by a storm. Six hundred lives lost.

September 3.—The excursion steamer *Princess Alice*, returning from Gravesend, on the Thames, to London, with about eight hundred passengers on board, was run down off Barking, a few miles below London, by a screw coal steamer, and almost instantly sunk. Over six hundred persons were drowned.

September 11.—Mine explosion in Ebbw Vale Colliery, Wales. Two hundred and eighty-one lives lost.

### OBITUARY.

September 20.—In New York city, Colonel Thomas B. Thorpe, the well-known writer, aged sixty-three years.—In Jersey City, New Jersey, General Henry Raymond, who was the oldest surviving veteran of the war of 1812, aged ninety years.



## Editor's Drawer.

THE recent Congress of great powers at Vienna has so changed geographical boundaries as to render a new map of Europe a necessity. The acquisition of Cyprus by England, the ascendancy she has acquired in the counsels of Turkey, and the developments likely to arise from it, remind one of the saying of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, who tried to forecast the time when there would be a railway in the Holy Land, and when porters would be heard shouting, "Change cars for Bethlehem!" This anticipation is not unlikely soon to be realized, as the Sultan is said to have granted a firman to an English company for the construction of a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

How many nice bits from Dr. Johnson have been culled by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his delightful book on the great lexicographer, recently published by Harper and Brothers! Thus, when dining with Lord Monboddo, he insisted upon rising when the ladies left the table, and took occasion to observe that "*politeness was fictitious benevolence*, and equally useful in common intercourse."

After Garrick's death Johnson said, in the *Lives of the Poets*, that the death "had eclipsed the gayety of nations and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasures."

Johnson had a college friend named Edwards, who one day said: "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson; I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but I don't know how, *cheerfulness was always breaking in*." That is very neat.

Belonging to the same club with Johnson was one Hawkins, a solemn prig, remarkable chiefly for the unusual intensity of his conviction that all virtue consists in respectability. Johnson's quaint description of him is: "I really believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; though, to be sure, *he is rather penurious; and he is somewhat mean; and it must be owned he has some degree of brutality, and is not without a tendency to savageness that can not well be defended*."

Johnson pithily described Edmund Burke, who was strongly opposed to him politically, as "a bottomless Whig."

Although Johnson had a great aversion to Scotland and Scotchmen, he had still many warm friends among them, and helped many distressed Scotchmen in London. But he nourished the prejudice the more, as giving an excellent pretext for many keen gibes. "Scotch learning," he said, for example, "is like bread in a besieged town. Every man gets a mouthful, but no man a bellyful." Once Strahan said, in answer to some abusive remarks, "Well, Sir, God made Scotland." "Certainly," replied Johnson, "but we must always remember He made it for Scotchmen; and comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan, but God made hell."

A certain evening ended by Johnson accepting a commission to write to a friend who had given to the club a hogshead of claret, and to request another, with "a happy ambiguity of expression," in the hopes that it might also be a present.

Thrale had made Johnson one of his executors, leaving him a small legacy; and Johnson took, it seems, a rather simple-minded pleasure in deal-

ing with important commercial affairs and signing checks for large sums of money. The old man of letters, to whom three hundred a year had been superabundant wealth, was amazed at finding himself in the position of a man of business, regulating what was then regarded as a princely fortune. The brewery was sold after a time, and Johnson bustled about with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole. When asked what was the value of the property, he replied magniloquently, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but *the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice*."

In a work by Lord William Lennox, entitled *Fashion, Now and Then*, just published in London, is the following paragraph, relative to the ages of animals and such, which may be entertaining as well as instructive to the younger readers of the Drawer:

"A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years, a wolf twenty, a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived—one, named Pompey, lived to the age of seventy. The average of cats is fourteen years, a squirrel and hare seven or eight years, rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: 'Alexander, the son of Jupiter, had dedicated Ajax to the sun.' This elephant was found three hundred and fifty-four years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years, the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty to twenty-five. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of ten; cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of one thousand. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred and ninety years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven."

WE are indebted to a friend in the West for the following extract from an oration delivered on the Fourth of July last at La Crosse, Wisconsin, in which the attributes and peculiarities of the eagle and the mule, as national emblems, are quietly contrasted:

"Eagle! You live on mice. You are a nice old bird for a trade-mark, you old coward! You sit on a rock and watch a peasant woman hanging out clothes, and when she goes into the house to turn the clothes-wringer, you, great bird, emblem of freedom, you representative of the land of the free and the home of the brave, you swoop down on the plantation and crush your talons into the quivering flesh of her little baby, take him to



your home high in heaven, and pick his innocent little eyes out. The bird that should have been selected as the emblem of our country, the bird of patience, forbearance, perseverance, and the bird of terror when aroused, is the mule. We are a nation of uncomplaining hard workers. We plod along doing as we would be done by. We are slow to anger. As a nation, we occasionally stick our ears forward and fan flies off our forehead. But when any nation sticks spurs into our flanks and tickles our heels with a straw, we come down stiff-legged in front, our ears look to the beautiful beyond, our voice is cut loose and is still for war, and our subsequent end plays the snare-drum on any thing that gets in reach of us, and strikes terror to the hearts of all tyrants. So does the mule."

HERE is another of those Boston things:

Passing by a monument-worker's yard recently, an inscription upon a marble slab attracted my attention, and as it was too good to be lost, I send it to the Drawer:

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

BIDDIE O'RAFFERTY,

By her well-beloved husband

PATRICK O'RAFFERTY.

Biddie was the daughter of Michael Flynn, who died but a few years ago, and who is pleasantly remembered by the best and oldest citizens of Boston. Michael was an industrious and prudent citizen, and in his younger days worked out where the Commons is now. Land was cheap in those days.

If any one wants to know any more about Michael's history, they can get it by applying to Archbishop Williams—*God bless him!*—who is fully acquainted with it, and who respected Michael very much.

*May her soul rest in peace!*

In ye ancient city of —, in this republic, resides an undertaker of the name of Evergreen, who is very attentive to a young lady of the name of Graves. The question was asked, "Why is Evergreen the best undertaker in —?"

The answer: "Because he buries the dead in the daytime, and visits the Graves at night."

Something of an undertaking to dig that out, but probably the best that could be done with it.

A FORMER Pittsfield (Massachusetts) minister of the Gospel is credited with the following:

In speaking of the newspapers as being one of the many things which kept his and other congregations from attending divine service, he compared his flock to Zaccheus, who, like them, was unable to reach the Lord on account of the press.

"THOUGH lost to sight, to memory dear."

The London *Examiner* of July 20, 1878, contains the following in reference to the authorship of this oft-quoted line:

"There is a popular impression that some eccentric individual has offered a large reward to whoever might discover where occurs the quotation, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' which every one knows, but whose origin and authorship have been a puzzle. It has at last been discovered to be the first line of a song by a late English composer, George Linley, who was born in 1798, and died in 1865; but we do not know if the discoverer has made any effort after the visionary recompense. It is strange that the

one line of so recent a song should have obtained a notoriety entirely denied to the rest of the work and to its author."

It should be mentioned that another writer, Ruthven Jenkins, has been credited with the authorship of this line (1701).

FROM a brother editor in Wisconsin:

As an innocent perpetration of Partingtonism, the following actual instances are good: A well-to-do but indifferently educated farmer of —, Wisconsin, who was once elected to the State Assembly, and who has since then used various high-sounding terms picked up during his brief legislative experience, was one day speaking with a neighbor about the similarity of their residences just completed, "excepting," said the garrulous man, "the kitchens, which are just *viva voce*."

A few days since he lost a valuable pair of mules. Distressed at the loss, he went to a neighbor to inquire after the strays. Said he: "That mule team of mine ran away last night. I've hunted the farm from end to end, and I'm blessed if I can find a thing of 'em, *pro* or *con*."

HERE are two matters of a theological nature, one from Texas, the other from Ireland, which illustrate phases of belief as to the ultimate destination of the parties to the dialogues. The first is of two old Texas Rangers who had just helped bury a neighbor, and were talking about religion, and one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world, if he was in real earnest.

"Wa'al," said the other, reflectively, "I think ef a man gets so 't he can swop steers or trade hosses without lyin', 'at he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

The next is of an Irish laborer who was lying in a ditch, very much the worse for liquor. He was encountered by the priest of his parish. Very much shocked, his reverence turned the drunkard over, who muttered,

"Where am I?"

"On the road to hell," replied the priest, sternly.

"I thought so," said Pat, "when I heard Father Murtagh's voice on the road too."

THERE lives in —, Kentucky, a clever gentleman and an excellent lawyer as well, Judge D—. This gentleman was intimate with an old gentleman, Governor R—, living in an adjacent county. Governor R— was and is (for I believe he is still living) what we are in the habit of calling an old-time Virginia gentleman of stately dignity. Well, the judge was on a visit at the old Governor's house, and it happened that the Governor took him out riding in his buggy, and that in passing along the turnpike they approached a toll-gate, when the judge taking out his purse as if to pay toll, the Governor said, in his stately way, "I've been a long time trying to make you a gentleman to little purpose, I see. You must know, Sir, that *when a gentleman takes a gentleman out riding, he does not expect him to pay his passage*." The judge put up his pocket-book and said nothing. After a while they came to a gate on the Governor's place, when the Governor stopped the buggy for the young judge to get out and open the gate; but the judge sat still, and was silent. After a while, still waiting,



the Governor said "Ahem! ahem!" waiting for the judge to move, and then again "Ahem! ahem!" After a good long pause the judge said, "Governor R——, you must know, Sir, that *when a gentleman takes a gentleman out to ride, he doesn't expect him to work his passage;*" and there the judge had him sure—don't you think so?

#### "ALSO" AND "LIKEWISE."

QTOH Samuel Spriggins, "*I a lawyer am,  
And so is Evarts, likewise.*"  
"Stop!" cried a friend to little Sam,  
Who, in his turn, showed great surprise,  
As thus his friend exposed to view  
That "also" and "likewise" were words of two  
Entirely different meanings.  
"*Sammy! Evarts a lawyer is, we know,  
And you a lawyer may be also;  
But surely none will e'er surmise  
That you're a lawyer, Sammy, like-wise!*"

#### AN IRREPRESSIBLE EULOGY.

NOR many years since, in one of the more prominent towns of a Southern State, a member of the legal fraternity passed from the vexations of this life to the jurisdiction of the great beyond. He was one of those whom the papers of the day so often describe as a victim to a single vice, which darkened a character otherwise illuminated with many virtues, and the existence of which vice those papers usually attribute to overflowing generosity and kindness of heart—in short, the professional brother had for several years been a more devoted disciple of Bacchus than a diligent student of Blackstone, and prolonged excesses in intemperance were the immediate cause of his decease. According to an honorable custom, his former associates assembled in a bar meeting to pay a tribute of respect to the departed brother, and to make preparations to attend and participate in his funeral services. Remembering, however, that his taking off was not of such a nature as to reflect great lustre upon his memory, it was thought best by the older and more prudent of the barristers present to assemble the meeting, pass appropriate resolutions, appoint the requisite number of pall-bearers, and adjourn without any speech-making. This, as was to be expected, could not prove acceptable to half a score or more younger limbs of the law who had come duly loaded with obituary poetry, and were eager to inform those who knew him best how great and good a man and lawyer our deceased brother was. Among these latter was General ——, who had in the "late onpleasantness" conducted himself with courage and distinction, but who was a believer in the American institution of always having a speech ready, and was not disposed to let the present occasion pass without taking advantage of it. Several times he essayed to speak, but some elder, whose seat had been taken designedly near, prevented his doing so by the gentle repression of a promise that if he would wait until the resolutions were passed and other business transacted, he should have full swing. Impatiently, like a war-horse that snuffed the battle from afar, the general submitted, until at length, immediately succeeding the adoption of the resolutions, a motion was made to adjourn. Unable to restrain himself longer in view of an opportunity nearly lost, he sprang to his feet, shouting:

"Mr. President!" Gaining the eye of the chairman, he proceeded—"I can not, I will not, suffer

this mournful occasion to pass, and this meeting to adjourn, content with the mere formal adoption of commonplace resolutions, without saying something in praise of our beloved and deceased brother, without laying some tribute upon the altar of his memory, without dropping at least a tear at his open grave. Our brother is gone from our midst; we can not recall him; the great Judge has delivered to him the summons which all must obey; but we can and should recount his great learning, diligence, and success in our chosen profession, his Christian bearing, his elevated, stainless purity of character, his generosity, his kindness, his innumerable traits of worth and goodness. Mr. President, I knew him well; I loved him greatly. His acts of disinterested friendship, now that he is dead, come back to me, and nearly overcome me with emotion. I will mention only one. Well do I remember when I lay, wounded and bleeding, on the desperate field at Kenesaw Mountain, and when I thought that all hope of succor had fled, and I must prepare myself to suffer and to die alone, without the presence of a single friend to whom I could intrust the messages of a dying man to his dearest ones upon earth, and when, just as I was resigning myself to that fate, hard though it seemed, my dear friend, whose memory we now honor, came galloping up on his horse, I called him to exchange one parting word. He was following in the wake of our retreating forces when further resistance was useless. Hearing my voice, he rode up to me and dismounted, and seeing my condition, without waiting for a word from me—for the enemy was pressing closely and sorely our retreating battalions—he said to me, 'General, mount my horse, and fly for safety.' I refused his generous offer, and urged him to save himself. This he indignantly spurned, and told me that to take his horse was my only means of flight, while he was uninjured, and could possibly escape on foot; that if my life was lost, our country would indeed be the sufferer, but that if he were captured or killed, it would be but the loss of a humble though faithful soldier. Yielding to his importunities, I consented to accept his offer, but only upon the condition that he would mount behind me, and thus both be saved or lost together. He raised me from the ground, assisted me in the saddle. The exertion was too great for me, and my gaping wounds bled afresh; but summoning all my strength, I stopped the horse for him to mount. He attempted to do so, but failed. And, Mr. President, never can I forget, never will I forget, the agonizing expression upon his face at that awful moment, when he discovered that *that horse wouldn't tote double.*"

At that juncture the chairman announced the bar meeting adjourned, and the remainder of that eulogy was never delivered.

A PICTOU (Nova Scotia) correspondent writes to the Drawer as follows:

DEAR SIR,—Apropos of your paragraph in the Drawer for September about the patriotic Highlander's remarks that some of the most illustrious characters of history were Scotchmen, I am reminded of the following anecdote, told by Kennedy, the celebrated Scotch vocalist:

"A Scotchman was asserting that some of the most celebrated poets and brightest intellects the world ever produced were descendants of his race,





"Von summer eve, mit pensive thought, I vandered on dot sea-beat shore;  
I gathered shells in heedless sport, und feeled my leetle pasket full."

and quoted Scott, Burns, and others as evidence. An Englishman who was present retorts: 'I suppose you will claim next that even Shakspeare was a Scotchman.' 'Weel,' he replied, 'I'm nae so sure o' that; but ane thing I do ken—he had intellect enouch to be a Scotchman.'"

WHEN Zeb Vance and Tom Settle were canvassing North Carolina for Governor they spoke on one occasion at Clinton to quite a large audience, and after the speaking closed the crowd pressed forward to congratulate the aspirants upon their able efforts. In the immense throng sat George Boyken, an acquaintance of Governor Vance; but George did not press forward and take the Governor's hand, and when every thing quieted, the Governor sauntered up to him and

said, "George, you did not come forward as the others, and offer me your good wishes."

"No," responded George, "I was too well Settled to add Vance" (advance).

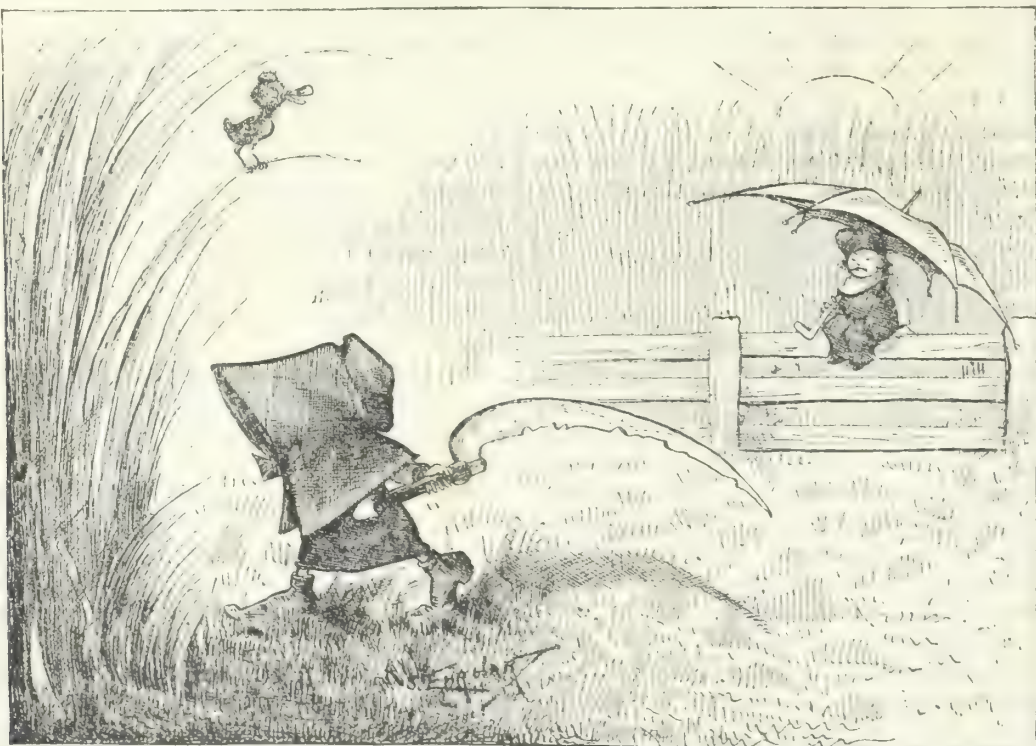
THE French infant is not bad in his way. *Par exemple:*

The little Paul, aged eight, passes the day at his uncle's. At the dessert they had tarts and cream.

"Ah, my uncle," says the child, "why didn't you tell me this morning that there was going to be pie for dinner?"

"Why?"

"So that I could have expected it all day," replies the infant, passing his tongue around his ears.



"Pretty Maud Muller, on von summer's tay,  
Raked dot meadow shweet mit hay."























